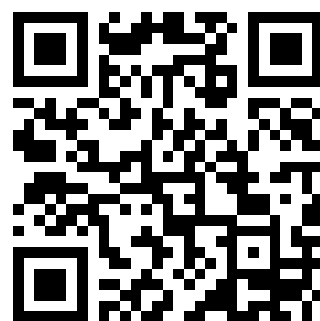


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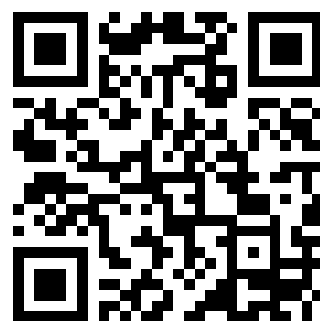


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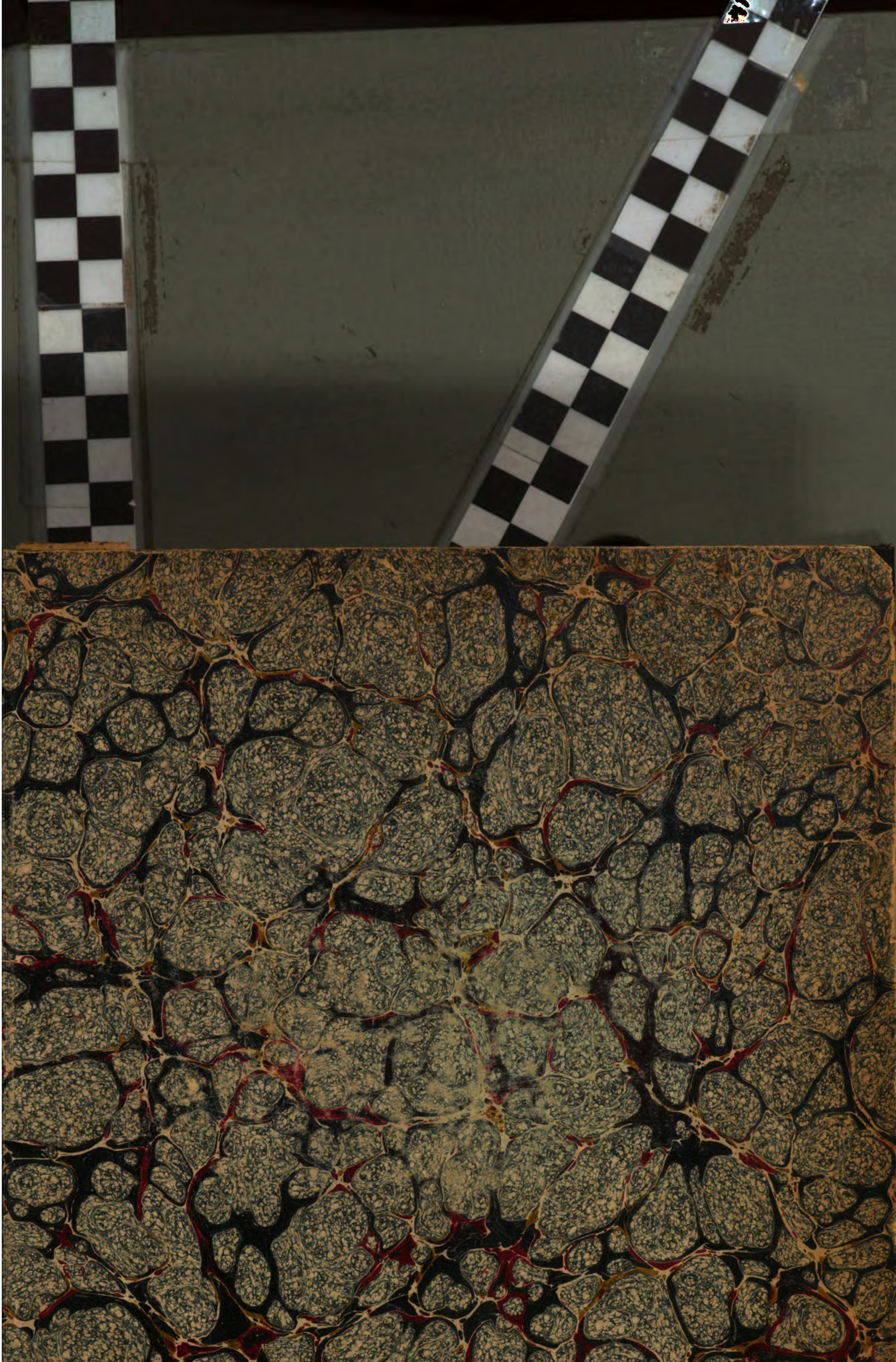
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JANUARY—JUNE

1906

VOLUME LXX

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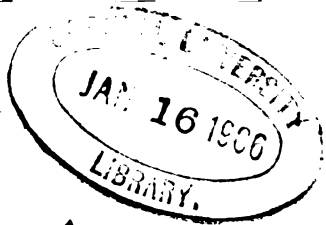
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# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1757

JANUARY 6, 1906

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE book of this week is undoubtedly Mr. Winston Churchill's biography of his father. Despite the pre-occupation of the morning newspapers with the impending General Election, nearly every daily journal of importance devoted many columns to it. Nor can one argue that this was because the book had any bearing upon the present contest. On the contrary, it is a curious fact that Lord Randolph Churchill's political life was quite complete; it is a finished chapter in history, and his deliverances are not quoted in the Fiscal controversy now going on, perhaps for the reason that he began by being a fair trader—fair trade, in one of his happy phrases, "going down like butter" at one time—and by solemnly recording his conviction in favour of free trade. The interest in Lord Randolph Churchill is, therefore, not political, but personal. In a sense, Mr. Winston Churchill may be congratulated on the luck of having had so interesting a father.

The attention which the book has received dissipates the common belief that a book, to be successful, should come out in an arbitrarily fixed publishing season. This is not the only instance which goes to show that what is of interest in itself is quite independent of times and seasons. A few years ago, a popular novelist deliberately chose to bring out one of his works of fiction in the dullest month of the year—namely, August. He shrewdly calculated that in the dearth of other literature, his book would receive more attention than could possibly be given it when the Editors' tables were groaning under the load of new publications; and the result showed that he was perfectly right in his surmise. The absence of rivalry had the effect of securing for this work an amount of attention greater than it would otherwise have received. Next to August, the weeks immediately following Christmas would generally be described as the least favourable for publishing, but here, again, events have proved that there is nothing in the theory. Provided that a book is likely to secure the ear of the general public, it is a matter of no great consequence what date be chosen for its publication.

English literature is not excessively rich in political biographies, as there has been a tendency to make this species of book the vehicle for a propaganda. When Lord Beaconsfield wrote his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, his intent was avowedly political, and it would be an easy matter to give a list of political biographies written not so much for the purpose of interesting and entertaining the general reader as to vindicate a memory, or a set of opinions. Perhaps the most brilliant exception in our time is furnished by Mr. John Morley's "*Life of Gladstone*." Though Mr. Morley was one of the strongest of partisans, and was generally considered to have rather intolerant convictions on many of the great questions of the day, he was

able, on this occasion, to enter upon his task with a freedom of thought and a width of insight that produced a book which was eminently just, with the result that even his political antagonists gained a picture of Gladstone's time, conceived on a large scale, and drawn with a hand at once free and accurate. Nearly every reviewer has made some comparison between Mr. Winston Churchill's book and Mr. John Morley's, not wholly to the advantage of the young writer; but such comparisons are scarcely fair.

The subject in each case was entirely different. Gladstone may be classed with Tennyson, as one of the stately figures of the nineteenth century, whose work was great and lasting, but whose characters were built on more or less conventional lines. The interest attaching to Lord Randolph Churchill's character is much more that of a singular and uncommon personality. At the beginning of his career, "Randy" was the spoilt child of Parliament: his counterpart is that of a University student who is always expected to say what no one else could say without incurring the displeasure of the officials, and to whom a certain amount of licence is allowed that is denied to more sedate characters. Lord Randolph's life was spent in kicking over the traces. The old conventions and traditions, the old rules and old ideas, of the Tory party were set aside or ignored by him, and he approached every question always with a freedom that is charming, and sometimes with an ignorance that is equally so. It is no small achievement of a son to have pictured such a father in a manner that is lively and accurate, without being exaggerated.

For some time past an extraordinary craze has been manifested on the part of some writers to make Anthologies, and in one way this may be said to be the very easiest kind of book-making. You have only to purchase a pair of scissors, and the cheapest editions of the standard poets, and snip a bit here and a bit there till the allotted number of scraps has been got together. Such is the popular view, and yet the fact that English literature is so extremely poor in anthologies is a standing contradiction of the common belief. The best of the kind that we have is, no doubt, the "*Golden Treasury*," and it is common knowledge that it owes its excellence to the circumstance that Mr. Palgrave had at his elbow, ready with advice and counsel, the exquisite taste and mature judgment of Tennyson. We have daily evidence that the average critic is incapacitated for work of this kind, because if he has a choice of two things to quote he invariably selects the worse.

These reflections have been inspired by the appearance on our table of another of the Love Anthologies, of which we have had so many of recent years. "*Fair play*," according to an old saying, "*is a jewel*," and it ought to be observed in the making of anthologies. But it is not always observed; for example, Mr. Hyatt scarcely seems to have done the fair thing when adopting "*The Open Road*" of Mr. E. V. Lucas for his model of "*The Footpath Way*"—a book amazingly similar. It is true that Mr. Lucas can hold no individual copyright in the pieces of which his volume is composed, but the arrangement of the whole idea was so very original, that he ought to have been allowed the exclusive use of it. Between "*The Open Road*" and "*The Footpath Way*," the similarity of construction is great, and if the announcement in the papers be true, Mr. Hyatt has in preparation an anthology of the Town which will compete with "*The Friendly Town*" of Mr. Lucas. We think he is carrying too far that sincerest form of flattery, which consists in imitation. There is no reason why he should not compile an anthology, but the thread on which his

pearls are strung should be his own. The offence is much greater than that of those anthologists who, taking hints from one another, have produced *Lyra* this and *Lyra* that.

In last week's *ACADEMY*, a correspondent, Mr. H. P. Wright, unconsciously gave a curious illustration of the prevalent inability to distinguish between the second best and the best. His aim in writing was to show that Shelley was not the "ineffectual angel" described by Matthew Arnold—in other words, that he had at times produced the "immortal phrase"—and he instituted a comparison between Shelley and Wordsworth. The passage quoted from Wordsworth was that which some consider to be one of the most beautiful in English poetry—"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns"—and he averred that any of the following passages was equal to it:

He hath awakened from the dream of life,  
or  
He is made one with Nature. There is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;  
or  
He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely.

Of course, the only result of this is to show that Mr. Wright is not very familiar with his Shelley, and still less so with the finest poetry. By the "immortal phrase," we mean passages of such unquestioned beauty as, for instance, may be found in Hawtrey's translation of a well-known passage in Homer :

So said she ; they long since in Earth's soft arms were reposing  
There, in their own dear land, their fatherland, Lacedaemon ;

or Shakespeare's "Vex not his ghost," or such lines as the following, in the "Border Ballads" :

Lang, lang, may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their good kaims in their hair,  
A' waiting for their ain dear loves !  
For them they'll see nae mair.

That Shelley ever reached the height of these passages we have yet to learn. Certainly Mr. Wright may be advised to search once more through the pages of his favourite poet and see whether he can find a single instance.

In the *Cornhill* for the current month, the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West writes a very pleasant paper on "Mayfair and Thackeray," of which one or two passages, as, for instance, the following, seem to be worthy of quotation :

The very pavements of Mayfair have for centuries been trodden by distinguished men and beautiful women. Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Midlothian," portrays the travel-worn Jeanie Deans making intercession for her sister with John, Duke of Argyll, at No. 15, Bruton Street, and the Duke after the interview ushering her in her Scotch garb into the presence of Queen Caroline in Richmond Park, from whom she obtained the pardon she sought for her poor sister Effie. In later days No. 15 belonged to Lord Granville, whose political parties were none the less remarkable for the presence of the famous diarist, Charles Greville, whom Lady Granville talked of as "her lodger." It was subsequently sold to Lord Carnarvon, who was for some time Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's Government.

And again the following is interesting :

It is no wonder that Thackeray, the greatest novelist of the age, laid many of his scenes in the midst of surroundings so attractive, a welcome guest himself at Bath House, where all the literary men would assemble to do homage to Lady Ashburton, who, Carlyle said, was "the greatest lady of rank I ever saw, with the soul of a princess and captainess, had there been any career possible for her but a fashionable one"; where came Carlyle and Froude, Tennyson and Browning, and Thackeray's great friend Brookfield, the preacher at St. John's Chapel (already destroyed by the omnivorous builder)—Brookfield, who, as Lord Stanley of Alderley said, quoted Milton and Shakespeare and described the devil as a perfect gentleman; and where the

salon of the Miss Berrys in Curzon Street made glad the heart of Thackeray, who says :

"A very few years since I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgiana of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the Court of Queen Anne."

There are several signs that the Army is beginning to take more seriously to the study of military history and professional matters. The *Cavalry Journal*, which is to appear this month for the first time as a quarterly, is a good but belated idea. France, Germany, and America, have had their cavalry journals for some time. The fact that it is to be produced under the supervision of Major-General Baden-Powell does not of course give it any official status, so that it will not in any way take the place of the *Army Journal*, which was proposed some time ago but never came to anything.

The historical section of the General Staff, which has been advocated for years, will probably not come into being—owing to objections from the Treasury—until the official history of the war in South Africa is completed, which should be before the end of 1907. It is however, good news that an officer of the General Staff has already started on a history of the war between Russia and Japan. This seems a more suitable subject for the official historian than another history of one of our own wars.

The new Argentina Theatre at Rome opened last week with a production of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, and though there will be none to question the appropriateness of the play to the scene of its production, there have been many who felt that it would have been more fitting to have had a play by an Italian writer. The Argentina is a municipal theatre, and the opening performances have been an enormous success, *Julius Caesar* running for a week, followed by *Maschere*, Roberto Bracco's famous play, and *Il Ventaglio*, by Goldoni. Next week Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*, translated by Giacinta Pezzana under the title of *Una donna qualunque*, will be given. The patrons of the latest municipal theatre cannot complain of lack of variety.

Messrs. Hodgson and Co. will begin the New Year with a three days' sale on January 9, 10 and 11. The sale includes the library of the late Mr. H. J. P. Dumas, and among the books to be offered are Dugdale's "Monasticum Anglicanum"; topographical and antiquarian books; Raynald's "Byrth of Mankynd," 1560; the 1676 Quarto of "Hamlet"; plays by Dryden, D'Urfrey, and Shadwell; a number of first editions of well-known modern authors; Murray's "New English Dictionary"; and a set of the Chiswick Press British Poets.

Mrs. William Sharp writes to us from 21 Woronzow Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. : I intend to write a memoir of my husband, and shall feel greatly indebted for the loan of any letters or other documents likely to be of service, whether of a personal nature, or relative to his work as William Sharp or Fiona Macleod. Owners may rest assured that every care will be taken with the letters, etc., and that they shall be returned in due time.

We are requested to announce that the endowment fund now being raised for the family of the late Professor G. B. Howes, F.R.S., will be closed shortly, and all intending contributors are asked to send their contributions without delay to the Treasurer, Mr. Frank Crisp, at 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.



## LITERATURE

## "WRIT IN WATER"

*Lord Randolph Churchill.* By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.  
2 vols. (Macmillan, 36s. net.)

To the majority of us the most interesting history is that which deals with our contemporaries, and it is difficult to know whether the attractiveness of the present biography should be ascribed to this fact or to the skill of the writer. Mr. Winston Churchill here displays many valuable qualifications for the important task entrusted to him. He deals with his father, not in the adoring attitude of one of a family recounting the exploits of its most illustrious member, but with the detachment of a philosopher and the penetration of a statesman. If his estimate be too favourable it is certainly not more so than we expect from a biographer. The theme he had to deal with was not in itself literary: Lord Randolph Churchill was not learned in the sense that Mr. Gladstone was, and Mr. John Morley is, learned. Neither at Eton nor at Oxford did he burn the midnight oil in study. He was not even widely read in general literature. The Bible, Gibbon, and Jorrock's supplied what may be called the essentials of his library:

In the strong, simple, homely words and phrases, sonorous sentences and veins of rough spontaneous mirth which characterise the style and language of his rhetoric and writing, the influence of these three varied fountains, quaintly and not incongruously intermingled, can be plainly seen.

Within the covers of these volumes there is nothing to show that he was interested in the scientific or literary history of his time. The atmosphere is from start to finish severely political. Lord Randolph was no writer. The few magazine articles he composed were merely political speeches in print, aiming to serve practical ends, and with no pretence to art or finish. Blenheim was no place for celebrities other than those who had won their titles to distinction at Westminster. But these circumstances, far from placing him at a disadvantage, only gave force and piquancy to the working of an exceptionally fresh and brilliant mind.

The effective career of Lord Randolph Churchill may be said to date from the fall of the last Beaconsfield Ministry. Mr. Gladstone, after his memorable Midlothian campaign, came into office with a huge majority. Liberalism was surging and swelling over the land, and Conservatism appeared to be swept aside for a generation at least. But the events of the next few years were to confound the prophets who said this. The Bradlaugh controversy among other things gave birth to the Fourth Party, and the efforts of Lord Randolph and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gorst were to show how a numerically feeble but active and vigilant band of adversaries could sow discord and the seeds of disruption in a majority that seemed overwhelming. At the same time they were bringing about a reorganisation of the Conservative forces. Sir Stafford Northcote, amiable but feeble—the Goat, as they nicknamed him—was as much the object of their hostility as was Mr. Gladstone himself. In this they had the connivance of Lord Beaconsfield, who explained that he left Northcote to lead the Commons on the assurance that Mr. Gladstone had definitely retired. We can see now that the Liberal leader had lost the vigour of his prime, and instead of the majority being a powerful weapon in his hand it was frittered away in a series of squabbles.

If there is anything enduring in the part played by Lord Randolph Churchill it must be sought in the dissolution of the old party formations and their reorganisation. For many years the Whig wing of the Liberal army had been alarmed at the Radical proposals of Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain. Their secession, which had as its immediate excuse the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, had been prepared for by a long series of events. The inventor of Tory democracy drove home the wedge. But

he was not destined to fill any great part for such a length of time as would afford opportunity for lasting work. As Secretary for India he was but one of a Government of caretakers, and when he became leader of the House and Chancellor of the Exchequer he, in a sense, committed official suicide.

After reading the authoritative history of his resignation as set forth here by Mr. Winston Churchill two or three conclusions are inevitable. One of them is that Lord Randolph let himself be carried away by a too easy and early success. He committed the grave mistake of thinking himself indispensable, and had no idea that the Conservative party was being reconstructed on a solid and durable basis. Next, in insisting upon a retrenchment in the Service votes, he showed a lack of statesmanlike foresight. He utterly miscalculated the strength of the forces arrayed against him. Lord Salisbury and he had been gradually developing what our author alludes to as a "harsh antagonism," and the elder statesman, by accepting the proffered resignation, snuffed out a career. Further, the fates had been with him. Lord Randolph tried to rebuild his party by means of Tory democracy; Lord Salisbury actually did rebuild it by abiding in the ancient ways. So Lord Randolph, as his son pathetically admits, died and left behind him no enduring monument, no piece of legislation, no signal Act, no financial reform, nothing but a name and a tradition.

In a sense, the fame of Lord Randolph Churchill may be said, in the pathetic phrase of John Keats, to be "writ in water." We are, of course, not unmindful of the fact that his influence helped to re-fashion the Conservative party of his time, but how far it extended must be purely and simply a matter for speculation. We have no concrete facts on which to form an opinion. All the more responsibility, therefore, devolved upon Mr. Winston Churchill, who in this book has erected the only enduring monument of his father that is possible. We are glad that he has succeeded so well. Probably there are many readers who will turn the pages with some feeling of apprehension, as Mr. Winston Churchill's public career has been by no means free from mistakes and indiscretions. But here he has kept on the right lines, and a though the task set him was one of very great difficulty, the candid critic must admit that he has discharged it without giving offence. He is in the position of one who, having changed his politics, had for the purposes of a biography to return to that part of the political world which he had forsaken. No man changes sides without engendering certain jealousies and dissatisfactions—without, making many enemies; and we would especially dwell on the fact—we think every candid critic will confirm it—that he has been scrupulously fair to all the parties who figure in these pages. There is, as far as one can see, no covert attack, no bitterness. Mr. Morley himself did not show more candour in writing the life of Mr. Gladstone than Mr. Winston Churchill has shown in dealing with the career of his father.

## LORD BYRON'S POETRY

*The Poetical Works of Lord Byron.* Edited, with a Memoir, by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. (Murray, 6s. net.)

THERE is little to say of this edition of Byron's poetry, except to praise its completeness and thoroughness. The introductory memoir by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge is all that could be desired; in every way this is a most satisfactory edition of Byron to have on the bookshelf, and we think it will continue for many a long day to deserve a place there. But the interest of Byron's poetry, we think, has become less literary, and more historical. Originally it produced a great but varying effect on the public mind. It owed its vogue, on first publication, less to its intrinsic merit than to the fact that it gave definite expression to certain vague aspirations and thoughts of the

time. The spirit of revolution was abroad, not only in England, but on the Continent, and Lord Byron was destined by nature to be its prophet. Yet long after that had passed, his fame remained as a great tradition, and there were not wanting critics who followed the public bent so far that they found a strain of the highest poetry in his work. But the evanescence of many reputations is disclosed by the efflux of time, and Byron passed out of fashion until a few years ago, when a great attempt was made to revive his fame.

The question to-day is, whether there was any reality in that movement, or whether it was artificial. Is Byron now a living force, or is he only one of those authors whose works should be in every gentleman's library, but are seldom, if ever, taken down to read? As we have already hinted, so much, in this case, depends upon taste and opinion, that it is very difficult to apply a satisfactory test. We know that little of Byron's work touches the high-water mark of poetry; his verses will be searched in vain for a line such as that quoted by a correspondent, last week, from Wordsworth:

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

or for such poetry as:

Will no one tell me what she sings?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy far-off things,  
And battles long ago;

And an explanation of this may be found if we examine Byron's attitude of mind. It has often seemed to us that this was expressed most naturally and spontaneously in one of his effusions where he is unlikely to have been posing, and therefore, in all probability, was at least sincere. The poem we refer to is the epistle to Becher:

Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind;  
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;  
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind:  
I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,  
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to go forth;  
When Infancy's years of probation expire,  
Perchance I may strive to distinguish my birth.

The fire, in the cavern of Etna, conceal'd,  
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;  
At length, in a volume terrific, reveal'd,  
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

All this might be described, in the slang of to-day, as "side" in literature. The great writers never either despised, or affected to despise, the world in which they lived. It is of the very essence of their character that they mixed with it kindly, and that the best of them discerned weaknesses in themselves greater than any they could see in their neighbours. Yet it was the same boyish idea that formed the chief inspiration of the most ambitious of Lord Byron's poems. The very epithet "Byronic" has come to signify something of this kind, and, as the characteristics of a great personage may often be seen most vividly in a caricature, so in the Byronic hero of the third-rate lady novelist we most clearly discern the weakness of Lord Byron.

If we turn to the passages that used to be publicly recited with great effect two generations ago, we seem to feel that there is something inflated and almost tawdry about them. What we mean might be most clearly perceived by comparing the famous lines:

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry—and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

with the account of the same battle given by Thackeray, in "Vanity Fair."

Byron is, in the language of card-players, always "bragging a little beyond his hand"; his sentences seem to be framed to express more than he actually felt. Thackeray possesses the genius of reserve, and, as much by what he leaves unsaid as by his homely yet pregnant phrases, he achieves what should be the true purpose of every writer—that is to say, he is not intent on showing his readers his glorious command of language, but on stirring and creating thoughts and images within them.

Byron was above all things an egoist, and it is the nature of the egoist not to hold fast to any chord of interest that binds him to his hearers, but to write down what is in his own mind, quite regardless as to whether he carries his audience with him or not. The essential quality of Scott is, that he is continually groping for, and finding, the sympathies and interests of his readers, and the result is that, especially when he is making his humbler characters speak, the appeal is direct and instantaneous. It was, as it were, by accident that Byron voiced the sentiments of the people of his own time: thoughts to which he gave utterance were simmering everywhere, and to that extent, he was a real poet and interpreter. But greatness depends, not on catching the emotions of the moment, but on understanding those strong yet simple feelings that are common to every time and every race. Byron's egoism prevented his understanding them; and it was here that he failed. If we examine his choicest passages—those that were the prime favourites of his early admirers—we feel that our interest is but languidly stirred.

There is a story told of a critic, famous in the middle of the nineteenth century, who was a great admirer of Wordsworth, and who thought nothing of Byron. One night he was in company with a friend who held opinions of an almost opposite nature, and who declaimed with great fervour the poem which was then considered the finest that Byron had composed:

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of War and Peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their Sun, is set.  
The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the Lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse:  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your Sires' "Islands of the Blest."

His recitation was interrupted at the first line by the critic's impatient: "Why this vain reiteration?" The story has many times been told for the poet, and against the critic, but there is a suspicion now that the latter was right.

### THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

*Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship.* By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D. (Macmillan, 8s. 6d. net.)

SINCE Dr. Frazer wrote "The Golden Bough" he has seen a great change come over the position of anthropology. Then Dr. Tylor had, indeed, long held his unique position, but, with that exception, professional anthropologists were men of bones and stones. Now Cambridge boasts a flourishing school of anthropology—Dr. Frazer's "Lectures" formed one of the courses—and the study of racial psychology, custom and institution is pursued no less earnestly than that of physical anthropology; indeed, their right to a place among the sciences is admitted by their inclusion among the subjects covered by the "International Catalogue of Scientific Literature."

Readers of "The Golden Bough" are familiar with the problem which Dr. Frazer there undertakes to explain—the rule of the grove at Nemi, whose priest, Virbius, had to defend his life against all comers, the challenge being thrown down by plucking from a certain tree the branch

which gives its name to the book. In the work before us Dr. Frazer restates this problem in the light of new knowledge. Further research and reconsideration of his old authorities have shown him that Virbius was not only the priest of the grove, but also the husband of Diana, the goddess of the sanctuary; and the latter half of the book deals with Nemi and Roman kingship. But before he approaches this part of his subject, Dr. Frazer deals at length, first with certain general principles of savage belief and custom, of which the sacred character and magical functions of kings are a special case; and secondly, with the origin and development of chieftainship and individual authority among peoples in the lower stages of culture. The whole of the present work consists substantially of a series of extracts from the forthcoming edition of "The Golden Bough," and, as might be expected, there is much in the earlier portion which is familiar to readers of the two former editions.

The statement of the problem raised by the "Rex Nemorensis" of Nemi leads up to a more general discussion of sacred kingships, from which Dr. Frazer passes on to discuss the principles of magic. Magic, he holds, is, properly, an expression of the doctrine of sympathy, and he distinguishes two varieties: first, homœopathic magic, which he formerly termed mimetic; this aims at producing an effect by imitating it, as does the magician when he stabs the waxen image of his enemy, believing that he thereby inflicts a corresponding injury on him; secondly, we have contagious magic, based on the idea that anything which has been in contact with a man thereafter remains in a sympathetic relation with him, thus offering a means of causing him good or harm by appropriate processes; all students of folklore are familiar with examples of this, such as "salving the weapon and not the wound," in order to prevent the latter from festering. We then pass on to a definition of taboo, here defined as "negative magic." Positive magic, homœopathic and contagious, aims at producing positive results; it says, "Act, so that this may happen"; taboo, on the other hand, enjoins abstinence from certain acts, in order that the results may not happen.

Returning to the earliest form of the sacred king—the public magician of Africa and Australia—Dr. Frazer shows that one of his chief functions is the control of weather for the good of the tribe. The impotence of the means which they employed is no index to the immense importance in the history of the human race of the institution thus called into being. In the rise of the despot, free from the chains of superstition, Dr. Frazer sees the dawn of the freedom of thought and deed in modern society; for the savage lies bound, hand and foot, by the fetters of custom and superstition; and it is not until some great innovator arises, or until, in more modern times the European has led the way, that he discovers how unreal are the fears to which he and his forefathers have surrendered their liberty of action.

After a brief survey of human gods, our attention is recalled to the Grove of Nemi. We have already learnt in the first lecture that the grove was, according to one account, the scene of the loves of Numa and the nymph Egeria, no less than of Virbius, or his successors, and the tree-goddess Diana. This leads to a discussion of the marriage of plants and the frequent personification of one or both the hymeneal pair by human beings. Readers of "The Golden Bough" are already familiar with the ceremonies of May-Day, in which the King and Queen of the May represent deities of vegetation. Dr. Frazer now goes on to show that there has also been a practice of marrying human beings to water and fire gods, and explains as a distorted recollection of the former practice the widespread story of the type of Perseus and Andromeda. The marriage with tree gods has a more immediate bearing upon the main theme of the book; we have already seen that Dr. Frazer conjectures the priest to have been the husband of Diana; he now goes on to suggest that the union of Numa and Egeria was no more than a replica of

this sacred marriage of the priest; and his argument is a fine piece of synthesis. Starting with the oak god, Jupiter, he shows that we have good ground for regarding Janus as another form of Jove; but Janus is etymologically equivalent to Dianus, the feminine of which is Diana, the goddess of the grove. Now Egeria was an oak nymph, as we learn from Plutarch; it is therefore no far-fetched hypothesis that she was identical with Diana in substance, if not in name. If this conjecture be correct, it follows that the King of Rome married the oak goddess. Another line of argument, tending to show that the Roman Kings claimed to be incarnations of Jupiter, the Italian counterpart of Zeus, whose name was borne by all Greek kings, reinforces this conclusion. Further weight is lent to the conjecture by facts in the history of the kings of Rome; the priest of the wood was liable at any moment to have to fight, not only for his position, but for his life; and we find that many of the kings died a violent death. The custom of the "Regifugium," the date of which was the close of the Saturnalia, is, Dr. Frazer suggests, connected with the same idea; it was a test of the manhood of the king and perhaps at the same time a means of winning a bride; for examples are quoted in which the hand of a princess is the prize of an athletic contest.

The custom of marrying a mortal man to a tree goddess finds a parallel in the marriage of a human maiden to the fire god. This, Dr. Frazer conjectures, was the explanation of the primitive position of the Vestal Virgins, who were daughters of the royal house. Legends of the birth of Romulus and Servius Tullius suggest that the King of Rome was the son not of his predecessor but of an alien father by a Vestal Virgin, with whom he allied himself as representative of the god; and Dr. Frazer lays stress on the fact that though several kings left sons or grandsons, not one of the latter succeeded, while in three cases the daughter's husband mounted the throne, and in a further case the right to the throne was gained through the mother. Then follow the further suggestions that the hand of the princess was gained by victory in a race; and that the kings of Rome were not patricians—men of the conquering race—but plebeians, in whose hands were left, not civil power, but religious rites, which they, as men of the soil, would better understand than the new-comers. On this hypothesis the abolition of the kingship was a precautionary measure, rendered necessary by the attempts of the legitimate rulers to oust their conquerors.

This summary is far from exhausting all the points raised by Dr. Frazer's discussion of the kingship in Italy, on which, as at once the most novel and most interesting feature of the present work, most stress is here laid. But it is time to offer some criticism on points of detail; in its main lines Dr. Frazer seems to have established his contention. But he conjectures that the Vestal Virgins, in the times of the kingship, were the daughters of the royal house, who remained at home while their brothers went forth to win for themselves brides and royal dignity; the contest for the hand of the princess was decided by a test of manly prowess; the king gave his daughter's hand as a prize to the victor in a foot-race. On the other hand Dr. Frazer argues that an old Latin king was himself son of a Vestal Virgin, though not, of course, of the same family as that into which he subsequently married; for it is not improbable that the well-known savage rule of exogamy still subsisted for the royal family, which, as so often happens, kept up a custom long extinct among the people. Now, as the legends which Dr. Frazer himself quotes as to the birth of Romulus and Servius Tullius bear witness, a king might be the son of a slave woman, who was indeed a Vestal but not of royal blood—a lineage absolutely contradictory of Dr. Frazer's hypothesis. Not only so, but it by no means follows that the race for the hand of the bride was a closed event; the examples adduced in the text suggest that any one, whether prince or peasant, might enter for the matrimonial stakes; and if this were the case, even granting that heredity might help the scions of royal houses, we are far from being able to assert that one

of them would necessarily prove his superiority to all competitors. It seems probable therefore that the king did not, in all cases, claim through his mother, and that his father was not necessarily of royal blood.

That three kings succeeded their father-in-law is perhaps fairly strong evidence of a rule of succession by marriage, of which we have collateral evidence, indirect though it be, in the incident familiar in fairy tales of the strange prince who woos and wins a kingdom; this does not of course establish anything for Latium, but it suggests that the practice was fairly common. It is, however, singular that though Dr. Frazer can quote evidence of succession through marriage of the late king's widow, he cannot discover any exact parallel to the rule which he believes himself able to trace in Latium. On the whole, therefore, his case as to succession is hardly proved.

Turning to more general questions, we find that though Dr. Frazer quotes many instances of magician-chiefs in Africa and Australia, he barely mentions America. Not only so, but he passes over the war-chief, though he is, even in Australia, if Dr. Howitt's evidence goes for anything, as common as the magician-chief. Yet in the war-chief we have, no less undoubtedly than in the sacred chief, one of the sources of the kingly dignity. But as regards this it should be mentioned that Dr. Frazer does not claim universal validity for his conclusions in this matter. It would have been a laborious task to sift the evidence for the two kinds of chieftainship and give to the inquiry a statistical basis; but we are accustomed to expect much from Dr. Frazer's erudition and unwearied labours. Many other points in these lectures invite discussion, especially the question of the annual sacrifice of kings, but space fails us. The points here mentioned detract little from the charm of the work, and those who turn to these lectures for a foretaste of the new "Golden Bough" will find, as of old, skilful exposition of the argument, allied to elegance of diction and no little learning.

### THE ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE

*The Origin and Influence of the Thoroughbred Horse.* By WILLIAM RIDGEWAY, M.A., F.R.A., Hon. D.Litt. (Cambridge: University Press, 12s. 6d. net.)

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate. As far as we are aware the pregnant question has never yet been answered. So after reading Professor Ridgeway's fascinating and erudite work, it is with a feeling of disappointment that we are compelled to repeat the oft-asked question: "What is an Arab Horse?" It is a pity that it should be so, and possibly in our ignorance we have failed to perceive the light. Professor Ridgeway knows so much and attempts to convey his knowledge to people of lesser intelligence in so brilliant a style, that one becomes to a certain extent hypnotised by the wealth of argument and illustration which is poured out in an unceasing flow. It is only when the book is closed and the personality of the writer ceases to exercise its magnetic influence, that reflection forces upon one the unwelcome fact, that as regards the avowed purpose and purport of the work, complete ignorance still prevails.

In our youthful days many of us have puzzled not a little as to how the full-rigged ship could possibly have got into the bottle. So now we fain would know how the Arabian horses got into Arabia, and it will be interesting to see how far the researches of the Disney Professor go towards the solution of this problem. If any positive deduction can be made from the facts, real or supposititious, upon which Professor Ridgeway bases his arguments, it would appear that the Arabian horse derives from some equine race which had its habitat in Northern Africa. This prepotent race, we gather, passed into Western Asia and thence, after many wanderings, some members of the tribe reached Arabia. If this be so, then

the Arab horse is not an Arabian at all, and one begins to wonder whether the origin of the Arabian horses can be the secret so carefully guarded by the Sphinx. To our way of thinking, it appears feasible that just as we in this country have improved the breed of horses, by judicious crossing, testing and feeding, until we have produced the British thoroughbred (which by the way is quite a misnomer), so in those early days the inhabitants of Arabia not improbably developed the horses then available into the breed which, from its excellence, became known as the Arab horse.

A passage of peculiar interest in the work under notice is that (p. 470) in which the author deals with the pre-orbital gland-pit which has been traced in the skulls of Hipparion, in those of *E. sivalensis*—an Indian fossil horse—as well as in the Indian domesticated horse, an Arab horse, and in such English thoroughbreds as have been subject to examination. Such masters of scientific research as Dr. Lydekker and Professor Ray Lankester have failed to detect traces of this gland-pit in ordinary English and Continental horses, and it also appears to be absent from the skulls of horses found in the drift and turbarry of Europe. Mr. Lydekker's suggestion that the "blood horse" is of Indian origin appears to be as feasible as any other, but Professor Ridgeway will "none of it," and proves to his own satisfaction at all events, that the Arabs got their "blood horses" from Northern Africa, and that "for ages these so-called Arab horses have been continually pouring into India." To the question of colour, regarded from an hereditary point of view, the Professor attaches an importance which appears to us to be somewhat exaggerated; but his arguments in this instance, as indeed in many others, are full of interest, and are put forward with such clearness that they are almost, if not quite, convincing. At all events the colour question supplies Professor Ridgeway with strong collateral evidence in support of his case. The historical and geographical arguments put forward by him appear to come under two heads—the negative and the positive. Under the former denomination comes evidence which tends to prove—and here, in our opinion, the Professor has made good his case—that no horses were owned or bred by the Arabs during the period preceding and including the early days of the Christian era. It is shown with equal clearness that in the tenth century before Christ, horses were exported from Egypt to Palestine and other parts of Asia Minor, and this fact alone supplies the strongest proof that the horses of Egypt were in demand on account of their superiority. Strabo, who may be taken as a fairly accurate historian, proves that down to his time, that is to say, towards the dawn of the Christian era, neither camels nor horses were bred between the Nile and the Red Sea. Whence, then, did the ancient Egyptians procure their horses? That is the question the solution of which would, practically speaking, solve a much disputed problem.

It is to this task that Professor Ridgeway has devoted his talents and his genius for research; and it may safely be said that unless future investigation, or unexpected discoveries supervene, his conclusions on the subject will be universally accepted as correct—that is, in so far as the source of supply of horses to Egypt is concerned. It is made clear to the dullest understanding that from a very early period, Libya was the home of a superior breed of horse, and history supplies evidence that the Libyan people, who possessed both horses and cattle, were in the habit of raiding the fertile valley of the Nile from time to time. These things being so, there is more than a probability that trade and intercourse sprang up between the raiders and the raided, and that in due course some of the Libyan horses, which must have been both feared and admired by the Egyptians, passed into their possession together with specimens of the chariots which, it has been clearly demonstrated, were constructed and used by the Libyans. An engraving of a chariot discovered in a tomb at Thebes is given on p. 225 of the work under notice. Egyptologists assign this discovery to the fourteenth century B.C., but it is not of Egyptian construction

and there are reasons for supposing that it was imported from some northern country. Besides the Egyptians, the ancient Greeks imported horses freely from Northern Africa, and Homer, Livy and other writers refer to the horses and horsemen of those regions in terms of admiration and envy. Furthermore, in the fifth century B.C. Libya supplied Xerxes with cavalry. Trustworthy evidence establishes the fact that when there were no horses of any sort in Arabia, the Libyans possessed a breed of their own which was held in great esteem by all who came into touch with them, and also that large numbers of these North African bred horses were in the possession of the Egyptians.

Still following Professor Ridgeway's line of reasoning, we gather that, as indicated by pictorial fragments from ancient pottery and places of burial, the North African horses possessed the distinguishing physical traits and characteristics of the Arab horse. If that be true (there is no adequate reason for doubting it), and it can be shown that the Libyan or North African horse did actually find its way in considerable numbers into Arabia, then the Professor has proved that after all the term "Arab" horse, as applied to the horses of Arabia, is as great a misnomer as that of "thoroughbred" which is used to distinguish the existing breed of racehorses in England. Under the sway of Mahomet the Arabs swept into Egypt and conquered the tribes to the west of the Nile; like other great conquerors in more modern days, Mahomet knew the value of good horses to a country, and there is but little doubt that he and his followers did actually capture and take back with them to Arabia numbers of the best Libyan horses; but there is no proof that these animals were not crossed from time to time with horses procured from other sources.

Much of the interesting evidence accumulated by Professor Ridgeway is dealt with after the fashion of a special pleader, and is presented in a manner which is somewhat calculated to warp the judgment of the reader. Some failings notwithstanding, no one who takes an interest, scientific or otherwise, in the origin and descent of the horse, should fail to read the brilliant book on these subjects which has now been added to the excellent series of biological works issued by the Cambridge University Press.

### MICHELANGELO

*The Sonnets of Michelangelo Buonarroti.* Translated into English Verse by S. ELIZABETH HALL. (Kegan Paul, 5s. net.)

THE world knows Michelangelo the painter and sculptor: comparatively few people know Michelangelo the poet; while perhaps a still smaller number are acquainted with him as an active practical man. In this version of his sonnets, and in the charming and well-translated *Life* by a younger contemporary of his which occupies the first half of the volume, he is presented in the two latter aspects.

Ascanio Condivi, the author of the *Life*, seems to have known Michelangelo well, and talked much with him in his old age. At the outset of the biography he remarks that the date of his hero's nativity alone is enough to show that the child then born would be of a "noble and lofty intellect," succeeding in everything and especially in art, since on that day Mercury and Venus were in the second house of Jupiter and wore a "friendly aspect." This statement is followed almost immediately by one which will be accepted much more readily nowadays as a tentative explanation of Michelangelo's special genius—namely, that the nurse who brought him up was the daughter of a sculptor and married to a sculptor. But we are not primarily concerned with finding out the astrological or physical causes of his fondness for art at an early age. We are more inclined to take personality and genius for

granted, and to read his life in an objective spirit, finding in it an unusually interesting biographical study. For Michelangelo's reputation as sculptor and architect brought him into situations in which all his resource and ability were called forth, and the result was that he displayed capacity and energy of a practical order which might, if the course of his life had been undisturbed, have lain undeveloped and unsuspected. As it is, we are able to catch several glimpses of this side of his character. He was the only man capable of making a scaffolding for the painting of the Sistine chapel at Rome; he made a road over the marshy ground between Pietrasanta and the coast; and when the Medici were expelled from Florence he took charge of the fortifications of the city and invented a new kind of machinery for protecting the walls from the fire of the enemy.

If, in addition to being a great painter, a unique sculptor and architect, and one who at an emergency could turn his hand to carpentry, road-making and fortification, he had also been a great poet, we should no longer believe in human limitations. It is commonly said that he "took all art for his sphere," but the phrase is not only misleading as to the facts, it is also unjust to Michelangelo, since it would lead us to apply to his poems a standard of criticism by which he never dreamed of their being tested. It is certain that he did not take his verses at all seriously. He distributed them freely among his friends, but made no attempt to collect or publish them. The age in which he lived was full of petrarchism, and, not being a dullard, he was naturally a petrarchist with the rest. Vittoria Colonna, his Laura, was herself a sonnet-writer, and so were many of his male friends. His poems are those of a man whose life's work lay in other fields. We hear of him at the age of twenty-nine, at a time when family affairs compelled him to stay in comparative idleness in Florence, "reading the poets and orators of the vulgar tongue and making sonnets for his own pleasure"; though most of his poems were written towards the end of his life. Whatever may have been his real affection for the Marchioness of Pescara, his love-poems were not so much inspired by her as by his predecessors and contemporaries in the art of sonnetteering. They are platonic, sententious, literary, fantastic, often involved and obscure, but of great occasional beauty, and they please because they are more vigorous in expression than most works of the class.

Miss Hall's translation is made from the same edition of the original as is that of J. A. Symonds. It is a pity that she did not follow his example in printing each poem in Italian on the page facing her version. Many so-called translations are immediately discredited when they are placed side by side with their originals, but hers is not one of those productions. On the contrary, she seems to have placed fidelity to her author's sense above all other considerations. The greatest obstacle in the way of the translator of Italian sonnets is the difficulty of rhyming the first eight lines on two sounds only. This difficulty Miss Hall has not attempted to overcome; she has simply avoided it by rhyming each quatrain independently, so that the rhyme-order of the eight lines is a b b a c d d c. On the other hand, she keeps faithfully to the order of the rhymes in the tercets, where Symonds often changes it. It will thus be seen at once that Symonds set himself the more difficult task, so that to estimate the measure of success attained by each translator would be well-nigh impossible, besides being quite unprofitable. Symonds's translation is too well known for it to be necessary to praise it here. It remains for us to glance at one or two passages which show how Miss Hall, by making a more faithful or more graceful rendering than her predecessor, occasionally scores a point against him.

The second quatrain of sonnet iii, runs:

Io sono e fui già tuo buon servo antico;  
A te son dato come i raggi al sole;  
E del mio tempo non t'incresco o duole  
E men ti piaccio se più m'affatico,



which Symonds translates :

I am thy drudge and have been from my youth—  
Thine like the rays which the sun's circle fill;  
Yet of my dear time's waste thou think'st no ill;  
The more I toil the less I move thy ruth.

Why should the "buon servo antico" be degraded to a "drudge"? The last half of the second line is a weak amplification of the simple thought of the Italian, while the Shakespearean phrase in the third is unnecessary. Miss Hall renders the same passage :

I am of old thy faithful servitor,  
To thee belong as to the sun its rays;  
But thou, unrecking of my wasted days,  
Art more displeased as I toil the more,

which is simpler and more adequate. A more remarkable case in which we must undoubtedly award the prize to Miss Hall is in the first quatrain of Sonnet xxiii., where Symonds has compressed four lines of Italian into three of English and inserted a line of his own, while Miss Hall gives a well-balanced and faithful translation. Surely, too, her line

In vision only may its glory be

is a more satisfactory rendering of

E 'l veder sol pur se ne gloria e loda,

than Symonds's

Only to gaze exhausts our mortal might.

And the same must be said of her

Since spirit seeks what is to spirit kin,

which is a translation of

Com' a sè simil vuol cosa immortale,

compared with Symonds's

for the soul confers  
On what she holds, her own divinity.

The style of this new translation is as unlike that of Symonds as both are unlike the original. It is often felicitous and apt in rendering those terse and semi-epigrammatic lines which frequently occur in these poems. We doubt whether it is possible to make a readable and at the same time faithful version of a series of sonnets, but Miss Hall must be complimented on having come very near to doing it. Many of her translations read like original poems. She understands the sonnet-form; and without borrowing very obviously from the diction of any particular age of English poetry, she has made up, by the synthetic method, a pleasant literary style which is well adapted to the expression of Michaelangelo's literary and not intensely original sentiments.

### THE CHILDHOOD OF FICTION

*The Childhood of Fiction: a Study of Folk Tales and Primitive Thought.* By J. A. MACCULLOCH. (Murray, 12s. net.)

"A WORK of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction and the transition of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country," observed Sir Walter Scott in a note to "The Lady of the Lake." But Mr. Macculloch at the beginning of his book, expresses a fear that to those who love folk-tales chiefly because of all forms of literature they are the most truly

Magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,

he may seem to have committed something of a sacrilege in endeavouring to trace the origin of these tales to some actual happening in bygone days. We hasten to reassure him. The most captious of critics is little likely to find fault with his purpose, though we admit that his theories do not always convince us. We may take as an instance his chapter on the The Dragon Sacrifice, in which he asks: "Had the monstrous dragons, serpents, tritons, hydras

and chimæras dire" which figure in so many legends "any real existence at some far-off period?" and answers:

Besides being at the mercy of many species of animals, existing or extinct, early men may have encountered belated survivals of the "dragons of the prime"—Pterodactyls, Dinosaurs, Plesiosaurs, Ichthyosaurs. It needed little imagination, as time went on, to resolve these into the seven-headed dragons which bear so striking a resemblance to them. Their size, their ferocity, their ravages, must have made an indelible impression on the minds of early men. This, handed on from age to age, took the form of legend, with which was mingled other episodes borrowed from past or existing customs, and so the folk-lore would be created.

Mr. Macculloch will find it difficult, we imagine, to convince an intelligent schoolboy that man was a contemporary of the ichthyosaurs, dinosaurs, and plesiosaurs of the Oolitic period, or that he lived so shortly afterwards as to admit of his having chased "belated survivals" of these creatures, or having shot the pterodactyl in the close season! But we do not propose to deal at length with Mr. Macculloch's theories. A limited number of scholars may linger over them, accepting or rejecting as they list; for the majority of readers the charm of the book will lie in the folk-tales here collected. It were impossible in the limited space at our disposal to do justice to the stories themselves. Mr. Macculloch appears to have read all the literature dealing with his subject, and he has gathered tales from every country and every race where they are known to exist. As an instance of his thorough and scholarly work, we cannot do better than refer our readers to the chapter on the innumerable legends in which the Water of Life figures as the object of a quest. Here Mr. Macculloch, after citing a considerable number of examples in the text itself, adds, in a note, no less than sixteen variants—Celtic, Irish, Norse, Swedish, Lorraine, German, Bohemian, Wallachian, Russian, Transylvanian, Hungarian, Austrian, Polish, Sicilian, Lithuanian, and Tyrolean.

Our author's choice of a title is a happy one. Folk-tales represent fiction in its childhood: they are the unwritten literature of primeval man: the outcome of the universal desire to tell, and of the no less universal desire to listen to a story, which animated the savage to the full as much as it has animated the European peasants of all ages, and as it animates the Germans and Roumanians, Russians and Norwegians, Celts and Basques, who, in long winter evenings, still gather round a recognised adept in the art of story-telling and take keen delight in listening to the tales of old unhappy far-off days which appealed to uncivilised man hundreds of years ago. The efforts of the brothers Grimm in collecting the folk-tales which survived in Germany have resulted in the discovery and collection of a vast number of similar tales—Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, Celtic, Russian, Scandinavian, and others—and it is curious to notice how comparatively modern ideas and objects have been incorporated into these stories. Modern names, modern inventions, and modern social customs are found side by side with ogres and witches, and tales of enchanted princes and princesses: contain references to gunpowder and tobacco, whisky and railways, guns, and—we shall soon have to add—motor-cars and torpedo-boat destroyers. Mr. Macculloch accounts for this by the fact that, these tales being orally transmitted, successive generations would introduce things of their own age in order to heighten the interest of them, and they would become coloured by the thoughts and environment of the people who told them. He considers these introductions in no way incongruous, but a little reflection should have suggested to him that the result of this misdirected ingenuity has been that, in many cases, the original tale has been lost sight of or so altered as to be unrecognisable. Again, not infrequently a whole legend or myth has been introduced into another, and the two so interwoven that the story thus evolved bears little resemblance to either. Christianity, too, has spoilt many stories of polygamy, etc.; and in this way Mr. Macculloch has been deprived of a number of interesting parallels.

It must not be thought that folk-tales, or even the greater number of them, can be claimed solely by the countries to which we have referred. Dr. Nassau, Mr. Andrew Lang, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, to mention only a few, have found among savages and barbaric races in every part of the world—Chinese, Malays, Dyaks, Indians of both American continents, Esquimaux, Mongols, Indian aborigines, Kaffirs, Aino, Bushmen, Negroes, Andamanese, Australians, Maories, and the Islanders of the Pacific—an equally rich variety of folk-tale literature. Comparing the literary and artistic ability of some of these people, Mr. Macculloch says:

Those who possess the most elaborate and imaginative tales are the Red Indians (e.g., Zunis) and Polynesians; in the case of the latter, however, the stories are religious myths rather than *Märchen*. Neither of these races is very artistic so far as direct copying of nature is concerned; the Polynesians are, however, excellent decorative artists. The Bushmen and Eskimo, true rivals of the Palaeolithic artists (of whose powers as story-weavers we know nothing) in holding the mirror up to nature, are also good weavers of tales, though none of these are so beautiful as the Polynesian and Red Indian stories. Chinese folk-tales are least romantic of all; in these, as in their art products, they are far surpassed by the Japanese. In Europe the most romantic and magical of all folk-tales are the Celtic.

In the folk-tales of modern savages we find the same blending of old and new, the same mixture of ancient customs with those in vogue to-day, which appears in the tales which survive in Europe; but the incongruity is less apparent, because some of the oldest customs are still familiar to the men who relate the tales. The most noticeable difference between the folk-lore of the savages and that of the European peasants is that whereas the latter are for the most part stories of some happening, real or imaginary, related merely to please the listener, the former are often invented with the definite aim to support a belief or custom which may be gradually dying out. Most savages believe, for instance, in descent from totem-animals and in shape-shifting, with the result that we get a number of tales similar to that given by Dr. Nassau, which illustrates two beliefs current in West Africa: (1) That every one has a sort of astral self which may be extracted from the body by witches, who eat it and thus cause the death of the man or woman from whose body it has been taken; (2) That the presence of an uninitiated witness when the witch-women meet to practise the "rite," as Mr. Macculloch calls it, will effectually baulk them. The story tells of a witch who refused to let her lover visit her on a certain night; whereupon he, suspecting a rival, concealed himself in her house. He waited for some time, and at last a number of women, among whom was the lady of his affections, entered the hut, carrying an astral body. It was laid down, and the witches proceeded to hack at it with their knives. Their efforts, however, were unavailing, and repeated sharpenings did not improve matters. Morning at length dawned and with its advent their power ended, and they were compelled to restore the astral body to its owner.

Mr. Macculloch has arranged the folk-tales in order of similarity, and thus we frequently find the same *märchen* or saga told among Europeans and among the most uncivilised of savages. Of course a considerable amount of diffusion has taken place, but it is impossible to support the theories of those who have contended that all folk-tales based on the same incident originated—no matter in what country they are found—in one particular centre. In Mr. Macculloch's own words: "Similar conditions of life, similar environments, similar stages of culture, similar mental and psychic states, will almost inevitably work out mental, artistic, and mechanical products in precisely the same way"; and there is no doubt that, in a vast majority of cases, the likeness between folk-tales of different countries is due merely to the similar conditions which ruled the lives of primeval man in every part of the globe. That they have come down through the ages so little altered in form is hardly matter for surprise. Were not the Vedic poems—practically unchanged—transmitted orally for thousands of years?

## OLD LONDON BY PEN AND PENCIL

*London Vanished and Vanishing.* Painted and described by PHILIP NORMAN. (Black, 21s.)

AMONG those who write of London with exact knowledge Mr. Philip Norman has long held high place. His equipment is unusual: he is both artist and antiquary, and in these characters may be measured against himself without decisive award to either. His book on Signs and Inscriptions is important to every student, and his shorter contributions to London lore have been numerous. But it is with Mr. Norman's diligent water-colour records of old London that we are here concerned. Though topographically exact, they are full of painter's charm, and, as our readers ought to know, they form a special collection, with their own catalogue, in the South Kensington Museum. Just now, we understand, they are at Bethnal Green.

Seventy-five of these drawings are reproduced by the three-colour process in this volume, and the result is both attractive and important. The slight over-brilliance of the colour seems but a legitimate emphasis of the picturesque corners of London we have too lightly sacrificed. Sixty of the drawings represent buildings which might have been seen in recent years, or which have been demolished even while Mr. Norman's pen was wet. To all these scenes, and to others not depicted, Mr. Norman supplies a chatty text which, though it necessarily repeats much that is familiar, is always interesting, and is often valuable, to the student. Picture-books are so often "written up" to the pictures in a facile or perfunctory manner that it is a pleasure to insist that this one belongs to a higher category.

Whenever his wanderings bring him to a more or less vexed or well-ventilated subject, Mr. Norman gives those exacter statements and finer shades of authenticity which show the scholar of London. Thus the scribes who recently made a virtue of discarding the claim of No. 17 Fleet Street to have been the residence of Cardinal Wolsey, clung all the more limpet-wise to the tradition that the building had been the offices and council chamber of the Duchy of Cornwall. But Mr. Norman tells us that there is not a single document connecting this house, or any other in Fleet Street, with the Duchy or with its holder, Prince Henry of Wales, who, indeed, died only two years after the erection of the building. Mr. Norman shows that there had already been on the spot a tavern called the Prince's Arms, which may account for the Prince of Wales's feathers in the decoration. The initials "P. H." on the famous ceiling must undoubtedly refer to Prince Henry, but they may have been put there in mere compliment to the then living Prince—no unusual thing even in private houses. Still the popular idea is not excluded, because, as Mr. Norman shows, the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall had not, in the seventeenth century, any regular office, and dated its documents from various houses. One of these was in Salisbury Court, a circumstance which might, indeed, explain the whole Fleet Street tradition. What we do know is that the house was built in 1610 by John Bennett, who asked permission to "jettie over the gate towards the street." And jettied (juttied) the building is to this day. Another popular mistake about No. 17 is that at a later date it became Nando's Coffee House. Mr. Norman shows clearly that Nando's was on the site of the present "Rainbow."

Johnson's "Mitre" has often been erroneously described. Even so sound a scholar as Peter Cunningham, by a serious slip, identified it with the present "Mitre" in Mitre Court. Mr. Norman, of course, instructs his readers that Johnson's "Mitre" stood at 39 Fleet Street, and that its site is now covered by Hoare's banking-house. *A propos* Johnson, Mr. Norman quotes the well-known remark of Goldsmith to the Doctor, as they came to Temple Bar from the Abbey (where Johnson had uttered the same words): "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis." We have always thought it amusing that Johnson, who

had complacently seen the portal of Fleet Street decorated with human heads, should have denounced as barbarians the Northumbrian villagers, because they erected whale-bones ("relics of mortality" he called them) as porticoes over their cottage gates.

Nowhere has the London of to-day been so visibly hurt as in Holborn, whence in very recent years have vanished Furnival's Inn, the picturesque end of Leather Lane, and the Old Bell and Black Bull inns. Mr. Norman might have lengthened this list by adding Ridler's Hotel, where ten years ago you caught sight of old brass candle-sticks on the hall-table at night. There was a waiter at Ridler's who was the double of the then Speaker (Viscount Peel)—and also a wonderful port-wine negus for those who knew.

We could wish that John Grey, as well as Dickens, might always be named in connection with Furnival's Inn. John Grey kept the ale and cider cellar under the Inn a hundred years or so ago. During forty years he had worked and saved in order that he might return to his native Yorkshire and purchase back the family estate. In this he succeeded. But when he had settled on his acres he fell unhappy. So sorely did he miss the chink of his pots, and the dull roar of Holborn, and the incursions of town gossip, that he rose up and re-sold the estate. Returning to London, he became the waiter in his old cellar, and died in harness.

Near Holborn is Nevill's Court, where you may still see the cottage-like gardens depicted by Mr. Norman in their small luxuriance, and also a venerable (but of course threatened) house which has belonged to the Moravian Society since 1744.

It is a lasting pleasure to turn these pages, and to recognise, not without remorse, many a fine old house, or purlieu, to which one might have bidden a more loyal farewell. Among such we number the "Vine," the island-tavern in the Mile End Road, which rose out of that thoroughfare as welcome to the eye as a ship on a wide sea; Mr. Norman has made two drawings of it. No. 23 Great Winchester Street was a splendid specimen of an old City mansion of the seventeenth century: it was destroyed in 1890. The old Quest House and the "Four Shoppes" under the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, have a welcome memorial, and this drawing includes the church-yard gate, dated 1660 and decorated with devices of mortality, which was removed—we cannot think with justification—a very few years ago.

We might linger on the old inns and mansions of Chelsea and Hammersmith: Turner's house in Cheyne Walk, Sandford Manor House, the Red Cow tavern, the Six Bells and its bowling-green, and the last thatched cottage in Paddington. Mr. Norman has drawn them all, and his pictures are, or may shortly prove to be, their best memorial.

### SEYMOUR VANDELEUR

*Seymour Vandeleur.* By Col. F. I. MAXSE. (London: The *National Review* office, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE life of Brevet-Lt.-Col. Vandeleur has been recorded by Colonel Maxse as an "instance of the toll exacted by Empire and a reminder to us who sit at home that there still are men whose pride it is to render service to the State." The object is well served by the subject of the memoir, for the brilliant career of this young Guardsman is a model of that intelligent activity and enthusiasm which the ideal soldier or civilian should bring to bear in serving the Empire. Col. Maxse's method of presenting the story of Vandeleur is not to write a biography so much as to narrate the events in which he took part and to discuss the problems which absorbed him. This is a method fraught with danger, in the execution of which great self-control is needed. Col. Maxse has for the most part been successful, and if in his admirable chapters on Uganda and Nigeria he leads us a long way from his hero, we are contented by the excellence of his narrative and his easy presentation of

facts which, in a less skilful hand, might easily be tedious: he becomes on more general subjects, such as education, so discursive as to call attention to the disadvantages of the method he has adopted. This, however, is a slight defect in a delightful book. The printing is exceptionally good, and the water-colour drawings by Nico Jungmann are well reproduced.

The individual in the story is naturally overshadowed by the events in which he took part, and it is not easy to know whether to be glad or not. The chapter on the Egyptian army at work, for instance, contains a good deal that is irrelevant, but we would not willingly miss the story of the 1896 expedition to Dongola and how it was settled. Other parts of the book are not so amusing, although they may be more instructive; Vandeleur's forecast of what was to happen at Fashoda shows that the Foreign Office had had trustworthy evidence of the aggression with which the French menaced us on the Upper Nile, but leaves us no explanation of why no attention was paid to the warning—with the result that the British fleets were mobilised and preparations made for war in all parts of the world owing to the action of a French major of Marines and a handful of blacks. The value of the incident from the biographical point of view is considerable, for it is an excellent illustration of Vandeleur's application to difficult problems. His success in this case was shown by his book "Campaigning on the Upper Nile and Niger," and by his warning to the Foreign Office.

As a leader of men Seymour Vandeleur established his reputation in Uganda, and without neglecting the more scientific part of his vocation for his geographical surveys, gained considerable honour. In South Africa his ability was equally tested, and as senior transport officer to the 6th division and in other difficult billets he worked well and hard. The irony of fate overtook him in the end, and instead of dying in action, or even, as so many Empire-builders do, of fever in some distant corner of the world, he was murdered by a train-wrecker near Waterval North who shot him at point blank range. That the promise of his short life was unfulfilled—Vandeleur was born so recently as 1869—is good reason for telling the story of his career. It is a powerful argument against the Little England doctrine; the school of the Empire is stern, but, with many men like Vandeleur on its honours list, it is a glorious school.

### BRETON FOLK-SONG

MODERN means of travels are no doubt serviceable to modern ends. They enable one, where the world grows less picturesque, to spin through it more rapidly. But in order to find what things of antique beauty and interest survive upon this changing earth, it is well to seek them on foot, with staff and wallet, in the old way. At least, those pilgrims who hold to the traditions of their order,

Among which faithful troop am I,

fancy that in their ancient habit of wayfaring they obtain certain advantages over the modern sight-seer. Brittany, for instance, is now become a place of common resort: but few travellers ever penetrate into the strange mediæval country concealed between the Bay of Biscay and the English Channel. It is a mysterious land traversed by neither high roads nor railways. Only by droves winding across rock-strewn moors, and lanes dipping below banks of undergrowth, does one light upon those little hamlets of Lower Brittany, which are still bathed in the atmosphere of the middle ages. No inn is found there. But in mediæval lands a pilgrim confides in the good offices of the Church. Knocking at the door of the presbytery, he engages the village priest in his enterprise, and he is at last conducted to some hospitable, old-fashioned farm-



house, where the evening is spent somewhat in the manner described in one of the songs of the country :

Now night has fallen, and every one gathers by the hearth to enjoy the warmth of the fire. The men strip the hemp, or mend the bee-hives, twist rope-threads, or plait the straw into hats.

Each girl at the spinning-wheel must refill her bobbin before the evening ends. The eldest daughter of the house reads the Life of the Saint for the day ; then she sings a new ballad.

Meanwhile, grandmother, turning her spinning-wheel in the corner, says that in bygone days, in her time, the barns were better fitted than they are now, and the harvests more abundant.

She complains that both the times and the men are changed, and that the customs of her youth are followed no longer. Mari smiles as she listens, and at her lover, the waggoner, casts a sweeter glance.

Grandmother is a dame of some sixty winters, and knows scarcely a word of French. Mari belongs to the young generation, which has been compelled to learn at school the language of the "Galliz," to the spread of which the old people attribute the decay of ancient manners. But in these remote country places there has really been little alteration, either in the mood of the peasantry or in their way of life. Their mind derives still a primitive culture from one of the richest funds of folk-lore in Europe, and in the features of their innumerable local saints there are still apparent the savage lineaments of their mysterious divinities of the pagan days.

All that the Bretons have lost is the body of historic myth and legend which they brought from England, and this they lost long ago. Four hundred years after their retreat to Armorica, they were driven from their new territory by the Normans, and dispersed over Europe. By a forlorn hope they, at last, succeeded in recovering their country, but they were then a broken race. In Higher Brittany they had forgotten their native language, in Lower Brittany, their historic traditions ; and for five centuries their land remained one of the most stagnant backwaters, in art and letters, in Europe. For instance, there is in genuine Breton ballad poetry, little trace of so-called "Celtic magic." This lack of romantic delight in natural scenery is one of the things which seem to stamp that ballad poetry as the work of a race of peasants sequestered from all the Oriental influences which spread through Europe in the track of the returning Crusaders. The Breton mind was, in fact, dormant in the middle ages, and it only began to acquire mediæval characteristics about the middle of the fifteenth century when the rest of Europe was sloughing them. Its ballad poetry, in short, unlike its folk-lore, is derivative in subject-matter. At its best it consists of such mediæval commonplaces as tales of fairies, witches, and demon-lovers, stories of lepers, and reminiscences of plagues and famines. In response to the popular interest in crimes there has also been produced much broad-sheet verse, but in this one does, now and then, light upon a passage of fine quality. How well, for example, the story of a wicked stepmother opens :

The curse of the earth and the sky ;  
The curse of the stars and the moon ;  
The curse of the falling dew ;  
Be upon all step-mothers !

There you have the authentic note of the pagan soul of Brittany. A curious tinge of paganism is also found in the ballad : "The Young Girl and the Soul of her Mother" :

## I

A young girl of the parish of Blau, wished to see her mother who was dead : to see her mother again, and speak to her, so greatly did she mourn her death.

She sought for the priest to tell him her wish. "Yes, my daughter, you shall speak to her, if you do as you are bidden. For three nights, after supper, you must go alone to the church, and take with you three aprons to place upon her grave while you pray."

## II

When she saw a bluish light flaming on the right of the altar, she entered a confessional as the priest had bidden her, to see the souls of the dead making their procession.

They were divided into three groups—black, grey, and white. Among the black was her mother. God ! how great was her grief. When the souls of the dead had made their procession, her mother seized the apron : her mother seized the apron and tore it into nine pieces. . . .

## IV

A sister of the young girl had married, and bore that night a child. The young girl was asked to name it, and promised quickly to come. As the child was being baptized she asked the priest to give it her mother's name. "Every time that I see it, it will remind me of my mother." On the child being baptized, suddenly it died. Suddenly it died, and the young girl passed the night beside it.

## V

When the young girl had supped, she went again alone to the churchyard, and brought another apron to place upon the grave while she prayed.

When she saw a bluish light flaming on the right of the altar, she entered the confessional as the priest had bidden her, to see the souls of the dead making their procession.

They were divided into three groups—black, grey, and white. Among the white was her mother, and her grief was changed to joy. When the souls of the dead had made their procession, the soul of her mother seized the apron, and tore it into three pieces.

Then the mother came to her daughter, and spoke to her in this manner. "Fortunate are you, that I have not torn you also into pieces : that I have not torn you, all alive, into pieces, as I have my aprons. Day by day, you increased my agony by your tears and by your sorrow. You have held a child above the font, and have given it my name. You have given it my name ! You have given it my name ! And this it is that has saved me. I now go to behold God. And you, you must come also without delay."

Readers of the poems of Barnes may recollect that the Wessex poet in "A Mother's Dream," deals in light, tender fashion, with this strange superstition, so it is, probably, a widespread one. But what in the verses of Barnes becomes a delicate, plaintive fancy, remains in the Breton ballad, a gloomy, inhuman idea informed with the terrible force of a living belief. So superstitious a race as the Breton is naturally somewhat serious-minded. Even in its love-songs, such as "The Clerk's Secrets," there is often an undertone of tragedy :

Each night, each night, when I go to bed,  
Instead of sleeping, I only weep :  
Instead of sleeping I only weep,  
When I think on her whom I love.

Each day, I go to the Forest of Love,  
Hoping to see you coming to draw water ;  
When I see you coming through the wood,  
I leave my secrets on the leaves of the trees.

If you leave your secrets on the leaves of the trees,  
You entrust them to a frail friend :  
In the days when the rains come, and the wind, and the tempest,  
All your confidences will be lost.

It were better, gentle clerk, to write them on my heart,  
Where they will for ever remain deeply graven.

Here, at last, in the latest expression of the Breton mind, one finds a strain of veritable originality. In the folk-songs of no other country is there anything like the love-lyric of Lower Brittany. So intimate and tender in feeling, so veiled and delicate in manner are the best of these songs, that their peculiar quality is not seized at first glance. There is a strange pathos in the verses just cited. It is not a tale of a timid lad being wooed by the maid with whom he has fallen in love. The poem is concerned with the struggle between human love and divine in the soul of some novitiate priest. The situation turns upon the word "clerk." As in our ancient literature, the title was formerly given to any person of education, but in modern Brezonec it is used to designate a student for the priesthood. He is commonly a lad of humble origin, distinguished from his fellows by those intellectual gifts which have gained for him a place in the seminaries of a country where an ecclesiastical career remains the highest object of ambition among the peasantry. During his years of study, there are periods of intermission when he returns to his people. He resumes his homely way of life at that time when, as the Bretons say, the hearts of flowers, and youths and maids, are opening to the sun. It is the season of village festivals, at which the young clerk is respected by the men, admired by the women, and worshipped by the girls with whom he used to play. Can one wonder that the most touching love-songs of Lower Brittany are composed by her clerks ?

These adventures form also the subject-matter of many a Breton ballad. Human nature is sometimes shown to be stronger than the most solemn of resolutions; but commonly the revelation of "The Clerk's Secrets" has a tragic issue. The young priest remains true to his vows. Seeing his sweetheart for the last time, he exclaims: "To-morrow I am to say my first mass! Oh! do not come to it. If I see you I shall forget my duty to God." The forlorn girl promises not to go; but after a night of sorrow she is overcome by passion, and hides in the church. While her lover, pale and unstrung, is chanting the service, he is startled by a great cry. The heartbroken girl rushes out, and in the agony of death, flings herself down at his feet by the altar, and there he, too, falls dead. The ballad ends:

Their bodies are upon the funeral trestles,  
May God grant pardon unto their souls!  
Since they could not sleep in the same bed,  
They rest together in the same grave.

And the peasants, listening around the winter fire to the familiar story, gravely say "Amen."

EDWARD WRIGHT.

### FROM INLAND

I DREAMED that you and I were young  
Once more, and by our old grey sea  
Stood in the wind; but matins, sung  
High in these wine-hills, wakened me.  
I lay, half roused and seemed to hold  
Once more beside our old, dear sea,  
Your hand. I saw the primrose gold  
Your hair had then and seemed to see  
Your eyes, so child-like and so wise  
Look down on me.

By the last fire we ever lit  
You knelt and bending down your head,  
—If you could compass it—you said,  
Not ever would you live again  
Your vanished life, never again  
Pass through those shadowy vales of pain.

"And now I'm old and here I sit,"  
You said and held your hands apart  
To those old flames we've left behind  
As far—as far as some dead wind.  
And so I fetched from near my heart  
Brave platitudes. For you were there  
The firelight lit your brooding face  
And flickered in your dream-gold hair,  
—I could be brave for the short space  
I had you near my chair.  
As thus: "Since with the ebb of youth  
Rises the flood of passionless  
And calm enjoyment, out shines Truth  
And fades the painful earnestness  
Of all young thought, we two," I said,  
"Have still the best to come." But you  
Bowed still your patient, silent head

. . . This view!

Steep vineyards rising parched and brown  
This weary stream: this weary town:  
White convents on each hilltop! . . .

Dear  
What would I give to climb our down  
Where fresh wind hisses in each stalk,  
And from the high brown crest to see  
Beyond our ancient sea-grey town  
The sky-line of our foam-flecked sea.  
Ah, by a sheltered hedge to rest  
And looking out to sea to hear,  
Ah dear, once more your pleasant talk,  
And to go home as twilight falls  
Along the old marsh walls. . . .

"The best to come!" The best! The best!  
One says the wildest things at times,  
Merely for comfort. But—"The best!"  
Ah well . . . At night when the moon climbs,  
High o'er these misty inland capes,  
And hears the river lisp'ing rhymes,  
And sees the roe-deer nibbling grapes,  
Amid the evanescent gleams  
Of falling dew-drops, shall come dreams  
Gliding among the mists beneath,  
Maybe a dream of you and me  
Young once again by our old sea:

But, ah, we two must travel wide  
And far and far ere we shall find  
That recollected, ancient tide  
We walked by once, or that dead wind  
That fled so bravely to its death.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### AMATEUR AND SPECIALIST

A REVIEW in the ACADEMY (December 23, 1905) of my little book, "The Clyde Mystery," suggests a few reflections on specialists and amateurs. The courteous reviewer thinks it "a little surprising to find" the author of "The Clyde Mystery" in the rôle of an antiquary. It is "almost as startling as if the Bishop of Birmingham were to write on motor-cars." Now I was not so much as aware that there is any Bishop of Birmingham, but if there be, and if he cannot "write on motor-cars," he must be a prelate of very limited faculties. I would be the last to presume to dictate to the Church, but to lay a curse on motor cars does seem well within the functions of a General Council.

This is a digression: I was going on to say that as I have been "an antiquary" (an amateur) all my life, a pious and careful student of my career ought not to be surprised if I touch on a very obscure corner of things antiquarian. It is thirty years since the great war of the antiquaries round the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik and Mycenæ. Simple as I stand, a part in the fray was mine: an anonymous part, played in the *Saturday Review*, and my side won! Dr. Schliemann's discoveries were certainly of genuine antiquity. But the celebrated Monsieur G. de Mortillet insinuated, with his usual breadth, that Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann sent their workmen away to dinner, and popped the Trojan treasure into a hole in a wall, during the absence of spectators. M. de Mortillet did not say this in so many words, but he made his meaning pretty clear. He had never seen the objects, they were relics of a period of life and art about which nobody then knew anything, but M. de Mortillet was a specialist, and, as such, was cocksure—and was entirely in the wrong.

Every specialist, fortunately, is not cocksure: when in doubt the specialist sometimes condescends to "sit on the fence," which, in obscure and dubious matters, is the only perch that recommends itself to science. Now the part of the amateur antiquary (and I profess to be quite the amateur) is to know that he does not know everything, and to keep his mind open. His part is, also, to know things which the specialist does not know, or does not mention. The specialist, in many cases, represents orthodox knowledge, and holds that what he does not know is not orthodox. Thus, with regard to the eccentric and anomalous objects found in the Clyde estuary, it is certain that, though scarcely anything analogous to them has been found in British soil, things closely analogous are found in European regions, and in Australia and America.

Not being a specialist, I was aware of this, and thought that the circumstance was of interest. Thus, small water-worn pieces of stone, perforated, and covered with archaic patterns, are found in the Clyde, and in Canada, on the sites of savage life. Again, on a few of the Clyde stones were marks identical with some of the "alphabetish" marks which Mr. Flinders Petrie, Mr. Evans, and others study in Egyptian, Ægean, Trojan and island sites in the Levant. Central Australia, like the Clyde, yields stones, small and large, perforated, and inscribed with the same sorts of markings. Portugal and Spain contribute many such "charm stones," perforated, and covered with archaic markings, and these, somehow, were ignored, while Russian and Italian oddities were freely discussed. Perhaps knowledge of things Iberian is not orthodox knowledge, and is therefore attractive to the amateur, a chartered libertine. All these parallels, of course, do not prove that the eccentric Clyde things are genuine, especially as the old Clyde folk were not living in the Stone Age, like the makers of the foreign things. But my additions to the facts in the case certainly seem to me to suggest that if there is a forger near Dumbarton, he knows a great deal that he could not have learned from the works of Scottish specialists, or from "The Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries." The puzzle is to find this erudite man, and the puzzle will not be solved, I think. I cannot demonstrate a negative; it is the business of the other side to prove forgery. Thus, accepting the fact that the blue point shells are modern, are American, and are marked, then *they* are absolute forgeries, that is proved. But it does not follow that other inscribed shells, which "fell into dust immediately," on being exposed to the air, were forgeries. That forged objects may be, and have been, introduced into genuine antique sites, is certain, indeed the joke is notoriously common, and all the Clyde oddities are said to be examples of this nefarious process. It does not follow that all objects found on such sites are forged. As to the opinion of "any intellectual person, unversed in prehistoric lore," who reads the discussion, and is moved by "the balance of opinion," I fear that I do not value his verdict. Some most distinguished Scottish archaeologists are publicly sharing my perch on the fence; and I do not adduce private expressions from good sources.

The amateur would be converted to archaeological agnosticism, if, in a Catholic spirit, he based his belief on authority, and on great names. The late Mr. A. S. Murray, for example, never would believe that the objects found by Dr. Schliemann, at Mycenæ, and by other explorers on other ancient Greek sites, were older than the eighth century B.C. On the other hand, many celebrated specialists believe that they are of about 1500-1200 B.C.

Mr. Murray executed for the British Museum excavations in Cyprus, where he dug up quantities of this kind of relic, some of them now in the British Museum—weapons, vases, jewels, carvings in ivory, and so on. In his Report to the Museum (1900) he showed that the things were of the eighth to seventh century B.C.; or at least he showed reasons for that opinion. Mr. Evans replied on the other side (in the "Journal of the Anthropological Institute," vol. xxx.). Let "any intellectual person unversed in prehistoric lore" read these two copiously illustrated papers. On which doctrine will he stake his money?

Another case has occurred to me lately. I picked up an enigmatic little object; its nature is not essential to the question. Some experts of eminence think that it is certainly antique, and perhaps extremely antique. Another expert, also of great renown, declared, on inspection of a photograph of the thing, that it is "a wicked forgery," and a very poor forgery too, copied from a bad old engraving, which I have vainly tried to find. Now it *cannot* be a forgery, made "with intent to deceive," for certain absolute reasons. If it be modern, it was made with no intent to deceive, but merely as an innocent trinket, perhaps as a seal, though no device has been graven on the base, and, indeed, I had thought of having

my initials graven thereon. At present, being devoid of any opinion as to the date and origin of the thing, I abstain. In short, one becomes "a doubting Thomas," so contradictory are the opinions of the most celebrated archaeologists on some very important points in prehistoric and historic relics. The amusement of the amateur is to find out, or at least bring into light, facts of which specialists of renown may be ignorant, and will certainly continue to be ignorant, if they are advanced by an amateur. Some day a specialist will find them out for himself, and if he be a foreigner they will become current coin. This process is always going on. You publish some discovery in English. Nobody takes any notice. Then a learned Dane or German publishes the facts, and they are gladly welcomed by British savants. We are a modest people!

ANDREW LANG.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Edgar Allan Poe," by A.]

## FICTION

*The Romance of the Fountain.* By EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON. (Unwin, 6s.)

THIS is a tale not of Spain but of Spaniards, not of America, but of an extraordinary land across the Atlantic, whose inhabitants worship a flower of great size that kills men and women, as the sundew slays gnats. At the time of the story America had just been discovered by Columbus. It was in its first glory of promise. Tale after tale was spread, describing its buried secrets, and Don Luis Medrana, the alchemist, convinced himself that behind the sunset lay the fountain of eternal youth. The king, not the less willingly because he was himself growing old, assisted him with ships and men, and he sailed away from Spain to discover it, taking his daughter with him, and a villainous Diego Perez as chief captain. All this is very fine and extravagant and Spanish, and when the girl's lover, who is, of course, a descendant of Medranas' hereditary enemies, joins the expedition in disguise, we are quite prepared for delightful perils and escapes. Not a bit of it! Mr. Lee-Hamilton decides quite arbitrarily to give us a tragedy, fails in this, and gives us a melodrama instead. Diego sells Don Luis, the daughter, and the expedition, to the rulers of the Land of Bimini. The girl and her lover meet in a dungeon, as he is dying and she about to be sacrificed in the petals of the homicidal flower, and the alchemist dies from a poisoned arrow after drinking from what he believes to be the fountain of youth. The neglect of two or three rules explains the failure of Mr. Lee-Hamilton's story, the general effect of which could have been achieved far more consistently by the authoress of "The Mysteries of Udolpho." The essence of tragedy is the culminating sense of disaster, that grows like a wave whose ultimate crash we are continually expecting. When, as here, the author plays with his puppets with a smile on his face, and then suddenly throws them into the bottomless pit, he exasperates instead of stunning the mind of his reader. Although, when a writer labels his tale a romance, he disclaims too close an allegiance to reality, he owes it to his readers to make his impossibilities probable, and at least to sustain a consistent atmosphere, which is dissipated at once when a very terrible sorceress speaks of an arrow poison as if she were recommending a pill, and advises, "one drop of our undiluted and last-developed death juice." Where laughter comes in at the door, horror flies up the chimney. Again the whole use of conversations and descriptions, the purpose of a book indeed, is to give life to the people of the tale. The Three Musketeers, for example, are improbable, but, alive; while Don Luis, the villain, the lover, and the girl in this book, move like the cardboard rabbits in the emerald woods of a penny shooting-gallery.

*The Making of Michael.* By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Allen, 6s.)

THIS book is full of aspiring thoughts and holy people, so we must be cross-grained not to delight in it; just as, years ago, it used to be cross-grained not to delight in stories about immaculate children who died young because—we could discover no other reason—they were too good to live. Michael, however, does not die. He is left standing very correctly by the "plain headstone" that marks the burial-place of his best friend: but in a nebulous way we gather that he has succeeded in life. By this time we have followed him through many stages, and have become perversely depressed by his extraordinary beauty, his flawless character, and his commanding genius. Of course a *rara avis* of this sort ought to succeed, and yet if we had not the author's word for it we should have expected him to come to grief directly he entered a world where imperfect human beings jostle each other in the struggle for life. For he has grown up, secluded like a nun, in a dream valley where shadows, irritatingly described as the Stranger, the Artist, the Musician, pass into and out of his life. On one occasion he says that he has been listening all these years to the laughter of the earth; but it is just the spirit of laughter that he and all his companions lack. They are beautiful poetic souls, but they are never entertaining; and the impression left by them is rather like the impression left by some of the German Romantics in their cloudy, solemn, half-told tales.

*The Toll of the Bush.* By WILLIAM SATCHELL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THIS story, set, like Mr. Satchell's former tale "The Lone Lost Land," in the heart of the New Zealand Bush, owes its undeniable charm partly to the skill with which the author has utilised an unfamiliar and impressive background, and partly to qualities of sympathy and humour together with breadth and freshness of view. It contains, too, in the subsidiary incident of the love of Robert Hernshaw and Lena Andersen, one of those tender little idyls which sometimes linger in the memory long after the main theme of a book is forgotten. From a critical point of view, however, the value of the tale as a complete whole depends in great measure upon the reasonable probability of its plot and the credibility of the line of conduct pursued by the various characters involved. These matters would make a capital subject for discussion in a Literary Debating Society; but in spite of Mr. Satchell's evident pains to reconcile the trend of events with the idiosyncrasies of his people we cannot but think that the verdict would be against him time after time. Geoffrey Hernshaw comes out to New Zealand and falls in love with Eve Milward. Eve shows every sign of returning his affection; but a rival appears in the shape of a minister of the most uncompromising type, who is engaged in violently converting the natives. This man has reason to believe in Geoffrey's supposed complicity in a certain domestic tragedy in England. In spite of Geoffrey's assurance, and of irrefutable proof from another quarter, that the whole story is entirely unfounded, his passion tempts him not only to conceal the truth, but actually to repeat the story to Eve Milward herself. Now we can accept this villainy, crude as it seems, without winking; but we cannot believe that Geoffrey would have quietly submitted to his lady-love's sudden, disdainful request that he would "kindly let her pass" into the possession of a rival. Nor do we think that many Eves or daughters of Eve would have acted as she did. But, since she was a thoroughly nice girl, we can only rejoice that an old forgotten letter unravelled the coil, and that the bush did not claim these tardily reunited lovers also, in addition to the three righteous and unrighteous victims who pay toll to it.

*A Sicilian Marriage.* By DOUGLAS SLADEN. (White, 6s.)

It is a pity that Mr. Sladen was unable to make up his mind whether he would write a novelette or a guide-book. The novelette might have been interesting, the guide-book certainly would have been—to those who care for such

fare. But he compromised, and the result is "A Sicilian Marriage." It is scarcely necessary to say more. Mr. Sladen himself starts out with the remark: "That life in Sicily is more melodramatic than it is in West Kensington is not to be denied." 'Tis a childish platitude; and so far as it affects his story, it might have been omitted. The incidents could just as easily have taken place in a London suburb, and it is only the continual excerpts, paraphrases and adaptations from histories, guide-books and travellers' tales that keep us in mind of the fact that we are in Sicily. The characters are like the incidents, stereotyped and familiar. The reconciliation between Lady Helen and Blanche is so ludicrous that one marvels that even Mr. Sladen should have cared to bring it about, and the character of the narrator is so shadowy that we are inclined to doubt whether Mr. Sladen ever bothered to decide whether it was a man or a woman who set out to tell the story. We think it time to protest against the letters which invariably accompany Mr. Sladen's books.

*The Dreamer.* By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

"THE Dreamer" is a mildly sordid, drab story of a failure. The hero, John Page, a man of social position in Virginia, but no means, makes a runaway match with Gray Moreton, the daughter of wealthy parents. The young pair accordingly settle in humble circumstances in a village, where Page is overseer of a mill, and where the inhabitants despise them for trying to maintain a tone which their small establishment seems to make incongruous. The wife dies, and Page, having refused to place his children in the care of his wife's family, at length marries (why is not very convincingly explained) a woman who has served him for some years as housekeeper, and looked lovingly after his offspring. Thus bound, he becomes fascinated by a married woman of society, realises the distastefulness of his lowly life, sends the children to their maternal grandmother, deserts his second wife, and hurries off to realise his dreams of greatness. "He was wide awake now; he had left his dreams behind him, done with them for ever. The new John Page never stopped once to look back." That is the end. The story is really that of John Page in the unpleasant circumstances of his second marriage, though a third of the book—practically one long parenthesis—is occupied with describing how he arrived at that condition. It is not a very inviting theme, but it is this first third of the book which spoils one's appetite. Lucas Cleeve fails to clothe the man with interest. As several characters remark several times, he has just "enough eddication to make a fool of him." While he is dreaming we feel continually that we should like to shake him; when he wakes up we know that a kicking is the only thing. Very occasionally we seem, in the course of reading, to see signs of a brightening of the horizon. There are one or two flashes of dry humour in the glimpses we get of the village people, but Lucas Cleeve appears to be afraid of lifting the heavy dull cloud that overshadows everything.

## FINE ART

### THE GRAND STYLE

*The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ROGER FRY. (Seeley, 7s. 6d. net.)

FOR rather more than half a century English art criticism has been held in bondage by Ruskin and his followers. In recent years other writers have gained the popular ear, while the older art critics have suffered an eclipse. Thanks to that excellent forerunner of modern reprints, Bohn's Library, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses have never been inaccessible to the reader, and they have, we believe, still continued to receive, together with Leslie's Handbook, the official patronage of the Academy. But even if Reynolds has continued to be read, he has certainly failed



to make any impression at all comparable with that made by Ruskin. He has been put upon the shelf and condemned to the evil fate which many people conceive to belong to a classic, to be spoken about and not to be read or to be read without being understood.

Mr. Fry's edition is, therefore, by its very occurrence, an important artistic event. Its mere external form is important, for a book is much less out of date when its cover is designed in modern taste; and the addition of illustrations brings Reynolds into line with the latest young lady who writes a little life of a great painter. But there are far more important indications of a change in the trend of artistic taste in the interior of the book than in its mere externals. That a modern book should contain reproductions of the later Italian painters—Salvator, Roga, Tibaldi, Baroccio, and of the French painters, Le Sueur, Bourdon, is at once significant. That a book on art should appear without a single mention of Velasquez (except once in a note by the editor), and should refer disparagingly to Rembrandt, is a fact in itself of grave moment. Nor is the book reissued as a mere curiosity. Mr. Fry gives just so much commentary as may assist the modern reader to gather the main lines of Reynolds's thought; he treats the subject-matter as being on the whole of direct contemporary reference, and, without searching too deeply into the historical and psychological genesis of the book, allows it to speak for itself as if it had a message to convey which needed no interpretation. This is the most important feature of the book's reappearance. A critic has been found to edit it who can see the merit of Reynolds's theories and yet retain his appreciation of Whistler or Simone Martini, of Utamaro or (following Mr. Bertrand Russell) the austere beauty of pure mathematics, and who, instead of condemning Reynolds because he could not give so high a place to Van Eyck as modern taste would demand, endeavours so to stretch his author's theories as to allow them to include the modern favourites. Certainly the world appears to be coming round to an earlier position, and it will soon be left to the sacristans of the remotest foreign cathedrals to apologise to English tourists for the existence of any art later than that of the fourteenth century.

Reynold's Discourses are indeed a long way away from either the criticism of Ruskin or the modern revolt from that school. There is little in them of the glorification of the more scientific side of painting, little of that delight in the mere play of light and colour, of atmosphere and distance, with which for the modern world painting has mainly to deal. All these things Reynolds classes under the head of the merely ornamental kind of painting, and if he had been reproached with the omission he would have answered that they lay within the province of his friend the "Professor of Painting." His work lies nearer Ruskin's, but with a difference. As President of the newly-founded Academy it was his duty to pronounce an annual discourse for the encouragement and the edification of the students. His task it was to set forth the highest aims of pictorial art, and to point out to his listeners a road which led to far loftier heights than even those to which he could himself attain. He wished to separate and distinguish the styles of painting which he thought incompatible with one another and to encourage the youthful aspirant to aim at the highest of these. Being a child of a reflective age he was bound to give his reasons for his choice of one style as the greatest, to prove by those immutable laws of reason with which the eighteenth century was so familiar that one definite idea of painting was nobler than the rest. Being himself a painter and a student, his chief aim was to reconcile the study of nature with the creation of the most perfect form of art. Hence his fifteen Discourses deal not with the beauty of pigment, or the ultimate importance of values and tones, but, with long discussion and glorification, of the great historical and epic painting—of, in a word, the Grand Style.

As to the nature of the Grand Style the reader of the Discourses may easily find himself somewhat confused.

During fifteen years Reynolds's taste may easily have changed, and there is no great wonder if under the superficial unity of style and words there lie a hundred inconsistencies of thought. During these fifteen years Reynolds was steadily working on a plane which was confessedly lower than the level of his annual exhortation, and losing himself in various enthusiasms for painters whose work, once a year, he was bound to criticise coldly and prove to be in style irreconcilable with the noblest art. In the last Discourse enthusiasm for once gains the upper hand, and Michelangelo emerges as the one master of the Grand Style with none of the reserves which mark the earlier references to his name. But in the earlier and more reasoned Discourses the claim to the Grand Style is shared between the Roman, the Florentine and the Bolognese schools and, though Mr. Fry in one place gives to the last named all the credit, the criticism of individual painters in different places shows that no single school or painter held undisputed sway in Reynolds's mind.

The truth is that even for Reynolds the Grand Style was a pure ideal. It was partly, also, a tradition, but a tradition of a golden age which in reality far surpassed any actual performance. Reynolds was of too critical, too nicely balanced a mind to find the perfection of which he spoke in any single master until, gifted with some of the antique inspiration which foreshadows death, he poured all his enthusiastic fancies into his imaginary picture of Michelangelo's achievement.

Had he been constant throughout to Michelangelo, accepting his limitations, enforcing his accidental qualities as central virtues, and preaching a view of the world on the authority of the master, perhaps the discourses would be more logical and better reasoned. But as it is, he forms a general ideal and endeavours to fit it upon a general philosophy. The result is not successful. His notion of a "general nature" to which the Grand Style corresponds is not only confused and doubtful in itself, but it fails to prove the particular case. If the Grand Style is good merely because it is a reflection of generalised nature, of the ideal in the proper sense of the term, every generalisation is equally valuable. But Reynolds slips too easily from the true notion that the ideal is necessarily dignified to the fallacy that the dignified must be ideal. His effort to identify nature with "that which pleases" is an embarkation on a dangerous theory and does not save the situation, and if he escapes the fallacy of considering the full-bottomed wig of Rigaud to be more dignified than the peasant's dress of Ostade, he does not see that a Roman statesman in a toga is on his hypothesis no more dignified than a beggar of Velasquez in rags. To prove a theory of "higher types" demands more metaphysical thought than Reynolds was capable of, and though his instinct may have been right he fails not infrequently to distinguish the ideal of the Grand Style from the practice of the Grand Manner.

But the fact that the Grand Style is an ideal wider than any conception which Reynolds could form of it, only makes the Discourses more valuable in their effect. His aim to reconcile the Grand Style with a study of nature led him into metaphysical fallacies too numerous to discuss here, but the intention is good and it has one inestimable result. He is saved from the merely academic attitude which refuses to depart from one conventional view of the world and merely elaborates and over-elaborates the accidents and the exaggerations of a tradition. By insisting upon the ultimate basis of the Grand Style in nature he encourages artists to study from what they see, and to learn from other artists not so much a way of treating it as a way of understanding it. This is an aspect of the Discourses which scarcely receives full credit, and indeed it is overlaid with doctrines, such as that of improving nature, or that of avoiding "particular" detail, which may easily mislead the reader, as they did the author. It is not easy to say what effect these Discourses have had upon English art, but it is reasonable to hope that the real result of Reynolds's words has been to stimulate in

painters a desire to find the ideal in nature, rather than to produce the pompous historical absurdities which take shelter under the name of the Grand Style.

For the present day, on the contrary, the insistence upon the mere dignity of the Grand Style as Reynolds understood it is not without its value. Even for him the appreciation of the great painters of the Renaissance was a matter of cultivation and training (Discourse xv.). In these days it is almost dead among those who most lay claim to cultivated taste. For a hundred who will pour indiscriminate praise upon some over-expressed abortion of the school of Botticelli, there will be found only one who can discern merit in a Raphael or a Titian. The lisping of an early period sounds pleasanter in modern ears than the touch of exuberance which belongs to maturity. Not only have we become so fond of the mannerists of an early period that we cannot look upon the mannerists of a later, but there are very many who are blind to the easy performance of an art which had a power so complete that it could express itself without mannerisms and exaggeration. They have become so afraid of rhetoric that to gain a hearing an artist must positively stammer. To such as these the study of Reynolds's words will prove beneficial; while the more discerning critics of the present day, those who have eyes only for the strictly pictorial qualities, will not be harmed by a restatement of the doctrine that the value of art depends to some extent on the selection of the subject as well as on the selection of the features by which it is represented.

These are the considerations which make the appearance of this book important. As a work of æsthetics the philosophy is too vapid to be of any value. It has no greater importance in the sphere of art criticism than Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" in the sphere of ethics. But in art, as in ethics, the value of a book does not depend entirely upon its metaphysical basis, and this book is near enough to us to speak directly to those who are not interested in or capable of discussing the more abstruse questions of art. Mr. Fry has not treated it as such. Those who come to this edition for a thoroughgoing analysis of the principles of art will not be satisfied; nor will those who ask for an elaborate investigation into the origin of the theories put forward in it. Mr. Fry has paid the book a greater compliment by letting it speak for itself, and in his introductions to the various discourses and above all in his little notes to the illustrations he has shown himself to be imbued with all the better side of Reynolds's catholic criticism, besides proving himself an independent critic, whose observations are pregnant, illuminating and just.

## MUSIC

### CHRISTMAS MUSIC

A DISCUSSION of the relative values of the work of those two contemporary giants—Bach and Handel—has occupied both English and German critics for a period of over two hundred years, and so long as its main theme was which should be the greater, it was doomed to an endlessly futile existence. In England, at any rate, it has unfortunately generally taken that form, and for the first hundred and fifty years after the death of Handel, critics were occupied in the construction of the most elaborate arguments in support of the popular opinion that Handel was the greatest musician that the world had ever seen or ever could see, and that Bach must consequently be less. One of the most notable exponents of these arguments was Dr. Charles Burney, with whom the only intimation that there can be another side to the question lies in the extreme care with which he develops his argument from his rather insecure premisses, which are in fact a knowledge of Handel and an ignorance of Bach. It was not till the nineteenth century was well advanced, and Sterndale Bennett and others had carried into England the good work of Bach-revival, inaugurated by Mendelssohn in Germany, that

English critics had an opportunity of coming to a more just conclusion, and among the mid-victorians we find Hullah still summing up in favour of Handel, but with a musicianly appreciation of Bach which is very different from the attitude of the worthy Doctor of the eighteenth century. Nowadays Bach is known everywhere as the musician's musician, and his intimate and personal attitude in his great choral works is taking such hold upon others, who are not musicians, that we are sometimes in danger of doing an injustice to Handel. We have so recently arrived at the full enjoyment of the intricate method of "Kommt, ihr Töchter," the great double-chorus which begins the Mattheus "Passion," that we lose sight of the genius which the construction of so perspicuous a work as "I will sing unto the Lord" ("Israel in Egypt") demanded.

We shall do well then, for the time being at any rate, to set aside this comparison of achievements, and try to learn something from a comparison of the methods of these two musical heroes. The subject is such an immense one that I should not venture to embark upon it in so short a space, were it not that Christmas time suggested one very obvious example from which a comparison may be drawn, which is more or less typical of the choral work of both masters. There are probably comparatively few church-going Londoners who have not recently heard the scene in the Messiah which begins with the Pastoral Symphony followed by the recitatives telling the story of the shepherds, and the "Glory to God" chorus, or the similar scene which forms part ii. of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." I chanced to hear both sung on Christmas Eve, so that a comparison of the two was forced upon me. To begin with, the two pastoral symphonies illustrate completely the difference of attitude of Handel and Bach towards instrumental music. Both are written in the flowing 12-8 rhythm proper to "pastorale" movements of the time, but otherwise they have nothing of form or texture in common. Handel's, as is well known, is a melody in C major for strings, it has a simple contrasting section in the key of the dominant and returns with an exact repetition to the first section, and is in all thirty-two bars in length. To give as complete an analysis of Bach's would fill more space than this paper may occupy, so intricate is its working out, so indescribable its contrasts of tone in the dainty duets between oboes and strings, which are its chief charm. It begins in G major and works through the related keys using the same material, and sustaining the artless melodic character of the music through an exhaustive artistic treatment. Handel's was the realistic or dramatic method. His aim was to find such a tune as simple people might really play for pleasure, and he found it and expressed it through the simple medium of the strings. Bach's method one may call the descriptive one. He had nothing to do with real shepherds, or what they might actually enjoy or play. He wished to build up in terms of his art a picture, or rather an impression, of a sweet and open countryside life, untroubled, pursuing the even tenour of its way unamazed amid simple beauty. Each achieved his end with consummate success, but a close examination of the two shows the futility of the attempts to judge between them. Handel's is almost pure genius; Bach's the fusion of genius with art.

In the vocal scene which follows, the same characteristics afford another example of the contrast. Handel gives the narration of events to the soprano soloist and hurries through the text to reach the dramatic climax of the angelic chorus. One must here notice that his recitative both in declamatory force and in the elaboration of the string accompaniment rises to a great dramatic height, and loses all trace of the perfunctoriness which so often spoils his work in this direction. When the chorus is reached, the utterances of "Glory to God" and "Peace on Earth" are simple and terse, but immensely effective; there is little or no contrapuntal skill involved, but the pictorial result is vivid. He withholds the basses from the first utterances for the sake of a greater climax to come,

and the orchestral ending with its gradual diminuendo, its staccato chords and little fluttering shakes in the treble, is a childlike description of angel wings disappearing gradually behind clouds, which makes a very definite appeal to the love of scenic effect. Throughout, the dramatic action has been so all-important to him that he could not pause to ponder over the inner significance of what he had to relate. When all is over he does so to some extent in the aria, "Rejoice Greatly." Lovers of the "Messiah" coming fresh to the Christmas Oratorio wonder that Bach should so break the thread of the story. His recitative has none of the excitement of Handel's. It tells of the appearance of the Angel of the Lord and the fear of the shepherds, and he immediately digresses to a chorale which contemplates this wonderful revelation. Again, the news of the birth of the Saviour introduces an aria which bids the shepherds haste to meet him, and the sign that the Babe is to be found lying in a manger is followed by the well-known and lovely Slumber Song. By the time that is ended we have forgotten all about the shepherds and the angels, and a short recitative recalls us, that we may listen to the angelic chorus. This again is as different as possible from Handel's and differs much as do the two pastoral symphonies. The score is a wonderful piece of vocal and orchestral counterpoint, its details absolutely baffling the listener at a first hearing. It is an extraordinary illustration of the words, "And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the Heavenly Host." It is multitudinous in effect, voice piled on voice, climax upon climax. From the musician's standpoint Handel's treatment of the words palls before it, so gorgeous is this outpouring of celestial song. Only in point of dramatic fitness, the end which Handel set himself, can his work hold its own against this. After the chorus the whole of part ii. of the Christmas Oratorio is magnificently summed up by a chorale, into the orchestral part of which the themes of the pastoral sympathy are interwoven.

How utterly different were the ends which these two sought one can only fully appreciate by a comparison of such points as these, where at first sight they appear to be upon common ground. Their widely differing methods were justified by the appropriateness of each to the end in view. Bach missed the opportunity of a grand dramatic situation to make us the richer by his "Slumber Beloved"; Handel, discarding all side issues, hastened to bring the announcement of the gospel of "Goodwill towards men" vividly before his hearers. In this comparison is found the germ of the two types of music which later, diverging more widely, have led to so much discussion and partisanship—the symphonic and dramatic, the "absolute" and 'programme.' Hence Bach is the father of the one, as Handel at any rate laid the foundations for the other. Both have a truly noble ancestry, and there is one point worth noting, that they are to some extent dependent upon one another. The Christmas Oratorio containing so graphic a chorus as "Glory to God" cannot be considered wholly contemplative, and no one could maintain that the best parts of the "Messiah" are wholly dramatic, but when dealing with facts or narrative Handel's vision was realistic as Bach's was idealistic; Handel saw Heaven open before him, Bach made a Heaven upon Earth.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THERE is, of course, a general slackness at present in the publishing world, but a few books of interest are announced. Messrs. Longmans have in the press a new edition of "Lay Down Your Arms!" Mr. T. Holmes's translation of the Baroness von Suttner's "Die Waffen nieder," to which we referred in our remarks on the Nobel Peace award in THE ACADEMY of December 16. The story, which in part embodies the experiences of the authoress herself, is a picture of the horrors of war as affecting both the soldiers

themselves and those whom they leave behind them at home, and of the terrible depression into which the continent of Europe has been plunged by the conflicts of the Great Powers. Baroness Suttner's object is to awaken the attention of all thinking persons to the evils of this condition, and to the possibility of finding a remedy for it in the voluntary establishment of arbitration tribunals and in mutual disarmament.—The same publishers announce two volumes of interest to the specialist, by L. Oppenheim, LL.D., lecturer on International Law at the London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). The first of these—to be ready this month—is "International Law: a Treatise," the second "War and Neutrality."—Messrs. Longmans also announce "Lectures on Early English History" (a series of lectures delivered by Bishop Stubbs when Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford) and the first volume of Mr. James Mackinnon's "History of Modern Liberty."

To commemorate the approaching two-hundredth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth, Messrs. Macmillan promise "The Writings of Benjamin Franklin" in ten octavo volumes, two of which are ready. The works have been collected and edited, with the inevitable introduction and notes, by Albert H. Smyth.—Messrs. Macmillan will also publish shortly "The History of American Art," by Samuel Isham, which forms the third of the series of books on American art which Professor Van Dyke is editing.—Students of Spanish history will welcome Dr. H. C. Lea's "The Inquisition of Spain," in four volumes, the first of which is promised, by the same publishers, early in the New Year.—Mr. Jesse Benedict Carter is publishing with Messrs. Macmillan an interesting work entitled "The Religion of Numa, and other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome." There are five essays, the first dealing with the period before the Tarquins: the second "The Reorganisation of Servius," with the period in which the Greek influence began to make itself felt in the life of Rome; the third, "The Coming of the Sibyl," with the first three centuries of the republic; the fourth, "The Decline of Faith," with the closing centuries of the republic; and the fifth with the early empire and "The Augustan Renaissance."

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish this month the fifth volume of Mr. Swinburne's Tragedies (containing *Loqrine*, *The Sisters*, *Marino Faliero*, and *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*) thus completing their Library Edition.—Mr. Murray has an interesting book from the pen of Mr. Warrington Smyth in the press, the title of which will be "Mast and Sail in Europe and Asia," and another work promised by the same publisher in "Our Waterways," by Mr. Urquhart A. Forbes and Mr. W. H. R. Ashford.—Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a book by Mr. Butler Burke dealing with his discovery of radiobes. The title is "The Origin of Life and its Physical Basis and Definition."—The second volume of Mr. Francis Bumpus's "Cathedrals of England and Wales" will be issued shortly by Mr. T. Werner Laurie. It deals with Canterbury, York, St. Paul's, Winchester, Norwich, Peterborough, Exeter and Wells. It will be remembered that it was Mr. Bumpus's original intention to complete his study in two volumes. The limits, however, proved too confined, and a third volume, closing with the recently founded cathedrals of Southwark and Birmingham, will follow.—Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has in the press a translation of Professor Strasburger's "Rambles on the Riviera."

Messrs. Jarrold have ready and will publish shortly a history of "The Norwich School of Painting." The book gives detailed accounts of the lives of over thirty Norwich painters from "Old Crowe" to Mr. A. W. Walker. Complete lists of their exhibits in Norwich and in London are given, and the book is well illustrated.—We are glad to hear that Messrs. Headley are about to issue a reprint of the Life of Thomas Elwood, the Quaker friend of Milton, and a constant visitor to the poet when, "inferior to the vilest now become," he fled before the plague to Chalfont St.

Giles.—A work of considerable local importance announced by Mr. Alexander Gardner of Paisley is a "History of the County of Renfrew from the Earliest Times" which has been prepared by Dr. W. M. Metcalfe.—Mr. John Lane has in the press an art book by Mr. A. F. Calvert, "Moorish Remains in Spain," which will be ready shortly, and Messrs. Putnam announce the English translation of M. Barine's "Louis XIV. et La Grande Mademoiselle."—It would seem that there is to be no end to the books about beautiful women of other days. Mr. Nash is about to publish "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns." Mrs. C. J. Ffoulkes is the writer.

Turning to novels, perhaps the most important announcement is Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's long-delayed novel, "Carniola," which will be published soon by Messrs. Harper.—"The Portreeve" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Eden Phillpotts which Messrs. Methuen are bringing out. It deals, of course, with Dartmoor.—When three-volume novels were in vogue, Mrs. F. E. Penny, whose "Sanyasi" and "Dilys" we recall with delight, wrote one called "Caste and Creed." It has been rewritten, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish it in ordinary six-shilling form.—The same firm announce a new book by Mr. Arnold Bennett, entitled "Hugo." Mr. Bennett describes it as a "fantasia on modern themes."—"Rose at Honeypot" is the title of a novel by Mrs. Mary E. Mann which Messrs. Methuen will issue shortly.—Mr. Somerset Maugham is publishing with Messrs. Chapman and Hall a story of clerical life, in part cynical and in part humorous, called "The Bishop's Apron."

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE ELECTRA OF EURIPIDES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with interest Professor Tyrrell's review of Dr. Gilbert Murray's version of the *Electra*. No one, perhaps, is better qualified than your reviewer to judge in how far Dr. Murray has succeeded, but I should like to add, if I am not trespassing on your space, a few quotations which strike me as being particularly good: e.g., *Electra's* cry as she thinks on her exiled brother:

Brother, brother, on some far shore  
Hast thou a city, is there a door  
That knows thy footfall, Wandering One?  
Who left me, left me, when all our pain  
Was bitter about us, a father slain,  
And a girl that wept in her room alone.  
Thou couldst break me this bondage sore,  
Only thou, who art far away,  
Loose our father, and wake once more. . .  
Zeus, Zeus, dost hear me pray? . . .  
The sleeping blood and the shame and the doom!  
O feet that rest not, over the foam  
Of distant seas, come home, come home!

In *Electra's* reproach to her mother too, Dr. Murray succeeds admirably in conveying all the pent-up hatred which has accumulated through the years spent with her peasant husband in weary drudgery in the lonely hut among the hills, brooding over Agamemnon's death:

Would God that He had made thee clean of soul!  
Helen and thou—O, face and form were fair,  
Meet for men's praise; but sisters twain ye were,  
Both things of naught, a stain on Castor's star.  
And Helen slew her honour, borne afar  
In wilful ravishment: but thou didst slay  
The highest man of the world. And now wilt say  
'Twas wrought in justice for thy child laid low  
At Aulis? . . . Ah, who knows thee as I know? . . .  
None but I, thy child, could so  
Watch thee in Hellas: none but I could know  
Thy face of gladness when our enemies  
Were strong, and the swift cloud upon thine eyes  
If Troy seemed falling, all thy soul keen-set  
Praying that he might come no more! . . . And ye  
It was so easy to be true. A king  
Was thine, not feebler, not in anything  
Below Aegisthus; one whom Hellas chose  
For chief beyond all kings. Aye, and God knows,  
How sweet a name in Greece, after the sin  
Thy sister wrought, lay in thy ways to win.  
Ill deeds make fair ones shine, and turn thereto  
Men's eyes.—Enough: but say he wronged thee; slew  
By craft thy child:—what wrong had I done, what  
The babe Orestes? Why didst render not

Back unto us, the children of the dead,  
Our father's portion? Must thou heap thy bed  
With gold of murdered men, to buy to thee  
Thy strange man's arms? Justice! Why is not h  
Who cast Orestes out, cast out again?  
Not slain for me whom doubly he hath slain,  
In living death, more bitter than of old  
My sister's?

Orestes' cry after the murder of Clytemnestra gains, if anything, by Dr. Murray's translation:

O Dark of the Earth, O God  
Thou to whom all is plain;  
Look on my sin, my blood,  
This horror of dead things twain:  
Gathered as one they lie  
Slain; and the slayer was I,  
I, to pay for my pain!

And he has caught just the spirit of the original in his rendering of Orestes' words, half of remorse, half of sorrow, as he conjures up the vision of the murder:

Saw'st thou her raiment there,  
Sister, there in the blood?  
She drew it back as she stood,  
She opened her bosom bare,  
She bent her knees to the earth,  
The knees that bent in my birth . . .  
And I . . . Oh, her hair, her hair . . .

It is one of the best passages in a translation which will appeal almost as much to those who do not know Greek as to those who do.

When the vision of Castor and Polydeuces appears, and Castor addresses Orestes, Dr. Murray does not fail to do justice to Euripides:

Righteous is her doom this day,  
But not thy deed. And Phoebus, Phoebus. . . Nay;  
He is my lord; therefore I hold my peace.  
Yet though in light he dwell, no light was this  
He showed to thee, but darkness! Which do thou  
Endure, as man must, chafing not. And now  
Fare forth where Zeus and Fate have laid thy life.  
The maid Electra thou shalt give for wife  
To Pylades; then turn thy head and flee  
From Argos' land. 'Tis never more for thee  
To tread this earth where thy dead mother lies.

Orestes is to go to the hill in Athens where Ares was tried by the gods for the murder of Halirrhothius, and:

There shalt thou stand arraigned of this blood;  
And of those judges half shall lay on thee  
Death, and half pardon; so shalt thou go free.  
For Phoebus in that hour, who bade thee shed  
Thy mother's blood, shall take on his own head  
The stain thereof. And ever from that strife  
The law shall hold, that when, for death or life  
Of one pursued, men's voices equal stand,  
Then Mercy conquereth. . . .  
Up, gird thee now to the steep Isthmian way,  
Seeking Athena's blessed rock; one day,  
Thy doom of blood fulfilled and this long stress  
Of penance past, thou shalt have happiness.

I have never considered the *Electra* "The meanest of Greek tragedies," but, though my contempt for Schlegel's childish strictures is as great as Professor Tyrrell's, I have hitherto regarded it as weak. Dr. Gilbert Murray has converted me.

DUNCAN MCCOMBIE.

### LYRICAL BALLADS, FIRST EDITION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In his *Causerie* on Wordsworth and Barron Field, in the *ACADEMY* of December 23, Professor Knight writes, of Joseph Cottle and the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798: "He parted with the book as soon as it was issued, and there is no existing copy of it that I have seen with his name on the imprint. All have Arch's name." This remark is likely to mislead students unlearned in the bibliography of Wordsworth's poems. In point of fact we hear of three copies of the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1798 with the Bristol title-page, which runs as follows:

Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems. Bristol: Printed by Biggs and Cottle for T. N. Longman, Paternoster-Row, London. 1798.

The first of these is the copy mentioned by the late Mr. R. H. Shepherd, in his "Bibliography of Coleridge," as having been lent by the owner to the publisher of the four-volume edition of Coleridge's Poems issued in 1877—the late Mr. Basil Montagu Pickering. This copy, which, according to the testimony of Mr. Shepherd, contained manuscript additions to "The Ancient Mariner" in the autograph of S.T.C., seems to have disappeared; at least, its whereabouts has eluded my search. The second copy with the Bristol title-page is that formerly belonging to Robert Southey, which now lies in the British Museum. Of this a tolerably full and accurate account will be found in the Bibliographical Note prefixed to the Centenary Edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" published by Duckworth and Co., 1898. The third copy is in my possession, and is fully described in my letter to the *Athenaeum* of January 14, 1899, headed "Lyrical Ballads, 1798."

There is one interesting feature common to Southey's copy and my



own, which has never yet, I believe, been pointed out. The last stanza on page 19 (ll. 199, 200 of "The Ancyent Marinere") runs:

With never a whisper in the Sea  
Oft [sic] darts the Spectre-ship;

In every copy with Arch's title-page that I have examined—and I have examined many—the "t" of "Oft" has been altered, evidently with a pen, to an "f." In no single copy save Southey's and my own is "Oft" to be found without this correction. The alteration was therefore, we may fairly infer, made not by Cottle, but by the London publishers, J. and A. Arch, of Gracechurch Street.

Cottle's account of the circumstances attending the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads" is clearly apocryphal. Here, as often elsewhere, his memory has betrayed him. The little book was never, in the strict sense of the word, published at Bristol at all. At the very most, a few presentation copies were sent out by Cottle, and of these, as we have seen, two if not three are still extant. Virtually the entire lot was sold to the house of Arch, and this long before any review of the book had appeared. "Possibly," writes Mr. Hutchinson (Centenary Ed. "L. B.," p. lv), "Cottle hoped that Longman would take the whole impression, as he seems to have done in the case of the second edition of 'Joan of Arc'; and may, with this in view, have obtained leave to place Longman's name, as London publisher, on the title-page. But Longman had found cause to repent his bargain over 'Joan,' and—says Coleridge, writing to Southey, December 24, 1799 ("Letters of S.T.C." p. 319)—was indisposed to similar negotiations. Anyhow, whether disappointed with Longman or not, Cottle sold practically the whole impression to Arch; and so promptly, that Wordsworth, who on September 15 wrote begging Cottle to transfer his interest in the book to Johnson of Saint Paul's Churchyard, was informed in reply that this could not be done, the first impression being already otherwise disposed of." The book, it should be observed, had appeared on or about the first of the month.

R. A. POTTS.

#### MODERN IRISH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Miss Barlow's suggestion is not quite clear, but as it is to benefit those ignorant of Irish, it looks as if she wishes Gaelic names and words to be written according to English orthography only when quoted in an English context. If so, it is singular she should be unaware that until recently such was the common practice. For instance, every one used to write the equivalent for James as Shamus, until one of our most brilliant humorists, Seumas MacManus, brought into fashion the pedantically correct Seumas; and even he has not yet ventured to "restore" his surname, which remains MacManus, instead of MacMaghnusa. On the other hand, if Miss Barlow wants to re-spell the entire Gaelic language, I must point out that the experiment has already been tried, with the Manx dialect, with results too discouraging to warrant its repetition. The fact is, those "aspirated" consonants, which so vex the Saxon, are ticklish things to meddle with. Miss Barlow says the th is "mute," but to my ear it is at least as forcible as the English h, and it has the additional peculiarity of sharpening adjacent consonants. Take, for example, the verb *sgriobh*, to write. Its past participle is *sgriobhta*, which is not called *skreeva*, but *skreefa*. Similarly, the name Dubhthach is not called Duvach, but Duffach, whence comes the surname Duffy. Obviously the th is not "mute" as long as it is capable of producing such effects and for my part I cannot see that any orthography could be framed, better adapted to express the idiosyncrasies of Gaelic than that which has grown up with it.

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

#### STUDIES IN POETRY AND CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In Mr. Ongley's letter in your last week's issue, one cannot help noting that he is as full of Matthew Arnold as an egg is of meat. But joking apart, it is questionable in these days when old truths are becoming startlingly new and new truths discovered to be wonderfully old that Matthew Arnold can be taken as an authority on matters pertaining to life's emotion, and by emotion I mean poetry. Matthew Arnold was only M.A. after all, a lettered man but by reason of this a very much fettered man who sadly wanted much more of the emotion and spirit of life than of his rule of thumb and three-fourths conduct. He was not the stamp of a man who could rightly understand life. He was too staid, too comfortable, and altogether too mediocre in fire and intensity to grip much of that life which is hidden under the name "Jesus Christ."

Study poetry as we will, eat and drink of it as we may, the more earnest we become in the direction of self-preservation, the more we discover, not without some misgiving, that poetry in the domain of Art lacks the power that can sustain and keep sustained the soul-life in its every fickle mood. More and more the certain few and great in quality of mind are discovering those living ideas which are secreted within the Mystery which has been revealed by Paul and Eastern Occultism. Until Mr. Ongley understands the inner mysticism of this Mystery, until he discovers more of himself in himself and less of Matthew Arnold, the poets of the world will "slake" his doubtlessly fastidious thirst. Let him not take life seriously as regards the values of philosophies, creeds, and poetries, but, rather let him develop or overlap self in the mysticism which satisfactorily proves the truth of being "born again." The spirit reached, all else must be all but way-

side straws, useful in a bohemian moment to clear the pipe that was laid aside apparently for ever—last night.

Polwarth, Edinburgh.

ROBERT MACGREGOR.

#### THE "CARFAX" SCHOOL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know that a difference of opinion between myself and your critic B. S. can be of much interest to your readers, but in an age when every one, even the artist, is allowed to write about art, I claim the same privilege for a dealer. In a wide experience I have never met a real artist who disliked or distrusted his own talent or eyesight, but many who disliked and distrusted their own period and environment. Nor have I ever met a critic suffering from this superfluous modesty. The capacity for ignoring one's period and environment forms part of the equipment of the artist. In this respect the landscape painter has a great advantage; without an effort he can dispense with the contemporary or the ephemeral: hence the superb æsthetic value of great landscape. Except to students of painting the pictures of Claude tell us nothing of the seventeenth century, those of Corot nothing of 1830 or *Hernani*; those of Turner nothing of the dismal England of 1840; and the art of Mr. Wilson Steer is, I am glad to say, unstained even by the politics of the Chantrey Bequest. The future generation will see in him the noble successor, not in name only, of Richard Wilson. With portraiture it is, alas! different. Portraiture strangled the English School. Period and environment thrust themselves on the artist. The thought of them irked Sir Joshua Reynolds and may cause some fretting to-day. At the completion of a portrait few artists remain on speaking terms with their clients. Photography has however removed some of the burden, and a great artist such as Whistler or Shannon, is able by the force of his genius to divorce even his sitters from contemporary life, and to obtain probate for them from posterity. In other modes of painting, religious or allegorical, I think we esteem artists in proportion to the success with which they have evaded anything contemporary. The ceiling of the Sistine tells us little of the Papal Court, and the *Paradiso* of Fra Angelico nothing about Cosimo de Medici. The Dutch *genre* school is of course an exception, and hence it is always a predominating influence with second-rate painters of every generation.

With regard to the charge of archaism brought against the "Carfax" School, I would point out that the same charge was brought against the Pre-Raphaelites, and with perfect justice. If they showed more emulation of a *spirit* than a *manner*, it was because they had not learnt the manner. The life and art of Rossetti, as of his pupil Burne-Jones, show a passionate anxiety to get away from a period and environment, and what Millais became when he succumbed to them, I leave B. S., himself a distinguished painter, to determine.

As Mr. Charles Shannon's technique has more relation to that of Giorgione than of Winterhalter, and his spirit more to that of Holbein than the intermediary Frank Holl, by all means let him be called archaistic. Better to err with Pope! The whole history of Art however is witness to a constant reversion to earlier conventions. Pasiteles and Menelaus started a Pre-Raphaelite revival in the Roman age. Egypt, China and Japan are rich in archaistic movements. A re-perusal of the written words of Cozens, Hogarth, Reynolds, and painters who were also critics, will, I think, convince B. S. that convention is only truth with a style. Truth, like other conventions, becomes exhausted and artists constantly return therefore to fresher principles. Tiepolo, ignoring his own century and its predecessor, reverted to that of Veronese, both in manner and spirit. Whistler is an example of my other contention; as an artist he was able to suppress the mountebank in himself, that very contemporary side of his character. Since 1851 English art has I fear been a convalescent invalid, and physicians are always prophesying her demise. She rallies wonderfully. What I regard as the remedy, B. S. diagnoses as the disease. Mr. Tonks, who adorns two professions, will perhaps decide better than we can, as he is a sufferer, it seems, from *angina archaistica pictoris*.

R. R.

(Manager of Carfax & Co., Ltd.)

#### SIMEON SOLOMON

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

[Our contributor writes: Your correspondent E. R. B. can obtain from Mr. Hollyer a full list of all the early drawings and pictures which were first photographed and published by him. *Love dying from the Breath of Lust* is certainly among them, and I think the *Antinous*.]

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Lord Randolph Churchill.* By Winston Spencer Churchill. 2 vols. Macmillan, 36s. net. (See p. 5.)  
*Seymour Vandeleur.* The story of a British officer: being a memoir of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Vandeleur, D.S.O., Scots Guards and Irish Guards, with a general description of his campaigns. By Colonel F. I. Maxse. With water-colour illustrations by Nico Jungman, and 9 maps. 10×7½. Pp. 288. *The National Review* Office, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 12.)

*The School of Suffering: a brief Memorial of Mary E. E. Moule.* By her Father, Handley, Bishop of Durham. With a portrait. 7½ × 5. Pp. 125. S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.

#### DRAMA.

Sauter, Edwin. *The Faithless Favourite, a Mixed Tragedy, to which is appended a collection of detached trifles entitled Schediasm.* 6½ × 4. Pp. 238. Saint Louis: Published by the Author at the Sign of the Leech.

#### EDUCATION.

Brereton, Cloudesley. *The Teaching of Modern Languages: with special reference to big towns.* 6¼ × 5½. Pp. 111.

[The subject-matter of this excellent little volume formed the substance of three lectures on the Teaching of Modern Languages delivered during the Lent Term of 1905 at the London School of Economics.]

#### FICTION.

Griffith, George. *His Beautiful Client.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 238. White, 6s.  
Sladen, Douglas. *A Sicilian Marriage.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 308. White, 6s. (See p. 16.)

#### LITERATURE.

*The Oxford English Dictionary.* A new dictionary on historical principles, founded mainly on materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray. Vol. viii.: *Reign—Reserve.* By W. A. Craigie. 13½ × 10½. Pp. 127. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s.

Archer-Hind, R. D. *Translations into Greek Verse and Prose.* 8 × 6. Pp. viii + 244. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Schoolmasters' Yearbook and Directory, 1906.* (Fourth Annual Issue.) 7½ × 5. Pp. lxvi + 1018. Sonnenschein, 6s. net.

Hallard, Frank. *Haeckel's Monism False.* 8½ × 6. Pp. xiii + 605. Chas. H. Kelly, 5s. net.

[An examination of Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe," "The Wonders of Life," and "The Confession of Faith of a Man of Science," together with Mr. Joseph McCabe's "Haeckel's Critics Answered."] ]

Schofield, A. T. *The Management of a Nerve Patient.* 8 × 5½. Pp. 9 + 255. J. & A. Churchill, 5s. net.

*The Catholic Directory: Ecclesiastical Register and Almanac for the year of our Lord 1906.* Sixty-ninth annual publication. 7½ × 4½. Pp. xxviii + 638. Burns & Oates, 1s. 6d. net.

Fraser, Duncan. *The Passing of the Precentor.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 116. Edinburgh: Published at John Knox's House by W. G. Hay.

*To Modern Maidens.* By a Modern Matron. 7½ × 5. Pp. 220. Edinburgh: Morton, 3s. 6d. net.

#### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne. Vol. iv. *Mary Stuart.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 268. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.

Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*; *Rape of Lucrece*; *Timon of Athens*; *Winter's Tale*; *Troilus and Cressida*; *Titus Andronicus*; *King Henry VI.* (in three vols.); and *King Henry VIII.* Waistcoat Pocket Shakespeare, 2½ × 2. Treherne, 1s. net each.

Stoddard, Charles Warren. *South Sea Idyls: Summer Cruising in the South Seas.* 7½ × 4½. Pp. 319. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.

*Poems of Love.* Edited by G. K. A. Bell. 6¼ × 4. Pp. xvi + 207. Routledge, 1s. net.

#### THEOLOGY.

"Sermons for the People." Second Series. *Plain Sermons for the Christian Year.* By various contributors. Vol. ii. *Epiphany until Quinquagesima.* 6½ × 4½. Pp. 213. S.P.C.K.

Carmichael, F. F. *Sermons on Different Subjects.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 124. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 6d. net.

Elar, G. G. *The Apocalypse, the Antichrist and the End.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 379. Burns & Oates, 5s.

Hall, William. *Via Crucis.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 343. Routledge, 3s. 6d.

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Moncrieff, A. R. Hope. *The World of To-day.* Vol. iv. 10¼ × 7½. Pp. 266. The Gresham Publishing Company.

[ "A survey of the lands and peoples of the globe as seen in travel and commerce." ]

De Guerville, A. B. *New Egypt.* 9¼ × 5½. Pp. xiv + 360. Heinemann, 16s. net.

## THE BOOKSHELF

FROM Messrs. Dent we have received two books on Florence. *Notable Pictures in Florence* by Edith Harwood (4s. 6d. net) is a cheap and useful book for laymen visiting the churches and picture-galleries of Florence. The first few pages are taken up with a short and sensible sketch of the history of Italian painting. Then follow descriptions of pictures by upwards of eighty painters, from Cimabue to Canaletto. The painters are taken in alphabetical order, and the present site of each picture is noted. A short biographical notice of each painter is given, followed by a fairly detailed account of the "story" of the pictures, and a few critical remarks. The letterpress, like the numerous small reproductions in the text, is intended to help the visitor in identifying and recollecting the pictures. Although the book is designed mainly as an introduction to the study of the Italian renaissance in art, it describes also many works by foreign artists, such as Holbein, Rubens, Dürer, Van Dyke, Velasquez and Murillo. The interest of *Florentine Palaces and their Stories* by Janet Ross (6s. net) is chiefly historical. A section is devoted to each Palazzo, giving the history of the families with whom it is connected and narrating any important or striking events associated with it. The style is somewhat dry, but the book is none the less a delightful one to dip into here and there. The stories and anecdotes range from the most sombre and bloody tragedy to romance and buffoonery. Here may be

read much of the political history of Florence, as, for instance, in the sections which deal with the Palazzo Pitti, the Palazzo del Podestà, and the Palazzo Vecchio; or the story of Ginevra Amieri, who after being married against her will, was accidentally buried alive, and escaped and married the man she loved; or how Guido de' Cavalcanti was fastened, by a nail driven through his tunic while he was absorbed in a game of chess, to a seat in the loggia of the Palazzo Rucellai. The value of the book is increased by some thirty excellently clear and detailed drawings of the buildings by Adelaide Marchi.

*Java: Facts and Fancies*, by Augusta de Wit (Chapman and Hall, 14s. net) is a book of impressionist sketches of the Dutch Colony. The author sees in Java "an enchanted garden"—something "unspeakably tender, ethereal and soft"—and gives us some pleasant sketches of its people and social customs, though her style reminds us of that of the lady who wrote of "syncopated donkeys who blinked like sphinxes in the sun." The following sentence is typical: "Under a sky filmy with diaphanous fleecy texture, in which a tinge of the hidden blue was felt rather than seen, the sea had a pearly sheen, with here and there changefully flickering white lights, and wind-ruffled streaks of a pale violet."

*Living Masters of Music—Edward Macdowell.* By Laurance Gilman (Lane, 2s. 6d.).—We, in England, are at present so fully occupied with attempts to establish our musical reputation in the eyes of the world, that we can spare little attention to similar efforts of our American cousins, and hence it comes that most of us have never heard a note of music by so considerable a composer as Edward Macdowell. This shows how extremely narrow and insular our outlook remains, and everything, however slight, which tends to widen it is welcome. This little volume ought to do something in that direction. In spite of some annoyances of style, a love of high-sounding but little-meaning words and phrases, Mr. Gilman manages to depict the character of his subject's work in such a way as to convey a distinct impression. We wish that he would refrain from quoting contemporary critics so often. Mr. Ernest Newman's views on programme music are always interesting when spoken by himself; when expounded by Mr. Gilman they are wearisome. On that subject some words of Macdowell's quoted are worth hearing. He said of his symphonic poem, "Lancelot and Elaine": "I would never have insisted that . . . [it] need mean 'Lancelot and Elaine' to every one. It did to me, however, and in the hope that my artistic enjoyment might be shared by others, I added the title." It is right that such a memoir should be written by a whole-hearted admirer. Whether Mr. Gilman's high estimate of this composer's work will be ultimately justified, we in our insular ignorance cannot pretend to say. The best we can say for this book, which is as attractively illustrated and brought out as its predecessors in the same series, is that it leaves us with a keen desire to hear Macdowell's music, and an assurance that therein we shall find much to appreciate and enjoy when we get our opportunity.

It seems only a few days since that the football season commenced, but already Mr. Ayres has produced his *Cricket Companion* for 1906. Mr. Clairre's "Week by Week" is particularly interesting, and as a whole the book is an accurate and trustworthy one which every devotee of cricket should have on his table or near at hand for reference. It says much for the enterprise of the Editor that he should, at this early date, have included a list of fixtures for 1906.

From Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. we have received a number of Diaries for 1906, with each of which an Insurance coupon is given. A good feature of the small pocket diaries is the tablet by means of which the book will always open at the page last in use.—Messrs. John Walker and Co. also send us several excellent diaries, and a word of praise is due to Messrs. Bemrose's Monthly Diary.

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No. 1758

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

AT the present moment the literature occupying the first place in public attention is that of election addresses. In the turmoil of politics, people are more intent on considering the matter than the manner of these documents, but in point of fact they offer to those who stand apart from the controversies of the hour an interesting field for the study of direct and nervous English. One reason for this may be found in the conditions under which they are written. As a rule, when an author sits down to the task of composition, he spends all his ability in thinking of the "inevitable" word and endeavours to impart some kind of flourish to his sentences. But the politician is too much concerned with the effect that he wishes to produce to linger over epithets and phrases, except in so far as to weigh their import. The art of drawing up a good election address bears a considerable resemblance to the no less delicate art of drawing up a telling advertisement. The two sides fence for positions as keenly as if they were actual duellists. Naturally, each Party feels itself strong on a particular question, and the candidate spends his energy in directing attention to the strong point, and in covering up any weaknesses. On the other hand he is aware that the opposite Party is in very much the same position; each tries to get at a weak place in his opponent's deliverance, and to slur over the strong features of the position.

One result of all this is that the candidate is much more likely to give expression to his own characteristics in an election address than in almost any other form of composition. Good examples will be found in those written respectively by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Prime Minister, and Mr. A. J. Balfour, Leader of the Opposition, but we doubt if either of them has got as much vigour into his sentences as the rivals did in the celebrated election of 1880. That began with the historic letter of Lord Beaconsfield to the Duke of Marlborough, one of the most striking examples in history of effective and trenchant statement, but two at least of the counter-utterances did not fall very far short, if at all, of its excellence. These were the election addresses of Mr. Gladstone and the Marquess of Hartington. These three documents, taken together, put the issues before the electors from the different points of view in a manner that would be difficult to better.

In the present election there seems to be, as far as we can judge, a tendency to over-wordiness. Perhaps it may be only an impression, but it seems to us that the election addresses on both sides are considerably longer than those we remember to have emanated from the leaders on previous occasions of a similar character. One exception to the general rule is so striking as to deserve approbation.

This is the election address written by Sir Charles Dilke. Without inconvenience it can be quoted in full.

GENTLEMEN,—I solicit with confidence the renewal of your trust.  
Believe me, your devoted servant,  
CHARLES W. DILKE.

A careful study of all the election addresses would no doubt disclose some curious slips in English, if one were to apply a pedantic mind to them much in the same way as a certain trade journal criticises the clothes of members of Parliament.

It would also be possible to glean a rich harvest of mixed metaphors from the speechifying that is going on. Your politician has ever been addicted to this fine product of civilisation, and from the House of Commons we can gather numerous instances of slips of speech on the part of its members. Nor have those who have produced these curious figures of speech been at all times insignificant. On the contrary, interest may be felt in the mixed metaphors of Cabinet and ex-Cabinet ministers, though the annals of Parliament can scarcely yield any as rich and fruity as some of those before us at the moment. At Peterborough, for example, an ardent politician declared that the marrow of the Education Act was founded on a granite foundation and had spoken in a voice not to be drowned in sectarian clamour. A still more delicious one comes from Sunderland, where an enthusiastic Free Trader announced that "Mr. Chamberlain's red herring is coming home to roost."

In the Aldwych Series there has just been published "A Little Book of Graces," which can scarcely fail to draw attention to this minor form of composition. We are afraid that the beautiful habit of what our Scotch neighbours call "asking a blessing" is not so common as it was in the days when Bewick drew his tail-pieces. There is a venerable chestnut which at least illustrates the universal habit of saying grace: Two canny Scots in the far North were drinking in a little public house, and had filled up the thirteenth mutchkin, when one stopped the other drinking by exclaiming: "Wait a minute, Sandy, we have no' asked a blessing on't." Those who know Bewick's charming tail-pieces may remember one in which a gaunt Northumbrian hind, evidently a bachelor, is seated at the kitchen table, with his hands outstretched over a bowl of porridge, on which he is asking a blessing with closed eyes, while all the time the domestic cat is liberally helping itself to his supper. No one sat down to a meal without "asking a blessing on it," and there must be some curious and quaint graces that were once well known in country districts, but which have never found their way into print. A variety there was bound to be, because of the differences of custom; in one house the head of the family invariably said grace, while in another the task was allotted to the youngest, and as there is no set formula some of the expressions were curious. The collection before us, however, does not preserve any of these pleasing graces, nor has it any of the old Latin graces that used to be said in every household of pretension, not even the best and shortest of them—"Benedictus Benedicat."

The collector apparently has been rather afraid of irreverence, although he does include that celebrated grace of Robert Burns:

Some hae meat, and canna eat,  
And some wad eat that want it;  
But we hae meat, and we can eat,  
And sae the Lord be thankit.

He makes partial amends for some of his omissions by giving one or two of the quaint blessings invoked by Robert

Herrick, of which the prettiest is, perhaps, the "Grace for a Child":

Here a little child I stand,  
Heaving up my either hand;  
Cold as paddocks though they be,  
Here I lift them up to Thee  
For a Benison to fall  
On our Meat and on us all.  
Amen.

This may be compared with one that is quoted from R. L. Stevenson:

It is very nice to think  
The world is full of meat and drink,  
With little children saying grace  
In every Christian kind of place.

For a plain good grace, without religious sentiment, the best that ever was written is unquestionably that in *Macbeth*: "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."

A great number of the graces err on the side of being too unctuous, and, bating hunger, we do not quite see the reason why graces after meat should be so much longer than those used before it.

Professor Joseph Wright, in a speech at the opening of a Carnegie Library at Shipley, gave a somewhat pathetic account of the difficulties he has experienced in bringing out his English Dialect Dictionary. It took him twelve years to compile, and at the end of that time he found that all the big publishers fought shy of undertaking the work of bringing it out. The only one who would listen to the proposals at all asked for a guarantee against loss. In these circumstances, Professor Wright, whose life shows him to be not easily dismayed by difficulties, undertook the publication himself, and issued the work in thirty monthly parts, which have regularly appeared. He says he has saved £750 a year in doing so, but does not quite explain how. He was obliged to do the work in the evenings, because, regarding the Dialect Dictionary as something of a hobby and a pleasure, he did not wish it to interfere with his ordinary work. The Professor is to be congratulated not only on an achievement unique in the annals of literature, but on the determination and firmness with which he carried out his plans.

The nation has lost the Rokeby Velasquez, and, though the Honorary Secretaries of the National Art-Collections Fund are urbane enough to say that their endeavours "have met with a very generous measure of support," their disappointment must be acute. We can only hope that the failure to secure this picture for the nation is a warning that will be duly taken to heart by the people whom it concerns. There can be no question that Professor Holmes, in his article in the *ACADEMY* of December 16 last, put his finger on the weak spot. The Trustees are handicapped by want of means, no less than by the constitution of their body; considering the circumstances in which they work, they do surprisingly little to deserve the censure that is too often rashly passed upon them. From the nature of the case, private generosity must play a large part in the acquisition of art-treasures for the nation; and it is the lack of sufficient public spirit among wealthy men, not any fault on the part of the Trustees, that has lost us the Rokeby Velasquez. Those who are interested in the subject, and who wish to see both the urgency of the need for reform and some very sound and practical suggestions for improvement, cannot do better than turn to the editorial article in the January *Burlington Magazine*. The writer of this very able piece of work compares the England of to-day with the Papal Italy that blindly threw away its best capital, and points out how important it is—even on purely commercial grounds—that the present state of things should not continue. There was a good article, too, in the *Daily Chronicle* of December 21, 1905.

The Royal Academy has paid itself a deserving honour in most of its recent elections. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon becomes a full Academician, Mr. Josef Israels and Mr. Augustus Saint Gaudens honorary foreign Academicians, Mr. Edward Stott and Mr. F. W. Pomeroy become Associates. More interesting, and (may we say?) more surprising than any of these selections, is the appointment of two Associate Engravers. There has been no election of Associate Engravers for some thirty years, and it is an open secret that the conduct of the Royal Academy, both in the election of Associate Engravers and in the omission to elect them, has not been above reproach. For all shortcomings in this matter they have amply atoned by the decision of last Monday.

Mr. Frank Short is known as a more than worthy successor of Turner's original collaborators on the *Liber Studiorum*; he has translated Watts, Girtin and others into black and white as only a reproducer who was himself a fine artist could; and besides raising the practice of reproductive work to a level which it has too seldom reached since the great days, he has done many—but too few—original mezzotints and etchings of the highest sincerity and beauty. As director of the School of Etching and Engraving at South Kensington he has done sterling service to his art, and his inveterate habit of keeping himself in the background has not robbed his pupils of the benefit of his own thoroughness and fine taste. Mr. William Strang, who has of late years practised painting and Holbeinesque portraiture in chalks more than etching, is a very un-Academic artist, and his election shows a determination on the part of the Royal Academy to consider merit alone. *Macabre*, grim, often brutal, he is a masterful and a masterly artist, with a mind and an imagination on a larger scale than most, and a determination to express himself as he pleases, which removes from his work all traces of the finicking that is now too common.

The Geological Society of London will this year award its medals and funds as follows: Wollaston Medal to Dr. Henry Woodward, F.R.S.; Murchison Medal to Mr. C. T. Clough, M.A.; Lyell Medal to Prof. Frank Dawson Adams, M.A.Sc. of Montreal; Prestwich Medal to William Whitaker, F.R.S.; Wollaston Fund to Dr. F. L. Kitchin, M.A.; Murchison Fund to Herbert Lapworth, B.Sc.; Lyell Fund to W. G. Fearnside and R. H. Solly, M.A.; Barlow-Jameson Fund to H. C. Beasley.

The Staa's Forbes collection of drawings in chalk and charcoal by Jean Francois Millet numbers over one hundred works and includes the elaborate studies for his best-known pictures and etchings such as *The Gleaners*, *Going to Labour*, *The Diggers*, *The Sower*, *The Wheelbarrow*, etc. It is shortly to be dispersed, and has been placed in the hands of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, who will exhibit it in the Leicester Galleries, from Monday next, January 15, onwards. It has been arranged to include in the exhibition the famous pastel of *The Angelus*. The collection is not entirely composed of studies for Millet's well-known pictures, as has been stated in some quarters, but it contains several important finished chalk-drawings of subjects which he never painted in oils.

The *Observer*, the oldest and most historic of the Sunday papers, is taking advantage of the General Election, to issue at a Penny. It is not, however, intended in any way to alter the style of the paper. A specially interesting feature of the *Observer* is its *fac-simile* extracts from its files of a hundred years ago, which are given in a detail not attempted elsewhere.

The usual Education Supplement to THE ACADEMY will be published with next week's issue.



## LITERATURE

## WORDSWORTH'S POINT OF VIEW

*Wordsworth's Literary Criticism.* Edited, with an introduction, by NOWELL C. SMITH; *Poems and Extracts.* Chosen by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. (Henry Frowde, 2s. 6d. net each.)

HAVE Wordsworth's essays in criticism now merely an historical interest? Well, there is the fact that modern poetry has been but little affected by the order of ideas which he tried to establish. This order of ideas, moreover, is connected closely with a theory of poetic diction condemned by Coleridge as false and impracticable. Mr. Nowell C. Smith remarks, in a preface to his excellent edition of Wordsworth's critical writings, that his author, being untrained "in philosophical severity of reasoning . . . was warped and affected in his judgment by the idea that in such a ballad as 'We are Seven,' he had given as it were the formula for poetic composition." This is but a trenchant re-statement of the substance of Coleridge's brilliant attack, the success of which has seldom been openly questioned.

Still, we are inclined to hold that Wordsworth's point of view is, within its limits, a valid one. Its validity is not, at least, impaired by Coleridge's arguments, as these are irrelevant to the point really at issue between the two poets. Their difference in regard to the theory of poetic diction is only part of a more profound difference in regard to the question of the function of poetry. The poet of the romantic school seeks for a means of escape from the facts of life: the poet of nature seeks for a means of reconciliation with them. Wordsworth finely contrasts these two adverse aims in the famous poem on a picture of Peele Castle:

Ah! then, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile:  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. . . .

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;  
I have submitted to a new control:  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul. . . .

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

Subtlety, elaboration, and a strange picturesqueness are qualities proper to a style which is the vehicle of eerie emotions, wild illusions, and enchanted reveries; the qualities proper to a style which is the vehicle of sane, strong feeling and truth, are sincerity, plainness, and simplicity. Poetry is peculiarly the language of passion, and prose peculiarly the language of reason; but there is a mean between them, a restrained poetic diction with somewhat of the ease and directness of common discourse, in which passion is expressed in terms of reason, and this was the diction which Wordsworth adopted and developed. His theory of style was not altogether a new one. That "a selection of the language really used by men" was the right base of poetic diction, and that there was "no essential difference between the language of prose and that of metrical composition," these were the poetic principles of the eighteenth century; and the little book of extracts, mainly from the verse of that period, chosen by Wordsworth and now for the first time published, shows that he did not dismiss all the poetry of the age of prose as false in style. His originality in the matter of diction was due to

the earnestness and thoroughness with which he reduced to practice the theories of his predecessors. From the French ideas of clarity and restraint, the application of which had been narrowed by Dryden and Pope, he arrived at a doctrine of simplicity, which, as a French critic remarks, Malherbe, scant as was his respect for the claims of the imagination, would have regarded as rigorous to excess. Wordsworth, as he said himself, cut himself off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech which had long been regarded as the common inheritance of poets, and relied on depth of feeling, truth of description, and splendour of thought, to give to his verse force and nobility. As a critic, he was not wanting in boldness: he did not, like the romantic school, restrict his attack to the poets of the eighteenth century, but remarked, justly enough:

If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be if admitted at all, our judgements concerning the works of the greatest poets, ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure.

Some of his conclusions were, indeed, carried far into the criticism of our poetic literature by Matthew Arnold, especially in the lectures "On Translating Homer," when it was seen that only the best Greek poetry contained, in a fine form, those qualities of clarity, simplicity and directness desiderated by Wordsworth.

Perhaps the most valuable part of Wordsworth's critical writings, however, is that in which he discusses the methods and function of poetry. Here he is even more original than in his theory of poetic diction. He was the supreme poet, we think, of the eighteenth-century enlightenment; his poetry is really "the breath and finer spirit" of the knowledge of the age of reason and sentiment. To him, poetry was the history of feelings, while feelings were knowledge in its final and permanent form. He observed:

If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions we habitually receive, the poet . . . will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science, not only in those general effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself.

The most important idea of his age which Wordsworth translated into terms of poetry, was the idea that man was largely the creature of his natural surroundings. It was this idea which enabled him to combine the two separate schools of eighteenth-century verse into a new and magnificent form of poetry. The school of Pope had delineated the manners and passions of man; the school of Thomson had painted the various aspects of nature; Wordsworth portrayed man and nature in their connection with each other, and, in characteristic manner, traced the play of natural forces indirectly in their effect upon the human spirit. He carried sensation into the midst of the objects of science, by studying those objects in the actual feelings which they elicited or affected.

The poet [he said in the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads"] considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature. . . . Humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language; . . . and, lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature.

In the life of the peasant, in short, the subject was simplified. The peasant, living in immediate dependence upon the moods of air, earth and sky, showed best in what way the soul of man was actually moulded by natural influences. And what has Wordsworth to say on the matter? Well, it must be admitted that the poet, himself leading a sheltered existence, was rather inclined to dwell, in his lyrical passages, merely upon the fairer side of country-life. But, on the other hand, in his sketches of rustic character, he goes deeper into the heart of things than either Crabbe or Mr. Thomas Hardy. There, in strength of character, in depth of feeling, and in

passive fortitude in adversity, he traces the results of the harsh but wholesome discipline of nature. It might be said of almost all the humble and heroic figures in his poems, that everything which they attempt, in so far as the object is external, fails, and in so far as it is spiritual, succeeds.

The savage joys of revolt, the rapture and intoxication of the senses, the ecstasy of an imagination vainly enfranchised from the restraints of natural law; these are the springs of emotion on which the poets of the romantic school depend. To Wordsworth it was left to connect the soul of man again with the living forces of nature by which its wilder desires are corrected, and its vision of the world steadied and enlarged. He is the physician of our iron age. He did not forget in the delights of the palace of art, "the burden and the mystery" of life. In the mind itself he sought for the causes of human weakness, and in the rigour and beauty of nature he discovered a means of strength and a source of perennial joy.

### ELEGANTIAE ARBITER

*Petronii "Cena Trimalchionis."* Edited, with critical and explanatory notes, and translated into English prose by W. D. LOWE, M.A. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, 7s. 6d. net.)

No reader of the classics is likely to forget his first introduction to the extraordinary work of Petronius Arbiter. There he meets for the first time Latin prose fiction—a novel containing within it the earliest specimens of the Short Story in Latin. It goes without saying that this, like all literary inventions, had its origin in Hellas, where the short story appears in that prince of story-tellers, Herodotus. With what delight one recalls those short tales, all embodying a single incident and told with the simplicity of Mandeville or Defoe—the story of Candaules who showed his wife naked to Gyges, of Arion and the Dolphin, of Rhampsinitus and the Clever Thief, of Polycrates and the Ring! Then come the novelists with their strong tinge of Orientalism, Heliodorus and Lucian hailing from Syria, Achilles Tatius and Severus from Alexandria, Parthenius and Chrysostomus from Bithynia, Longus from Caria. It was Parthenius who introduced the Romans to the novelette in the form of the Milesian Tales of Aristides and others—a *genre* which led to a new Latin style sometimes called the *Elocutio Novella*, of which the pioneers were Fronto and Apuleius. The *Elocutio Novella* reached its apogee in the exquisite *Pervigilium Veneris*, which is beautifully described in Mr. Mackail's charming "Latin Literature":

The refrain itself,

*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit quique amavit cras amet,*  
has its internal recurrence, the folding back of the musical phrase upon itself; and as it comes over and over again it seems to set the whole poem swinging to its own music. In one of the most remarkable of his lyrics (like this poem a song of spring) Tennyson has come as near perhaps as it is possible to do in words towards explaining the actual process through which poetry comes into existence:

*The fairy fancies range, and lightly stirr'd  
Ring little bells of change from word to word.*

We know very little about the Milesian Tales, and should know almost nothing but for the Story of the Ephesian Matron which is told by one of the characters in the novel of Petronius. The charming story of *Cupid and Psyche* related by Apuleius in *The Golden Ass* is probably of Oriental origin. It is not to be found in the Greek version of *The Ass* ascribed by some to Lucian.

By far the best part of the novel of Petronius is the Banquet of Trimalchio, where we have a precious sketch, unique in Latin Literature, of society under the Roman decadence. Trimalchio himself is a perfect specimen of a very wealthy *parvenu*, who mistakes vulgar ostentation for hospitality, and who, though grossly ignorant, poses as a savant and scholar. Here is a specimen of his learning,

when he tells the story of the Trojan War, in which he has got everything mixed:

Diomedes and Ganymede were two brothers, whose sister was Helen. Agamemnon carried her off and surreptitiously substituted a hind in her place, for Diana. So, as Homer tells us, the Trojans and Parentines [followers of Paris] fought together, but Agamemnon conquered and married his daughter Iphigenia to Achilles, which drove Ajax mad.

Trimalchio never has to buy anything. There is nothing which does not grow on some of his estates throughout the world, many of which he has never seen. He asks: "What is a poor man?" and when a slave drops a valuable silver dish on the floor he chides him for picking it up and desires that it shall be thrown out with the rest of the sweepings of the hall.

If the Banquet is the most interesting part of the novel, by far the best part of it is the conversation which takes place between the guests during the temporary absence of their host. Here we have a perfect specimen of the *sermo vulgaris*, which largely reproduces the archaism of the comic drama, more markedly than even the most familiar letters in the correspondence of Cicero. We find irregularities of gender, *vinus, fatus, caelus, librum*; of verbal inflexion, *mirat, vinciturum* for *victurum, vagat, pudeatur, olunt*; old forms such as *lacte* for *lac, cornum* for *cornu, vasus* for *vas, frumisci* for *frui*; and late uses such as *querella*, "a quarrel," *latrocinium*, "larceny," *ambitiosus*, "abundant." The style is as full of proverbs as Herodas, and the fatuous *banalité* of the company is finely maintained.

Our readers will now understand what a treat awaits them in Mr. Lowe's scholarly edition and translation of a work not hitherto edited in England. Till the revised edition of Bücheler the text was in a state of chaos; the edition of Friedländer has thrown a flood of light on text and exegesis; the present text is carefully based on these two, and the lover of criticism will find much to interest and instruct him both in the critical and the explanatory notes. For instance, for *multaciam* § 30, a hardly possible form of *multifariam*, Mr. Lowe suggests *multa ab acia*, comparing *ab acia et acu mihi omnia exposuit*, "he told me everything as pat as needle and thread" (§ 76). *Quae tangomenas faciamus* § 34 is not yet emended or explained, but *tangomenas* (? *lagenas*) is probably a jocular form of *tactos* coined on the analogy of the Greek pres. part. pass.; compare *facteon* as a verbal from *facio* in one of Cicero's familiar letters. In § 43 Friedländer courageously defends the text *olim oliorum*, which he explains as "long long ago," "longago of longagoes," *oliorum* being a gen. plur. of a coined compar. of *olim*; he compares *numos numorum*, "heaps and heaps of money," in § 37. Surely the meaning of *dii pedes lanatos habent* (§ 44) is settled by the passage quoted from Macrobius, and must mean "the gods have their legs bandaged up," so that they cannot move. Very many ingenious conjectures and explanations and interesting forms of expression might be quoted, but it is time to come to the translation, in estimating which we will compare the extremely clever version of Professor Peck, of the Columbia University, New York (New York, 1898). We will take our extracts chiefly from the conversation during the absence of the host, for there the marked prevalence of slang brings out all the ingenuity of the translator who is ambitious to produce a characteristic rendering. Broadly speaking, the American has the advantage in having a larger store of slang to fall back on, but sometimes the Englishman "wipes his eye," and keeps nearer to the Latin. We will begin with Mr. Lowe's description of Fortunata, Trimalchio's wife:

She measures her money by the bushel. And to think what she was a little while ago! Why, if you will pardon my saying so, you would have been very sorry to take a piece of bread from her hand. But now, goodness only knows why and how, she has got a first-class berth and is Trimalchio's factotum [surely we should read *tapanta* not *topanta*]. In fact, if in the very middle of the day she tells him it is night he believes her. Why, he does not know how rich he is, he is so wealthy [*sapientus* = *ἰσχυρός*]. But this vixen looks after everything, even where you would not expect it. She is temperate and moderate and gives good advice, but she has a sharp tongue and is a regular magpie on a dinner-couch. Whom she likes she likes, and whom she dislikes she dislikes.

## Now hear the New York Professor:

She has money to burn now, but a little while ago what do you suppose she was? Your honour will excuse me for saying so, but really in those days you would not have taken a piece of bread from her hand. And now without any why or wherefore, she's at the top notch; and is all the world to Trimalchio—in fact, if she should say it was night at noonday, he'd believe her. As for Trimalchio himself, he's so rich that he doesn't know how much money he's got; but this jade has an eye to everything, even the things that you wouldn't think about yourself. She doesn't drink, she's as straight as a string—in fact a real smart woman; but she has an awfully sharp tongue, a regular magpie on a perch. If she likes any one, she likes him way down to the ground, and if she doesn't like him she just hates him!

The later version is certainly the more spirited, but is it quite as accurate? Is *pica pulvinaris* "a magpie on a perch"? And "factotum" is better than "all the world." "She has money to burn" draws on an *argot* unknown to us. In § 39 Mr. Lowe's "Such is fame" for *sic notus Vlixes*? is better than Professor Peck's "Did you take me for that sort of a hairpin?" *Calda potio vestiarius est* in § 41 appears in L. as "a warm drink is the best clothier," in P. as "a hot drink is my wardrobe." Perhaps, rather "is as good as a great coat." We do not understand "loaded for bear" for *plane matus sum* in § 41. Both Bücheler and Friedländer now connect *staminatas* ("stiff drinks, resiners") with *stamen* not *σίδυρος*. *Animam ebullit* is, perhaps, better rendered "slipped his wind" than "kicked the bucket (P.) or "breathed his last" (L.). "Caught a Tartar" (L.) is preferable to "had a hard row to hoe" (P.) for *malam parram pilavit*; but P. gives the right meaning of *involavit* in the same § in "he waltzed into a good deal more than had been really left him," which L. renders "out of which he made a good deal more than had been left him." The Editor as well as the Professor reads in § 43 *oricularios* "blabbing" or "eavesdropping" from *oricula* = *auricula*. To us it seems that Bücheler's *oraculorios* is demanded by the context: "he took for gospel all his slaves told him, and that ruined him: credulity is fatal, especially for a business man." *Omnis minervae homo* is rendered by L. "all is grist to his mill" and by P. "ready to play Jack to any woman's Jill"—between which it is hard to choose. If in § 44 *pilare* means *ut pilam tractare*, as it is explained in the note, L.'s "how plainly he gave it to them" is no translation, neither is P.'s "he made things hum"; *si coleos* [testiculos] *haberemus* is good in "if we had any spunk" (P.), but poor in "if only we weren't so spiritless" (L.); on the other hand L. has the advantage in "he does nothing by halves" over P.'s "he's not a changeable person" for *non est miscix* (§ 45). Sometimes P. goes too far from the letter as in *miluo volanti poterat unguis resecare* "he would steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes" while L. renders literally "he could cut a hawk's talon in full flight"—he could rob the robber hawk, which the context shows to be the meaning. *Est et alter* (§ 46) seems to refer to another tutor, as P. takes it, not another son, as L.

Mr. Lowe rightly identifies the author of the *Satyricon* with the *elegantiae arbiter* of Nero's court, whose death Tacitus describes (Ann. xvi. 18, 19), but of course dismisses the absurd hypothesis that the whole treatise was composed and dictated in a single day by a man bleeding to death.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## THE FOURTH PARTY

*The Fourth Party*. By HAROLD E. GORST. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. HAROLD GORST has followed up Mr. Winston Churchill's biography of his father with the history of the little Fourth Party, which consisted of Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gorst, and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. The volume appears to us to have been inspired chiefly by filial piety, as the author sets himself, from the beginning, the task of vindicating the claims of his father, whom he evidently considers to have been more or less of a neglected genius. No doubt Sir John Gorst is a very able man, and

he rendered conspicuous service (or, rather, sound service that was not conspicuous) to the Conservative Party in the years of opposition that came between 1868 and 1874. He was a great organiser, and the credit of the victory won by Lord Beaconsfield in 1874 is attributed to him by his son. But when the leaves and fishes came to be distributed, Mr. Gorst was left out in the cold, a neglect for which Lord Beaconsfield apologised with the explanation that most politicians were so pushing and so clamorous for place, that a modest man was apt, in the distribution of Government offices, to be overlooked. In 1880, therefore, Sir John Gorst, or Mr. Gorst as he was then, felt himself at liberty to play the part of a free lance; and, as he had been a lawyer and was thoroughly versed in Parliamentary procedure, he became a very useful ally. He and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, it may be noted, were both much older than Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Balfour. It seems to have been the fate of Mr. Gorst to meet with ingratitude. When Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Salisbury became reconciled and the Fourth Party ceased to exist, Mr. Gorst was not consulted, and a coldness grew up between him and his youthful leader; in fact, the brotherhood did not hold together at all—Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Lord Randolph did indeed remain friends until the end of the chapter, but Mr. Balfour went into the regular ranks of the Party, whither he was followed by Sir John Gorst. The last-mentioned contributes a preface to his son's book, and it contains the following somewhat cryptic utterance:

From that epoch Tory democracy, which was the ideal on which Mr. Disraeli's domestic policy was based, has been by the party leaders discredited and abandoned. The few members of the party who still cling to the principles of Mr. Disraeli are suspected of being Radicals or Socialists.

We are probably not far wrong in interpreting this to mean that Sir John Gorst has been accused, now and then, of Radicalism and Socialism. He goes on to say:

I have no intention of breaking silence upon the present occasion, but I cannot be indifferent to the desire, however impossible to realise, that these events should be correctly recorded, so that the impartial historian of the future may be in a position to form a correct judgment upon them. I have, therefore, placed all my recollections of the past, and such documents as I possess, at the disposal of the author of this book. I have taken all the pains I can to make my testimony truthful and accurate. But the author is alone responsible for the use he has made of it, the conclusions of fact he has drawn from it, and the opinions formed thereupon; for, indeed, neither oral testimony given long after the events, nor even contemporary documents, are such infallible guides as historians are accustomed to assume.

It would have been better, perhaps, if he had been more outspoken, and told us once and for all what this mystery about the Conservative Party is. The net result of this book is to show that the Fourth Party was, as far as its principles went, Democratic rather than Conservative, and we are left to draw the moral that Lord Randolph Churchill, except for the fact of his having belonged to the house of Marlborough, would have followed Mr. Gladstone instead of Lord Beaconsfield. Perhaps, had he lived, he might have occupied the place which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman holds to-day. The book possesses a certain amount of interest, and can be quite easily read from beginning to end; yet it will not bear comparison with Mr. Winston Churchill's life of his father. The author is a little slipshod in style, using colloquialisms, and even slang, in a way that would not have been regarded as permissible by a more careful stylist. There is also a good deal of repetition, both in phrase and incident, so that a very thorough revision is urgently required before a second edition is published.

## KAPPA OR KIPPS

*Let Youth but know, a Plea for Reason in Education*. By KAPPA. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is certainly something amiss with the system of the public school, so specialist after specialist is telling us. According to Kappa, the latest pedagogical bone-setter

and faith-healer, it is the diet that is all wrong. The curriculum or general bill of fare is monotonous, unpalatable, and gritty. The stones of the Latin grammar are substituted for the bread of classical culture. The rations of the more succulent subjects, such as science and history, the real mind-forming products, are altogether insufficient, if they appear on the supply-list at all. On the other hand, the autobiographer of Kipps, who has taken upon himself to act as physician in ordinary to the body politic, blames the educational *cuisine*. The broth is all right, even if it is Spartan. The mischief is that the cooks are mere scullions, devoid of all imagination. They blindly copy out-of-date recipes, and serve up the most abominable hodge-podge of *réchauffés*, when they do not set their pupils down to something absolutely raw and indigestible. The *rôtisseur* who knows how to make education into a series of savoury dishes is still unborn. A pretty quarrel, truly, with both parties more or less in the right, but we think that Kappa has the best of Kipps. Obviously it is easier to provide first-rate materials than first-rate cooks. We have to train the latter; the former are already to hand. We think that those who are able to follow Kappa's advice will be the first to break the vicious circle of the present system which begets the masters who in turn reproduce the system. Kipps has to show us how to create a new race, out of wedlock so to say, who shall overthrow the traditions of the present caste.

At the outset Kappa naïvely admits he has not read the literature of his subject, a curious confession in one whose chief plea for historical teaching is grounded on the proposition that we cannot legislate on any matter unless we know its past history. It is true that he tries to justify his original case by subpoenaing such well-known writers as Fitch and Spencer, whose selected evidence he prints in appendices. But taken all in all he strikes us as more of a preacher than a practitioner. We fancy his book will rather trouble the waters than do any real good to the paralytic majority who are too set fast in the grip of routine to be able to reach the healing flood. At most one can hope *Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta*.

On the other hand, the author's ignorance of the book-work of his subject makes his treatment of its problems unusually fresh and stimulating. We admire unreservedly its fervent and almost dithyrambic appeal for the reinstatement of wonder in the schools, wonder of man at the miracle of the universe, and at the equally marvellous miracle of himself. Inevitably we recall Descartes, whom Huxley described as the father of the modern scientific spirit. He alone among the philosophers placed wonder among the master passions of mankind, and it is largely, we believe, to his influence that must be attributed the cult and reverence for intellectual things which is so marked in French education and so pointedly absent from English. Wonder, as Kappa rightly says, leads to enjoyment, though we doubt whether the phrase he cites out of the Scottish catechism of the duty of man being to *enjoy* God for ever has the sense he attributes to it. In his appreciation of the value of history in education Kappa recalls Montaigne, but he rates it even higher than the great Pyrrhonist, who merely looked on it to form the judgment, while Kappa regards it as the mother stuff for forming, not merely critical but ethical ideas. We applaud his tilt at grammar and his effective exposure of the antediluvian claims of the divine rights of Classics. It is amusing to note how this expiring superstition produces the most unbalanced judgment as regards the value of other subjects, even in those who are but moderate supporters of the *ancien régime*. The following quotation from a critic of Kappa's will explain:

I have just been looking through a paragraph of Kappa's letter and thinking how it would translate first into French, then into Greek. Now it goes into French practically word for word. It could be done into French almost by a machine, certainly by an unintelligent French-speaking clerk, who did not know what the sentences really meant.

Prodigious! Does this preposterous person realise that his word for word Stratford-atte-Bowe French is so far from the real French of Paris as to be practically unintelligible to an ordinary Frenchman who does not know English? Perhaps he may faintly comprehend the difficulties of writing real French when we state in the examination for the French *licence*, French students of 18-20 are expected to spend six hours in turning into French a passage taken from English poetry and a piece of prose not longer than one of Kappa's ordinary paragraphs.

It has been stated that Kappa is but an alias of the author of the Schoolmaster and of the Upton Letters. We should be loth to believe in what, if it were true, would be little better than a literary "long firm." We cannot think that the writer of the present book would be guilty of such unmitigated self-advertisement as his encomiums on the Upton Letters, were he their author, would involve.

### A PERILOUS HYPOTHESIS

*The Historic Christ.* By T. A. LACEY. (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.)

ALTHOUGH Mr. Lacey, in his dedication, declares himself the disciple of the great French critic whose identity is thinly veiled under the initials "A. L.," he says at the same time that he is not wont to swear by the words of any master, and his book is a proof of the justice of that claim. Nobody could accuse the author of a blind following of the Abbé Loisy; indeed, his point of view really differs more widely from that of M. Loisy than he probably thinks. None the less is every fair-minded man grateful to Mr. Lacey for his defence of M. Loisy against a grotesque misrepresentation that proceeded from an unexpected quarter at the very moment when the circumstances made such an attack peculiarly unchivalrous.

The book before us develops the argument of Mr. Lacey's pamphlet, "Harnack and Loisy," which was published, with a preface by Lord Halifax, about a year ago. Its main hypothesis is entirely original; indeed, so far as we know, it has not been even hinted at hitherto. That fact is no sort of reason for rejecting it; on the contrary, one would welcome any new hypothesis that seemed to help in solving the problem of the relations between the Synoptic Gospels, St. Paul's epistles and the Johannine writings. But, unfortunately, this hypothesis seems to us only to complicate the problem still further. Mr. Lacey is, however, to be congratulated on his frank acceptance of the critical method and its established results; on all the points of date, authenticity and the like, as to which serious critics are practically unanimous he accepts their conclusions. This attitude in one of the ablest and most prominent men of the Anglo-Catholic party is a welcome sign of the times; and we regard the book as marking the beginning of a new epoch in the Church of England.

Briefly, Mr. Lacey's hypothesis is that St. Paul's epistles (he leaves out of account those which critics generally regard as doubtful) and the Fourth Gospel represent primitive tradition; and that St. Mark's Gospel was written because the primitive Gospel as preached by St. Paul "was found in practice to make for an imperfect apprehension of the real manhood of Jesus Christ," in other words, to have a tendency towards Monophysitism. The hypothesis, at first sight, is more daring and ingenious than convincing, and further reflection does not diminish its difficulties; for, as a matter of history, it was the Fourth Gospel that led to the various forms of Docetism and Monophysitism (quite naturally, since it was accepted as historical fact), whereas St. Paul's teaching was afterwards made the basis of Arianism, also quite naturally. And could there be a book which shows less evidence of any polemical or theological preoccupation on the part of its author than St. Mark's Gospel? Mr. Lacey thinks that we "can hardly suppose" Papias to have been right in saying

that Mark's preoccupation was "neither to omit nor to falsify anything that he had heard." Why not? That is precisely what one would infer from the Gospel itself. It reads like a collection of reminiscences put together without much method and little or no idea of selection; such a collection as one would naturally expect to have been made when the generation that had known Christ in the flesh had almost died out. The influence of Pauline theology is to be traced in certain passages of Mark and the other Synoptics, but the fact that their narratives are so little coloured by it is the strongest testimony to their historical trustworthiness. That fact is for Mr. Lacey a proof that, to put it bluntly, they cooked their history and, by deliberate omissions, gave a misleading account of the earthly life of Jesus! His hypothesis requires us to believe that the writers of the first and third Gospels had the same theological preoccupation as Mark; that the united efforts of the Synoptics succeeded in eliminating the Monophysite tendency and restoring the balance so that by the end of the century the author of the Fourth Gospel was able safely to return to the primitive tradition and at last give a true account of the earthly life of Jesus—with the result (which he does not mention) that Monophysitism revived in a more extreme form than ever. It seems to us that the hypothesis meets no real difficulties, creates new ones, and is, indeed, wholly gratuitous.

There is no difficulty in supposing that St. Paul understood the real character and personality of Jesus better than those who had been His immediate contemporaries; on the contrary, such a hypothesis is quite in accordance with experience. There is nothing in St. Paul's teaching inconsistent with the Life described in Mark; on the other hand, if the phenomenal life of Jesus was what it is described as being in the Fourth Gospel, St. Paul's method is incomprehensible. Mr. Lacey seems to hold that what St. Paul taught about Jesus was what He had taught about Himself; but St. Paul does not say so, and in that case it is remarkable that, as Mr. Lacey recognises, St. Paul does not base his teaching on actual sayings of Jesus, to which he scarcely ever refers, and ignores every fact except the Last Supper, the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, of which the Pauline Gospel, in the author's words, is the "spiritual interpretation." Surely our author is perverse when he insists that St. Paul got his theology from the elder apostles but learned little or nothing from them of the facts of our Lord's earthly life. We have no right to assume that St. Paul was ignorant of the facts of the life of Jesus; and, if it is true that Mark is based on a Petrine tradition, St. Peter, at any rate, cannot have considered those facts unimportant. How far the elder apostles came to agree with the Pauline theology we cannot tell: we do not fully know the cause of the famous dispute between Peter and Paul at Antioch; but there are abundant hints of a more serious disagreement than that on the question of Jewish ceremonial observances. And Mr. Lacey's view of the purpose of Mark's Gospel is hardly consistent with his other view, that the teaching of Peter and Paul was from the first identical. For Mark is the only place where we can look for the Petrine tradition. It is not to be sought in the so-called epistles of St. Peter; for, with all respect to Mr. Lacey, we really cannot accept the paradox that the first epistle, though written by Silvanus, a known companion of Paul, "is none the less St. Peter's own."

It is impossible not to think that, however unconsciously, Mr. Lacey has been led to formulate his hypothesis by an apologetic preoccupation. Facing, as he does, the conclusions of criticism, he sees that it is impossible to harmonise the Johannine narrative with that of the Synoptics; he further sees that, if the Synoptics represent the primitive tradition, it cannot be held that Jesus directly claimed divinity and there is no historical evidence that He was directly conscious of it. The old dilemma: "Either God or an impostor" ceases to occupy the foreground. He, therefore, takes what seems to us the desperate and perilous course of sacrificing the historical authority of the Synoptics in

order to establish that of the Fourth Gospel. Should his hypothesis gain acceptance, the Synoptics would indeed be hopelessly discredited; they would be worthless as history and have no symbolical value; but it may well be doubted whether the other result would be attained. If we could accept the hypothesis, we should be obliged to conclude that there is no historical tradition at all except St. Paul's witness to the Last Supper, the Crucifixion and Resurrection.

We have not the space to deal with the author's treatment of the Johannine writings, which is far from convincing and contains one or two positive statements which err on the side of rashness. No reader of the book can fail to see that the author is a man of remarkably subtle and fertile mind. Unfortunately he allows his ingenuity to run away with him to a point where it becomes perversity. The obvious is not always untrue; but Mr. Lacey really seems inclined to think so; the more far-fetched a hypothesis the more he likes it. It is hardly possible, for instance, to take seriously his discovery of a reference to the doctrine of the Logos in Romans x. 6-9, where St. Paul speaks of the "word of faith, which we preach."

We must in conclusion express our dissent from the author's opinion that one may affirm by faith "a thing which seems to be disproved by history." This is an opinion frequently but most erroneously attributed to M. Loisy, from whose conception of the nature and province of faith it is entirely alien. We can rightly affirm by faith only things which can neither be proved nor disproved by history, because they are outside the region of phenomena. The Resurrection could be "true for faith," though the empty tomb and even the appearances of our Lord were disproved by history, because a resurrection to eternal life is outside the region of phenomena. But the empty tomb cannot be affirmed by faith; it depends on historical evidence. Of course, phenomenal occurrences have led to faith and are sometimes presupposed by it. We could affirm by faith nothing about Jesus if in fact He never lived. But we affirm by faith, not the fact of His having lived in this world, which is established by history, but the spiritual interpretation of it.

Here, again, Mr. Lacey's position seems to us both desperate and perilous; when the defenders of an alleged phenomenal occurrence fall back on affirming it by faith (on the principle that, when one knows nothing, one may believe everything), they are in the last ditch. Surely the better course is to face the question whether the alleged occurrence is really essential to faith after all. Need we, for instance, even on the hypothesis that Jesus never directly claimed to be divine and was not directly conscious of divinity, abandon our faith in His divinity? In our opinion there is no such necessity.

### HEROIC PALACE-BUILDING

*Somerset House, Past and Present.* By RAYMOND NEEDHAM and ALEXANDER WEBSTER. (Unwin, 21s.)

At a time when the London Council is hesitating between the thrift of its pocket and the Hall of its dream, when the improvement of Trafalgar Square is left to the dubious sufficiency of private subscriptions, and when the approaches to Buckingham Palace are growing in grandeur only to suggest what Paris would have achieved, it is refreshing to turn to the Protector Somerset's methods of carrying out a London enterprise.

On becoming Protector of the realm in March 1574, Somerset realised that Chester House, by Temple Bar, which had for some years been his home, was below the dignity of his office and the pomp of a Court. He resolved to build a palace which should rival Wolsey's at Hampton. His power was supreme, and it is interesting to see how he used it. The site could present no difficulty. It must be the best in all London; and he annexed it. More than a century later, when Henrietta Maria was resuming her



rudely interrupted occupancy of Somerset House, the poet Cowley enriched his congratulatory strains with praise of that ideal spot where "two cities make one glorious bow."

Others, however, had appreciated the noble view of Westminster, the City, and of the sunlit Surrey hills. Three bishops, those of Lichfield, Worcester, and Llandaff, already had houses on the spot. We do not suppose that Somerset liked disturbing them, but they had to go. Our authors feel sure they must have been compensated. The Strand Bridge was unfortunately in the way, and the Protector smashed it. So was the Strand Inn of Chancery, and he flung it as rubbish to the void. The Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, which stood on part of the site, received more tender treatment; it was razed to the ground, but it had the honour of supplying stones for the new Palace. The Duke was really put to it to find stone. That which came from St. Mary's was a mere *bigatelle*. One day he made a trip to Clerkenwell, where, in the most gentlemanly way, he blew up the church of St. John of Jerusalem with gunpowder. But his masons were soon crying for more stone. Rather perturbed, the Protector hastily set his crow-bars to work on the cloisters of St. Paul's Cathedral, and on the Charnel House attached to the same edifice. This called for a little nerve, because the Cloisters contained the great series of paintings of the Dance of Death, and the destruction of the Charnel House necessitated the carting away of tons of revered human remains. Though the citizens were very sulky about it, real trouble was warded off. This only came when the Protector, made desperate by the continued stone famine, sent his workmen to fetch him St. Margaret's Church from Westminster. There the people so far forgot themselves as to defend the house of God with bludgeons. The workmen scuttled back to the Strand, and could not be induced to return even when the troubled Duke offered to spare St. Margaret's and help himself from the Abbey.

Our authors, it is but fair to say, show that Somerset had, in all probability, full legal rights over the buildings with which he fed the ravenous maw of Somerset House. And, as regards Westminster Abbey, we read that "it is in the highest degree improbable that the Protector, *with whom personal popularity was of the highest consideration*, should have projected destructive measures against a fabric which it was the universal desire to preserve." Yet there are people who think it necessary to write comic histories of England.

The Protector had his reward. His palace in the Strand was declared at the time to be a "*faire and goodlie house*," and its place in our architectural history is important. Whether its beauty sprang from the brain of John Thorpe, or John of Padua, or Sir John Thynne of Longleat, the designer of Old Somerset House was a man of genius. He came on the scene when Gothic was dead, yet not forgotten, and when the classic revival was rumoured, yet not born. He produced a building strikingly new, one of the earliest and best examples of Renaissance architecture in England.

During rather more than two hundred years old Somerset House saw history and made it. Its record, empurpled and squalid, is set forth with considerable charm and much patient scholarship in the volume before us. It would be interesting to marshal the pageant of persons and events; to stand in the old courtyard amid the waving torches and heart-bursting shouts which there greeted Elizabeth soon after the Armada; to join the wits and masqueraders who made Somerset House so pleasant for James the First's queen; to watch the sale of Charles the First's pictures; to see Cromwell's lying-in-state; to observe, with Pepys, the railleries and miraculous leisure of Charles II. and his young queen when they called on the queen mother in the Strand; and, finally, to trace the decay of the palace into a barrack, and a nest of Court favourites, down to the day when its last housekeeper, Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, the novelist and the friend of Johnson, left it to solitude and demolition. We are glad that the authors quote Michael Moser's description of the

decayed grandeur, the faded adornments and ruined furniture, of this period. It was a strange picture, and in after years it reminded its chronicler of "those dilapidated castles, the haunts of spectres and residence of magicians and murderers, which have since the period to which I allude made such a figure in romance."

The task which Sir William Chambers undertook in 1775, when he accepted the commission for New Somerset House, was one of great complexity. As Mr. Reginald Blomfield has pointed out, he had to provide sets of offices and residences on a scale hitherto unknown in England. In this, and in all matters of workmanship, he succeeded well. "No building in London," say Messrs. Needham and Webster, "has been executed with greater ability than Somerset House, and if in some points it fails in freedom and vitality of design, it is nevertheless an almost perfect example of the master-builder's craft." We could wish that our authors had given a somewhat fuller sketch of Chambers, to whose biography they devote hardly more than a page. The burlesque of his "*Dissertation on Oriental Gardening*," which Horace Walpole and Mason perpetrated, is but dimly referred to under the phrase, "*a torrent of satire and abusive criticism*." The fact that Dr. Johnson contributed a short introduction to his "*Chinese Architecture*" might have been mentioned. Nor would some reference to the story of Goldsmith rushing from Sir William's whist-table in Berners Street, in the crisis of a rubber, to relieve a street singer, have been out of place. There is an echo in Horace Walpole's *Letters* of an absurdly false report that Chambers had absconded from the Somerset House works, the fact being that he had gone to Flanders on a visit of pleasure, and was directing his assistants from abroad. By the way, it was in Norton Street, Marylebone, not "North" Street, that the architect of Somerset House died on March 8, 1796. We lay down this book with admiration of its thoroughness, and a clear perception that it is a notable addition to the literature of London. The illustrations are excellent.

## THE LAND OF ROMANCE

*Old Provence.* By THEODORE ANDREA COOK, M.A., F.S.A.  
2 vols. (Rivingtons, 16s. net.)

THE art of travel is becoming one of the lost embellishments of life. There are now thousands of sight-seers in quest of a change of air, and only a few wanderers in search also of a change of ideas. The adventures of the soul in a world of alien influences, are the great events in travel, and it is just these adventures that those who "see all sights from pole to pole, and glance, and nod, and bustle by," generally miss. We go everywhere and learn nothing. And yet how much there is to learn, and how delightful and easy it all is to acquire! One has but to open one's mind in a foreign land to the sweet impressions of things, and a stream of new and subtle frames of thought and ways of feeling flows in upon us, and recreates us. Travel seems, indeed, to be a finer instrument of culture than literature, especially if it be undertaken among certain races in Southern Europe, in whose surroundings and traditions of life there survives much of the great civilisations of the past. The Italians are one of these races, and the Provençaux, as Mr. T. A. Cook remarks, are another.

In the wild and exquisite places informed with the Provençal genius, one escapes from the throng. Vulgar luxury and taste have built for themselves garish retreats in the cities of pleasure that disfigure the shores of the Mediterranean, and have thus sequestered themselves from the land of living romance. This is what Provence is. In Greece, there remains only the empty, broken shrine of the dead soul of the ancient world. In Italy, the spirit of the Renaissance still lives on feebly in the lives of some of the people. But in Provence, the genius of romance has renewed itself by its power over the hearts and imagina-



tions of men. This is the constructive idea of Mr. Cook's admirably executed book. The forces which animate the new school of Provençal poetry are the same as those which made the old school of that poetry the source from which all the modern literatures of Europe are derived; and as a lover and student of the genius of Provence, Mr. Cook has carefully traced its roots in the past, in order to bring out more clearly the historic continuity of its life, from which it obtains its present strength and fame.

And how far back into the ancient civilisations of the Mediterranean do those roots extend and draw nourishment! By some freak of heredity, it is only among the descendants of the Phocæans, who settled in Provence two thousand five hundred years ago, that there survives the incomparable beauty of feature which distinguished the ancient Greeks. In Greece itself it is not now found. Moreover, in the land of Gretia between the Durance and the sea, where the Ionic settlers finally established themselves, and in neighbouring towns, such as Nîmes, there are many examples of late but exquisite Greek architecture, including the finest temple outside Hellenic territories. In one of the ancient theatres Greek plays are still performed, once a year, before ten thousand spectators, while the bullfights in the vast amphitheatres built by the Romans attract audiences almost as large as those that witnessed the gladiatorial combats of ancient days.

Indeed, the Provençaux, as Mr. Cook says, live in an atmosphere of antiquity transmitted by Gretia from Greece and Rome. They are a people with strange powers of memory. The most curious chapter in the first volume of Mr. Cook's work is that in which he traces the metamorphosis of Marius, his wife and his Syrian sorceress, into the patron saints of Provence. The great Roman general well deserved this remarkable honour, for by the terrible battle near St. Remy, at which four hundred thousand invaders were massacred, he rescued Provence from barbarism. Mr. Cook also adds a fresh interest to the story, by showing that the beautiful monument, which stands by the arch of triumph at St. Remy, was really erected by Julius Cæsar in commemoration of his uncle's victory. Thus have the great deeds of the past been recorded in Provence on brute stone and in living legend.

It was, no doubt, owing to their noble traditions of ancient civilisation that the races of Southern France were the first to emerge from the barbaric stage of feudalism, and to spread the ideals of chivalry throughout Europe, by means of a poetic literature, modern in form and feeling, besides giving to Simon de Montfort that idea for calling the three estates together in Parliament which he introduced, with such important results, into England. The second volume of Mr. Cook's work, in which he depicts the intense and picturesque life of Provence in the middle ages, is naturally more interesting in matter than the first. But his method is the same. In order to portray concretely the spirit of each period, he describes the history and physiognomy of the one town in which it is most clearly reflected. And what an array of gems he has strung on to the thread of his narrative! There is first St. Remy, a rounded picture of classic life, with its gay, scented gardens lying under the bare crags of the Alpilles, and the golden tint of its triumphal arch showing against the brilliant southern sky. But the perfect, mediæval towns are the captain jewels in the carcanet. Les Baux, for instance, perched like the eagle's eyrie it was, on high, wild, rocky country, and Carcassonne that dominates, with its two circles of towered and embattled curtains, the road between France and Spain; these glow in the distance with the fine, miniature beauty of detail of the fortified towns which the earliest school of painters set in the blue backgrounds of their pictures. Then there is Aigues-Mortes, the city of dead waters, built by the Crusaders of St. Louis, in which no note of modernity disturbs the mediæval atmosphere; Arles with its beautiful girls and its ancient church in which the Emperor Barbarossa was crowned; and Beaucaire and its castle fragrant with memories of that consummate flower of mediæval literature,

Nicolette of the white feet. Yes, old Provence is the land of romance, and of the tale of its beauty and interest Mr. Cook is the most delightful of narrators.

### THE SISTER OF FREDERIC THE GREAT

*Wilhelmina Margravine of Baireuth.* By EDITH E. CUTHELL. Two volumes. (Chapman & Hall, 21s. net.)

THE sister of Frederic the Great left behind her not only a considerable mass of correspondence, but also, according to the habit of her age, a Memoir, which, she had never been able to finish to her liking. After her death the manuscripts fell into the hands of publishers, and various editions with different claims to authenticity excited for the time considerable interest and controversy. Wilhelmina, it appeared, had used her pen freely, some thought unscrupulously, and the critics were quick to convict her of disloyalty as a friend and of inaccuracy as a writer. Nevertheless, Carlyle, with his keen eye for worth, finds it "a human book . . . a veracious book, done with heart, and from eyesight and insight." To Sainte-Beuve it revealed talents no less remarkable than those of her famous brother. Miss Cuthell, although her method is at times too crude and colloquial to be altogether pleasing, has given us a picturesque and readable account of a woman who is invariably interesting.

On her mother's side Wilhelmina was a granddaughter of George I. of England and of Sophia Dorothea, the prisoner of Ahlden. Her father's mother was more pleasantly distinguished as the friend of Leibnitz and Bayle, who did her best to kindle something of the brilliancy of Parisian salons in Charlottenburg. The parents of Frederic and Wilhelmina had done little to deserve two such children, and the relationship was from the first strangely incongruous. Frederic William, the father, with many solid claims to respect, treated his children with a grotesque brutality which suggested insanity; Sophia Dorothea, the mother, was a stern and ambitious woman, who, like her husband, was too much dominated by her own wishes to have much independent affection for her children. Wilhelmina was a precocious child, but, save for one circumstance, an unhappy one. The happiness of her childhood, as to a great extent of her whole life, depended upon her brother Frederic, who was born three years after her: they had two bodies and one soul, he wrote in later years. They were "inseparable in the nursery": at six years old Wilhelmina had impressed the eye of a painter with one attitude that was to be characteristic of her future life; she lays her hand on Frederic's arm to restrain him from some infantine campaign on which he is bent with his big drum. But in the nursery Wilhelmina had to suffer from the tyranny of nurses and the erudition of scholars. The Queen was already ambitious for her daughter, and, not content with the simple teaching of governesses, procured a tutor who could instruct in "six modern languages without counting Slav and Basque dialects and Oriental tongues including Chinese." With this gentleman Wilhelmina absorbed "universal history" with such thoroughness that it took her four years of steady toil to reach the eighth century starting from "before the Deluge." She was so good a linguist that, as Sainte-Beuve says, she might have written her Memoirs in English or German had she not chosen to write them in French; but, unfortunately, she was taught neither Greek nor Latin, and with her deep interest in the classics only knew them through translations. All this learning, however, so far as the Queen was concerned, was but an instrument to fit Wilhelmina for marriage. Her marriage engrossed her thoughts while she was still strumming her scales and learning her declensions, for thus early the Queen had chosen Frederic Prince of Wales as the most desirable suitor for her daughter. To further the match she condescended to intrigues and secret negotiations in which Wilhelmina soon became an accomplice, for,

although both mother and daughter ignored the wider issues that were at stake, the King considered the English marriage from its political aspect only. The part that this intrigue played in Wilhelmina's early life seems curiously out of proportion to its intrinsic importance, or perhaps we may complain that Miss Cuthell has followed the complications too laboriously. After six years of scheming and diplomacy the negotiations were broken off by the King in a sudden fit of rage: and, before Wilhelmina knew what was to become of her, the Crown Prince's plot to escape to France was discovered. It was natural that Wilhelmina should be suspected of complicity, and after a violent scene with her father she was sent to prison and bidden to reflect on the merits of her two suitors, the Duke of Weissenfels and the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth. Her mother was still of opinion that "a prison is better than a bad marriage," but Wilhelmina, when her brother's pardon was promised on condition of her consent, was weak enough to give in. She agreed to marry the Prince of Baireuth, and received two letters from her parents, in one of which her "faithful father" promised that he would never forsake her, and in the other her mother exclaimed: "I swear you an eternal hatred, and will never forgive you." In spite of the fervour of this statement the Queen proved herself fairly consistent.

So far the brutal and cumbersome machinery of the Court had effectually obscured the finer shades of Wilhelmina's character. Her love of her brother was the most individual trait in her nature, except for a habit she had, when ill in bed or locked up in prison, of reading and writing and composing music. But now that she was married she could expand more freely, although the atmosphere was still sufficiently harsh. The little Court of Baireuth was humble compared with that of Berlin, and Her Royal Highness seemed both to herself and others too grand a lady for such simplicity. The Margrave, her father-in-law, moreover, was as economical as her own father, and less respectable. He might have been induced to die, thought Frederic, "if only he was sure that they distilled brandy in Heaven." But Wilhelmina was happy in her husband, who to some extent shared her cultivated tastes. A daughter, their only child, was born to them and named Frederica after her uncle. The Margrave died in 1735, and with her accession began the few happy years of Wilhelmina's life. As Margravine she had some scope for her energies, although in many ways they were still pitifully circumscribed. Her husband consulted her in the affairs of the government and she began to meditate plans for transforming Baireuth into a centre, or at least a reflection, of intellectual brilliancy. She corresponded with her brother about Italian actors and musicians, and the rustic taste of Baireuth was trained by the performance of French plays and operas. Her intellectual tastes were revived and stimulated; she read philosophy and expounded her views upon the theory of atoms and the existence of God. She began to build extravagantly, in the classical style. This, it is clear, was the real Wilhelmina: the woman of brilliant and volatile intellect, eager for knowledge and experience and craving above all the stimulus of companionship. She stayed once at Rheinsberg when Frederic was King, and the days passed in music, acting, and the conversation that she loved. There she met Voltaire, and began an intimacy which lasted her lifetime. But the King left this brilliant company for the opening campaign of the war of the Austrian succession and henceforward the Margravine's life was never free from anxiety. "My great joy," she had written, "has always been study, music and above all the delight of society." All her life, with one or two brief exceptions, she was only to know this joy through translations. The music and the society of Baireuth she found "detestable." Nor was she to enjoy her studies and the companionship of her husband for long. Wilhelmina's beauty faded as her health became increasingly frail, and her husband was drawn into an intimacy with her greatest friend, Dorothea von Marwitz. Wilhelmina, in spite of her sarcastic tongue, was dis-

tinguished by a certain proud loyalty where her friends were concerned, and for a long time would see no ill. The effect of her disappointment when she could no longer ignore it was to concentrate her affections still more exclusively upon her brother. He inspired the most profound feeling in a nature too fastidious to be passionate. She threw herself into the intellectual reform of Baireuth, founded a University and anticipated the present opera-house. Baireuth was sufficiently gay to attract Frenchmen from their metropolis; Voltaire, with whom the Margravine corresponded, paid her the high compliment of coming himself. But all this activity was carried on in defiance of the failing health which obliged her to winter in the South. To Wilhelmina the journey was an intellectual pilgrimage to be performed in a spirit of due reverence, but the account so faithfully recorded by Miss Cuthell is not more interesting than such itineraries generally are. Wilhelmina at the age of forty-five preserved an insatiable appetite for the sights of the world.

The last years of her life were years of physical and mental suffering. She tried to negotiate a peace for her brother, and failed. She had to hear of his defeats and to read of his desire to kill himself. "Mediæval barbarism" she thought was to engulf the little spot of light and reason which she had tended with so much care. Her daughter's marriage proved a failure. But her mind, as she wrote in her last letter to her brother, "is always with me," and she might have added, always occupied with others. She died in October 1758, aged forty-nine, and "Vanity of Vanities" was by her own choice the text of her funeral sermon. Miss Cuthell's book is full of interesting materials for any one who cares to preach it.

### THE NUNS OF PORT ROYAL

*Angélique of Port Royal, 1591-1661.* By A. K. H. (Skeffington, 10s. net.)

AMONG the books which still remain to be written is a history of the Counter Reformation, or, if the term be preferred, the Catholic Revival. We are not unaware that the bookshelves of Europe are already well packed with rhetoric and learning concerning this very subject. It is not difficult to learn how the popes endeavoured to moralise Rome, or how the house of Habsburg won back Austria and Bohemia to the fold. The amount of writing which the conscientious historian would be constrained to master is indeed enormous—and constitutes not the least of the reasons why he does not appear. Yet he might honourably lighten his task by leaving the politics and the wars aside. They are of no vital importance in a history which should be one of thought, and of morality. One part of the field has been very well cleared—and it is the history of Port Royal to which A. K. H. has now contributed a biography of La Mère Angélique. The author deserves our thanks for having treated his (or her) theme in the proper spirit—namely as a study of the doubts, painful inward and spiritual wrestlings and ecstatic triumphs of the pathetic society of holy women and of men both learned and holy, who dwelt in and about that Cistercian house. We have travelled very far from the eighteenth-century point of view of Chamfort. He thought it amusing to see Racine, the "author of *Phèdre*," speak of the "grands desseins de Dieu sur la Mère Agnes." To us it is not amusing, but a proof of the narrowness of those self-satisfied persons, the philosophers, that Chamfort should have been moved to derision by the "*Abrégé de l'histoire de Port Royal*." It may be that the pendulum has, after its manner, swung too far, and that we are unduly tolerant of spiritual strivings, which were apt to cross the border of mere "religious fidgets." Nevertheless the Port Royal nuns and the "Messieurs" who came to live as hermits under their shadow were not insignificant people. A movement which attracted Pascal and had the lifelong support of such men as the Abbé de Saint Cyran,

Arnould, Lancelot, Nicole, Le Maître, and Saci, has its great place in the history of religion.

A. K. H. does not undertake to deal with the whole story of Port Royal, but only with the life of La Mère Angélique. He even turns to show how theological disputes affected her as a monastic reformer with reluctance, and with an apologetic explanation that Port Royal cannot be made intelligible without some understanding of Jansenius, and of the famous dispute concerning the propositions, which were or were not fairly to be deduced from his "Augustinus." He is right. The twenty volumes of that monument of industry, and Saint Augustine himself, and the forty volumes of Arnould, constituted the cannon-shot fastened to the ankle of Port Royal—to quote the lively image of Sainte-Beuve. And they do more. They show in the first place, as A. K. H. appears to be aware, why the Jesuits and the Pope were right to be afraid of Port Royal, and why Joseph de Maistre had some excuse for being moved by it to fury. The plain truth about the whole movement known by the name is that the Messieurs and the nuns formed a kind of co-operative and magnified Douce Deans. They were orthodox, but with an orthodoxy defined by themselves, and they would argue the question with the Pope. It was the function of the ladies to set an example of all that was correct in monasticism, and to meet the authority of the Church, when it was exercised against Port Royal, with meek contumacy. The Pope may have made himself ridiculous when he called on women who professed a pious ignorance to say that certain propositions were in the "Augustinus" which they had not read. He was, for all that, not at all ridiculous when he told them they had no right to think for themselves. They should have gone over to the Reformation if they desired to enjoy that freedom. Racine has left an inimitable picture of the comic scene which took place when the Archbishop of Paris came to Port Royal for the signature of the nuns. They professed prostrate obedience on their knees, and with eyes suffused with tears asked him the most exasperating questions as to what he meant; till the archbishop was provoked into using language unbecoming a cleric and a gentleman. An anticleric may fairly be moved to laughter by seeing a great ecclesiastical authority suffering from what Renan calls the familiar device of rebellious clerics. He was driven to severity by pious rebellion—and then called a persecutor.

The scene took place after the death of La Mère Angélique, but the nuns were what she had made them. A. K. H. has, whether intentionally or not we do not feel sure, made it quite clear why there could be no secure place for Jacqueline Arnould, La Mère Angélique, in the Church of the Counter Reformation. Placed in a religious house as Abbess at the age of seven by a most scandalous intrigue on the part of her pious father, she, if we may be permitted the frivolity of the expression, "played the game"; and she played it from pride. She might have had her vows quashed, but her position in such a family as the Arnoulds would have been intolerable after an open rebellion. One cannot but sympathise with the poor girl who was committed to a monastic life as a mere child, and then meanly trapped and bullied by her father into signing a renewal of her vows at the age of fifteen. It is a genuine satisfaction to read how, when she had finally accepted the fate provided for her by her family, she resolved to be an Abbess indeed, and to begin by enforcing the rule of Saint Benedict against her father. Antoine Arnould was a pious "cotqueen," and enjoyed regulating the little colony of women at Port Royal. It was the equivalent, he thought, for the money he gave the house, and he thought that the daughter of whom he had made "a spouse of Christ," was to continue to be his obedient child. When the door was shut in his face on the famous "journée du Guichet" he stormed as grossly as the Archbishop at a later date. The story is not always so pleasing. A. K. H. (again we have to say that we do not know whether with intention or not) has brought out the little miseries of monastic life very clearly,

its hysterias, its delusions, and the frightful stimulus to conscious, and unconscious, hypocrisy supplied by its incessant dwelling on the need for manifestations of piety. La Mère Angélique, at the end of her life, thought it necessary to warn a correspondent that "the direction of nuns demands infinite precaution, for they are not always as sincere as they ought to be, and as they appear to be." We are frequently reminded of the contemptuous outburst of Santa Teresa "estas son pequeñeces de mugeres"—these are the sillinesses of women—when, we hasten to add, they are forced into, or have thrown themselves into, an unnatural life. If anybody by any chance wishes to know whether Diderot had an excuse for La Religieuse, he need not go beyond the page of A. K. H., read with a little criticism and knowledge. From the same source, and indeed from many others, he may learn what a very dangerous business this of the "direction of nuns," as practised in the Church of the Counter Reformation was—for the director and the nun. M. de Saint Cyran with his harrowings of the female soul, and the exalted women who never could have enough of his holy severities, do not always move us to admiration. They would even provoke us to the flippancy of Chamfort—if we did not remember how much anguish of women who might have been honest wives and mothers it all implies. And the spectacle is the more painful when one reflects that on Saint Cyran's own principles it was all useless. He held and taught a rigid predestinarian doctrine. When Conrad of Marburg tormented Saint Elizabeth he had at least the excuse of believing that heaven could be won by practising austerities.

## THE PRACTICAL LECTURER

[We have been requested to publish the following as a model for University Lecturers:]

### A GREAT ENGLISHWOMAN

I WISH to-day to direct your attention to a little poem of considerable charm and beauty, but more interesting to us as presenting in clear outline and with a firm and delicate touch the character of a great and typical Englishwoman. This poem of Mr. Lear's has long since made its appeal to the English people on the ground of its humour, and I hope to show you that underlying the humour is that basis of reality which gives their greatness to the humorous creations of Shakespeare. You will, perhaps, have already guessed that I refer to the Pobble's Aunt Jobiska.

As I see you have not copies of it, I think I must trouble you to take it down at dictation:

The Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we  
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all";  
He replied—"Fish fiddle-de-dee!"  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink  
For she said, "The World in general knows—"

I wish I had not to remind you that late comers disturb a lecture.

—There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes.

The Pobble who has no toes  
Swam across the Bristol Channel;  
But before he set out he wrapped his nose  
In a piece of scarlet flannel.  
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm  
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;  
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes  
Are safe—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well  
And when boats or ships came near him,  
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,  
So that all the world could hear him.  
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,  
When they saw him nearing the farther side—  
"He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's  
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!"

What? Am I reading too fast? Oh, then, I'll go slower,

But before he touched the shore,

Is that slow enough?

The shore of the Bristol Channel,  
A sea-green Porpoise carried away  
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.  
And when he came to observe his feet,  
Formerly garnished with toes so neat,  
His face at once became forlorn  
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew  
From that dark day to the present,  
Whoso had taken the Pobble's toes,  
In a manner so far from pleasant.  
Whether the shrimps or crayfish gray,  
Or crafty mermaids stole them away—  
Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes  
Was placed in a friendly Bark,  
And they rowed him back, and carried him up  
To his Aunt Jobiska's Park.  
And she made him a feast at his earnest wish  
Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;—  
And she said: "It's a fact the whole world knows,  
That Pobbles are happier without their toes."

There is, however, an initial difficulty which we must face. It may be asked—and the question must be answered—whether Aunt Jobiska was English at all. Indeed, the suggestion has been made that the name Jobiska is Polish, and that Pobble itself is a British abbreviation of Pobiedonostsev. It is unfortunate that the University at present has no readership in Polish, and I cannot resist the temptation to suggest to the Studies Syndicate that if this language were added to the Previous Examination as a compulsory subject, something might be effected to improve its position in the University. But I hope to show you that it is possible in spite of the names to recognise a strongly marked English character in this remarkable woman.

It will be best to begin by considering the date and place and environment of our heroine. Reference is made in the sixth stanza to "his Aunt Jobiska's Park," which, it is clear, must be near the scene of the Pobble's great swim. We have the evidence of stanza iii. to the fact that Aunt Jobiska was a character well known to "Sailors and Admirals" in charge of "boats" and "ships"—in other words, she was not only a familiar figure in the highest strata of society, but a great personage among the humble fishermen of the neighbourhood. The language implies a naval station and a certain fishing industry, and these on the Bristol Channel, as we see in stanza ii. This at once helps us to fix the place, in spite of some indefiniteness in the text. We are not clearly told whether the Pobble swam from Wales to England or *vice versa*, but a reference to the map, always bearing in mind the conditions we have already discovered, will make it clear to us that he swam out from Avonmouth. Cardiff was as yet a place of no importance. The distance from Avonmouth to Prat Pill on the other coast is five and a half miles; from Cardiff to St. Thomas Head nine and a half; and even from Lavenock Point to St. Thomas's Head, eight miles. Further down the Channel the swim would have been the act of a maniac; and that the Pobble was a maniac, I must firmly deny, in spite of his undoubted peculiarities.

We may take it, then, as established that Aunt Jobiska's park was at or near Avonmouth. There remains the date, and I think we cannot go far wrong if we attribute the Pobble's bold venture to a desire to emulate Lord Byron. "This morning," wrote the poet, "I swam from *Sestos* to *Abydos*." That morning was May 3, 1810. Another indication of date lies in the fact that, while Aunt Jobiska has that enthusiasm for amateur medicine, which clings to great English ladies who have no children of their own, her remedies show no hint of homœopathy or electropathy.

Her strong, purposeful philanthropy made itself felt among the fisher-folk's families with preparations of simples and herbs—"eggs and buttercups fried with fish"—

His Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink,  
For she said, "The World in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes."

Such gentle nostrums and a harmless enthusiasm for scarlet flannel together offer a wonderful revelation of character.

So far we conclude that Aunt Jobiska had a park near Avonmouth about the year 1810 or a little later. This fits in well with England's naval energy at that date, and it further helps us to understand a trait in her character, which has not, I think, been noticed. She is a spiritual child of the French Revolution. Despite the friendship of Admirals, she is an enthusiast for humanity—witness her philanthropy, and remark her passion for Red—the colour of revolution. "Lavender Water tinged with pink," "scarlet flannel"—yes! and even her cat knew her revolutionary sympathies and went with "crimson whiskers"—which implies considerable republican ardour, as faint heart never dyed cat's whiskers.

This naturally leads me to a side of her character which I would fain pass over, but truth forbids. It is quite clear that a streak of eccentricity runs in the family. Assuming that the name Jobiska does not imply Polish blood—and we have no evidence of Polish immigration—we deduce an eccentric parent, and from him (or her) we derive the Pobble, who is thus nephew by birth and not by marriage. The grandparent, the aunt and the nephew all show signs of eccentricity, yet not inconsistent with charm and character. Few of us in attempting to swim the Bristol Channel would think of carrying a bell, any more than we would dye our cat's whiskers crimson. And it will be observed that sailors and admirals, rich and poor, at once recognise the family oddness, and attribute the Pobble's swim to a whim of his Aunt.

He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's  
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers.

I may conclude this line of observation by remarking that few aunts—not so eccentric—would suggest a nose-cap of scarlet flannel to a nephew swimming the channel, and few normal nephews would accept the suggestion.

I pass on to a more pleasant topic. The Aunt is, if I may use the expression, something of a *philosophe*—an *esprit fort*. She invariably refers everything to general principles: "The world in general knows"; "it's perfectly known." These general principles are her foundation; her structures rise from them naturally, if with a gracefulness all her own. I half suspect that, when in verse i. we read:

When they said, "Some day you may lose them all";

(the reference is to the Pobble's toes), we should understand a kindly and gentle warning from an Aunt who read his character, and, understanding his weakness, wished to safeguard him at once with good advice and scarlet flannel. But my crowning evidence is in the last stanza. His great loss has befallen the Pobble—

His face at once became forlorn  
On perceiving that all his toes were gone—

(the defective rhyme of itself suggests emotion)—he abandons his swim, allows himself to be taken on board a boat, rowed and then carried to his Aunt's ever-open door. Then, in the moment of his deepest humiliation and anguish, the woman rises to her true greatness. Her general principles dilate—she soars to a higher altitude than she has yet attained—and in words that at once dazzle by their sheer genius and make the heart throb by their wise affection, she cries:

It's a fact the whole world knows  
That Pobbles are happier without their toes.



## AT NIGHT-FALL

Now let the thoughts of time go by—  
Needs of the body and the mind ;—  
The busy sun is lost behind  
The hills, and all the meadows lie  
Under the eternal sky.

Now banish fancy, thought and care ;  
Into their woods bid them begone ;  
Their busy day is out and done ;  
For silence now must thou prepare  
Breathing the immortal air.

Thy cares go, giving thee release,  
Into the silence of the night,  
While star and star across the height  
Measure the spaces of thy peace  
When thy cares go by and cease.

But when thy heart is free from stain,  
Washed as in waters infinite  
From every care that clouded it,  
With the morning thou wilt fain  
Take the thoughts of time again.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

A BEAUTIFUL edition of Edgar Allan Poe's works which has been published by T. W. Crowell and Co., of New York, naturally induces one to re-consider the claims of this writer. Of the literary men produced by America, Poe is, in a sense, the most literary, and it is not going too far to say that he has exercised more influence than any other transatlantic man of letters; though, curiously enough, this has been exemplified more in his prose than in his verse. The short story of to-day owes more to him than to any other writer: Bret Harte, who was the greatest master of this particular kind of writing in his time, learned a great deal of his craft from Edgar Allan Poe, and it has always struck me as strange that a novelist so unlike in his general manner to the American as R. L. Stevenson should have had, nevertheless, a profound admiration for him; an admiration which, on the whole, was well grounded, true though it be that those who followed Poe could not imitate his excellences. The ingenious detective story of modern days is almost a direct outcome of the "Tales of Mystery and Imagination," nor have any of the followers outdone their original; but a careful consideration of Poe will demonstrate that the short story differs, not only in degree but in kind, from the long novel. Ingenuity is almost sufficient in itself for the briefer form of narration, whereas many qualities that Poe did not possess, such as very wide interests in life, and a lively sympathy with human hopes and fears, a profound understanding of human nature and its working, are necessary to him who would compose a long romance. The essence of its merit must be that it paints a little world in miniature, full of diverse and contrasting characters, alive with their thoughts, emotions, and interests; and not only so, but every individual in it must look at the working of the rest from his own point of view. This will, no doubt, appear to be a saying true to the point of triteness, but those who have any intimate knowledge of modern fiction will be aware how greatly it is neglected—how frequently the writers of to-day forget that, to the cabman who drives him, the most interesting character in fact or fiction is only a fare. And this goes through life: the average individual looks upon other individuals solely as regards their connection with himself.

The gift of understanding humanity did not belong to Poe. He was, in the widest sense of the word, self-centred, and

this is more apparent in his poems than in his short stories. Of course, one reads these poems now almost exclusively on account of their verbal melody. They come as near being a mere arrangement of words as the most zealous devotee of art for art's sake can desire. In the letter to B— prefixed to the poems, Poe, referring to his antithesis, Dr. Johnson, says:

Think of all that is airy and fairy-like, and then of all that is hideous and unwieldy; think of his huge bulk, the Elephant! and then—and then think of the "Tempest"—the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Prospero—Oberon—and Titania! . . .

And he goes on to give a definition of poetry as he conceives it:

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without the idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definitiveness.

It is interesting to take a poem like "The Haunted Palace" and consider it in the light of this definition.

In the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago,)  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

There is thought of a kind here, and it is so simple and obvious that it seems to have been taken merely as something round which to wind these musical sentences and phrases. It seems as though Poe were turning over in his mind the pathos of his own history, to which he is never deaf. This comes out in the last two stanzas:

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever  
And laugh—but smile no more.

If regret and sorrow are true materials for verse, there is abundance of them here; and the note is one that goes through all his works, and is indeed almost the only one he possesses. It undoubtedly finds its most perfect expression in "Annabel Lee," that wail of sorrow which sings of itself:

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea—  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.



The vagueness which he actually sought for in verse, extends to his descriptions. We do feel in a certain way that he was impressed by his surroundings. Often in "Annabel Lee" the aspect of the sea is suggested by means so fine that they are almost imperceptible, and perhaps no one has rendered so well that period of the year when the "rotten woodland drips" as he has done in "Ulalume":

The skies they were ashen and sober;  
The leaves they were crisped and sere—  
The leaves they were withering and sere;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

In all this the word-music is by far the most obvious characteristic, and a certain weariness that comes through too much reading of Poe may probably be attributed to this fact. In the best of our reading we seem to discover new meanings at each fresh perusal; and sometimes we might almost say that the mere words cease to allure us as soon as we go for consolation to poetry, and few will dispute Matthew Arnold's dictum that one of the highest functions of poetry is to console. When Carlyle, after the burning of his manuscript of "The French Revolution," longed for some simple words of poetry, he was expressing the need of the troubled and weary heart for comfort, to which poetry is one response. No doubt it is as true on the other side that moral maxims in the form of rhyme, though they may be very excellent guides to conduct and enshrine much wisdom, are not in themselves poetry. But thought and expression in poetry of the very highest order are so closely wedded that they are not two but one. Whenever the balance is unequal the result is at least comparative failure. Browning packed with thought is as undesirable as Poe with nothing but fine embroidery round one slender idea. A.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Geoffrey Chaucer" by Alfred W. Pollard.]

## FICTION

*Miss Desmond.* By MARIE VAN VORST. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE rich, selfish, "smart" married woman, her lover, and her apparently corrupt, but really innocent child, have done duty so often in fiction that it takes no little strength of characterisation to make them live again. A split infinitive on the twelfth page, a sentence of most slovenly construction on the eleventh, the Swiss hotel, the rich Americans, the idle aristocratic Englishman, all promised an entertainment of little distinction or originality. But these forebodings were not justified. The beautiful and natural temperament of Virginia Desmond and the touching character of her worldly little niece, Molly Strutchers, both gain in importance as the story develops, and both impart charm to it. Virginia is the American Puritan who comes straight from her garden and her secluded home into the mephitic atmosphere of her sister's world. The sister is not there at first, but the daughter and the lover are, and they suggest the atmosphere to Virginia's horrified soul. The lover, with his lurid past and complicated affections, reminds us of Ouida's heroes, and at the crisis of his fate we think he is what Tinkler called Peter Pan. He did not want to marry Molly, he was not bound to do so, but the eyes of Molly's mother were "the embodiment of will and magnetism." Rather than resist them he became her son-in-law. This seems to us an insufficient reason for a marriage that came hard on Virginia. Bedford's affections and relationships are a good deal tangled throughout the story. He loves Molly's mother till he sees Virginia: soon after he sees Virginia he marries Molly because her

mother tells him he must. After his marriage he is, of course, Virginia's nephew. Therefore we ought to have looked at the Table of Kindred in the Prayer Book before we went down the terrace steps at the end of the story. But Virginia is a charming woman, and if her shadowy Englishman could make her happy we will leave her with him in her garden, the white chrysanthemums falling from her hands.

*The Red-haired Woman: her Autobiography.* By LOUISE KENNY. (Murray, 6s.)

WE believe and hope that Miss Louise Kenny is a young writer and this her first book. That she is inexperienced, sentences such as the following amply testify: "But the small man of the house, her only son, aged five, aimed a half-rotten turnip, which smashed on the side of the emergency-man's head, so that he was the horriblest-looking object even the two policemen on patrol duty had ever seen, who presently stopped what they took to be a runaway." Ourselves Irish, we took up "The Red-haired Woman" with anxious expectations. Its early scenes—laid in the hot, throbbing days of threatenings, blunderbusses, and emergency-men—lured us on with a promise of stirring events to come. But dreary pages rewarded us: no ray of Irish humour, wit, life, or love. We find no trace of the rebellious, warm-blooded, tantalising Ireland we all know and love for her very heat and inconsistency, and we are bored by the interminable speeches of dull, commonplace folk. Miss Kenny calls her novel an autobiography, and the Red-haired Woman, in pursuance of the idea, gives us the detailed history of her venerable grandmother, respected father, lovely mother, honourable uncle (Chief of the O'Currys), and so on—four hundred odd pages of them: some disagreeable, all uninteresting, and she herself as uninteresting as they. She is too much engaged in striking attitudes—pointing the finger of scorn at the withered cheek of the hoary villain and thumping her breast until, she tells us, it resounds as hollowly as a drum thumped by a lad in the forefront of a battle. We doubt whether Miss Peggy O'Curry, the Red-haired Woman in question, was really Irish. True, she had "the wickedest pair of great, sparkling, sea-green eyes," and made astonishingly short work of at least four lovers, one of whom wrote love-letters by the pound avoirdupois. But neither her method nor her conversation is Irish, and she, in common with all the characters, is unconvincing. There are signs of promise in the early chapters of the book, but we advise Miss Kenny, if she proposes to write another novel, to study nature a little more, and to breathe life into the people she presents. She has introduced many Irish words, but she has not caught the Irish trick of speech, and she has exaggerated; with the result that she merely irritates when she might have amused.

*A Heart's Harmony.* By ETHEL M. FORBES. (Melrose, 6s.)

IN this quiet story of a girl's life there is nothing new, but there is much that is pleasant, true and wholesome. Hester Campbell is the daughter of a learned Scots minister, who does all the usual absent-minded things expected from his kind, even to keeping the wedding-party waiting till ten o' the clock. Here also is the familiar faithful old Scots servant, happily less tyrannical and dour than many of her predecessors; and the clever young doctor who is lost in admiration of Hester's profound knowledge of human nature. Hester possesses the merry heart that goes all the way, a cheerful sense of duty, and the enthusiasm of the new discoverer of old truths. Her opinions and fancies, strengthened by numberless quotations, fill half the volume; they are neither novel nor striking, but they are all on the side of charity and kindness and show a sunny outlook on life and an amiable toleration for the ideas and follies of less thoughtful persons. Yet Hester is no prig, though we had doubts at the one critical moment of the story in which she receives the doctor's father, who has come to pass judgment upon her, with a shower of moral fireworks. It was

all right, and ever after we firmly believed in Hester's personal charm. The chapter concerning Hester's childhood, and her work among the poor of Edinburgh supply some amusing, as well as touching experiences. No story could run upon simpler lines than "A Heart's Harmony," but out of rather scanty materials Miss Forbes has made a very readable book.

*Mr. Lion of London, and some Affairs of the Heart.* By J. J. BELL. (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.)

THE immense success achieved by "Wee Macgregor" has fired its author to essay greater things. From a series of incidents in the career of one entertaining little personality Mr. Bell has turned to a series of tales quite unconnected, each one standing alone, depending solely upon itself. And so it comes about that his "Wee Macgregor" method of a touch here and a touch there, all going to make up a charming and delightful whole, avails him here very little. For in the short story (perhaps the most difficult form of literary art), there is less scope for these things. One must strike the reader in a vital part, and strike him quickly and hard. The truth is that all through this book the author has relied not on the story but on the telling of it. He has set about his task lightheartedly, with no anxiety as to form or substance, fancying, one would think, that a flicker of sentiment or a thread of comedy is enough to work on: then, with all speed, put pen to paper, and the story will tell itself. And so, perhaps, it will. But the result will be purely artificial, lacking the touch of human nature that alone can give warmth and life, and compel sympathy. A striking example of what we mean is the story called "An Unsuccessful Merchant." The beginning is prettily conceived, and admirably told. The end is frankly farcical, and worse still, the author's charm of wording forsakes him utterly. The result is intolerable. Again, "Son John"—which at first bids fair to be the best story in the book—is ruined by a shameless page of explanation towards the end. The title-story, "Mr. Lion of London," we have heard in various forms before, and the present version by no means justifies the re-telling. One or two of the tales are on a higher level. "Peter Batt—Bookworm," and "Old Wadd's Love Affair," are both charmingly told, and strike a different note from the rest: while "The Pining of Mildred" is a pleasant little comedy. But the book as a whole is disappointing.

*A Daughter of Thor.* By HELEN MAXWELL. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THIS story suffers considerably from its very faulty construction. The interest is undecided in direction, and disproportionately arranged. The first part of the book is devoted to a pleasant girl called Delia, with one chapter from her diary, which is an interruption in that form, and could have been incorporated in two pages of narrative, or less. When the heroine appears, she is interesting, but if the author had not been equally interested in Delia, we should have had a better character-study of the half-pagan "daughter of Thor." The story has many good points; it is healthy and not too introspective, and we really want to know what happens to the people in it, an unusual frame of mind in reading a modern novel. There is more in Helen Maxwell than she has the knowledge to express, as yet; she has feeling for character and its effects, and should one day improve on her "Daughter of Thor."

*Cat Tales.* By W. L. ALDEN. Illustrated by LOUIS WAIN. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

THOSE who like cats will not care for this hard-hearted book. The joke is always against the cat, who is made ridiculous in various ways; and there is a tale of two cats fighting, set on by their masters, one combatant in armour and the other with explosives under its paws, which is a catalogue of sheer cruelty. This is all done in the name of Humour; one could more easily forgive it if she had accepted the sacrifice and answered the invocation. The

"stately, kindly, lordly friend" does not once appear in the book, and when, as in the first story, mutual affection between cat and owner is touched upon, it is usually as a cue for ridicule. It is possible to smile here and there in the perusal, and the book might please a youth in the most callous stage of boyhood. Lest it should move him to try experiments on the neighbouring cats, however, it should be carefully kept from him. The two more serious stories, "Saint's Rest" and "Monty's Friend," are not displeasing, but there is no cat-character in them; their feline heroes are nebulous abstractions. Mr. Louis Wain's illustrations are successful so far as his cats are concerned, and he has not shrunk from making humorous capital from dead cats where the text demands it.

*Nostalgia.* By GRAZIA DELEDDA. Translated from the Italian by HELEN HESTER COLVILL. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

WE have dipped casually into the novel from time to time in the pages of the *Fortnightly*, and it is now possible to read it as it appears in the form of a novel. We have done so with more interest than pleasure. The book might be called a study in discontent. Indeed the name *Nostalgia* only gives the esoteric grace of mystery to that homely feeling, and endows it with the distinction that belongs to a decadent disease. The chief character—patient we might almost say, for the book is somewhat akin to a treatise—is Regina, and there is no scene or chapter in which she does not appear. We are brought to see everything through her eyes. She is introduced coming from her home in the country where she has spent her girlhood, with a husband whom she has just married, to Rome. She has always dreamed of Rome, and longed to live there. Her sorrow begins with the realisation of her first dream. Her husband, Antonio, has told her that his family is not so well-bred as her own, is in fact quite bourgeois; and that they will be obliged to live with that family for at least a year, until he can afford to rent an apartment of his own. But she has not understood what this entails, and having learned by experience she makes no effort to resist circumstances or to change them, but quietly succumbs to the influence of misery, which grows more and more intolerable, as her nerves become less able to bear the strain of continual noise and vulgar familiarity. We are told that all the time she loves her husband as he loves her, but no signs of her love are apparent either in her moods or treatment of him. At last Antonio is able to rent a tiny apartment on a fourth floor. For a week after the removal Regina is slightly cheered; but for no longer. The disease again attacks her. She can stand it no longer. She dreams perpetually of the home in the country which she has left, and on the eve of her departure for a month's holiday to that home she writes a letter to her husband pointing out how much she loves him and how utterly impossible it is for her to live with him until he is in the position to offer her a more commodious flat. So she intends to stay at home for a year or two until he is in that position. It is a clever letter and necessarily a very long one. She has only stayed, however, a few days at home when she finds she cannot live without Antonio, who does not in the least understand her long explanation and sends no reply. Alone in Rome he comes to an arrangement with a rich old woman whose secretary he is, and makes money enough thereby to get a larger flat. There is a reconciliation, and with the birth of their child peace comes. But Regina suspects the nature of the arrangement, and in a last long scene with Antonio her suspicion proves correct. Up to this point we have been shown a subtle study of a subtly morbid character; the last scene presupposes a woman of strength and determination, and is for that reason unconvincing in spite of points of cleverness. There seems nothing to justify the assumption that Regina will change in any way, even though she realises at the crucial moment that a woman must "fulfil her cycle" and has seen the vision of her own mother laying a hand in forgiveness on the head of her father, the spend-thrift.

*Cavalieri Moderni.* By FANNY ZAMPINI SALAZAR. (Rome: Enrico Voghera.)

ON the title-page of this novel there is a quotation from Giuseppe Mazzini, to the effect that all who write do so for the sake of writing, and not for the sake of teaching, whereas the literary career ought to be a moral priesthood. From this we must gather that Signorina Zampini Salazar does not approve of a book without a direct moral purpose, of a study which is not an explicit criticism, of a novel which does not include a lay sermon. However, this may be, the quotation is very apt at the beginning of this, her latest work; for we have seldom read a novel of so high a standard in which less attempt was made to disguise the doctrinal and pamphleteering side of the book. It is a sociological and political novel, which aims chiefly at showing the necessity of introducing a law of divorce and the institution of affiliation orders. The protagonists fall into three classes. They are either men and women of genuine religious faith and high morality, who come into conflict with unjust or defective laws on the one hand and the immovability of Rome on the other; or they are decadent, ambitious or immoral people, who profit by those very conditions which are hindrances in the way of the righteous; or, last, they are unreasoning conservatives or men too weak to join their efforts to those of the men whose attitude they at heart approve. Of course, to say that this is a novel with a purpose is not to pass a criticism on it. But a word must be said as to the author's method. The treatment of those characters which show the injustice that exists and must exist in the present state of Italian law, is excellent: the story interests, and the study of human nature is convincing: we feel that we are face to face with reality, and the facts of the story speak more than volumes of theoretic pleading. But the treatment of the hero, Gino Mariani, forms a most unfortunate exception. The author could have made a fascinating study of this young enthusiast, who thinks that by means of personal devotion, great scientific and political knowledge and patriotic altruism he may play no small part in remedying the ills of society. What she has made of him is a mouthpiece, through which to proclaim her theories: and in reading many of his speeches we could easily imagine we were reading an article in a review with the title *Per il divorzio*. In spite of this defect, *Cavalieri Moderni* must be pronounced a most interesting study of present-day Roman life, and we look forward to reading the novels which, we are told in the preface, are to follow this.

## FINE ART

### THE OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

WITH a few exceptions, one Hals, four Van Dycks, two Jordaens, this year's exhibition is entirely composed of English painters, and it is a subject for congratulation that we are not conscious of any falling off in interest. Of late years we have had too much of foreign schools, especially early Flemish and Italian, and many of us are glad of a respite. The "experts" who have threatened to overwhelm genuine criticism with matters of secondary interest, attributions, identifications, classifications, etc., will have little scope for their activities. "Those who frequent museums and burrow in crypts; collecting—comparing—compiling—classifying—contradicting—establishing, with due weight, unimportant reputations—disputations and dictatorial, concerning the birthplace of inferior persons," here at last there is no place for the exertions of such as these.

Of course, as must be expected, our greatest masters, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Turner, who are at their ease in the best company, stand supreme, but there are several English painters, not generally considered of the first rank, who bear comparison remarkably well. At first

glance the large portrait group by William Dobson might well be ascribed to the hand of his master, Van Dyck. It must have been one of the last works from his brush, as the portrait of himself looks like that of a man fully thirty-six, his age when he died. One wonders, did he burn the candle at both ends like his master? Van Dyck was never greater than in his portraits of beautiful men, for one feels underneath all the trappings and costumes which he rendered so superbly, not only the lovable gentlemen, but the lovable nervous animal, the living breathing creature. The portraits of women give this sensation less invariably. Here Dobson has caught his master's gift with wonderful success. The portrait of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox by Van Dyck, lent by the Earl of Darnley, is less compelling in its mastery than that other in a white shirt, as Paris, belonging to the Marquis of Bristol, which is not here.

How many of these promising English painters died young—Caldecott at forty, Bonington at twenty-six, Pinwell at thirty-three, Houghton at thirty-nine, Cecil Lawson at thirty-one, Walker at thirty-five! And of those who lived longer, how few continued, like Reynolds and Turner, to grow in achievement to the last! Not Millais certainly, nor Rossetti, nor Phil Morris, nor Simeon Solomon, nor even, as will surely be recognised, Burne-Jones or Watts.

William Collins is not generally placed in the first rank, but how near he was to greatness can be seen in his picture of *The Harvest Shower*. Constable's influence is evident in the younger man's work, but there is a sweetness and delicacy of sentiment that is all Collins. The sky is a wonderful piece of subtle observation and simple mastery. Turner's versatility is again stupendously evident. We have the early sea-piece, hard, black, just a little brutal, in the *Pilot-boat*, Dutch in influence, realistic in intention. Then in the later middle period the "classical composition," *Temple of Jupiter*, which I am glad to have seen because it more than justifies Ruskin in his classification of it "under the general head of nonsense pictures." Turner was feeling his way to his great epics in this hard, niggling, tedious, vulgar abortion. But what a man! Fancy fighting through leagues of this sort of stuff with its infinite labour and patience to achieve at last the dreams of Venice and the *Bay of Baiae*. Finally, there is the amazing *Adonis departing for the Chase*, his unique emulation of Titian. Considering that his drawing of the nude was always shaky, the *Amorini* and the *Venus* are passable in that respect and the dogs are worthy of Rubens. As for the colour it is Titian himself with the addition of Turner's eye for reflected lights. Sir Walter Armstrong states in his *Life* that this picture was painted from 1806-10, but not exhibited at the Royal Academy till 1849, two years before Turner's death. This is certainly curious, and I should suspect that Turner took it up at intervals, as the quality is mature. The Old Masters cannot be dealt with in a single article and I shall therefore return to the subject later.

B. S.

### THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS, PAINTERS AND GRAVERS AT THE NEW GALLERY

THE sixth exhibition of this society is more representative of considerable foreign artists than heretofore. Not only have we an admirable collection of the older impressionists, Manet, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, but for the first time there are adequate examples of Besnard, Carrière, Cézanne, and others. The rest of the exhibition is largely made up of Scottish and American artists.

There is a curious lack of colour and individuality about most of the American work that I have seen. Occasionally it is full of scholarship and intelligence, as in the *Mother and Child* of M. de Forest Brush, and the *Sheep Pasture* by

Mr. H. W. Ranger; but unless an American is entirely Europeanised, he is apt to lose personality. The name of Mr. James Morrice is new to me, but, if he is an American, he is Gallicised completely. His two *Marines* are of the highest rank and are equal to the best work of Manet. Indeed I attributed one of them to Manet; that with the boats and pier has just the slight but sure touch of that painter.

Perhaps the members of the Glasgow school obtained recognition too soon. In any case, now that the chief members have fallen into line with orthodox methods, they are less interesting than in the wild and outrageous periods of Alexander Roche, Brown Macdougall and other exhilarating personalities. Mr. Hornel continues, however, to get an effect of romance and decorative beauty with his queer tin-like technique.

Of the Dutch artists among the younger men the most gifted that are to be seen here are Mr. Cossaar and Mr. Bruckman, both of whom showed their remarkable powers in recent London exhibitions. Mr. Cossaar's *From Blackfriars Bridge* is less powerful than most of his work. The *Landscape in Normandy* of Mr. Bruckman, on the other hand, is perfect in its way, low in tone and approaching to monochrome, but with great subtlety in a limited range of colours. Lowness of tone also characterises Mr. Charles Shannon's *The Millpond*, in which the nude figures are grandly modelled. Mr. Ricketts combines Daumier, Blake and Watts in rather sophisticated compositions.

Mr. Nicholson's sense for colour, which might have been suspected in his famous wood-cuts, is brought to perfection in *The Jewelled Bandalore* and the *Portrait of Mrs. Curle*. The chord of lilac, scarlet and black in the latter picture has been very happily struck.

But when we come to the great Impressionists, especially Manet and Sisley, it is like taking a deep breath of ozone. After this nearly all the English, Scotch and Dutch work feels stuffy, museumy, unhappy. It reeks of turpentine. *Le Linge* of Manet makes one laugh with sympathy: it is so happy and sunny and simple. *Le Verger* and *L'Inondation* of Sisley, *La Plage* of Bondin, the *Crystal Palace* of Pissarro—there is nothing professional or boring about these pictures. These are "things seen" with clear eyes and noted with steady hands, and they soar right away from the rest of the Exhibition.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### THE OVERTURE

NEXT to the Symphony, the Overture holds the most important place amongst the definite forms into which modern orchestral music is cast, and the Concert Overture is a form in which even more activity is displayed, and certainly more success achieved at the present day, than in its greater and more exacting sister form—the Symphony. The structural principles of the latter are binding and exact, and though they have shown themselves capable of great expansion in the past, and still hold out a prospect of wider possibilities for the future, they impose a discipline upon the composer, which but few present-day geniuses are strong enough to bear. The Overture, however, is less restricted, and has maintained its identity through countless changes of form and treatment, until it has arrived at its present position as a sort of connecting-link between abstract and illustrative music, claiming descent from classical times and justified by classical precedent, and yet sufficiently elastic to be suitable for the expression of ideas as completely non-musical as are the retreat from Moscow and life in London.

The reason for this peculiar position of the Overture is to be found, as in the case of the Concerto, which I discussed not long since in the ACADEMY, in its history. Its name has become almost as misleading as that of the Concerto, and yet in the derivation of the name is to be

found its particular function which preserved to it this elasticity. The Overture proper is an opening to a larger work, and hence is in its very essence not self-contained. The elementary attempts of Monteverdi and Cavalli to write overtures to their operas were attempts to prepare the minds of their audience for the moods and sensations, which the scenes of the opera following were intended to call forth; they were musical scene-painting or illustration. Later, when the formal side of musical art occupied the attention of musicians, this primary consideration of relevancy, that is, of its relation to subject-matter not in itself musical, was for the time being lost sight of. The crude illustrative movements of these early writers, slight and musically ill developed as they were, offered no satisfactory precedent to men such as Handel, Lulli and Alessandro Scarlatti. These all consequently adopted a very different attitude with regard to the overtures to their operas and oratorios, aiming only at composing a group of solid and musicianly movements with little or no regard to what was to follow. Such a procedure was bound to bring about stereotyped and conventional results, and two arrangements of these groups, known generally as the French and Italian, were the outcome of it. The French Overture, the arrangement of Lulli adopted by Handel, consisted in a sombre "Grave" or "Largo" movement, followed by a fugue, the latter sometimes consistently worked out, but often treated very loosely, a Minuet or Gigue often closing the Overture. This curious mixture of solemnity, intellectuality and frivolity was applied by Handel to opera and oratorio alike, so that such titles as "Arminius," "Julius Cæsar," "Jephtha," "Messiah," might, as far as the overtures are concerned, be changed without any special incongruity. "Messiah" has no Minuet, but neither has "Julius Cæsar;" it is known that Handel intended his "Messiah" to have one, but perhaps he was deterred by a sense of fitness. The Italian Overture, of which A. Scarlatti was the first most notable exponent, grouped its three movements thus: an Allegro, developed seriously and at length, a slow movement, and a lively conclusion. This became the type for Italian opera writers in general. Regarded as an overture, it was quite as irrelevant as the French form, but its very irrelevancy proved a blessing to the art. Such overtures were found to be just as interesting when performed without their succeeding operas, and so were the parent of the Symphony of Haydn's time, and all that that has led to need not here be set forth. It is well known.

Since both these forms lost sight of the first principle of the Overture—appropriateness to some other subject-matter—they did not permanently advance its cause. One other composer of this time—J. S. Bach—attempted to deal with the problem in a thoroughly characteristic manner. As prologues to his great church cantatas, the two "Passions," the "Christmas Oratorio," etc., he adopted a form of choral overture which contemplated the subject to be dealt with. He could not do otherwise. His personal reverence was too strong to allow him to use irrelevant dance measures, his orchestral technique not sufficiently developed worthily to speak the prologue to such high matters. As with his methods in other directions, however, this was too completely the outcome of Bach's own individuality to give the law to his immediate successors, and it was rather in connection with opera than with oratorio that the orchestral Overture was to receive development.

Mozart's influence upon the Overture was again rather formal than otherwise, but with him the one-movement form, or one movement preceded by an introduction closely linked with it, became the rule. Thus the overture to *Don Giovanni* is the prototype of the familiar form used by Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn. A single movement in a free Sonata form was in the hands of those masters sufficiently pliable to depict with complete success the heroism of *Coriolanus*, the romance of *Leonora*, or the fairy mystery of *Oberon* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. With the romantic period of musical art we see the

Overture gradually weaned from its mother the Opera. The first step is the overture written to a spoken play, as with *Egmont* and *Coriolanus*, where the illustration of the emotions of the play could not be effected by the reproduction of the musical qualities of the work illustrated. Weber could in the Overture illustrate Oberon with themes connected with the fairy plot which follows, but Mendelssohn in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* had to treat the abstract idea musically. Hence readily follows the plan of writing an Overture upon the ideas or emotions aroused by a great historical character, a well-known story, a beautiful scene in nature, quite apart from the stage, and we have *Eine-Faust-Ouverture*, and *Fingal's Cave*. The Concert Overture, having become established as an independent musical form, dependent only upon a non-musical idea, it became superfluous as a prelude to opera or oratorio. Wagner discarded it in his music-dramas, using instead, in *Parsifal*, the slighter, less self-important form of prelude. Now that its powers of suggestion are so developed, the Overture as a prelude to a larger work is very apt to become tautologous, and its presence, like the opening ritornello of the Concerto is felt to be conventional. It is noteworthy in this connection that Sir Edward Elgar, whose genius is particularly happy in the Overture form, has in his oratorio *The Apostles* returned to Bach's method, and substituted the choral Prologue for the Overture.

Thus the Overture holds a unique position in our art. The Symphony is, and must ever remain, at its best, the greatest monument of pure and independent music. From this the Overture is as much separated as it is from dramatic music. Its best specimens, moreover, stand aloof from the vagaries of unqualified programme music, while it partakes sufficiently of its spirit to give it the individuality, without which it would be but a poor substitute for the Symphony. It is an eclectic amongst musical forms, and it is therefore worth while to direct attention towards it at a time when the great need is, that composers should collect together the best from the vast mass of experience, which the eventful nineteenth century has placed at their disposal, and with discrimination should sum up the efforts of their predecessors.

H. C. C.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge University Press is about to issue Professor W. W. Goodwin's edition of "Demosthenes against Midias," a companion volume to "Demosthenes on the Crown" published in 1901. The oration has a special interest for scholars as the only existing argument in a case of *προβολή*; and in an Appendix which follows the text and notes, Professor Goodwin illustrates the peculiar character of the *προβολή* by treating it in connection with the *εἰσαγγελία* and with other special forms of public suits in which the authority of the State appears in various ways contrary to the general principal of Attic law, by which the prosecutor in a public suit was not the government (as in English law) but an individual citizen. The Press are also adding two new volumes to their Pitt Press Series. One contains Burke's Speeches on American Taxation and on Conciliation with the Colonies, edited by Mr. Arthur Innes. The other is an edition by Mr. J. C. Nicol, Head Master of Portsmouth Grammar School, of Cicero's speech *Pro Sexto Roscio Amerino*.

The Cambridge University Press will also publish shortly an important new work by Dr. J. L. E. Dreyer, Director of the Armagh Observatory, on the "History of the Planetary Systems from Thales to Kepler." Dr. Dreyer in this book attempts to trace the history of man's conception of the universe from the earliest historical ages to the completion of the Copernican system by Kepler in the seventeenth century, showing the gradual emancipation from primitive ideas during the rise of Greek philosophy and science, the relapse during the ages following the

destruction of the seats of Greek culture, and the rapid advance of knowledge after the revival of learning at the end of the Middle Ages.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are about to publish the first volume of a work which should prove of considerable interest to anthropologists. This is "The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas," by Dr. Edward Westermarck, Lecturer on Sociology in the University of Finland at Helsingfors, and teacher of that subject at London University. The book is the outcome of many years' work, for the inductive method employed has entailed reference to an enormous number of authorities. Moreover, Dr. Westermarck has drawn from the life as well. He has sojourned several times in the less known parts of Morocco, and in support of his arguments he cites many curious customs and beliefs which he observed to be prevalent among his Moorish neighbours. It is hoped that the second volume will be ready for publication before the close of the year.

On February 1 Mr. Murray will publish "The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar"—Thomas Masterman Hardy, Charles Bullen, and Henry Digby—by A. M. Broadley and R. G. Bartelot. The book will contain the correspondence between Hardy and his Dorset relatives, 1798-1839, which, it was erroneously supposed, had been destroyed, but was discovered at Dorchester last year. The letters throw new light on the public and private life of Nelson, and give a striking picture of the condition of the Dorset country throughout the war. The book will be fully illustrated, and will contain, as an appendix, a complete muster roll of the *Victory* on October 21, 1805.

The Oxford University Press announce for early publication "Scenes from Old Playbooks," arranged as an introduction to Shakespeare by Mr. Percy Simpson. This book is an attempt to solve in practical form some of the difficulties involved in a first reading of Shakespeare, and it has been edited solely with an eye to young readers. The only notes are stage notes, and these have been lavishly supplied; Mr. Simpson thinks that their helpfulness in a school edition seems as yet to be imperfectly recognised. A glossary is, of course, provided.

It may be of interest to golfers and to St. Andreans and those who know St. Andrews, to hear that at Easter a novel may be looked for entitled "Stymied!" the story of a short summer sojourn at St. Andrews. The author is Mr. Murray-Maitland.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE IMMORTAL PHRASE To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems to me that there is only one difficulty in justifying preference of Shelley over Wordsworth, and that is, material is so plentiful one scarcely knows where to begin. Most admirers of Shelley have battered upon anthologies, and to quote wholesale from "Adonais," "The Lark," and "The Cloud," would convey no illumination. I will select from "The Revolt of Islam":

"where the irresistible storm had cloven  
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen.  
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven  
Most delicately."

Again:

"as the war became more fierce  
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,  
That spot grew more serene: blue light did pierce  
The woof of those white clouds,"

"while through the sky  
The pallid semicircle of the moon  
Passed on."

Follows the magnificent description of the fight between the Eagle and Serpent.

I proceed, and ask, "Could Wordsworth have struck forth such an opening line as:

"In Argolis beside the echoing sea."

More masterly descriptive work:

"O'er the still sea and jagged islets darted  
The light of moonrise: in the northern heaven  
Among the clouds near the horizon driven,  
The mountains lay beneath one planet pale."



## Description of a ravaged village :

"the wide sky,  
Flooded with lightning, was ribbed overhead  
By the black rafters."

Martin should have gone to "The Revolt of Islam" for subjects. Many other magnificent specimens of lofty and picturesque description remain. Note particularly the lovely and original vision of the diver rising swiftly through the emerald water :

"like a spark sent up out of a burning oven."

We come to the well-known gem from "Prometheus Unbound." Here we may throw away our Wordsworth, and confidently challenge Homer, Milton, Pindar.

"I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds  
Which trample the dim winds ; in each there stands  
A wild-eyed charioteer, urging their flight ;  
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars ;  
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink  
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
As if the thing they loved fled on before,  
And now, even now, they clasped it."

Shelley's marvellous power of description lay in his mastery of the knack of "dotting" monosyllabic periods with sonorous polysyllables. I think, leaving descriptive excellence out of question, there is but one poet who has equalled the above in stately harmony—Marlowe (Faustus apostrophising Helen).

In the rare faculty of sublime invocation Shelley is supreme. I will not quote in full the much-quoted appeal to the Genius of the West Wind :

"If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear,"

but will pass on to the veiled invoking of the dormant English love of freedom in :

"England still sleeps ; was she not called of old ;  
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder  
Vesuvius wakens Etna," etc.

There may, of course, be many good judges, able to perceive greater force and splendour in Wordsworth's efforts. I confess that I cannot, and I would even suggest that Arnold, that intelligent and glorified schoolmaster, throws the onus of Shelley's supposed ineffectualness, not upon the span of the luminous wings, but upon the unassailable void.

D. GULLIVER.

## To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I must protest in the name of many lovers of poetry against the statement contained in your note in the current ACADEMY.

One would imagine after reading it that Shelley never wrote any great poetry, for if I understand its meaning at all great poetry must contain many immortal phrases. It is quite useless to argue on matters of opinion, and equally fruitless to compare passages from different authors, hence I do not consider the question of the relative merit of Wordsworth and Shelley.

But if immortal phrases are required I think that they are to be found in plenty in the words of the latter. Your correspondent was scarcely fortunate in his selections, and I would submit the following as my own selections from two sources only :

"The One remains, the many change and pass  
Heaven's Light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity  
Until Death trample it to fragments."

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain  
Nor that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not, nor torture him again."

Or that one line from the poem on Leonardo's Medusa :

"The tempestuous loveliness of terror."

Every lover of Shelley could give many more instances. Possibly Wordsworth's arresting passages, matchless as they often are, are the more remarkable through being too often but oases in a dreary desert. To decide upon the relative merits of the best of each poet's work, seems to me as hopeless as to decide whether the rose or the violet be the loveliest of flowers.

E. R. B.

## To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question of the "immortal phrase," which usually determines the question of genius in a poet, seems to me the exception which proves the rule in its bearing on Shelley. Mr. Wright's unfortunate examples, as commented on in current ACADEMY, suggest only the facile wordy femininity of much of Shelley's poetry. If one could imagine the evolution of a true poet from an ancestry of sentimental verse-mongers, say, such as L. E. L., Hon. Mrs. Norton and even Mrs. Hemans, the inspired outcome might have been a Shelley. It is very true that he "seldom reaches (the immortal phrase) absolutely" but the "purer ether" of poetic thought seems to bear one through his elongated rhapsodies in unarrested dream. There are some notable passages in the "Prometheus Unbound" and elsewhere, such as that in which occurs "the last glare of day's red ago-y" ; but seldom is he distinguished by phrases of human pathos like those of Wordsworth. Where they do occur, they seem to lack, somehow, the grand manner. It is unnecessary to quote, as students of Shelley must of necessity know them ; but I should like to ask where is truer lyrical

poetry to be found than in the "The Sensitive Plant," "Ode to the West Wind," "Hymn of Pan," and in the majority of his lesser poems? There is a danger of fining down our great poets, in this hypercritical age, to a pitiable minimum.

January 6.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

## To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I suppose it is very unorthodox of me, but I prefer Shelley's "Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains" to any of those passages of "unquestioned beauty" to which you refer.

Those lines, too, which Mr. H. P. Wright quotes, seem at least equal in beauty with those you give.

In matters of this sort you can fix no standard. To each of us the lines which more particularly appeal to him are the best. Why should we seek to parcel poetry into brands superior and inferior—as though forsooth, the thoughts of men (the poorest thoughts, even) were to be treated like shop-wares?

J. B. W.

## STUDIES IN POETRY AND CRITICISM

## To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Macgregor, in commenting on my letter, has travelled somewhat far afield. In quoting Matthew Arnold I seem to have unwittingly displayed the proverbial red rag ; but my object was merely to show that the idea put forth by Mr. Churton Collins was no new one. Why Mr. Macgregor should have bombarded me with his "Inner Mysticism of the Mystery" and his "Occultism," I am unable to conceive.

In these days when we are all more than "three-fourths" full of culture, the Apostle of Culture needs no defence of mine ; but I would like to point out that Arnold defended himself in his lifetime for the use of the phrase "Conduct is three-fourths of life." He explained that he merely meant to indicate a proportion less than the whole, Life being made up of other things as well as conduct.

In conclusion, let me recommend to Mr. Macgregor, a further and more careful study of Arnold's writings.

January 6.

E. A. ONGLEY.

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Place-Names of Ross and Cromarty.* By W. J. Watson. (Inverness: The Northern Counties Printing and Publishing Company, 20s. 6d.) This is a book of the first importance in its class. Mr. Watson is a Gaelic-speaking Celt, and he has limited the area of inquiry to a comparatively small region in which Gaelic is still a really living language. He has traversed all parts of the county except Lewis, inquiring, consulting, verifying and deducing from his knowledge and experience the results here set down. But though his investigations have primarily and professedly been limited to Ross and Cromarty, the results obtained are applicable to the whole of Scotland, with the exception perhaps of the districts on the east coast south of the Forth. Mr. Watson's method has been to take each parish in the county, and the name of every place in the parish, to explain its etymology and to show how the conformation or characteristics support the place-name. Besides, he has added an index of the three thousand names dealt with in the book. But the part of the volume in which the non-Gaelic reader will find most to interest and instruct him is the introduction of nearly ninety pages in which Mr. Watson sets forth his general deductions from his researches. The disentanglement of the Pictish, Gaelic, and Norse elements in place-names has been luminously achieved ; the enormous influence of the Celtic Church is insisted upon, as it had before been shown in Mr. Mackinlay's book on the pre-Reformation Church in relation to place-names ; and the coming of English influence is shown from historical data. Finally, a section of the Introduction is devoted to a short analysis of the principal terms connected with natural features, artificial structures, old occupations, plants, animals, etc., found in the names of Ross. It is not possible to speak too highly of a book which is the result of protracted labours by an enthusiast who is also a scholar.

*Burma, Painted and Described.* By R. Talbot Kelly. (Black, 20s. net.) —Mr. Kelly doubtless wished to repeat the success of his work on Egypt, and has probably accomplished his desire. For colour-books are judged by standards of their own. To win applause with them, a man need neither paint nor write particularly well. His must be a special art, that provides a kaleidoscope of bright colours, and a patter of talk, such as conjurers use to carry off their sleight of hand. Mr. Kelly does this excellently. We learn from his book that Burma is a fascinating country, and he an energetic and amusing man. This thesis is expounded by means of a great deal of frank impressionism, a patchwork of information, and a number of paintings, the result of a seven months' visit to the country. Mr. Kelly's English is the language of ordinary table-talk. He does not pretend to a feeling for words, but writes brightly, in a commonplace manner that does not distract the mind from his pictures. These, too, are without individuality, but very successfully fill the place of a series of coloured photographs. In short, his is a perfect example of the colour-book of commerce, the merriest and most entertaining of peep-shows, but without relation to art or literature.

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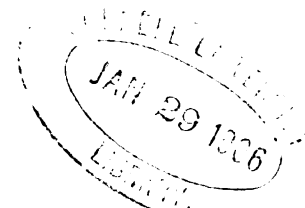
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE middle of a General Election is not a good time for any reading other than political, and this holds particularly true of the present contest, because to both sides the results have been so surprising as to afford an endless theme for conversation. With the political issue we have nothing to do here, but one aspect of the election has a distinctly literary interest. This, we need scarcely say, is the light that the election cast on modern journalism. If we compare the votes with the writings, it becomes evident at once that the leader-writer has completely lost such influence as at one time he exerted. If any inference is to be drawn from the fact, it is that people have got into the habit of buying papers for reasons quite apart from the character of the opinions that may be expressed in them. Perhaps it is not going too far to say that the political leader of to-day is not read at all by either side.

If we look back, there are plenty of instances to show that this was not always the case. At one period of its history, it was said that the *Times* had in itself influence enough to overthrow a ministry. Another instance of a paper that was a great political power in the land was the *Standard*, under Mr. W. H. Mudford, a man, by the bye, who made scarcely any pretence of being able to write himself, though there never was a better judge of the kind of writing that served his purpose. One of Mr. Mudford's characteristics was independence, and there are some who remember to this day the general astonishment when one morning the *Standard* came out with a leader wherein the late Mr. Gladstone was actually praised. Previous to this, the efforts of the leader-writer on this Conservative paper had consisted mainly of daily attacks on the Liberal chief. Mr. Mudford, although no opponent of hard hitting when he thought it necessary, introduced a spirit of fair play that was not long in winning the confidence of his readers. It would be easy to point to many living journalists who in their day exercised a very great authority in the world of politics. The most striking examples were the first editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. First there was Mr. Greenwood, and both in the newspaper wherein he began to incorporate his idea of what an evening journal should be, and in that he created when circumstances led to his resignation of the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, his opinion carried weight from the fact of his own personality being so much felt. It was known that he never expressed an opinion without arriving at it deliberately, and his personal honour, integrity, and sincerity were so much beyond question that friends and foes were alike compelled to listen to him. If we were asked to name on the Liberal side of journalism of our time the man who possessed the most influence as a journalist, it would scarcely be possible to avoid mentioning Mr. John Morley, who succeeded Mr. Greenwood. Here again we have not only ability, but sterling honesty and justice, so that Mr.

John Morley is in every way qualified to be named as an equal of those giants to whom allusion has been made.

Of a very different kind, but still as great in its way, is the journalistic power of Mr. W. T. Stead, though, as he is strenuously active at the present moment, it would perhaps be not quite in the best taste to discuss him in detail. We have selected those to whom mention has been made for the particular reason that, quite apart from the question of financial success, they raised the whole tone of journalism and used it as a means of impressing their honest convictions on the public. They have been succeeded by men who are possibly just as clever, but in an entirely different way. The genius of the modern journalist seems to find expression less in rhetoric and the moulding of opinion than in the collection, arrangement, and presentation of news. An evening newspaper under Mr. Greenwood's supervision became like a very literary monthly magazine published nightly. It was a production to please the elect, but those who cater for the million cannot afford to be so fastidious.

Professor F. B. Gummere, in his article upon Originality in Literature in the new number of the *Quarterly Review*, delivers himself of the opinion that modern progress tends to bring poetry towards extinction, and that its last citadel will be the lyric. He arrives at this conclusion after a devious route, which passes on its way "masterful cells," "imitative cells," and other curious verbal products of science. He is something of a pessimist, and writes as though he lived in a very uninspiring time. People, it seems, "stand silent about the tomb where our forbears once wept and chanted the dirge." The writer was once at the funeral of a very eminent man, when, as Sir Thomas Browne has it, the last valediction was said, and two men scarcely less eminent calmly lighted, one his pipe, and the other a cigar, and smoked silently. This was not conventional, but our Professor would argue badly if he asserted that there was any lack of feeling.

The writer goes on to say that the great death-scenes of literature have also passed from verse into prose, but is this really the case? As far as our memory goes, there are as many death-scenes narrated in old prose as in old verse, and from considerable experience of the sonneteer of to-day we are inclined to pray the Professor not to make him more lugubrious. We can assure him that sadness from every conceivable standpoint pours in upon any unfortunate editor who is in the habit of accepting poetry, and death is as common a topic as spring, autumn or the months. Triumph of thought over emotion is not natural. Those that we are accustomed to call the dumb creatures know nothing of sorrow. It is an emotion that only comes with the development of thought, and experience shows that the most intellectual people usually feel more poignantly the sadness and tragedy of the world than any others.

It may be asked what all this has to do with originality in literature, and, sooth to say, we might almost answer: nothing. The Professor's ideas are better on some very simple truths, such as the statement that man is an imitative animal; that one man's success in a certain thing is a good reason for another trying the same thing, and the man of originality himself makes a convention which becomes a rule for those who follow after. But the convention, as a matter of fact, is only the case that holds the wine, not the wine itself. Shakespeare packed his drama into five acts just as all the nameless crowd of his contemporaries were doing. He studied and followed the conventions so as to have an egress and entrance beyond the conventional curtains. It did not seem to occur to him to make new bottles: he was content to pour new wine into the old.

The death of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff will recall to many people's minds a most curious and interesting personality. For more than a generation he was a notable figure in the most cultivated and literary circles of good society. To the general public he was known chiefly for his "Notes from a Diary," which ran into more volumes than we can recollect, the last being dated 1905. These books would have been much more entertaining if the diarist had allowed himself a freer hand, especially about the fifteen years he spent as a member of the House of Commons. It was actually his ambition "to leave behind me one of the most good-natured books of its kind ever printed, and I apprehend that for a politician to write truthfully of the political struggles in which he has been engaged, without paying to some of the combatants 'the genuine tribute of undissembled horror,' would be a hopeless enterprise." Hence it is that he gives us more botany than the plain man can endure; and as a whole the Recollections compare unfavourably in point of interest with Augustus Hare's delightful volumes.

Grant-Duff belonged to all sorts of breakfast, dinner, and supper clubs, and his breakfasts were as famous as Sam Rogers's. Good talk he certainly loved, and he was eminently the cause of it in others. He was, perhaps, too various a man to make a great place. The son of the historian of the Mahrattas, he possessed considerable knowledge of India, where, indeed, he was once Governor of Madras, and he wrote an excellent Memoir of Sir Henry Maine. He also wrote a Memoir of Lord de Tabley, the poet, and a study of Renan, whom he knew intimately and had entertained when he was a tenant of York House, Twickenham. Politically, Sir Mountstuart belonged to a type of member which is often said to be now extinct, though it remains to be seen what the present General Election may do to revive it. It is an eminently literary, genuinely cultivated, perhaps rather pedantic and pragmatical type. During the long period when he represented the Elgin Burghs, Sir Mountstuart used to address his constituency at the end of every Session in a speech which surveyed the world and its politics from China to Peru, and these he afterwards republished under the title of "Elgin Speeches." He was a bad speaker, however, and his orations, which are full of epigram, read much better than they sounded when he delivered them. It seems astounding now that he hardly ever addressed his constituents without classical quotations, and he was a man who could quote very well.

In that matter of quotations he belonged to a bygone age. Time was when the politician who failed to introduce an effective quotation into an important speech was relegated to the limbo of the commonplace. The classics are less studied to-day, and the twentieth-century debate is little likely to be graced by a fine passage such as that quoted by Burke in the speech on Conciliation with America which Fox advised members of the House of Commons to "read by day and meditate upon by night."

In his speeches, Burke could never compare in the matter of quotation with, say, Pitt, or Canning, or Gladstone; but on this occasion he surpassed himself. Dwelling on the effect of a just treatment of the Principality of Wales he said: "From that moment as by a charm, the tumult subsided; peace, order, and civilisation followed in the train of liberty. When the day-star of the English constitution had arisen in their hearts, all was harmony within and without.

Simul alba nautis  
Stella refulsit,  
Defluit saxis agitatus humor,  
Concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,  
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto  
Unda recumbit."

Perhaps the art of classical quotation died with Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Affirmation Bill when as Mr. Morley says "with reverential stillness" the House sat listening to this "born master of moving cadence and high sustained modulation and to the rise and long roll of the hexameter—to the plangent lines that have come down across the night of time to us from great Rome." The lines were those from Lucretius:

Omnis enim per se divom natura necesse est  
Immortali aevo summa cum pace fruatur,  
Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
Nec bene promeritis capitur nec tangitur ira.

—quoted in reference to the theories of those who held that:

Whatever there may be beyond this short span of life, you know and you can know nothing of it, and it is a fruitless undertaking to attempt to establish relations with it.

The King's message on the proposed union between Great Britain and Ireland drew from Pitt, in a speech delivered in January 1799, another good quotation—one of the most apposite we remember:

Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,  
Nec nova regna peto; paribus se legibus ambae  
Invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.

Nothing could have summed up better Pitt's opinion on this vexed question. It was Pitt, again, who was responsible for the very felicitous quotation in reference to the execution of Louis XVI.

Excidat ille dies aevo, neu postera credant  
Saecula, nos certe taceamus, et obruta multa  
Nocte tegi nostrae patiamur crimina gentis.

To-day (January 20) is the centenary of the birth of an American author, once well known, though not now very well-remembered, Nathaniel Parker Willis. To us, indeed, his name is chiefly memorable from the fact that he was the first American writer to treat our celebrated persons to a dose of transatlantic personal journalism. Armed with introductions from his Legation, he obtained admission to many good houses, notably to Lady Blessington's. His impressions were afterwards recorded in "Pencilings by the way." The English impression of the taste of his impressions was set forth in vigorous style in the review of his book which Lockhart wrote for the *Quarterly*; and he came into violent collision with more than one eminent English author of the period. To Bulwer-Lytton, who took exception to his "personal note," he apologised in language of fulsome humility. Walter Savage Landor had an epistolary altercation with him because he borrowed one of the poet's manuscripts, promising to secure the publication of an American edition, and failed either to execute his promise or to respond without great delay to urgent requests for the return of the copy. Seeing that Landor was a man who always had to deal with publishers through middlemen in order to avoid deadly quarrels with them, the violence of his language in conducting his dispute with this stranger from the United States can be imagined.

In an interesting letter to the *Times*, Mr. E. A. Webb, Churchwarden of St. Bartholomew the Great, claims to have discovered the exact locality in which Benjamin Franklin worked for Palmer, the letter-founder and printer, during his sojourn in England. It was nothing else than the Lady Chapel of the Priory, which, "after the suppression in 1539 being converted by Lord Rich into a dwelling-house, and occupied in 1616 by Sir Percival Hart, and in 1653 by Thomas Roycroft, the printer of the great London Polyglot Bible, and in 1725 by S. Palmer, the author of the 'General History of Printing,' was the printing-house where Benjamin Franklin passed his year of

service to the printing trade in Bartholomew Close." From 1833 onwards it was used as a large fringe factory, until its purchase by the Restoration Committee in 1885.

Bishop Potter of New York, who is now in Egypt, has written to the *New York Times* offering £150 for the restoration of a stone escutcheon, which, he understands, has been removed by some American relic-hunter from over the entrance door of the farmhouse in Northamptonshire which was the home of Washington's ancestors. The Bishop argues that the escutcheon should be replaced in its former position as an international monument.

We had some notes, a little while ago, on the methods which some authors have adopted for the advertisement of their books. A correspondent sends us an example of this sort of thing which is the better worth quoting because we have never seen it quoted in this connection before. It is taken from a *Life of Madame de Krudner* whose novel "Valérie" appeared shortly after Madame de Staël's "Delphine." "You know quite well," the author wrote to a friend, "that neither talent nor genius, nor the excellence of one's intentions are sufficient to ensure a success; everything demands some charlatanism." And the biographer proceeds to tell us how she translated her doctrine into action:

During several days [he writes] she made the round of the fashionable shops, incognito, asking sometimes for shawls, sometimes for hats, feathers, wreaths, or ribbons, all "*a la Valérie*." When they saw this beautiful and elegant stranger step out of her carriage with an air of assurance, and ask for fancy articles which she invented on the spur of the moment, the shopkeepers were seized with a polite desire to satisfy her by any means in their power. Moreover, the lady would soon pretend to recognise the article she had asked for. And if the unfortunate shop-girls, taken aback by such unusual demands, looked puzzled, Mme. de Krudner would smile graciously and pity them for their ignorance of the new novel, thus turning them all into eager readers of "Valérie." Then, laden with purchases, she would drive off to another shop, pretending to search for that which only existed in her imagination. Thanks to these manoeuvres she succeeded in exciting such ardent competition in honour of her heroine, that, for at least a week, the shops sold everything "*a la Valérie*." Her own friends, the innocent accomplices in her stratagem, also visited shops on her recommendation, thus carrying the fame of her book through the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Chaussée d'Antin.

We have received from Mr. J. A. Stargardt of Berlin the catalogue of the collection of autographs formed by the late Alexander Meyer Cohn, which is to be sold by auction in Berlin from the 5th to the 10th of February. It contains not a few interesting letters and documents of English and American men of letters. There is a letter of Burns to John McMurdo, sending a ballad: "Kings give coronets; alas, I can only bestow a ballad—Still, however, I proudly claim one superiority even over Monarchs: my presents, as far as I am a Poet, are the presents of genius." "I should probably have gone to England for the Coronation," writes Byron to Hoppner in 1820, "but for my wife—I don't wish to walk in such company under present circumstances." Crabbe writes from Trowbridge (1829): "The men who are hungry and thirsty, threaten, and no wonder, their Rival the machines, with utter destruction," and there are letters, too, from Carlyle, Coleridge, Locke, Macaulay, Pope, Prior, Ruskin, Scott, and Washington Irving.

The second production of the Seventh Season of the Stage Society will take place on January 28 and 29, 1906, at the Scala Theatre. The programme will consist of *Lady Inger of Ostrat*, by Henrik Ibsen, with the following cast: Miss Edyth Olive will play Lady Inger; Mr. Henry Ainley, Nils Lykke; and Mr. Harcourt Williams, Nils Stensson. The play will be produced by Mr. Herbert Jarman.

The Private View of the Eleventh Annual Exhibition of The Royal Society of Miniature Painters will take place to-day (Saturday, 20th inst.), at the Modern Gallery, 61 New Bond Street, W. The Exhibition will be open to the public from January 22 to February 24.

## LITERATURE

### THE SUN OF SCOTLAND

*Selected Poems of Robert Burns.* With an introduction by ANDREW LANG. (Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. net.)

BEFORE these words are in print, Scotland will once more have celebrated the day when "a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin," and *à propos* of which this little book of selections has been issued. To our mind the chief point of interest in it is the excellent introduction supplied by Mr. Andrew Lang. While appreciative, it is at the same time sane, quiet, and marked by the critic's good sense and sound judgment. There are a few points, however, which are almost certain to lead to a little friendly argument. Some time ago we directed attention to an acute piece of criticism from the pen of the late Canon Ainger, who maintained that the best passages in Robert Burns were written in the purest English. Mr. Andrew Lang probably did not notice this remark; at any rate, he maintains the opinion that "his Scotch poems are, by universal consent, as well as in his own opinion, infinitely his best poems," and this he follows up with a sneer at the model of Burns, "the divine Shenstone." Now it seems to us that this opinion is very much open to question. It is a curious fact that the peasant, either in England or in Scotland, when moved by strong feeling of any kind, has a tendency to express it, not in dialect but in pure and beautiful English. The cause, in the instance of Burns, is not far to seek. Whilst colloquial Scotch was the every-day, commonplace language of his friends and associates, and the homely *patois* of his family, we must never forget the influence of the "big ha' bible" and the habit of closing the day with a reading from it as described in "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride;  
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His *lyart haffets* wearing thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care,  
"And let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

Now, if we examine the choicest passages in the works of Burns, we find none of those obscure dialect words which, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, puzzle the reader. Even in "Tam O' Shanter," a piece famed for the exquisite force and vividness of the native Doric, we find many of the finest lines to be set down in English that might have proceeded from Wordsworth himself.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.

There is only, it may be observed, a single word—and that not a dialect word—here that would not be understood by a London schoolboy. Again, if we take what are generally considered to be the most tender lines ever written by the poet, the same observation holds good.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

In passing it may be permissible to say that the writer has ever looked upon the first line of this poem as a fine example of the instinctive good taste of Burns for the appropriate word: "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever." The English word "sever," naturally as it occurs in this context, is one that on first thoughts we would not have expected Burns to employ. However, to proceed with our argument, we find that as the poet draws to his culmina-

tion, when his emotion is worked up to its highest pitch, his language becomes ever purer and more beautiful. At first, when he is in a despondent mood, describing the humdrum tedium and despair of life, the homely dialect is delightful.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,  
I sat and ey'd the spewing reek,  
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeeke,  
The auld, clay biggin;  
An' heard the restless rattons squeak  
About the rigin.

The softness, the harmony and dignity of the last verse are expressed in language that Shakespeare could not have bettered.

"And wear thou this,"—she solemn said,  
And bound the *Holly* round my head:  
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,  
Did rustling play;  
And, like a passing thought, she fled  
In light away.

It is, however, remarkable that in "The Jolly Beggars," while all the lesser characters use broad Scotch, some of it most idiomatic, to display their contempt for everything that is respectable and conventional, the supreme expression of the wanderers for all that genteel society holds most dear is set forth in words that might have come from the pen of Swift, if Swift had been as much a poet as Burns was. To illustrate the Scottish idiom, we cannot do better than quote the first verse of the fiddler's song:

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,  
An' go wi' me to be my dear,  
An' then your every care and fear  
May whistle owre the lave o't;

and the conclusion of the poem will make our other point clear:

Life is all a *variorum*,  
We regard not how it goes;  
Let them cant about *decorum*  
Who have characters to lose.  
Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!  
Here's to all the wandering train!  
Here's our ragged *brats* and *caillets*!  
One and all cry out, Amen!  
A fig for those by law protected!  
*Liberty's* a glorious feast!  
Courts for cowards were erected,  
Churches built to please the priest.

In view of these passages, which are but samples of many others that could be produced, we think that the traditional belief that Burns was most excellent in his Scottish poems deserves reconsideration. All the same, it may be frankly admitted that he showed an occasional tendency to become stilted when he wrote English, especially when he used it for ordinary purposes and occasionally when he tried his highest flight, as "To Mary in Heaven." There is an excellent criticism of this poem conveyed incidentally in Mr. Holman Hunt's history of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

During the intercourse of this journey we were much engaged in discussions on the character of English poetry of all periods. Palgrave was a man of solid culture, and was engaged at the time on his unrivalled forthcoming selection *The Golden Treasury*. While Burns was under review, his poem *To Mary in Heaven* was excluded from the selection, Tennyson agreeing that the refrain of "Hear'st thou the groans that rend this breast?" had the ring of hysterical insincerity and bombast in it, a rare fault in that simple poet.

While admitting that Tennyson was right, as he generally was, we refuse to believe that the comparative failure here was one of language. It would be difficult, for instance, to suggest how the third verse could be improved by a Scotch paraphrase.

Ayr, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild-woods, thick'ning green;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene:  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Another opinion expressed by Mr. Andrew Lang is one exclusively of temperament. It is conveyed in the following sentence:

Once I ventured to say—Principal Shairp had said it before—that I wished we knew no more of Burns's life than of Shakespeare's. It was a vain thing to wish; we cannot keep his poetry, with its frequent confessions, and be ignorant of his life. But I meant no more than natural desire to be spared sermons, scandal, tattle about a poet. care no more to grope after the last gossip about Jean Armour, than to listen to the last "chatter about Harriet."

As far as disliking a scandal about a dead poet goes, we are in the most complete agreement with Mr. Andrew Lang; but, on the other hand, there is much to be said in favour of Carlyle's view, that it is better to see a man exactly as he really is than to behold him cloaked and posed as if awaiting a visit from the sculptor. In our opinion it tends to give a deeper insight into human nature. We see in Burns a man who was described with the utmost exactitude by himself in "A Bard's Epitaph":

The poor Inhabitant below  
Was quick to learn and wise to know,  
And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
And softer flame,  
But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
And stain'd his name!

We see in Burns one who had all the finest instincts and impulses that human nature could be endowed with. If they had been accompanied by mental force he would probably have been a great saint but a very poor poet. It was because of his very weakness and lack of that "prudent, cautious self-control" which he found by bitter experience to be "wisdom's root" he fell into so many thoughtless follies; but even in doing so he was, like Sir Walter Scott under very different circumstances, "making himself." In a word, he was drinking life to the very lees, and the pathos, remorse, pity, and sadness combined with the mad gaiety of it led him to understand the whole gamut of human emotion. His example is not one to set up for imitation; and yet, looking back and comparing the fruit with the plant, we find that they are one and indivisible. It was his keen sympathy combined with experience that made him capable of fulfilling his own ambition—to become a singer of "the loves, the ways of simple swains"; or, if Mr. Andrew Lang's more grandiose phrase be preferred, even as Homer was the sun of Hellas, so was Robert Burns the sun of Scotland.

## THE COLERIDGES

*The Story of a Devonshire House.* By LORD COLERIDGE, K.C.  
(Unwin, 15s. net)

DR. JOWETT used to say that it was impossible to remember how all the Coleridges were related to each other, as they were as numerous as the Herods. Since then, much has been written concerning this brilliant group of Devonshire men, but, as is seen in Lord Coleridge's annals of his house, much of interest remained to be recorded. The story opens in a delightful way. In the year 1734, a poor lad sat weeping in misery by the roadside near Crediton. The son of a ruined weaver of that town, he had been forced to leave home, at the age of fifteen, and find what means of livelihood he could. Moved by his tears, a passer-by stopped to speak with him, and, on learning his helpless condition, obtained for him a place as usher in a neighbouring school. The boy proved to be an admirable scholar, and in 1760 he settled at Ottery St. Mary's as vicar and schoolmaster of the parish. Like Parson Adams, whom in nature he resembled, he was never a rich man, for he had a large family to bring up; but he at least gave to his eight sons, before he died, a remarkably solid education. All his boys, save perhaps S. T. C., were men of strong, high character. The most heroic spirit among them was the soldier, John Coleridge, who died in India at the age of thirty-three. By stinting himself for the education and



advancement in life of his younger relatives, he so raised the position of his house that the Coleridges soon became distinguished in literature, scholarship, law and divinity. They were, at first, as S. T. C. said, "uncontaminated with one drop of gentility," but by the marriage of James Coleridge with an heiress in 1788, the main branch of the family acquired a strain of gentle blood as well as no inconsiderable fortune.

Like Francis Coleridge, who fell in the storming of Seringapatam, S. T. C. was destined by his brother John to serve in the Indian Army. The actual career of "Silas Tomkyn Comberbach" was no matter of pride to his self-reliant, independent brothers. At Ottery St. Mary's even his poetry was disesteemed: Colonel Coleridge wrote to his son, J. T. Coleridge: "Your Uncle Samuel is (I hear) to lecture at ye New Institute London on Poetry and Modern Poets. If he wants any abuse, I can help him out." But, on meeting his uncle, J. T. Coleridge was won by his genius in conversation:

He spent two days in Richmond, and so delightful and astonishing a man I have never met with. Every subject he was master of, and discussed in the most splendid eloquence without ever pausing for a word. Whether poetry, religion, language, politics, or metaphysics were on the "tapis," he was equally at home and equally clear. It was curious to see the ladies loitering most attentively, and being really uncommonly entertained with a long discussion of two hours on the deepest metaphysics. At the end of the time I got one of them, a beautiful woman and a superior singer, to sing some Italian arie to him. His very frame shook with pleasure, a settled smile and a sort of tittering sound indicated his feelings. He prayed that she might finish those strains in Heaven, and sitting down by Mrs. May, recited some extempore verses on the singer.

The Coleridges seemed to have been good writers of letters. Even the gallant midshipman, Bernard F. Coleridge, who at the age of eleven, assisted in blockading the French fleet at Brest in 1804, gives in his letters some vivid glimpses of life in the English navy of Nelson's age. Trafalgar seems to have been won by men who lived on beef ten years in corn, biscuits full of maggots, and "water of the colour of a pear-tree with plenty of weavils in it." J. T. Coleridge's correspondence contains some delightful pictures of continental life in 1814. The most interesting, perhaps, is his sketch of the brilliant literary circle at Geneva, over which Mme. de Staël presided, and of which her daughter Albertine, a girl of seventeen years of age, "with fine eyes, auburn hair, great ambition, all her mother's brilliancy and more than her accomplishments," was the supreme ornament.

J. T. Coleridge's letters occupy a considerable space in his grandson's work, and add much to its interest. He was a man who played in the life of his time no small part, both as the intimate friend of Keble and Arnold, and as a judge; although his legal career was afterwards overshadowed by that of his son, the late Lord Coleridge. The Lord Chief Justice and S. T. C. were, indeed, the most famous members of their family; but, as their lives have already been written fully by other hands, the author of "The Story of a Devonshire House," has rightly devoted himself to the pious labour of collecting memorials of other gracious and notable figures who bore the illustrious name.

#### ANOTHER PETRONIUS IN ENGLISH

Petronius: *Cena Trimalchionis*. Translated with Introduction, Notes, etc., by MICHAEL J. RYAN. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., 3s. 6d.)

WE regret that this little book did not come into our hands early enough to be considered in connection with Mr. Lowe's edition. It would be tiresome to go into details so soon after our former notice, but we may say at once that this is a very good book, introduction, notes and translation being all well done. It is addressed to less advanced scholars than those to whom Mr. Lowe appeals. The text is Bücheler's tempered with Friedländer. The editor does not deal with critical considerations in connection with the explanatory notes, but gives a list of variant readings. Sometimes the translation, which is good and

spirited, passes over a sentence or two for no apparent reason, as in § 43, *noveram hominem olim oliorum: et adhuc salax erat . . . reliquisse*. Nor is *olim oliorum* explained in the notes, though surely it demands notice, if *oliorum* is, as Friedländer thinks, a coined comparative of *olim*, the phrase meaning "long ago of longagoes," that is "long long ago." *Pilare* is not explained either in the phrase *singulos pilavit* (§ 44), nor in *parram pilavit* (§ 43). Mr. Lowe takes it to mean "plucked" ("deprived of hair") in both places. If this is so, *quomodo singulos pilabat* (§ 44) might be translated "how he had them bald-headed," an Americanism which ought not to have been missed by Professor Peck, who renders "he used to make things hum." Mr. Ryan translates "he used to knock out his adversaries." Compare Lowell: "Pious Editor's Creed,"

I scent which pays the best, and then go into it baldheaded.

*Malam parram pilavit* hardly finds an equivalent in "he made a bad hand of his business," and *omnis minervae homo* is not "a jack of all trades," as the context shows. *Occidit de lucerna equites* (§ 45) does not mean "he killed the horsemen by lamplight," but, as Mr. Lowe has it, "the fellows killed at his show were about the size of knights engraved on lamp-shades." To the same purpose Professor Peck renders "his mounted fighters were as much like the real thing as a lot of dissolving views." In the bits of verse scattered through the piece Professor Peck is distinctly the most successful of the three.

We have dwelt chiefly on the less satisfactory parts of Mr. Ryan's work, but we should be sorry to convey a bad impression of the book, which is very good on the whole. It is a curious coincidence that the two first English editions of the *Cena Trimalchionis* should have appeared in the same week.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

#### SOME OLD POTTERY

*History of Ancient Pottery, Greek, Etruscan and Roman*. By H. B. WALTERS, M.A., F.S.A. Based upon the work of Samuel Birch. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Murray, 63s.)

THIS is a difficult book to estimate justly. Such a work was much needed: and this has great merits, and will probably be read and valued widely. But it has bad defects, both of plan and of workmanship; and its title and mode of appearance challenge notice of these latter, unavoidably.

When Samuel Birch published his "History of Ancient Pottery" in 1857, its two volumes, though by no means so stout as these, managed to contain pretty well all that was worth knowing then, about ancient pottery between the Tigris and the Atlantic, and as a general introduction to ceramic art it has never been replaced. But of course its contents have been superseded, line by line, as further investigation came; and the second edition, published in 1873, has long been out of print.

Under these circumstances several courses are open. Probably no single student could undertake nowadays the gigantic task of "re-editing Birch"; but a syndicate of five or six might cover the ground between them; and a strong editor might give unity and proportion to the whole. Or the work of Birch might be left, a classic and a monument, on one side; and the new generation might begin, on modern lines, a series of monographs of this and that school of pottery. And in either of these enterprises, Mr. Walters's previous work on the vase catalogues of the British Museum would have qualified him for an important share. But in the book before us he has adopted a middle course, which combines the disadvantages of both. He describes it as "based upon the work of Samuel Birch," and explains in his preface that so far as circumstances permitted he has retained Birch's arrangement of chapters and subjects.

He has modified the arrangement of Birch, however, in two important particulars. He is careful to explain in his preface that he limits himself to the pottery of the Greek world, and to the prolongations of Greek ceramic tradition

in Italy, and in certain provinces of the Roman Empire. He adds, moreover, on his title-page the qualifying words "Greek, Etruscan, and Roman;" and it would have saved some misconception if these words had appeared on the covers also; for there is all the difference in the world between a History of Ancient Pottery, and a history of the pottery of these three ancient peoples, remarkable as their achievements were.

But while Mr. Walters limits himself thus on one side, he more than compensates, so far as bulk is concerned, by devoting quite half of his book to the special study of the decorative aspect of certain fabrics of Hellenic pottery, and nearly two hundred pages to a description of the mythology and daily life of the Greeks, as illustrated by the pictures on their vases. It is not surprising, therefore, that in spite of his self-imposed restrictions, his book runs to nearly eleven hundred pages in all.

Those parts of the book which deal with Hellenic fabrics are compiled with great learning and industry, and with real mastery of the subject. There are slips here and there, but Mr. Walters "knows his vases," and gives copious references to the literature, as well as a good general bibliography to begin with. But good wine needs no bush; and if these parts of his treatise had been published separately as a History of Greek Painted Vases, they would probably have done more for Mr. Walters's reputation, as well as for the instruction and convenience of those to whom they chiefly appeal.

The Introductory Chapter is notable for an excellent retrospect of the history of the study of Greek vases and vase-paintings: and for an analysis of the causes which suggested the principal theories about them. By the way, is the date of the completion of Tischbein 1803, as stated on p. 17, or 1795, as on p. xxxii.?

The review, again, on pp. 46 ff. of the Sites and Circumstances of Discovery of Greek Vases is learned and comprehensive, but it is a pity that finds of all periods are jumbled together, and that more copious use is not made of outline maps like those on pp. 63, 66, 70, but giving the distribution of each group of fabrics separately. Meanwhile, is it not somewhat misleading to mark Knossos and Idrias in similar type, as on p. 63, and to include these, while omitting Ægina and Miletus?

To the list of vase-collections on p. 27 ff. should be added the museums at Constantinople, Bari, Syracuse and Alexandria. Sèvres deserves special mention of Brogniart's Catalogue of 1845—a wonderful piece of work for that period—and its early Melian vases; Ghent has a fine series of *terra sigillata*, and a large number of moulds, and Cassel contains much material used in Boehlau's *Aus Ionischen Nekropolen*.

Let us hope that there are no other collections in the world, which, like that at Deepdene, must be stigmatised as "inaccessible to students."

In its original encyclopædic content a chapter like that of Birch on "The Uses of Clay" was appropriate enough; but in these volumes the forty pages devoted to a rather perfunctory review of sun-dried bricks, roof-tiles, braziers, or even lamps and figurines—still more to enamelled wares and what Mr. Walters calls "porcelain"—lead up to almost nothing. The section on glazed wares is particularly thin: there is confusion between faience and glass on p. 128, and a curious lapse of judgment on p. 127 describes a piece of characteristic Mycenaean modelling as "so purely Hellenic." Nor is it easy to see why a scarab of Psammetichus I. should date the Polledrara tomb, p. 127, to the end of the sixth century. Here is a puzzle for logicians, and historians too—"the strong Phœnician element in Sardinia is sufficient to indicate that these fabrics are all of Egyptian importation" (p. 128).

In the chapter on "Uses and Shapes" Mr. Walters is more at home, though to distinguish between *κἀναβος* and *κἀναβος* (i. 152) seems unnecessary; but that which deals with the technical aspect of pottery is very uneven. There is great learning and much evidence of first-hand study of certain kinds of problems, but strange lapses occur, which

a very moderate acquaintance with actual potter's practice would have precluded. On pp. 203, 220, in translations of German and French analyses, "clay-earth" and "chalk" should be *alumina* and *lime*. In ii 435 the red glaze of *terra sigillata* is ascribed to "a kind of *varnish*, the elements of which are not absolutely certain, but it would appear that the substance added to produce the effect was of an essentially *alkaloid* nature." The italics are ours. Hartwig's theory about feather brushes is adopted very confidently; but does one hold a feather brush as if it were a dagger, as on the Ruvo vase in Fig. 72? Surely that scene depicts engravers, not painters.

The same lack of general grounding comes out again in the section on ornament in vol. ii. Mr. Walters follows Riegl mostly, and of course deals learnedly with the details of the lotos-and-palmette *régime* of the sixth and fifth centuries. But he takes the Corinthian "ground ornaments" as indications of landscape; his classification compels him to separate absolutely the maeander from the recurring spiral; he thinks the *guilloche* has a Mycenaean origin; and, neglecting its Egyptian antecedents, regards what he calls the "tongue pattern" (the German *Stab-ornament*) as ancestral to the "egg-pattern" and the "egg-and-dart" (p. 219). He adopts (p. 224) Houssay's ridiculous theory about *Vallisneria spiralis*, and fathers upon this herb the palmette also. Speaking of the antithesis of "procession" and "heraldic group" on p. 206, he says:

Both are essentially Oriental (*i.e.*, Assyrian) in origin, the prototype of the latter being the familiar motive of the two animals and the sacred tree, which is so frequently found on Mycenaean gems, and is best exemplified in the famous Lion Gate of Mycenæ. Yet this typically Mycenaean and Oriental motive was not the one adopted by its natural inheritors the Ionians, and it is in Dorian Corinth that we find its reflection on the painted vases.

This is a cluster of puzzles. Was it from Mycenæ or from Assyria that the Ionians failed to inherit? Did Mycenæ receive it from Assyria, or Assyria from Mycenæ? and whence did "Dorian" Corinth get it, after all?

But it is in Part iv., on "Italian Pottery," that the limitations already indicated on the title-page become most distressingly apparent. "Greek, Etruscan, and Roman," should have been the sub-title here also: for "Italian pottery" is explained on p. 279; "that is, Etruscan and Roman as distinct from Greek"; and the tell-tale apology follows:

It is hardly possible to treat the subject of working in clay in Etruria with such fulness as can be done in the case of Greece and Rome, owing to the greater dearth of literature.

But surely it is the pots, not the books, which matter to a historian of pottery: and these are copious enough, and by no means comfortably divisible into "Etruscan" and "Roman" fabrics. The "literature," however (in the shape of Pottier's "Catalogue des Vases du Louvre" mostly), is copious enough to inspire (on pp. 280-2) a very thin summary of current theories about the origin of the Etruscans, which has little or nothing to do with their pottery, and

it follows from this that the whole of the civilisation of Northern and Central Italy is due to this race, which would obviously have left its impress on each district as it passed through it; and secondly, that it was this same race which was afterwards known by the name of Etruscan.

Yet while the "Villanova culture" is attributed to these Etruscan immigrants, it is also interpreted (pp. 282-5) as closely dependent on the "Terramare culture," and the Terramare culture is attributed by Mr. Walters to Umbrian "aborigines." An adjacent passage is worth italicising and quoting in full:

The earliest civilisation of which traces have survived in Italy is, as we have already seen, that of the Terramare, so called from the remains discovered in that district, covering the basin of the Eridanus or Po, but chiefly between Piacenza and Bologna. We have further seen that the *aboriginal people* to whom these remains belong are probably to be identified with the Umbrians, but it is perhaps safer to style them *Italiotes* (pp. 282-3).

Most people are under the impression that the Italiotes were the inhabitants of the Greek colonies in the South: but perhaps Mr. Walters wishes for a designation for his

Terramare "district," which shall include the Scoglio del Tonno.

To the Terramare pottery, that from Thapsus is regarded as "analogous" (p. 273), but there is no further mention here of Sicily, except a vague reference to "Mycenæan and Proto-Corinthian" vases in i. 86; and Sardinia (except as to Tharros) is not mentioned at all. Yet it is through the marked community of culture between Sardinia, Sicily, and such South Italian sites as Matera, that it has become possible to interpret, at all, the more fragmentary evidence from Remedello, Novilara, and the like. For it is not the case, as Mr. Walters says (p. 284) that in the Villanova stage "we now for the first time meet with tombs": the Museo Preistorico in Rome, and still more the museum of Syracuse, are eloquent as to that—not to mention the known burial-places of the Terramare folk. It is also inaccurate to describe (p. 284) the practice of inhumation in Italy as a "new system" attributable to Greek influence.

Nor is the description even of "Etruscan" culture adequate. Bologna, and also Este (p. 285), are assigned bodily to the "Etruscans"; but there is no account at all of the pot-fabrics of the latter site. Moreover, in spite of the thesis about Villanova, already cited, Etruscan pottery is taken (p. 303) to depend mainly on foreign models, and the first fabric to be treated systematically is the "Polledrara Ware" (p. 297). The published account of the excavations at Narce is simply summarised on p. 289, without allusion to the sequel: but perhaps Mr. Walters is prepared to defend its accuracy: and he is equally tender (in i. 64-5) to the memory of General di Cesnola.

The painted fabrics of early Sicily—Castelluccio and the sites near Girgenti and Palermo—are not included at all; and those of Apulia are treated only briefly. Note that the denial (p. 325) of the dependence of the "Peucetian" style on Mycenæan tradition is already antiquated by the series in the museum of Taranto.

There is, in fact, a very obvious reason why Mr. Walters should have diverged as he has done from the ampler plan laid down by Birch. In proportion as his subject leads him away from departments in which the British Museum is strong, and on which his own best work has been expended hitherto, his grip on his materials becomes looser, and his background of general knowledge less trustworthy; with the result that here and there in his book whole sections have been admitted which are regrettably imperfect, and some which are quite unworthy of the company in which they appear.

A book of this length is, of course, not written in a day; and it is difficult even to keep it up to date till it goes to the printer. But on p. 54, for example, Mr. Walters only knows by hearsay of finds at Dimini, though specimens of this pottery had reached the Fitzwilliam Museum already in 1901 or 1902, and the Ashmolean Museum, we believe, soon after. And it is a little late in the day to note, as on p. 53, that "fragments of painted pottery were seen by early travellers at Delphi" (with references to 1841 and 1835). On p. 67, also, certain vases "are said to be in the Louvre": in these days of *ententes* this might surely have been verified.

After much (perhaps over-captious) criticism of the consequences of what we venture to think an ill-judged design, may we pay a concluding tribute to the great beauty and accuracy of the illustrations, and especially of the coloured plates? We desiderate "... ἔγραφε, . . . ἐποίησε" in the corner of every one.

#### SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM

*Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus?* A Study in Elizabethan Literature. By JOHN M. ROBERTSON. (Watts, 5s. net.)

*On Ten Plays of Shakespeare.* By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERTSON makes in this volume an incisive attack on those critics who assert that a work is by Shakespeare

because it has been held to be his in the past. He comes against them armed with sound logic and much learning, entering a solemn protest against their method, or rather lack of method. His argument is clear and convincing, and we heartily welcome this contribution to the work of defining clearly what is Shakespearean and what is not. After a thorough examination of *Titus* by means of all the usual technical tests, it is concluded that the play was an old one, many times re-cast, and that Greene and Peele are chiefly responsible for it in the form in which it has come down to us. The extraordinary thing is that there should exist students like Professor Collins and Mr. Baildon who need convincing on the point at issue. Considering that, of all Elizabethan plays, *Titus Andronicus* contains the most complicated series of inhuman and grossly repulsive orgies of lust and blood, it seems almost incomprehensible that any one should feel tempted to ascribe it to the hand which wrote—we will not say *Cymbeline* or *As You Like It*—but *Romeo and Juliet* or "The Rape of Lucrece." Mr. Robertson has conducted a mass of original research and studied an amount of technical criticism which would overwhelm any but the most undaunted specialist. His work is of that dry and thankless order which it is laborious to follow closely, but the conclusions of which we are thankful to accept.

Entirely different are Mr. Stopford Brooke's essays, or lectures, which belong to the kind of criticism which aims at doing our thinking for us. We are far from wishing to object to æsthetic criticism as a whole, or to rate it lower than the analytical method. On the contrary, we conceive that the formation of critical opinions based on wide reading and arrived at after mature reflection is the more vital process, and is likely to lead to results which, though they may be less precise and less easy to tabulate, are no less valuable from a literary standpoint. It is, indeed, impossible to compare the two, setting their values one against the other, for their aims are quite unlike. They supplement and do not interfere with each other. One seeks to ascertain the exact chronology of the plays, the technical advance or evolution of metre and style, and the traces of collaboration and re-handling: the other aims at understanding the psychology and rightly appreciating the dramatic and poetical qualities of the works. The second makes use of the results reached by the first, but can only employ its method to a slight and modified extent. Taking, therefore, Mr. Stopford Brooke's method and aims for granted, it remains to be seen what he has said in these pages which is illuminating or new, which will add to our pleasure in reading the plays or increase our understanding of them, which will alter or improve our point of view. To the reader who has thought much about Shakespeare and is not new to Shakespearean criticism the book is disappointing in its meagreness. It gives a summary of each play, often paraphrasing the speeches, commenting and explaining in the course of the narrative; the chief personages receive a few pages of characterisation, and the general effect of the play is lightly touched upon. The studies are lamentably slight, the average space allotted to each play being about thirty pages. The author, while not going beyond what has been said by his predecessors, writes almost as if he had had none. Difficult and disputed passages he barely indicates, and seldom sets forth two sides to a question with any adequacy. While hardly finding space to touch upon questions of multiple authorship, interpolations, differing versions or re-handling of the text, he yet devotes a few lines in more than one place to remarking that "Bacon could not possibly have written this passage." As a Shakespearean he has no faults, or only negative faults; he is generally sound, often felicitous, and a just admirer of genius; but the educated man will find little interest in reading this book beyond the mere curiosity to see whether or no he agrees with the author on each point. He will not feel that he is sitting at the feet of a master. The essays are good within their limits; but precisely because they keep within those limits their proper place is

not "all of a row" in a volume to themselves: they should figure as introductions to school editions of the separate plays. As it is, they will be found most useful to young people suffering from impotency of observation and paucity of ideas, unimaginative schoolmasters who are at a loss how to teach Shakespeare, and ladies living in the suburbs whose social duties will not leave them time to attend Extension Lectures.

A good example of Mr. Stopford Brooke's treatment, and one which will perhaps make our meaning clear, is his characterisation of Banquo. He sees in Banquo merely the white-souled hero of tradition, introduced chiefly as a foil to set Macbeth's darker nature in clear relief. He sees what many previous writers have seen, the difference in the attitudes of Banquo and Macbeth from those of the Witches, he sees Banquo's loyalty, his bravery, his love of natural beauty, his clarity of intellect. But he fails to notice one of the most important and perhaps the most interesting of the facts in Banquo's story, namely that before his death he is no longer the innocent man that he was in the first Act. The first hint of the change that comes over him is contained in the passage where he prays that the cursed thoughts which nature gives way to in repose may be restrained in him. And though, at the announcement of the murder of Duncan, his attitude is one of loyalty and honesty, he evidently drew back in the days following from carrying out what his words at the time implied:

let us meet  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
Against the undivul'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

We find him next as Macbeth's chief counsellor and the principal guest invited to the supper. Obviously he has not said anything to any one about the prophecies of the Witches, or about the suspicions which he must have entertained as to the real author or instigator of the murder. His speech beginning: "Thou hast it now," shows clearly his state of mind. The ambition aroused in him by the last part of the Witches' prophecy, concerning his descendants, has so far got the better of his conscience that he is content to see the first part fulfilled, without inquiring too closely into the means whereby the fulfilment was brought about. This development of Banquo's character, showing how a temptation similar to that which so easily gained a hold on Macbeth eventually overcame so fine a nature as his, and illustrating, as Professor Bradley aptly remarks, the incalculability of evil, is entirely overlooked by Mr. Stopford Brooke. And it is insufficiencies of this kind which render his studies ineffective except as elementary introductions to the plays. Still, in passing, any judgment on these essays, it must always be remembered that they were delivered as lectures. Therefore, in the first place, we cannot expect the author to say everything in a limited space; and, secondly, these pages are necessarily lacking in that added charm and interest whereby Mr. Stopford Brooke's personality as a lecturer always holds the attention of his audience.

#### LORD GOSCHEN'S ESSAYS

*Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions, 1865-1893.* With Introductory Notes. By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT GOSCHEN. (Arnold, 15s. net.)

THESE essays and addresses are republished without any omissions of substance, but in every case the writer has prefixed an introductory note, "with the object of bringing the light of the present day to bear upon these studies of the past." Lord Goschen is one of those whose writings carry conviction with them; and, while the public is greatly to be congratulated upon the appearance of this volume, we cannot forbear from offering to the author our tribute of respect on this account—that, with one noteworthy exception, his opinions of forty years ago were

absolutely sound, as his prognostications appear to have been absolutely justified.

Whether Lord Goschen will be recognised by future generations as a great Chancellor of the Exchequer we have some doubt. As a banker and man of finance his pre-eminence has scarcely been questioned, but in politics he was, perhaps, not "showy" enough to attain a high place in the estimate of the historian, and he was always too balanced and accurate for noisy popular esteem; but the Exchequer is an office where the moral influence, so to speak, of the head of the department lives after him, and, if succeeding Chancellors have followed sound principles of finance, it is not too much to say that Lord Goschen has, in our generation, done more than any living man to make it possible for them to do so.

In this volume it is the great banker, the great man of business with a wide understanding of the world's forces, who speaks to us, and, now that the personal element has so largely departed from the banking world in the unceasing acquisition of old private banks by the joint stock company, his words provoke a more considerable interest than they might have done twenty years ago.

Two Essays on the Bank rate, "Seven per cent." and "Two per cent.," possess great historical value. They deal with the period when joint stock enterprise was sowing its wild oats, and we have no conception nowadays, though our Stock Exchange is spasmodic and mercurial enough, of the horrible tension in the business world between 1864 and May 10, 1866, when Overend and Gurney closed their doors with a liability of nineteen millions. At the time many projects of economic imposture were suggested, notably by M. Pereire of the *Crédit Mobilier*, for relieving the tension, which was attributed not to scarcity of gold but to scarcity of notes.

On such a subject Lord Goschen wrote with admirable lucidity and force. Every reason but the right one was given for the over-trading and speculation which had led to the crisis. The Bank Charter Act was, it is true, suspended, but for three months the rate of interest was 10 per cent., and the reserves which, in May 1866, amounted to thirteen millions, were raised at the close of the year to twenty-eight millions—and, "while capital like any other commodities is encouraged to migrate from the cheapest to the dearest market," it is, of course, plain that the further issue of notes with a Bank-rate artificially low could only have hastened their conversion into gold and its immediate export to some market where the rate was higher.

The financial troubles of 1866 were due to the growing diffusion of English capital for foreign purposes under the joint stock system and, "ceteris paribus, the rate of interest cannot fall below a point at which companies trading with foreign countries are willing to take it." After exaggerated confidence, exaggerated despondency characterised 1867 with its Bank rate of 2 per cent. But, save to the most solvent borrowers, money was never really cheap; it was not competing for hire, it merely refused to be hired on any terms whatever.

The crisis of 1866 had struck a blow at credit under which "our whole system reeled and staggered;" the result was seen in "2 per cent.," due to the limited reserves of a limited class being all concentrated "on a given spot and entrusted to an agency most scrupulously cautious." Thus Lord Goschen refers to the banking fraternity of 1868. He expresses some concern whether the joint stock banks will be equally prudent. There is, we think, no reason to doubt it—indeed, in some ways they are more cautious than the old private banks, and the country farmer, who could formerly procure an overdraft of £500 or £1000 after five minutes' chat in the bank parlour, to-day sues in vain for a fifth of this accommodation from the Manager's office, though his credit may be unquestioned. The personal relation has been destroyed; but it must be, we think, on the whole

a factor for solvency—and to-day "security not price" is the Banker's rule, even more inflexible than in 1868.

An interesting address on the "Prospects of Trade" in 1885 is included in the volume, in which emphasis is laid on the greater diffusion of capital, and the enormous increase in the number of those who, under the joint stock system, participate in the business profits of the nation. In 1885 the paid up capital of our registered companies was five hundred and ninety-one millions: in 1903 it had grown to the stupendous sum of one thousand eight hundred and fifty millions, and it is clear that this larger capital is distributed among a proportionately larger number of shareholders—surely a striking proof not only of national prosperity but of the wider distribution of wealth.

The address contains interesting reference to the expansion of our Colonial Trade, but it would have been more instructive if Lord Goschen had dissected the increase of these exports, a great part of which must, we think, have represented Colonial Loans raised in this country and carried to the borrower in the form of British "Exports;" and, if there be any correctness in the assertion that during the period referred to Australia was borrowing from us at the rate of eight or nine millions annually, an increase of exports from fourteen millions to twenty-seven millions is surely not very striking.

As regards our position compared with prosperous foreign nations, Lord Goschen, rightly we think, attributes our supremacy to our start in trade, "an immense advantage, but which naturally dwindles as other countries progress."

We are afraid that the article on "Laissez faire" would irritate both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour, yet it must command the attention of every man who reflects that "every additional transfer of duties to the State saps the belief of the community in the value of natural liberty," and that originality of mind and individuality of character are the only sources of "any real progress and of most of the qualities which make the human race much superior to any herd of animals."

It is curious how "laissez-nous faire, laissez-nous passer", the impatient cry of the fiery revolutionary Physiocrats, is to-day attributed to "hard impassive theorists and cold-blooded economists;" certain it is, however, that the frame of mind which the catchword represents is out of favour.

Greater sensitiveness of the national conscience, calling for State remedies for moral evils and for more securities for the enforcement of the claims of humanity: growing discontent with the distribution of wealth and profits: the increasing demand for regulations, due to the difficulties of our complex and overcrowded social system—the necessity for the Executive to interfere more and more in the performance of functions for the discharge of which the ubiquity of its agents give it special facilities and the convenience of the public a special call—

such are the four reasons given by Lord Goschen for the abandonment of the principle of "Laissez faire," but he laments it less in 1905 than he did in 1883, when he addressed the Edinburgh Philosophical Society upon the same text. Twenty years ago it is clear that he was apprehensive of some serious attack upon private ownership in the name of the State—a fear which he admits, not without satisfaction, has proved groundless. But alas! his expectation that a devolution of powers from the Civil Service to Local Authorities would operate to check the collectivist instinct has proved equally groundless, for the zeal of the state official is reflected as in a gigantic magnifying mirror in the salaried clerk of the strong local bodies brought into being since 1888.

In such a matter as Municipal Trading the only test for the man in the street is: "What does it cost?" He vaguely laments the loss of the individual, but he notes his destruction on all hands; the Joint Stock Company, the Joint Stock Bank, the group of Insurance offices merged in a huge combine, the Borough Council's tram-car, the newspaper syndicate, each is eloquent of a collectivist movement; but nothing stirs him until his

pocket is reached, and that which the united conscience of the nation demands, whether it be Factory Acts, or Municipal Gas, or control of the Liquor Traffic, has to be paid for. The question to which Lord Goschen invites an answer is whether "the interference with freedom of action and contract has husbanded industrial resources by restraining the waste of them," or not. As Mill says:

There is in almost all forms of Government agency one thing which is compulsory, the provision of pecuniary means. These are derived from Taxation and the objection necessarily attaching to compulsory contributions is almost always aggravated by the expensive precautions and onerous restrictions which are indispensable to prevent an evasion of a compulsory tax.

The really interesting point in regard to our departure from the principle of "Laissez faire" is that, rightly or wrongly, one party to the present fiscal controversy undoubtedly holds that the action of the State, while effecting social improvement, has injuriously affected British trade, and upon this assumption bases a claim for Tariff protection.

We confidently recommend this volume to every student of economics and political science.

### SONGS OF INNOCENCE

*Odes and Elegies.* By CLINTON SCOLLARD. (New York: Brown- ing, \$1.35 net.)

*Collected Sonnets of Lloyd Mifflin.* Revised by the Author. (Frowde, 10s. 6d. net.)

*Preludes and Symphonies.* By OLIVER GREY. (Routledge, 3s. 6d.)

*In Old Northumbria.* By R. H. FORSTER. (Long, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Thoughts and Fancies of a Girl.* By KITTY BALBERNIE. (Cassell, 2s.)

*Ante-room Ballads.* By "CENTURION." (Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.)

*Pro Patria and other Poems.* By B. PAUL NEUMAN. (Brown, Langham, 3s. 6d.)

WHEN the first careless enjoyment is over, there are few pleasures which poetry can give equal to that of tracing the experience and observation of the poet in the worlds of men and nature and literature. So richly do some poets reward us, in this kind, that we distrust the biographies which affect to show us the existence out of which the poetry arose: the difference between the biography and the poetry is as great as between a tree in June and the same tree in January. Others have so refined their experience, or apparently disregarded it, that we see in their lives (as they are written) no greater resemblance to their work than there is in a box of paints to a finished picture. In short, except to a patient philosophic mind, the biography is apt to seem but an impertinent comment on the poetry. The two are often in irreconcilable contrast, and though at their best—as in Byron's case—they may be harmonised into an incomparable portrait of a man, yet we often wish back again the first intuitions which came when our minds had free play among the poems. How splendid it was to wanton thus with Shelley and Keats! Hence, perhaps, a great part of the unique pleasure which contemporaries can give—we see and admire, but seldom know "how change the moons." We gain a more or less definite vision of the poet's landscapes, his reading, his preferences and so on; we rejoice partly at the beauty and partly at our own recognition of it. And unless we are able to convince ourselves, in some degree, that our poet is either a pure singer whose course is indistinguishable in mist, or a man whose emotions and experience we can be fairly sure of, he writes, for us, in vain. He writes the "songs of innocence" of the ordinary verse-writer—songs which may have charms, but leave us uncertain whether the writer has ever done anything but read. We have several such before us to-day.

Mr. Clinton Scollard is a conspicuous example. He is the author of thirteen volumes of verse and eight of prose;



yet, in this, his twenty-second book, we can learn nothing of him except that he has read Keats and has listened to music and seen some pictures. We have not found one sentence which perplexes us pleasantly and makes us wonder how he came to say that in that way. We cannot surprise him at any revelation. For example, he begins with a poem of a hundred and fifty lines on "The Dreamers." The men of science, he says, the adventurers, the soldiers, the statesmen, the musicians, the painters, the sculptors, the poets, all are dreamers. He says so. The merit of the poem has to depend upon his rhythms, his observation and his manner of recording it. His rhythms are raised above mediocrity only by their almost unvaried pomp. His style is in keeping; it is lacking in precision as much as in restraint. His observation is not anywhere betrayed. We find him speaking of "the incomparable charm that June-time brings," of "impetuous Alexander" flinging "his serried phalanx;" of Chopin "whose melodies are like chords of sleep," of "the peerless splendour of the Parthenon," of Homer's heroes striding "grandly before us in a peerless row:" phrases which only prove that Mr. Scollard has never learnt the value of words. Set him beside Mr. William H. Davies, who in three lines on a London fog has the wonderful detail:

And only blind men know the way,

and he is a child singing of inexperience. No man who really knew the importance of dreams and had dreams himself would have consented to leave out of a poem of that length all proof that he was sincere. June gave him a chance; surely he once saw a flower or heard a bird in June that left him unclogged by his marvellous facility in the multiplication of words; but if he did, he has not recorded it. In another poem he praises a dead man. On the first page he speaks of the dead man's dust, "wherefrom one day the violet may have birth." He has to suggest Arizona, and he can only say that it is like the Hell "that fancy pictured to the Florentine," and that "earth reveals no ghastlier, grimmer scene." We might also suppose that he had never known Arizona or death; his writing reveals the study only; and the result is that his by no means unskilled rhetoric is on the same level, in its effect, as an average political speech. Again, he laments McKinley—he, an adult man, we may assume, laments the murdered President in such words as:

And, with the sad intoning of the bells,  
Bring immortelles.

Last, he has these words on a dream:

Then a surge of gold  
Engulfed the rose-light, and clear Sirius paled  
Into a dying point as o'er it rolled  
The effulgent wave triumphant, and behold,  
Day's immaterial splendour unassailed.

There is not, we think, any sentiment or observation in that which proves that Mr. Scollard ever watched the dawn.

Mr. Lloyd Mifflin is of the same school. We seem to neglect him only because he is famous in America, and there sitting where we dare not soar. The sonnet has a wonderful command of him. Three hundred and fifty times, in this volume, the sonnet has made him say grandiose or vague or sweet things which reveal nothing, except that the writer has been in the habit of reading poetry.

In Mr. Oliver Grey's "Preludes and Symphonies" we are in a different world. He teaches us at once not to expect observation or experience. He frankly uses only well-known themes, to which he is bold when he adds the decoration of a new epithet. He plays at verse as a child at "cat's cradles." He makes no pretence. He is bent on rearranging charming words, and he calls us to admire them for an hour. He could go on for ever writing as he writes "to Lilian learning Greek":

This dull Grammar holds the keys  
To the realms of poesy;  
Glimmering cities, fairy seas  
Sleeping 'neath a summer sky.

And that is to poetry as coquetting is to love, and not unpleasant.

Mr. R. H. Foster, little as he has of Mr. Scollard's brittle pomp or Mr. Grey's thin sweetness, is of their school. That is to say that he uses verse, unconsciously perhaps, in order to give a more imposing dress to matters that do not concern him overmuch. Had he written in prose instead of blank verse, he would have used the same vocabulary: he might have been more terse, his descriptions would have been more laboured and full; but a plain man might put his verse into prose without doing it any harm. He chose blank verse as, a few generations ago, men chose the ballad form when they wanted to draw attention to a murder or a scandal, because verse is, to the majority, an unusual and dignified form. Verse puts the mayoral robes on the plain man. It is a harmless and artless deception. Mr. Forster wished to make the battle of Heavenfield impressive without loss of time, and he did it by means of lines like these:

Here on this lonely hill  
Shall be our refuge and our haven of rest  
To night, and ere another sunset throw  
Its gorgeous mantle o'er the western sky,  
Our castle and protection, to be famed  
In England's annals while that England lasts . . .

So Oswald speaks; and it is good old-fashioned rhetoric, too.

Miss Kitty Balbernie reveals no more than Mr. Forster, though she uses the lyric and the sonnet. Mr. R. B. Ransford introduces her to us, saying that some of her pieces "will endure and be sung the world over," and adding that her "lyre" has only sounded "under the pressure of suffering and the tension of pain." She is not yet sixteen. There is little more to be said except that it is a pity that one who is still a child should write like an ordinary man. Of childhood there is nothing here except its immaturity.

"Centurion" is probably a man of experience. He is a soldier and an officer; many of his poems were "scribbled in note books during the war in South Africa"; yet he does not here reveal anything but the natural desire to laugh in the face of experience. When he takes his pen in his hand, he dips it, not in "the hues of earthquake and eclipse," but in ink as futile as if it had to earn a living for him. His verses are an extraordinary example of the inability of most men to use their experience instead of their chance reading. Perhaps it was in the midst of sudden death that he wrote:

Who was it woke me every day,  
With what he chose to call my "tay,"  
Then set my clothing in array?  
My servant!

and eight more verses on that theme. Well, probably it cheered without inebriating.

"Centurion" writes like a mere writer. Mr. Neuman fails either to be graceful and readable, or to knead his experience into verse. He just fails. Some of his verses are of a grave and restrained simplicity; others are touched with the spirit of a kindly, thoughtful and experienced man—yet never does he succeed in combining his experience and his serious style in such a way as to make poetry. He is always outside of his subject. He rouses our sympathy once or twice, not by art, but by writing that is always on a fair level and by a sentiment that is lofty and obviously sincere.

#### SIR ANDREW CLARKE

*Life of Lieut.-General the Hon. Sir Andrew Clarke.* Edited by Col. R. H. VETCH, C.B. (Murray, 15s. net.)

THE biographies of soldiers are not often so interesting as is the life of Sir Andrew Clarke, but a military officer's life is seldom of so varied a kind as was that of this son of the Empire. To have played a part in the early struggles of

two of the Australasian colonies, to have undertaken engineering works on a large scale, to have settled complex native problems in the Straits Settlements and to have served on the Viceroy's Council would have been enough for most men; but Sir Andrew Clarke was a man of such unceasing activity that these achievements were but a part of his career, and the training which he obtained in thus serving his country abroad only fitted him the better for becoming at home Commandant of the School of Military Engineering and Inspector-General of Fortifications. His career deserved a biography, if only as an example of how the servants of the Empire are made. It is true that his appointment to the high post of Inspector-General, at the age of fifty-eight, was much criticised, and as his namesake, Sir G. S. Clarke, says in the preface to his book:

There were actually persons who believed that Sir Andrew happened to be looking over a hedge somewhere in Victoria when Mr. Childers either stole a sheep or committed a murder—the story varied—and that the Inspector-Generalship was the reward of silence.

The cause of Sir Andrew Clarke's success in the various offices which he filled is probably to be traced in part to his faculty in recognising merit in his subordinates. It is a very rare gift, and Sir Andrew, like the late Sir Henry Cole, Superintendent of the South Kensington Museum, was an "astute detector of useful men." This gift was well used, as Colonel Vetch points out, when Captain G. S. Clarke was sent by Sir Andrew to Alexandria to make a detailed examination of, and report on, the effect of the bombardment. This officer, now well known as Sir George Clarke, had written an account of the defence of Plevna: its merits arrested the attention of Sir Andrew, with whom he was neither acquainted nor connected. That is but one example out of many of the detection of useful men. This alone shows that Sir Andrew was not an official of the stereotyped pattern, and the administrative changes which he made, and which bore so good a result, are an additional proof. Naturally, he did not always have the free hand which he desired, but even the work which he was not allowed to achieve serves to show how great was his craving to do something: criticism and academic exposition are not satisfactory by themselves to men of action.

After his retirement from the active list Sir Andrew Clarke served as an Agent-General for some time and devoted himself also to trying to teach lessons of efficiency. Some of his letters on Imperial defence are startlingly apposite at present. One letter in particular, which was published in 1889, deserves notice. After stating that "Germanised army corps are the mere luxuries of military ambition," he went on to say that:

instead of preaching impossible conscription and idly seeking to defend the greatest city of the world by cheap expedients, let us sink party spirit, departmental prejudices, even personal aims, in one great effort to create and maintain such a navy as will alone enable us calmly to face the unknown future, and to bear ourselves once more with dignity in the councils of Europe.

That sentence is of particular interest at the present moment. But whether it bear fruit or not, Colonel Vetch has every reason to be well contented with the fruits of his labour.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### NEW LIGHT ON CHAUCER'S "LEGENDE OF GOODE WOMEN"

OPINIONS differ as to the merit of the stories of faithful injured ladies to which Chaucer gave the collective title, "The Legende of Goode Women." One of the very best of modern Chaucer critics, Professor Ker, is ever ready to defend these narratives of "Cupid's Saints." To other students Chaucer seems to have found the devotion of his *Heroides* a monotonous theme, and to have wearied of his task some time before he reached the ninth lady, with

whom he abandoned the martyrology which was to have celebrated nineteen. Again, it has lately been suggested that some of the stories may be early work in which the poet was feeling his way in the use of the decasyllabic couplets over which he ultimately attained so happy a mastery. Both the one suggestion and the other point to a feeling that in many of these tales Chaucer is not at his best, but against the Prologue to them no such veiled censures have ever been brought. In both of the two forms in which it has been preserved it is delightful. Whatever tremors he may have felt in their presence, Chaucer is as much at his ease in narrating the wrathful speech of Cupid and the pleading of Queen Alceste as in any of the talks of his *Canterbury Pilgrims*. Moreover, there is a simplicity—in the slang of to-day we might say a prefigurement of the Simple Life—in the picture of the courtier-poet, one of the King's Esquires, Comptroller of the Customs of the Port of London, a Justice of the Peace, and soon to be, if not already, a Member of Parliament for Kent, sleeping in his garden on a bank of green turf that he might rise the earlier to do observance to the Daisy, the most modest of flowers. In his "Troilus and Creseide" Chaucer touches some at least of the notes of *Romeo and Juliet*. In this Prologue to the "Legende of Goode Women," with its delight in the flowers and the sun, its picture of Cupid's wrath and appeasement, and of the fair women singing their blade in honour of Alceste, we have an anticipation of some of the charm of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The charm of the Prologue to the "Legende" will abide, it may even prove to have been heightened, but the discoveries of the last two years have given it a different turn. As we are now taught to know it, it is more literary, more of the Court and its amusements, and savours something less, it must be owned, of the simple life. It will be remembered that the Prologue begins with a praise of Books, from which we learn more than we could ever know of ourselves. There is a similar eulogy of books at the beginning of the "Parlement of Foules," and no doubt the resemblance helped to put Chaucer's editors off the scent, and make them think that the passage a few lines further on, in which the poet speaks of gleaning where others had reaped, referred only to Ovid and the other authors from whom the lives of the Good Women were compiled. As it stands in the version which we have all hitherto believed that Chaucer first wrote, it reads:

For wel I wot, that folk han her-beforn  
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn;  
And I come after, glening here and there  
And am ful glad if I may finde an ere  
Of any goodly word that they han left.  
And, if hit happeth me reherseen eft  
That they han in her fresshé songés sayd,  
I hope that they wil nat ben evel apayd,  
Sith hit is seid in forthering and honour  
Of hem that either serven Leef or Flour.

The survival of a poem, long erroneously attributed to Chaucer himself, entitled "The Flower and the Leaf," supplied the information that lovers used to range themselves under these two banners, and provoked notes to the effect that this was the earliest reference to the dispute in English literature; but to the hint given in the allusion to "fresshé songés" every one save Tyrwhitt a century ago was blind. Yet a still stronger hint was available, for in another version of the Prologue, generally accepted as Chaucer's revision of the one from which we have quoted, the passage reads much more significantly:

But helpeth ye that han conning and might,  
Ye lovers that can make of sentement;  
In this cas oughte ye be diligent  
To forthren me somewhat in my labour,  
Whether ye ben with the Leef or with the Flour.  
For wel I wot, that ye han her-biforn  
Of making ropen, and lad away the corn;  
And I come after, glening here and there,  
And am ful glad if I may finde an ere  
Of any goodly word that ye han left.  
And thogh it happen me rehercen eft

That ye han in your fresshé songés sayd,  
Forbereth me, and beth not evel apayd,  
Sin that ye see I do hit in the honour  
Of love, and eek in service of the flour,  
Whom that I serve as I have wit or might.

That the "ye" to whom this direct appeal is made must be some contemporary poets now seems unmistakable, but the clue to their identity lay hid in French manuscripts, and it was only when progress had been made with publishing the works of Eustache Deschamps that the meaning of the passage became clear. The honour of discovering it (a fitting reward for his many services to English literature) fell to Professor Kittredge of Harvard, who, in a brilliant article in *Modern Philology* (Chicago, 1903), on "Chaucer and some of his Friends," showed that several of Deschamps's poems were concerned with the rivalry of the Flower and the Leaf, and that one of these was written about this very time in honour of Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of Chaucer's patron, John of Gaunt. Now, Eustache Deschamps was already known as a friend or admirer of Chaucer, to whom he wrote a balade with the refrain, which now seems to us a little unkind, "Grant translateur, noble Geoffroi Chaucier," and sent therewith by the hands of Sir Lewis Clifford some poems of his own for Chaucer's approval.

The clue which one good American had thus discovered another good American quickly followed up, and the story, which can here only be epitomised, will be found in full, with an exhaustive discussion of its bearings on Chaucer's poetry, in two papers contributed by Mr. John L. Lowes, also of Harvard, to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America for December 1904 and 1905. Here he shows that for the celebration of May-day by Charles VI. of France at Vincennes in 1385 Deschamps had written a "Lai de Franchise" contrasting the pomp of the King's Court with the simple maying of Robin and Marion, and that some of the most familiar lines in Chaucer's Prologue are taken from this "Lai de Franchise" of Deschamps, from the "Paradys d'Amours" and other poems by Chaucer's old acquaintance, the chronicler Froissart, and from his other French favourite, Guillaume Machault. He has taken some lines also from Boccaccio's "Filostrato" (the poem on which he drew for his "Troilus"), but it is from Deschamps, Froissart and Machault, and their poems in honour of sundry fair Marguerites, that he borrows the lines so often quoted as autobiographical.

Now have I than swich a condicioun  
That of allé the flourés in the mede  
Than love I most these flourés whyte and rede,  
Swiche as men callen daysies in our toun.  
To hem have I so greet affeccoun,  
As I seyde erst, whan comen is the May,  
That in my bed ther daweth me no day  
That I nam up, and walkyng in the mede  
To seen this flour agein the sonné sprede,  
Whan hit upryseth erly by the morwe.

For a dozen lines more the borrowing goes on, not as men borrow with their eyes fixed on a book, but as a poet borrows who wants to remind his poet friends of how well their songs are printed on his memory. It is at the end of these borrowings that we come to the apostrophe to "ye lovers that can make of sentement" already quoted, and now its full meaning is clear. Instead of filling his lines with the names of his French friends and the titles of their poems, Chaucer literally gleans from them, and then tells them what he is doing and asks their help. "I should be but a nettle in your garden" Deschamps had written to Chaucer, and the Englishman writes back: "On the contrary I can but glean what you and your friends have left for me to pick up," and having thus made matters right, and cemented this poetic *entente cordiale* amid the horrors and stupidities of the Hundred Years War, he proceeds, as Mr. Lowes shows, to take very considerable hints for the framework of his Prologue from both the "Lai de Franchise" and the "Paradys d'Amour."

One certain result from Mr. Lowes's pamphlets is that

what has hitherto been regarded as the later form of Chaucer's Prologue to the "Legende" is undoubtedly the earlier. The interchange of courtesies between Chaucer and his French friends is very pretty and charming. It is good also to have yet another instance of the absolute originality which Chaucer could give to his borrowings. Much less pleasant—though wholesome—is it to be reminded yet once more of the extreme danger of taking any word which Chaucer writes about himself in verse as literally true. This is a hard lesson to learn. Even Mr. Lowes has not learnt it quite perfectly, for in his second paper he catches himself repeating the argument that, as there would be no garden to have a "herber" in attached to Aldgate gatehouse, Chaucer must have been living somewhere else when he wrote the Prologue. Reluctantly he admits that reasoning of this kind will no longer hold good. Well! it is another illusion gone. But after all Chaucer was nearer fifty than forty when he wrote the "Legende" and nights are still cold in May. He would not have "conveyed" the lines about the early worship of the daisy had he not approved it as quite a nice thing for young men to do, but for an elderly poet it was doubtless much better to stay in bed and read pretty French poems in comfort, undisturbed by more rheumatism than a man must needs expect!

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

\* \* \* As I have been writing about "The Legende of Goode Women," there is a point which I should like to make about its title, as it has not, to my knowledge, been brought out by Chaucer's commentators and is a good deal obscured by Dr. Murray's treatment of the word *Legend* in the Oxford English Dictionary. In the Prologue, as a punishment for his heresy against Love's law, Chaucer is condemned to a literary penance. "Thou shalte," he is told,

Whyl that thou livest, yeer by yere,  
The mosté party of thy lyvé spendé,  
In making of a glorious Legendé  
Of Godé Wommen, maidenes and wyvés,  
That weré trewe in loveinge al hir lyvés.

Dr. Murray quotes the second and third lines of the passage as his first example of the use of the word *legend* in the sense of "a story, history, account." There can, I think, be little doubt that its true meaning here is that of a Lectionary or Book of Lessons. The *Sarum Legenda* was a well-known book in mediæval England. It has lately been shown that an edition of it was published by Caxton, and that this, and not "The Golden Legend," was the book of which he bequeathed copies to the churchwardens of St. Margaret's. Now the third set of lessons, to be read on any day in church, were taken in whole or part from the lives of the Saints commemorated on that day. They were read at the second of the three Nocturns into which Mattins was divided, and, their contents being for the most part highly miraculous, "to lie like a second nocturn" became a mediæval proverb. Thus, when Love bids Chaucer make "a glorious Legende of Gode Wommen," it is clear that he is bidding him contribute to his worship by composing a lectionary in honour of his martyrs, and it is exactly in accordance with this that we have the reference in the Man of Law's Prologue in the Canterbury Tales to Chaucer's "largé volume," "cleped the Seintes Legende of Cupyde," i.e., the *Legenda* or Lectionary of Cupid's Saints. We still speak of Cupid as a god, and Chaucer, with the mediæval love of detail, argues that, if he were a god, women who died for their loyalty were his saints and martyrs, and set himself to provide a Lectionary in their honour. To gloss the word "story, history, or account," empties it of its special meaning and spoils the point.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Earliest Modern Novelist," by Edward Wright.]

## THE DOWNSMAN IN EXILE

THE Downsmán in far city  
May not his home forget:  
The spacious hills of many a fold  
He sees in vision yet.  
His fancy flies the crowded streets,  
The noise, the stir of town,  
And peace is his where shepherds watch  
All silent on the Down.

He marks anew the gracious slopes  
That dip to Weald and coomb;  
He hies to valleys all aglow  
With fire of gorse in bloom;  
He comes to the old beacon's crest  
The Weald before him spread;  
The quiet villages he sees  
Where Sussex words are said.

And kind his heart to all he sees,  
To plain as well as hill;  
But kindest to the open Down,  
Where one may have his will;  
May roam from morn till day be done,  
Nor meet forbidding board;  
Where is no path that one must tread,  
But free to all the sward.

So sighs the Downsmán far away  
For hills that others roam;  
So from the midst of alien streets  
His thoughts they fly to home.  
Still dreaming of the upland ways  
Unwon to love of town,  
He holds above all places best  
The land of the South Down.

CHARLES HART.

## FICTION

*John Carruthers, Indian Policeman.* By Sir EDMUND C. COX, Bart. (Cassell, 3s. 6d.)

THESE little tales of the experience of an Indian policeman are very ingenious and cleverly worked up. Give John Carruthers three hairs upon a table-cover, or a score or two of loose bricks, and he will build up, or demolish, an elaborate structure of intrigue and crime. As a rule, there is only a single thread to disentangle, partners and complications are avoided, the stories are short and brisk, and all to the glory of the narrator's astuteness. "The Rajapur Case," "The Stolen Dispatch," and "The Dutch Engineer" are perhaps the most striking examples of the author's invention, but most of them illustrate some interesting phase of native life. "Romeo and Juliet" is not altogether convincing, and "The Last Story" is the weakest in the volume. John Carruthers is one among hundreds of inconspicuous good men who think and act imperially in the out-of-the-world corner whither duty sends them, and by their just, if sometimes arbitrary, proceedings maintain a wholesome fear of the British Raj. They are lucky if they win for themselves the coveted K.C.S.I., £500 a year, and a country cottage. There are other compensations, however: leisure to record their extraordinary experiences for the enlightenment and amusement of home-keeping folk who could not describe off-hand the difference between a Hindu and a Brahman. Sir Edmund Cox gives his information very neatly in the course of strange and stirring scenes, and if the tales are not all true, they are all true enough and generally entertaining.

*Her Highness.* By FRED WISHAW. (Long, 6s.)

WITH a canting fool for a hero, two professional flirts for heroines, and the Russian Court in the days of the Empress Elizabeth for background, it may be imagined that "Her

Highness" is not a very savoury story. Nor, it must be confessed, is it very interesting. Russian history is a domain with which Mr. Wishaw is fairly familiar, but he has given us much more enthralling and much better written stories than this. He tells us of Catherine—the Princess of a little German state, who cemented her hold on the throne of all the Russias with the blood of her husband—without ever once making us feel the character of the woman he is describing. Sir Guy Maxwell, it may be supposed, is meant to pass for a man of honour, but he is, after all, little more than a lay figure who holds impossibly honourable opinions because they fit him into the scheme of the story. And Mr. Wishaw himself very aptly describes Phyllis Seymour as a wax doll. However, there are adventures, there is intrigue, and there is, occasionally, a page or two of exciting incident. So that an hour spent with the book may not lack amusement.

*A Madcap Marriage.* By M. McD. BODKIN. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a book by a writer of pleasant things, which, but for the fact of its being absolutely and utterly unconvincing, would be more than a little unpleasant. But since from the first the happenings and characters in "A Madcap Marriage" are quite impossible, it is useless to take the hero and heroine and their doings seriously, and we need not therefore seek for any very severe adjective with which to qualify the hero's conduct in particular. That a man could masquerade as a woman, or a woman as a man, so successfully as Frank Dalton and Florence Martyn are supposed to do, especially in clothes dropped on in the most haphazard fashion, is an impossibility. That a decent man, or a modest girl, should carry this doubtful jest to the extremes this couple do, is an impossibility, or a possibility that kills all interest in them. That a man should, in five short years, utterly forget the face of the girl he makes his wife in such a very irregular, not to say shady manner, is an impossibility. Impossible also, are most of the incidents in the Boer Campaign, where "Mrs. Marshall," as Florence Martyn chooses to call herself, coaxes a prominent British Colonel into insisting on her being taken on the nursing staff going to the front. There she, of course, proves invaluable to her forgetful husband—a surgeon-major, within five years of passing the Army Medical. Lucky man! We have quoted only a few of the impossibilities in "A Madcap Marriage," and, honestly, bearing in mind Mr. Bodkin's reputation and the charm and wit of his previous works, we wish that he had found the publication of this book an impossibility too.

## THE DRAMA

## "ELECTRA" AT THE COURT THEATRE

IF all who go to see the *Electra* acted in English will read Professor Gilbert Murray's Introduction and Notes, and Professor Tyrrell's review of the book in THE ACADEMY for December 20, 1905, they will go well primed. Indeed, there is little or nothing that can be added. Only this question arises: How does the play act? It is an important question, for too often it happens that plays which interest or enthrall in the study fall flat when seen in the theatre. There is, in this case, only one answer; it acts exceedingly well. Those who saw *The Trojan Women* at the same theatre last year may remember, perhaps, how the desolation, the woe, the sense of great things gone, became almost unbearable before the play was out. But for the occasional relief of added horror, there was one note, and one only throughout—the wailing of women; and since the emotions can only stand a certain amount of strain at a time, the cumulative effect of all this woe was to deaden the spirit to something not far from callousness. There is nothing of that kind in the *Electra*. Euripides was a skilled playwright, besides being a far-seeing judge of human nature. He knew, as we say, how to "construct

a play; and in this play he keeps rousing our interest and stirring our emotions, so that every feeling shall be the finest and strongest of its kind, yet never pass through excess into numbness. The strange tenderness of Electra's peasant-husband, the desolation of Electra herself, bowed by poverty, labour and despair, her swift passages of hope and fear, her outburst of joy on learning that the stranger is indeed Orestes, the dreadful eagerness of the plotting of the double murder, and all the passage of events through the hideous deed to the appearance of Castor and Polydeuces above, and that exquisitely pathetic departure of Electra with Pylades:

ORESTES: O faithful unto death,  
Thou goest?  
ELECTRA: Aye, I pass from you,  
Soft-eyed at last;

this mixture of pathos, tenderness, horror, hope, fear, love, hatred, mourning and joy, makes up a play that is as full as any we know, new or old, of the intellectual and emotional excitement for which we go to the theatre. And how skillfully it is all contrived! When the deaths of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra have been plotted between Orestes, Electra, and the old man, their friend, the three pray together to the gods for vengeance. That prayer, so placed, coming, as it does, just at the close of what the producers of this version have wisely made the end of the first part, just before the breathing-space that is to usher in the double doom, is one of the most effective things we have seen on the stage.

"There is, perhaps," writes Dr. Murray, "no woman's character in the range of Greek tragedy so profoundly studied," as that of Electra in this play. To see the part acted by Miss Wynne-Matthison was to see deeper into the character than ever. Hers was a performance it would be difficult to praise too highly. She made no attempt to soften the woman into any petty prettinesses. A bitter woman this, childless, loveless, save for the love of her brother and of her father's memory, eaten away with hatred and the longing for revenge and the sense of her wrongs, remorseless, cruel, hard: but still enshrining somewhere within her the graciousness that should have been hers had her life gone smoothly, able to thank her peasant husband for his forbearance and to pass, after the deed is done and the doom has been spoken, "soft-eyed at last." Not a shade of character was lost, and yet there was no extravagance of passion. Mr. Harcourt Williams made a passable Orestes, Mr. Barnes an admirable old man, and Miss Edyth Olive played Clytemnestra powerfully in her one short scene. The appearance of Castor and Polydeuces, the *dei ex machina*, was cleverly managed, and the setting of the play entirely satisfactory. The performance will be repeated on the afternoons of January 23, 26, and 30, and February 2.

### "LA RAFALE" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

HAVING seen *La Rafale*, one can well understand that Mme. Simone le Baig, for all her small eccentricities and occasional amateurishness, was an ideal impersonator of Hélène de Bréchebel. For this is a part which not only requires acting, it requires expressing. It demands a fiery, impulsive temperament. Anything else ruins the verisimilitude of the story.

Hélène is a young girl, married for convenience, according to her parents' wishes, and loved by two other men—one a rich cousin, the other a ruined gambler. The first, Amédée she has liked, the second, Robert, she does love. She learns that Robert is on the brink of ruin, that he is compromised for a huge sum which must be paid in a very short time. She throws herself into the breach with all her heart and soul. First she tries to raise money on her jewels; that will take too long. Then she tries to get Amédée to lend it her; finally she has recourse to her

father. He will let her have it, on condition that Robert leaves the country. This she refuses. At her wit's end, she goes back to Amédée, agrees to his terms, and comes the next day to tell Robert the news. As she arrives Robert shoots himself.

From this brief outline it may be seen that, though Hélène is a heroine, she is one who, like Joan of Arc, is spurred on solely by nerves. What she does, she does under sheer stress of excitement. There is no pause for reflection; indeed, she hardly realises what is happening during the tempest of passion through which she passes. Her mind is fixed on her lover's salvation, and the means are justified by the end.

It stands to reason, therefore, that Mme. Réjane cannot be wholly satisfactory in the part. Once or twice, when she forgets her audience, she is magnificent, but her Hélène is not the feverish, ill-controlled nature that the author had in mind. The play leaves off at an interesting point. We could almost forgive M. Bernstein for writing a sequel dealing with Hélène after Robert's death.

## FINE ART

### THE OLD MASTERS—II

THE picture that has aroused most interest from the historical point of view is the portrait group by Frans Hals. This appears to have hung forgotten and unidentified for many years in an English country house, but now that it has been exhibited, for the first time, it has been recognised at once as unmistakably by the hand of the master. I agree with Mr. MacColl in the doubt he expresses as to its being a portrait of the painter and his family, but I should not give as a reason for that doubt, the difficulty of painting one's own portrait in the momentary action he has chosen. Such problems presented no difficulty whatever to Hals. It is not to be supposed that each of the figures in his famous groups at Haarlem was posed as a whole person in the position we see it. Probably, having made a sketch group, he painted the heads from each model, and the figures from one or two professional models, and he would use the same method in painting his own portrait. The authentic portrait of himself, with his wife, is in a posture no less impossible for the artist to represent directly from nature. The skill involved in dealing with such a method without the slightest evidence of dovetailing, piece-meal work or stolidity, is unique of its kind. My reason, however, for doubting it as a portrait of Hals is the difference in the features, and especially the character of the man.

We see in the Duke of Westminster's and Earl Spencer's portraits that Hals had a hard, keen, rather sly and unpleasant face, a face which prepares us for the summons at the police court which he underwent for ill-treating his wife, Annette Hermansz, with the injunction that he would in future eschew "Dronken schappij." He, who was the painter of geniality, was not a genial man, surely, but a keen and ruthless observer, and the slight grin of complacency in the other portrait, with his second wife, is not re-assuring. The portrait here lent by Colonel Warde is that of a more amiable and perhaps more stupid person. As a picture it shows the most characteristic features, the intense vivacity, the brilliant brush-work, and the defect that is nearly always to be found in his blacks, which are inky and harsh. The background of trees is by another hand, possibly Ruysdael, and is quite out of keeping in its rounded and feeble elaboration.

Returning to the English pictures, a minor painter, William Hilton, R.A., comes out with astonishing power in his portrait of his sister, Mrs. De Wint. We are strongly reminded of Mr. Sargent in this *tour de force*, but there is a sweetness and elegance that are reminiscent of Lawrence also. It is a very ambitious work, a little rhetorical and melodramatic in the gesture of the passionate mother



clasping the child while he fondles her hair, but the dash and skill are undeniable. By George Vincent, another artist who died young, at thirty-four, are three pictures, the best of which is the view of *Greenwich Hospital*; its chief fault is the overcrowding of the shipping in the foreground.

As to the masterpieces by the great men here, the *Miss Adney* of Gainsborough, *Miss Gore* of Sir Joshua, the *Lake of Nemi* of Richard Wilson, what can one do but worship in silence and with regret and wonder that the sound tradition of their craftsmanship, with its intimate connection with its precursors, Rembrandt, Claude, Titian, should have been entirely lost and forgotten? When we enter the two last galleries, one of the reasons is plainly apparent, in the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite school. The breach that was appearing in the Academic works of Wilkie and Mulready, etc., was widened of *parti pris* by Rossetti and Millais, and by this time it is a yawning gulf that all the efforts of our time will not span. After Reynolds and Gainsborough, how vulgar appear Millais and Rossetti, how silly Burne-Jones, how degraded and unclean Simeon Solomon! Alfred Hunt, Lord Leighton, Colin Hunter, what poor stuff it all is!

This is the best that the immediate past has to show, and it is as superior to the work of the present day as it is inferior to the great period. One painter alone stands out, great and to be measured with the great, Watts in the *Amber Necklace*, and it is Watts at his best period. After this his megalomaniac tendencies developed into monstrous proportions. Ever snatching at the Fata Morgana of his ideal, he did not perceive that he had already achieved the summit of great art, and that further development was impossible.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### FROM ACROSS THE SEAS

"SEA-PIECES," "New England Idylls," "Four Songs" and his fourth piano Sonata—"The Keltic"—are a group of compositions which may be taken to represent the mature powers of Edward MacDowell. He is an American composer whose name stands high among his countrymen, but up to the present his fame in England rests upon report rather than experience, so that it was with particular interest that I opened this parcel of specimens kindly sent to me by Messrs. Elkin and Co., the publishers in England. Attracted by the charming exterior, a cover of rough pale green paper with a breezy sea-sketch for frontispiece, I betook myself to the sea-pieces first. They are eight miniature pieces for piano solo with suggestive titles and short quotations of verse, which help to reveal the composer's standpoint. The titles are—"To the Sea," "From a Wandering Iceberg," "A.D. 1620," "Starlight," "Song," "From the Depths," "Nautilus," "In Mid Ocean." The first is built of broad phrases and is full of rich harmonic colouring. It looks orchestral on paper but sounds pianistic on the piano. The composer's directions given in English, as "With dignity and breadth," "Well bound throughout," "Soft, but very full and sonorous," describe the treatment. He quotes the line: "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and has attempted to compress within narrow limits the impression of power and expanse which it inspires, as if to hear the ocean roaring in the shell. Number 2, "From a Wandering Iceberg," is interesting as a study of MacDowell's position as regards harmonic structure. His key-signature indicates E major and, though much of the little piece is definitely in E minor, yet one may say that there is no real modulation, since E tonality is never really left. Incidentally, however, extremely remote harmonies are passed through, giving a sense of vagueness which is of course intentional, while the frequent use of a dominant pedal keeps one always in touch with the key. With this, Number 4, "Starlight," may well be compared, where he

spends the first half making his audience entirely lose their way as regards key, and the second half in finding it again. Between these two fanciful sketches, which, it must be said, suggest improvisation rather than composition, the resolution implied in the broad and rhythmic tune of "A.D. 1620" comes as a welcome relief. This is definite in key, simple in harmony, and as a piece of music is more successful than either of the earlier ones, because clearer and less dependent upon the skill of the pianist for effect. The "Song," from its likeness in rhythm and colour to the themes of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony, may be supposed to be American in flavour, and the verse which heads it:

A merry song, a chorus brave,  
And yet a high regret  
For roses sweet, in woodland lanes—  
Ah, love can ne'er forget!

suggests the thought of a home country. Its tunes are simple and charming. "From the Depths" and "In Mid Ocean" (Numbers 6 and 8) have an obvious affinity of intention and may be compared with Number 1. They are however, more elaborate and make much more severe demands upon the pianist's technique. They are powerful pieces of piano tone, especially Number 6, which is unified by a fine swinging rhythm and an insistent use of pedal notes. Between these two, "Nautilus," "A fairy sail and a fairy boat," stands as a dainty lyric piece, and reminds one of the grace of Grieg's *Lyrische Stücke*.

Though I have only attempted to mention salient features in the individual numbers of this set, I cannot even do that with the set of ten "land" pieces which make up the "New England Idylls." In these, as in the Sea pieces, there is most refreshing variety. Dainty and piquant melody is joined with great freedom of harmony; and some of them are sufficiently simple in technical requirement to be played with pleasure by ordinary human beings, an important point in pianoforte literature which most modern writers entirely ignore. This type of music, with its suggestion of a programme, not pressed home too hard, or taken in a grossly literal sense, is what generally earns for itself in the cant of modern criticism the epithet "poetic" and for its author the title of a "tone poet." Such phraseology is as unfortunate as that which describes poetry, remarkable rather for its mellifluous diction than for its substance, as "musical." In each case the external accessories of a great art are taken as representative of it: a sense of picturesque imagery and a dreamy imaginative power are taken to be the first qualities of poetry, as the jingle of sweet sounds is too often mistaken for music. These little pieces of MacDowell's come with an individuality and freshness which make them very welcome, but they are not in themselves sufficient to constitute their author a great tone-poet, or—to use a safe and a saner phrase—a great musician. To test this we must examine a larger work in which more distinctively musical issues are involved than merely a picturesque characterisation. Nothing could offer a better opportunity for this than a work in Sonata form; and in his "Keltic" Sonata we have one of MacDowell's most mature works. Again, the title and a stanza of poetry calling up visions of hero and heroine in the persons of Cuchullin and Deirdre suggest a subject-matter of mystery and romance outside the music; but whatever additional charm this may lend, and it is considerable, it cannot in the case of a Sonata usurp the place of intrinsic musical worth.

The "Keltic" Sonata in E minor is in three movements, the first of which is in a modified "first movement" form. It opens with a bold subject, its principal theme, which after some extension culminates in a downward passage of emphatic chords over a tonic pedal. This leads into a mysterious sounding chromatic passage which begins very soft and rises to a great crescendo. It is difficult to describe, for although there are suggestions of the first subject interwoven with chromatic harmonics, the sound is vague until the summit of the crescendo is reached,

where chromatically descending harmonics lead evidently towards a cadence. It must be noted, however, that although this is the usual transitional passage between first and second subject, yet it has performed no modulating function, since the cadence here approached, and only avoided at the last moment, is one in E minor. The second subject, consisting chiefly of a repeated downward arpeggio in G major: it has charming expressive qualities, but is indistinctive, suggesting rather a codetta figure than a principal theme. It arrives at a definite cadence in G major from which the development begins. In this section there is much of which it is extremely difficult to trace the origin. There are gleams and reminiscences of the principal theme amidst the excitement and emotion, which is lashed up into a fury reminding one rather painfully of Liszt. A fine point, however, is made where a recollection of the first subject is given in the key of G minor as a central point in the development, but this in itself reveals what is the weakness of the movement viewed from the point of view of a Sonata. Bold as was its effect when thundered forth at the opening of the Sonata, in reality this theme lacks melodic outline. So indistinguishable is it that the composer has never used it again nor appeared to remember more of it than its general rhythm. The recapitulation of both subjects with the coda is condensed into a single page, in which a suggestion rather than a repetition of both subjects is given in the key of E major. It is no mere lack of compliance with established forms of which I complain in this movement, but a poverty of musical material which requires a modification of form, legitimate in itself, in order to escape detection. The other two movements, of which I cannot speak in detail, are more satisfactory in this way. The slow movement has for its principal theme a charming tune, whose dreamy wanderings and effects of pure tone and colour are more in place than in the rigorous first movement. The last movement supplies the place of both Scherzo and Finale, and is well knit together by a strong rhythm. Even here, however, I cannot avoid the impression that the composer does not realise the value to an audience of exact repetition. Throughout this Sonata MacDowell's method of using remote and unfamiliar harmonies always in connection with a definite key-centrestands him in good stead, and gives at once an interest and coherence which would fain make amends for the absence of distinctive melody. Nothing, however, can do so, neither this nor the stories of old time which float through the composer's brain as he writes, and may perhaps find a place in the thoughts of the listener. Cuchullin and Deirdre, heroism and beauty, these are no new considerations to the poet either in musical tone or in language. The great ones, from Homer to Beethoven, have been occupied with these things and, so far from condoning imperfections of expression, where they are concerned, we can admit none but the most perfect. Of the songs I cannot now speak particularly, but one may hope for another opportunity of discussing MacDowell as a song-writer as well as other phases of his art, when we in England have had fuller opportunity of judging it by the best test, that of practical experience.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

"PARTY Organisation and Machinery in the United States," by Professor Jesse Macy, of Iowa, is a book that will be found interesting now that the General Election is upon us. It deals with the whole work of Party Organisation in the States. It is full of information and ideas on all means of bringing about Party success, and will prove an indispensable store of practical knowledge. Chapters are included on Party Finance, the Party in Power and in Opposition, and on Party Loyalty, and election machinery is fully treated. Mr. Unwin is the publisher.

Through the drift of mankind to the cities, no economic

question is of more interest at the present day than that of municipal organisation. This subject is discussed in a book entitled "The City; the Hope of Democracy," which will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on January 22. The author, Mr. F. C. Howe, is an American, who, as his sub-title attests, believes in the city. But he maintains that, if the city is to be a success, the people must take charge of things and abolish the monopolies and privileges which now lead to corruption. Municipal ownership is strenuously advocated, and the book also deals with such problems as tenements, reformatories, taxation, the prevention of crime, and "the City Beautiful." The work is based upon personal administrative experience and a thorough study of the conditions which prevail in the large towns of Great Britain and the United States.

Mrs. Cobden Unwin's book "The Hungry Forties: An account of Life under the Bread Tax from the Letters of Living Witnesses," was originally published at six shillings. Last year a sixpenny edition (revised) was issued. This edition—a large one—is now nearly exhausted, and on January 22 Mr. Unwin will bring out a new sixpenny impression. Other ventures of Mr. Unwin's in the political line are an edition in five sixpenny parts of Mr. Morley's "Life of Cobden," and a new impression of Mr. G. J. Holyoake's "Public Speaking and Debate: a Manual for Advocates and Agitators."

Mr. Walter A. Locks has written a series of Historical Stories which are connected with Old Ilford and its neighbourhood. It is announced under the title "A Maid in Armour and other Tales of Olde Ilford," by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Mr. Guy Thorne, the author of "When it was Dark," is to have an answer to his theories published very shortly. Mr. John Long is about to publish "When it was Light," by a well-known author.

"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Thomas Cobb, which Alston Rivers will publish towards the end of the present month. A second impression of "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," by Mr. R. E. Vernede, is announced by the same firm.

The title of Mrs. Mary E. Mann's new novel, which Messrs. Methuen are to issue on the 25th, is "Rose at Honeypot." Rose Abra is the wife of a naval officer, who, during the three years' absence on foreign service of her husband, tires of the home with his sisters in which he has placed her. Her imagination kindled by the spell of writers on the country life and the English peasant, she determines to flee from the petty restraints, the social absurdities of her conventional surroundings to the wild heart of nature, to association with the noble beings who "eat and sleep with the earth." With the lady's subsequent adventures in the home of a Norfolk farm-labourer, Mrs. Mann's latest book concerns itself.

Messrs. Methuen will also issue shortly a new edition of Miss Beatrice Harraden's book, "In Varying Moods."

In connection with the Exhibition of the Staats Forbese Collection of Millet Drawings now being held at the Leicester Galleries, Mr. Heinemann announces a volume of fifty facsimile reproductions of Millet's drawings, the edition to be limited to three hundred numbered copies and to be published in the spring.

The St. Bride's Press will publish on February 1 an important work on "The Gambia Colony and Protectorate," by Francis Bisset Archer, the Treasurer of the Colony. It deals not only with matters of local interest, but details at length the history of West Africa, in its relation to the Colony, from the time of the earliest explorers. The book is fully illustrated with maps not hitherto published, and from photographs specially taken, and it has for frontispiece a photogravure portrait of the Governor, Sir G. C. Denton, K.C.M.G.

If 1905 was a slack year with most of our leading novelists, they are "putting on a spurt" in the first three months of this year. Though Mr. Rudyard Kipling is giving us no big work, he has a volume of short stories coming out within a short time. Sir A. Conan Doyle's

"Sir Nigel" which is appearing as a serial in the *Strand Magazine* is to be published in book form by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and Messrs. Methuen announce Mr. R. S. Hichens's new book, "The Call of the Blood." Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe's next book will be called "A Benedick in Arcady," and Mr. John Oxenham is also giving us "Giant Circumstance" in volume form. It is interesting to note that in all there were 1731 novels published last year. How many people could sit down and write out the names of, say, the odd thirty-one in half an hour, without reference to any book or bookshelf?

Mr. Heinemann is bringing out on January 24, a volume entitled "Frenzied Finance," by T. W. Lawson. The articles on which the book is based have appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*, and caused in America one of the greatest financial upheavals of recent years, which was reflected acutely in England. The book is of the most vital interest, and will appeal to everybody in any way connected with the tortuous ways of the modern financial juggler.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE CLYDE MYSTERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with very great surprise the review of above book in your issue of December 23 and also the letter of Mr. G. S. Layard in yours of December 30, which happened to be the very day of Mr. Donnelly's death.

Your reviewer's ignorance is shown in his speaking of Dumbaie as a "submarine structure," whereas it stands four hundred or five hundred feet above sea level. The sites are not universally admitted "as evidences of the hand of man in the early navigation of the Clyde basin," unless the finding of an enormous dug-out canoe is what is meant. If the Cairn or Beacon theory is meant, I have never met anybody who supported it except its author, and I have heard it rumoured that even he has abandoned it. He, however, only claimed at most a sixteenth-century origin, while Dr. Munro assigns its date to somewhere between the fifth and twelfth centuries (pp. 192, 264). The doctor calls it a Corporation Cairn, thus reviving in a new dress the old puzzle of the Hen and the Egg: which came first? as this Corporation Cairn (p. 257) must have existed several centuries before there was any Corporation on or near the Clyde.

Dr. Munro states that both these Crannogs have been removed as an obstruction to the early navigation of the Clyde. The Dumbuck Crannog would not be an obstruction if it existed now, no matter how high it might be, while the Langbank Crannog is on the estuary and half a mile back from the River Clyde. It was covered with grass and the top of the piles reached about ordinary high-tide mark, so that if ever it was an obstruction it must have been before the last rise of the land, and its removal must have taken place more than three thousand years ago.

Nor have the "believers been reduced to a state of confusion" by that great geologist, Professor Boyd Dawkins; they simply went and examined the shells for themselves, and also the use made of them, and find that no reference whatever is made to them in any communication, they were simply handed over. They may have come to the district as manure among other city refuse and been worn as children's toys and dropped among the grass, but if they are forgeries, they are much more likely to be the work of an enemy.

Dr. Munro's statement that they were carved was publicly contradicted years ago, and two of your correspondent, Mr. G. S. Layard's statements—that the Blue Points had human faces carved on them, and that Professor Dawkins said so—are both false.

Professor Dawkins's astonishment "that the finds were unlike anything he had ever seen elsewhere," would probably have been less if he had visited the structures themselves, which Dr. Munro admits to be "virtually a new type among the early inhabited sites of Scotland" (p. 13). He might even have been inclined to agree with the late Mr. H. Stopes who wrote: "As I am familiar with the slate tools found in the Thames Valley I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that all these objects are genuine. The fact that they are singular is, under the whole circumstances, in their favour."

The Crannogs themselves were equally bewildering to Dr. Munro, who writes of them as a "so-called Crannog," "a Broch," "a Corporation Cairn," "a Beacon," "a Fish Bothy," "a Pile Structure," "a Submarine Structure," "a Fort," "the foundation of a Stone Crannog" (p. 220), showing that he was himself absolutely at sea about it.

The subject was discussed on three whole nights by the Royal Philosophical Society, the Archaeological Society, and the Geological Society of Glasgow, and speaker after speaker condemned Dr. Munro's charges, while not one voice was raised in his favour. It will thus be seen that Scottish opinion was solid against him.

Dr. Munro himself admits that "the two submarine structures in the estuary of the Clyde, along with the portion of the relics, as to

which there can be no doubt as to their being genuine, are, perhaps, the most interesting and novel discoveries of recent times within the Scottish area" (p. 179).

As your paper gives support to charges against an honourable man, I trust you will, in the interests of fair play, find room for the above. Mr. Donnelly's discoveries are not due to chance, but to the fact that he knew this district, with its topography and natural history, better perhaps than any man living.

Besides Dumbaie and the Dumbuck Crannog, Mr. Donnelly is the discoverer of the magnificent cup and ring marked rocks at Auchentorlie, and during last summer he took a leading part in exploring a new crannog at Bishops Loch, near Glasgow, which will shortly be published, and informed me that when that was completed he had some other new discovery to work out.

JAMES NEILSON.

January 11, 1906.

[Our reviewer writes:

Mr. Neilson is completely mistaken in thinking that the review of Mr. Lang's book was intended to cast the slightest reflection on the *bona fides* of the late Mr. Donnelly. Nor do Dr. Munro's statements in "Archæology and False Antiquities" make any such suggestion. Mr. Lang in "The Clyde Mystery" (p. 18) says: "Of course Dr. Munro nowhere suggests that any excavator is the guilty 'faker.'" Mr. Donnelly, again to quote Mr. Lang's words, "was not an excavator of trained experience . . . like Dr. Schliemann, when he explored Troy, he was no erudite savant, but an enthusiast with an eye for likely sites." The worst charge that I ever heard of against Mr. Donnelly he shared in common with several Scotch antiquaries, namely, that he had been deceived by cunning forgeries. Mr. Neilson's own letter of January 11 is the very first intimation of any one being supposed to cast doubts on Mr. Donnelly's honour. The numerous British experts on prehistoric antiquities who agree with Dr. Munro in mistrusting the genuineness of many of the Clyde finds considered that Mr. Donnelly was deceived, but not that he was a deceiver. Why cannot all who write upon this vexed question imitate the admirable good temper shown by Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent book? Nothing was further from my intention than to add fuel to controversial heat, and I should wish to withdraw any phrase that may have unintentionally given offence.]

### THE IMMORTAL PHRASE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Judging from the copious quotations given by your correspondent, Mr. D. Gulliver, far from proving, in my opinion, that Shelley is a master of the "immortal phrase," he has simply demonstrated up to the hilt its rarity in Shelley's works. Whilst there are numberless passages of lyric fire and beauty in his poems, the arresting line that rivets the reader's attention and haunts his memory is seldom present.

In brief, Mr. Gulliver, like Mr. Wright, lacks the noble instinct for what is best in a poet's works.

"E. R. B." was certainly happier in his selection, for it included "Life like a dome of many-coloured glass stains the white radiance of eternity"—most certainly an "immortal phrase." To which I would venture to add: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." But how many such lines can be found in the whole of Shelley's verse? Few indeed!

Look, however, at the wealth of arresting and immortal lines in Wordsworth:

"The light that never was, on sea or land . . ."  
 "The still, sad music of humanity . . ."  
 "Heaven lies about us in our infancy . . ."  
 "That inward eye which is the bliss of solitude . . ."  
 "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns . . ."  
 "The sleepless soul that perished in his pride . . ."  
 "Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower . . ."  
 "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears . . ."

These are indeed to be numbered amongst those gems of poetic thought "that on the stretched fore-finger of all time sparkle for ever."

The more we study Wordsworth's poetry the more we are in agreement with Coleridge's expressed opinion to his brother poet: "Since Milton I know of no poet with so many felicities and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you."

Truly there is a moral and imaginative sublimity of utterance in Wordsworth's best work which entitles him to rank after the two greatest names in our literature—Shakespeare and Milton.

STANLEY HUTTON.

### ILLUSTRATED NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Before the growing evil has become a permanent one, is it possible by constant protest to stop the new fashion of illustrating good novels, books of poetry, etc.? Personally I would never read or buy one with illustrations when it is possible to avoid it, for, as a rule, these are beneath contempt, seldom following the descriptions of the text, and usually depicting the most vulgar types of men, women, and things. Let the "six-shilling shockers" be illustrated by all means; men like reading such books, and prefer them with pictures—the more

the better. But a woman who reads a great deal—like myself—and imagines the characters she is reading about, suffers so greatly from disillusion when she finds persons depicted as I have described, that all pleasure in the stories, poems, etc., is gone, and intense irritability takes its place, the text and illustrations being mostly impossible to reconcile. I appeal to you and all journals on books, to protest against, and, if possible, stop this most horrible, new, and undoubtedly growing fashion.

January 13.

A. L. T.

#### GRACE AFTER MEAT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The remarks in "The Literary Week" of January 13 on the beautiful habit of "asking a blessing," recall to my mind the somewhat startling "Grace after Meat" of a child of my acquaintance. It was concise and voiced at one and the same time disappointment, wrestling with a natural piety. It took this form: "Thank God for more dinner."

"WILSON CRAWFORD."

#### THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Inasmuch as Mr. James Morrice is a "new man" to your critic, "B. S.," I may be permitted to inform him that:

- (1) Mr. Morrice is a Canadian and not an American, as suggested;
- (2) He has for some years past been a regular exhibitor at the Société Nationale and the Autumn Salon in Paris, and at the International Society here; and
- (3) Several of his works have been acquired by the French Government for the Musée du Luxembourg.

FRANK RUTTER.

#### MR. J. H. INGRAM'S BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MARLOWE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out a curious and significant mistake in the tentative bibliography appended to Mr. J. H. Ingram's "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates." One of the items is there described as "Faligan E. De Marlovianis fabulis. Paris 1887," and a remark is added to the effect that it is a discussion of the "stories" current about the dramatist. I have looked through the volume and find, as I had expected, that it is nothing of the kind, but simply a doctoral thesis dealing with the plays of Marlowe. Probably Mr. Ingram would not have been misled if the title had been "De Marlovii fabulis." It would be too shocking an alternative to think that he is unaware, for instance, that the title of Mr. Gilbert Murray's volumes, "Euripidis fabulae," does not mean in English, "Stories about Euripides," but the "Plays of Euripides." However it may be, it is evident that Mr. Ingram has not taken the trouble to examine a volume which he considers of sufficient value to put in his list, and such inadvertence is surely calculated to set up an impression not unlike distrust.

January 16, 1906.

FRANCIS WOOLLETT.

[Mr. John H. Ingram replies as follows: Sir,—Were my reply as careless as Mr. Francis Woollett's accusations, I might deem it evidence that he "has not taken the trouble to examine a volume" which he goes out of his way to attack, from the fact that he states that I made a remark, which he puts in inverted commas, in my work on "Marlowe and his Associates," which, in fact, is not there! As a proof that the work referred to was through my hands on various occasions, I enclose for your inspection some of the slips, fortunately preserved, which I signed, dated, and handed in at the British Museum Reading Room upwards of three years ago. This voluminous work being out of print, and not otherwise procurable, I obtained it from time to time, as shown, at the British Museum. Although Monsieur Faligan's work displayed extensive reading of Elizabethan literature his lore was second-hand and, therefore, of no value to me in my researches.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

- Histoire de l'Art depuis les premiers temps chrétiens jusqu'à nos jours.* Illustrated. Published under the direction of André Michel. Tome I. Partie II. 11½ x 7½. Pp. 513. Paris: Armand Colin, 1905.
- [Livre II. L'Art Roman. Cap. v. L'Architecture Romane; cap. vi. La Sculpture Romane; cap. vii. Peintures, Miniatures et Vitraux de l'époque romane; cap. viii. L'évolution des arts mineurs du VIII au XII siècle. cap. ix. L'Art Monétaire; Conclusion au tome premier; Tables.]
- Bouchot, Henri. *Les Primitifs Français (1292-1500)*. Complément Documentaire ou Catalogue officiel de l'Exposition. 8½ x 6. Pp. 342. (Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne.)
- [M. Bouchot's views on the Van Eycks and other "French Primitives" are fairly well known in England, partly through the *Burlington Magazine*. This volume gives them in full.]
- Les Maitres de l'Art: Rosenthal, Léon: *Géricault*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 176. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art ancien et modernes.)
- [A handsome illustrated biography of the artist, with useful appendices.]

- La Revue de l'Art ancien et moderne*, edited by Jules Comte. (Paris: 28 rue du Mont-Tabor.)
- Bumpus, T. Francis. *The Cathedrals of England and Wales*. Second Series. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 300 (Werner Laurie, 6s. net.)
- [As we predicted, Mr. Bumpus has found it impossible to complete his work in two volumes. This second series contains Canterbury, York, St. Paul's, Winchester, Norwich, Peterborough, Exeter and Wells, and the third series will complete the work.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Henry Irving. By Christopher St. John. 11½ x 9. Pp. 27. The Green Sheaf, 1s. net.
- Tarnowski, Count Stanislas. *Chopin: as revealed by extracts from his Diary*. Translated from the Polish by Natalie Janotha. Edited by J. T. Tanqueray. With eight portraits. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 68. (William Reeves.)
- [Translated from a lecture delivered to the poor students of Cracow University, 1871. It is not easy to tell where the introductory remarks of Mlle. Janotha (or Mr. Tanqueray) end, and the lecture proper begins.]

### FICTION.

- Methley Alice. *La Belle Dame*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 382. Long, 6s.
- Bodkin, McDonnell. *A Madcap Marriage*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 334. Long, 6s. (See p. 63.)
- Keighley, S. R. *Barnaby's Bridal*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 286. Long, 6s.
- Hughes-Gibb, Mrs. *Through the Rain*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 302. Long, 6s.
- Muddock, J. E. *For the White Cockade*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 325. Long, 6s.
- Divie, Lady Florence. *Izra*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 688. Long, 6s.
- Cleeve, Lucas. *Soul-Twilight*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 302. Long, 6s.
- Wingfield, George. *He That is Without Sin*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.
- Dawson, Francis Warrington. *The Scar*. Methuen, 6s.
- Bernstein, Herman. *Contrite Hearts*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 217. New York: Wessels, 15 25.
- Bennett, Arnold. *Hugo: a fantasia on modern Themes*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 324. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)
- Foster, R. H. *The Arrow of the North*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 316. (Long, 6s.)
- Jepson, Edgar. *The Lady Nags. Peeress*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. (Unwin, 6s.)
- Harvey, Edmund. *Poor Raoul, and other Fables*. 6½ x 5. Pp. 68. (Dent, 1s. 6d. net.)
- Peter Quinn's Book of Marvellous Fairy Tales*. By the Children's Friend, Peter Quinn. Illustrated. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 104. (Drane, 3s. 6d.)
- Perkins, Rose. *Barbara Lavenacer*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 236. (Drane, 6s.)
- Bancroft, Francis. *Her Reuben*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 316. (Drane, 6s.)
- Gunter, Archibald C. *A Prince in the Garret*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 272. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)
- Fox, John, jr. *A Mountain Europa*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 192. (Constable, 3s. 6d.)
- Wishaw, Fred. *Her Highness*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. (Long, 6s.) (See p. 63.)
- Woodroffe, Daniel. *The Beauty-hop*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 338. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)
- Huneker, Jas. *Visionaries*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 342. Werner Laurie, 6s.

### HISTORY.

- Gorst, Harold E. *The Fourth Party*. With a preface by Sir John Gcrst. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xii + 322. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.
- Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*. Vol. xix. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 342. New Series. 1905. Published at the Offices of the Society.
- Carter, Jesse Benedict. *The Religion of Numi, and other essays in the Religion of Ancient Rome*. 8 x 5½. Pp. x, 190. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lant, A. C. *Vikings of the Pacific*. The Adventures of the Explorers who came from the West, Eastward. Pp. xviii, 350. Illustrated. (New York, The Macmillan Co., 8s. 6d. net.)
- [Being: The Dane; The Outlaw Hunters of Russia; Benyowsky, the Polish Pirate; Cook and Vancouver, the English Navigators; Gray of Boston, the Discoverer of the Columbia; Drake, Ledyard, and other soldiers of Fortune on the west coast of America.]
- Norregaard, B. W. *The Great Siege*. The investment and fall of Port Arthur. With maps and illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 308. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)
- [Mr. Norregaard was the *Daily Mail* correspondent with the Third Japanese Army.]

### LITERATURE.

- Heroic Romances of Ireland*. Translated by A. H. Leahy. Vol. ii. Nutt, 3s. net.
- Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*. Edited by Charles H. Grandgent. December 1905. (The Modern Language Association of America, \$1.00.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Carmen Sylva's *Suffering's Journey on the Earth*. Translated from "Leidens Erdengang" by Margaret A. Nash. 7½ x 5. Pp. 140. Jarrold, 3s. 6d. net.
- Biggs, William. *The Law of International Copyright*. With special sections on the Colonies and the United States of America. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xx + 850. Stevens & Haynes.
- Fox, Arthur Wilson. *The Rating of Land Values*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 124. King, 3s. 6d. net.
- Spalding, E. H. *Principles of Rhetoric*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 259. Heath, 3s. 6d.
- Boole, Mary Everest. *Logic taught by Love*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 184. Daniel, 3s. 6d. net.
- "One and All" *Gardening, 1906*. Edited by Edward Owen Greening. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 192. (Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 2d.)
- Library of Congress, Washington. *Report of the Libraries of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library, Building and Grounds for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1905*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 318. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)
- Round, Cornwell. *Self-Synthesis a means to Perpetual Life*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 32. (Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.)
- Spalding's Athletic Library. No. 1. *Muscle Building*, by Luther Gulick, M.D. Pp. 44. No. 6. *Spalding's Boxing Guide*. Pp. 140. Each 6½ x 5. Illustrated. (British Sports Publishing Co., 6d. each.)
- Nisbet's *Church Directory and Almanack, 1906*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 720. (Nisbet, 2s. net.) (See p. 69.)



*The Baptist Handbook for 1906.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 650. (Baptist Union Publication Department, 2s. 6d. net.) (See p. 69.)  
*Wesleyan Methodist Church. Minutes of Conference.* 7½ x 5¼. Pp. 750. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) (See p. 69.)  
*Bible, Howard Wiswell. Tides of Thought.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 72. (Simpkin, Marshall, 4s.)  
 [Pedestrian and often trite apophthegms in verse and prose. Printed on India paper with deckled edges.]  
*Campbell, Angus. Fettered Trade.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 118. (Drane, 1s.)  
 [Chapters in favour of Protection.]  
*(Brown, Francis). Political Parables by the Westminster Gazette Office Boy.* 9½ x 6. Pp. 96. (Drane, 2s. 6d. net.)  
 [Reprinted, with many illustrations, including remarkable end-papers, from the *Westminster Gazette*, where they caused great amusement. Opposite each "parable" is a little note, recalling the circumstance that suggested it.]

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*Birdland Pictures.* Twenty-four illustrations from photographs direct from nature, by Oliver S. Pike. 15 x 10½. Brockley: The Crofton Publishing Co., 3s. 6d. net.  
 [Several of the photographs are finely reproduced, and many of them were obviously secured at risk of life and limb. Particularly good is that of the owl—startled by the click of the shutter—looking up and revealing the headless body of a rat it was in the act of devouring when disturbed by Mr. Pike's camera.]  
*Pictorial Practical Flower Gardening.* Edited by Walter P. Wright. Illustrated. 7½ x 5. Pp. 152. Cassell, 1s. net.

## POETRY.

*Paterson, A. B. The Man from Snowy River; and other Verses.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 184. Sydney: Angus & Robertson.  
*Lawson, Henry. In the Days when the World was Wide.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 234. Sydney: Angus & Robertson.  
*Ogilvie, Will. Fair Girls and Gray Horses.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 205. *Hearts of Gold.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 170. Sydney: Bulletin Newspaper Co.  
*Daley, Victor J. At Dawn and Dusk.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 211. Sydney: Bulletin Newspaper Co.  
*Herbert, Chas. Witham. Poems of the Seen and the Unseen.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 96. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.  
*Begbie, Agnes H. The Rosebud Wall, and other poems.* Illustrated by Bell C. MacGibbon. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 72. (Edinburgh, W. J. Hay. London, Bagster.)  
*After Adam's Fall.* By the author of "David the Brooderer." 7 x 7. Pp. 48. (Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Denning, John Renton (J. A. N.) Indian Echoes.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 136. (Blackie, 3s. 6d. net.)

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

*Selected Poems of Robert Burns.* With an introduction by Andrew Lang. 6½ x 4. Pp. 223. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. net. (See p. 53.)  
*The Itinerary in Wales of John Leland in or about the Years 1536-1539* Extracted from his MSS. and arranged and edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xi + 152. Bell, 7s. 6d. net.  
*Young, T. E. On Centenarians, and the Duration of the Human Race.* 10½ x 8. Pp. 147. Charles and Edwin Layton.  
 [Described as "A fresh and authentic inquiry with historical notes, criticisms and speculations. Reissue, with seven additional authenticated instances of centenarians, and further observations"!]  
*Thomas Hughes's Tom Brown's School-Days.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Long, 2s. net.  
*Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 382. Long, 2s. net.  
*Guy Thorne's A Lost Cause.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 320. Paper covers. Long, 1s.  
*Burn, John Henry. Children's Answers.* Enlarged Edition. 6½ x 4½. Pp. x, 284. (Treherne, 2s. net.)  
*Miller, Hugh. My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education.* With an introduction and notes by W. M. Mackenzie. Illustrated. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xx, 558. (Edinburgh: George A. Morton. London: Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d.)  
*Parsons, G. S. Nelsonian Reminiscences.* Edited with notes, by W. H. Long. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 286. (Gibbings, 3s. 6d.)  
 [Appendix: Recollections of Tom Allen, the last of the Agamemnons, Index.]

## SCIENCE.

*Heath, Thomas Edward. Our Stellar Universe: Stereoscopic Star Charts and Stereoscopic Key Maps.* 10 x 7½. Pp. 26, vi, 26 Key Maps and 26 Star Charts in pockets at end. (King, Sell & Olding, 10s. net.)  
*Clerke, Agnes, M. Modern Cosmogonies.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 287. Black, 3s. 6d. net.  
 [Of the sixteen chapters in the volume, thirteen have previously appeared in *Knowledge and Knowledge and Illustrated Scientific News*. The book consists of a series of brief studies on current theories of the origin and history of the visible universe. The difficulties besetting cosmical doctrines of evolution are pointed out, and the expedients by which those difficulties have been met, though not wholly overcome, are described. The widened possibilities connected with the new science of radiology, the unification of the physical forces that may ensue upon further discoveries concerning electrical action, the function in the world of the impalpable ether, the nature of gravity are discussed or adverted to.]

## THEOLOGY.

*A Lay Sermon to Public School Boys preparing for Confirmation.* By A Science Master. Pp. 16. 1d. Duckworth, Sir Dyc., M.D., *Anglican Restlessness in the Twentieth Century, its causes and treatment.* Pp. 30. 2d. Both 6½ x 4½. (S.P.C.K.)  
*Representative Church Council, Constitution, Standing Orders and scheme for the Representation of the Laity, as adopted at the Sessions, Nov. 22-24, 1905.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 16. (S.P.C.K. 2d.)  
*Haupt, Paul. The Book of Ecclesiastes.* A new metrical translation with an introduction and explanatory notes. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 48. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. London: Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)  
 [Reprinted from the *American Journal of Philology*. Dr. Haupt is W. W. Spence Professor of Semitic Languages in Johns Hopkins University.]

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

*Three Chronicles of London, A.D. MCLXXXIX—A.D. MDIX.* Edited from the Cotton MSS., with introduction, notes and index, and compared with the printed versions, by Charles Lethbridge Kingsford. 9 x 6. Pp. xlviii + 368. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d. net.  
 [The three London Chronicles here edited are contained in (1)—Cotton MS. Julius B ii; Cotton MS. Cleopatra Civ; and Cotton MS. Vitellius A xvj. They are roughly continuous, and between them cover the entire period from 1189 to 1509. Their main interest belongs, however, to the fifteenth century.]  
*Macmichael, J. Holden. The Story of Charing Cross and its Immediate Neighbourhood.* 9 x 6. Pp. 344. Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.  
*Havell, E. B. A.R.C.A. Benares the Sacred City: Sketches of Hindu Life and Religion.* 9 x 6½. Pp. xiv, 226. (Blackie, 12s. 6d. net.)  
 [A handsome, lavishly illustrated and most interesting work, by the Principal of the Government School of Art, Calcutta.]  
*Breasted, James Henry, Ph. D. Egypt through the Stereoscope. A Journey through the Land of the Pharaohs.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 350. (Underwood & Underwood, 8s.)  
 [This book is intended for use with, and is arranged in accordance with, 100 of Messrs. Underwood's Stereoscopic "Positions," which are comprised in a handsome case. There are 20 maps in a pocket at the end of the volume.]  
*Loyson, Madame Hyacinthe. To Jerusalem through the Lands of Islam among Christians, Jews and Moslems.* Preface by Prince de Polignac. 9½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 326. (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.)  
 [We received a copy of this book in October last and reviewed it on November 25.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Translations into Greek Verse and Prose.* By R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.) We welcome this book of admirable renderings, showing that Cambridge scholars are still past masters in a delightful art which dullards and radicals decry. The skill which enables a man to produce a perfect reproduction of the manner of Sophocles, Aristophanes or Theocritus is not only a source of delight to intelligent readers but is the highest proof of real and fruitful scholarship in the writer. There is no more perfect instrument in the hands of the examiner than the composition paper. A really good composition shows that the examinee has in him the root of the matter. He may develop into a great emendator or into a stimulating essayist, but he has always to fall back on the instinct which made him a successful composer. Mr. Archer-Hind's book shows him to be in the first flight. He is already famous as a composer through his contributions to "Cambridge Compositions" and to the last edition of the "Sabrinae Corolla"; but all the pieces in this book appear now for the first time. "The greater part of them," he tells us in the Preface, "have not seen even the dim light of the lecture-room." Every scholar will recognise the true touch in every piece whether prose or verse. His vocabulary is extremely large and his taste is unerring. The distinguishing feature of the collection is its variety. We have not only iambs and hexameters and Attic prose, but studies in the manner of Theocritus, Aristophanes, Herodotus, many excellent choral odes, and some admirable Sapphics and Alcaics. His metrifaction is admirable. There is no monotony of cadence, and he never violates in his hexameters the rule which forbids the trochaic caesura of the dactyl in the fourth foot—an error into which modern composers often fall. Indeed, it was Munro who first called attention to this rule of the Greek hexameter, which the Latin poets neglected. Composers before Munro constantly violate it.

To give extracts would be an endless task, when everything is so good. In a fine anapaestic system rendering a passage from Shelley's "Prometheus" "sceptred curse" is finely translated by στέφανος ὑψηλόνων, but in the same piece we question περίπτωσας in poetry; and is there any authority for shortening the first syllable in κλονας? It is true that vowels are long in one dialect and short in another, as in καλός, but is there any evidence that in any dialect the first syllable of κλων was ever short? In a translation from Matthew Arnold,

But now ye kindle  
 Your lonely cold-shining lights

we have the exact word for "lonely."

νῦν δ' ολοφρόνων αἰθέρ' ἔρημον

πυρσῶν φλέγετε ψυχραῖσι βολαῖς,

but we should prefer Τέρψιπρόνια for "Spirit of Delight," to εὐφροσύνα θεόμορφε. On p. 71 νεοθάλεις is treated as νεοθάλεις if we postulate exact antistrophic correspondence, but Dr. Verrall and others have taught us that scholars have carried this theory too far. Besides, νεοθάλει has its right quantity on page 85. By the way, ἡνίσι, from ἡνις "yearling" (gen. ἡνιος, acc. sing. ἡνίον, acc. plur. ἡνίσι) in the same piece seems questionable. But the whole book is the work of a scholar of the first order.

Among new Directories the following have been sent to us: *The Baptist Handbook* (4 Southampton Row, 2s. 6d. net), which, as ever, is full of valuable information, and contains a portrait of His Honour Judge W. Willis, an interesting illustrated chapter on the new chapels, etc., and full lists and reports of the proceedings of last year: *The Catholic Directory* (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d. net), which besides the usual information contains a very long Advertiser, which Catholics will find of great service, and a good map of the Catholic Dioceses and Missions of England and Wales: *Nisbet's Church Directory and Almanack* (2s. net), an invaluable and wonderfully cheap publication, which gives full alphabetical lists of clergy and of benefices, besides other information; and the *Minutes of Conference of the Wesleyan*



Methodist Church held in Bristol in July last, which contains also a number of appendices giving detailed information of the Church and its members and work (2 Castle Street, City Road, and 29 Pater-noster Row).

*John Wilhelm Rowntree: Essays and Addresses.* Edited by Joshua Rowntree. (Headley, 5s. net.)—Among the more picturesque incidents of contemporary religious enterprise should be counted the tramp, made last summer through the Yorkshire Dales by some seventy young Quakers, intent on re-awakening into goodly fires those dying embers of tradition which still recall the age when the Society of Friends numbered a great host in the North Country. These modern pilgrims, like the writer of these posthumous essays, were filled with noble memories and great anticipations. He, indeed, should have been their leader, and in his premature death Yorkshire Quakerism has lost one of its most notable figures, its most loyal and able sons. Principally written for his own people, and teeming with local and even personal allusions, the volume which Mr. Joshua Rowntree introduces is still of interest to a wider public. For, with all the limitations set upon it by the conditions of its writing, it is instinct with the genius of its author. Indeed it is possible that his sunny and strenuous temper, by turns passionate and playful—being as he was, half artist, half evangelist, and wholly human—would have found less perfect expression in a more systematic and finished work. For he was a man of many interests, as these thoughtful papers and addresses, written during a decade of exceptional activity, bear witness. Among the rest, he had planned a large study of Quakerism, its genesis and development, both in England and America, proposing to carry down the story to the present day; and for this purpose he had already collected a library of books, pamphlets and manuscripts. But all that he was able to complete was a minor chapter—three lectures, delivered to a Summer School, on the Rise of Quakerism in Yorkshire. The story of the advent and continual wanderings of the Early Friends, of their great meetings and their sufferings in prisons and on the public ways, is full of high spirit and of quaint incident, which loses nothing in the telling. Old manuscripts have been ransacked, especially the books of "Preparative" and "Quarterly" Meetings; and while some appear to have proved but melancholy reading, filled perhaps with the annals of a tiny community in a moorland village whose members had failed to realise the meaning of their new fellowship, others record a higher level of attainment, and yield besides a harvest of homely humour. Even the decline of the Society into its eighteenth-century slumber is lit up for us sometimes with pathetic flashes of unconscious self-revelation, as when a minute-book records the inquiry: "Whether Friends keep up their week-day meetings observing the hour appointed, and how preserved out of dulness and sleepiness when met, and how such as sit next them that be overcome by sleepiness do discharge their brotherly duty by stirring them up." But John Wilhelm Rowntree was only secondarily a student of the past. His heart went out to the future, and most of his pages are devoted to the task of enlarging and re-building that religious society to whose service he gladly devoted his talents.

*Les Grands Poètes Romantiques de la Pologne.* By Gabriel Sarrazin. (Perrin et Cie. 3 fr. 30.) M. Sarrazin's work concerns more even than the greatest poets of Poland, more even than Poland herself. It is the record of a cry of agony going up from the oppressed nationalities of Europe. Of these tortured races, however, none can compare with the heroic and unfortunate Poles in interest for civilised peoples; and in none of them have national faith and aspiration for freedom been so consistently hymned by their poets as in Poland. The aspirations of Russia herself have been largely fostered by her novelists and poets, but it is almost entirely due to the courage and inspiration of her bards that Poland still exists. This is scarcely the time or place to examine critically, or in any way exhaustively, the lives and labour—literary and patriotic—of the great poets M. Sarrazin deals with in his invaluable work, but the one most salient feature of the volume is, that the three famous men described are so entirely and truly typical of their own nation. They felt what they sang, and sang what their race, its deeds and sufferings, inspired them to. They, as were the chief singers of all the Slavonic nations, were deeply influenced by Byron, but what with him was but picturesque fancy, with them was the intensest tragedy of real life, not the poet's ideal pessimism, but the true portrayal of the melancholia begot by the terrible deeds amidst which they passed their existence. The nationalistic writings of Mickiewicz and Slowacki arouse the Poles to fury, or sadden them to despair, hence Dr. Brandes styles them the poets of Revenge, whilst Krasinski, who sings of the millennium yet to dawn, when lion and lamb, oppressor and oppressed, are to admire each other and forgive one another, he terms the poet of Love. M. Sarrazin not only gives critical and biographical descriptions of these three men, together with various more or less lengthy translations from their most famous works, but, in the course of his entrancing volume, contrives to present many lifelike portraits of the Polish people, to depict vividly their racial peculiarities, and to show how their sufferings overshadow all their national life. The adventures of these three poets, it may be pointed out, equal in wonder those of the heroes of Dumas or Jôkai, and it is characteristic of them, as of most noble Poles who do not die on the battlefield or the wilds of Siberia, that all of them lived a great portion of their lives in exile and died afar from their native land.

At last we are to have a *corpus* of our early English drama. The Early English Drama Society (18 Bury Street, Bloomsbury) is printing privately for its subscribers a limited edition of the Early English Dramatists, chronologically arranged, with occasional

"extra" volumes, at a (subscription) price of £5 net for twelve volumes 8vo, and £20 net large paper. Of the First Series (John Heywood to Ulpian Fulwell) we have the first two volumes before us: *John Heywood*, vol. i. of three, containing Comedies, Interludes, Disputations (Four P's, John and Tib, Pardoner and Friar, Love, Weather, Witty and Witless), and *Anonymous Plays*, containing *Hickscorner*, *Four Elements*, *Calisto and Melibœa*, *Everyman*, *World and Child*, and *Thersytes*. Our readers will notice two interesting implications in this list. The other volumes of this Series are to be the remaining two of Heywood, three more of Anonymous Plays, and one each John Bale, Nicholas Udal, Richard Edwards, Wever and Ingelend, and Ulpian Fulwell. It will be clear at first sight to students of the Early English Drama that many of the works promised are at present only in manuscript, or very scarce. For the first time they will have an opportunity of reading in full works of which Mr. A. W. Pollard and other scholars have printed selections. All plays in previous collections will be included. The text is clear and very carefully read, and an ingenious system of notation, which appears to combine the *maximum* of information with the *minimum* of trouble and ostentation, adds greatly to the value of these volumes. We hope to give a more critical examination of them in a later issue. Meanwhile let us say that this is work that badly needed doing, and that it is, so far as we have examined it, very admirably done.

Of all the Englishmen of the seventeenth century who left their mark upon the history of the world there were few who had a more adventurous life than Captain John Smith, whose biography has been written by Mr. A. G. Bradley (Macmillan, 2s. 6d.). Smith has left us his autobiography, quaintly but bravely written in the third person and called "The True Travels and Adventures and Observations of Captain John Smith"; and in his "Accidence for Young Seamen" and "Description of New England" has given us much curious information upon naval and military life, customs and methods in his time. From this material, and from other writers on the subject, Mr. Bradley has put together a most interesting story. John Smith became a soldier of fortune at the age of sixteen, and for eight years fought in Transylvania under Prince Sigismund; and it was during this time that he performed the notable feat of conquering three Turks in single combat. For this exploit he was granted by the Prince a coat of arms containing "the figure and description of three Turks' heads," a device similar to that granted to Ednyved Vychan by Llewelyn the Great for a parallel feat against the English. Smith's coat of arms was registered at the Herald's College in 1625, and his exploit is chronicled not only in his own book but also in Purchas, and by Francesco Farnese, secretary to Prince Sigismund in "The Wars of Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia." Smith was afterwards captured by the Turks, escaped, and for two years wandered over the continent of Europe studying military matters. He then went out to America, and was one of the early settlers at Jamestown in Virginia. There, as in Europe, he speedily came to the front, and became President of the Colony, which he served long and well. Then for a time he took to the sea, and, when the Pilgrim Fathers sailed, offered them his services. They were refused, for, though only fifty, he was too weak and worn to stand the hardships of colonising any longer. It would seem to have been a reproach of Smith's later years that he was unlucky. True, he had many sad adventures, he had failed to accumulate a vast fortune as others did, had won neither reward nor recognition. Yet he was a man to whom England owed much, and if Mr. Bradley's admirable little book does something to keep his memory green it will not have been written in vain.

*The Life of Madame Guyon.* By Thomas C. Upham. Edited and revised by an English Clergyman. New edition with introduction by W. R. Inge, M.A. (Allenson, 6s.)—This book is liberally provided with prefaces. First we have the remarks of the "English Clergyman" who edited and revised it at some unknown date. He apparently thinks that Madame Guyon was a Jansenist, and tells us that both she and Fénelon were really Protestants and were condemned as such. He holds it possible that God "may have and has a people wasting in chains and thralldom of mind" in the Roman system. Next comes the editor's own preface, and last of all Mr. Inge's short introduction, admirable in its way, but apparently intended as an introduction to Madame Guyon's own autobiography, which is not Mr. Upham's "Life." A translation of the autobiography would have been much more welcome than this re-issue of a book which is an excellent example of the art of making an interesting subject dull. The author thinks it his duty to apologise continually for the fact that Madame Guyon was a Roman Catholic, and takes pains to point out that she did not trust in "works" or other Romish delusions. It was evidently his belief that the Roman Catholic religion consists wholly in formal observances and that spirituality is not to be found among its members. The edifying remarks with which he interlards the narrative are extremely annoying. The book belongs to a bygone age, and we cannot understand why it has been reprinted. It does not give an accurate conception of Madame Guyon's character; for instance, the author's preoccupations lead him to suppress the account of her austerities and mortifications, to which he makes only a bare and apologetic allusion. Madame Guyon was an interesting and in many ways an attractive personality, and her treatment was abominable. But it is impossible to regard her character as well-balanced and still more impossible to ignore the dangers of Quietism or condemn the opposition to it as altogether unreasonable and mistaken. It is quite plain that Mr. Upham knew very little about the actual tenets of Quietism, and did not in the least understand the questions at issue in the controversy.

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## RESPONSIBILITY

WE are beginning to think educationally in millions, and even tens of millions. The pity is that we do not mix a little thought with our filthy lucre. What is the aim and object of this immense and gigantic expenditure? Are, for instance, the vast sums devoted to Free Education a charitable dole to the poor or a sort of forced ransom paid by the rich; or, is not Free Education itself a right granted by the State, and implying thereby corresponding duties on the part of the recipients? At present the elementary school seems largely to be a sort of bastard training in gentility, with *noblesse oblige* left out. Its teaching varies between flamboyant Imperialism and the doctrine that Jack is as good as his master. Where do we find taught the idea that, high and low, we are all members of one body, of one community—the State, the bloated rich quite as much as the unemployed, and that great mass of middle class English on whom the burden of taxation falls so heavily? In the great clock of Modern Society, the children of every class should be made to see the wheels go round. If both poor parents and poor children could see the works, they would realise that the aim of organised society is to see that there is a place for every one, and that every one is in his place—that is, the place that suits him best. They would also realise that while servility is out of place in a free nation, respect and reverence are its very life-blood. We want no cringing and capping, but we want respect for the noble men and women who, often at the sacrifice of themselves, are striving to make their children a credit to the State, while contributing, through the State, to the assistance of the children of their less fortunate brothers and sisters. We want no bowing and scraping, but we want an enlightened appreciation of what the other classes are doing, directly and indirectly, for the community. Whitechapel has got to understand the West End, quite as much as the West End has got to understand Whitechapel, and has got to realise its responsibility to the community. If these questions were approached from the right standpoint in our elementary schools, we should hear less of the mistress question or the servant question, and there would be fewer of the bright boys out of the Board Schools selling newspapers or drifting into other unskilled callings, when they might have entered more useful careers, because they have never had preached to them the gospel of work. By all means let us have a living wage. But the ideal of work is not money-grubbing, it is the satisfaction that arises from the profitable expenditure of that energy which is the hall-mark of health and strength; from the sense of overcoming that goes back to the days when man first started on his crusade to conquer animate and inanimate nature. The joy of achievement, the feeling of having accomplished something, the sense of not having lost a day, the conception that England expects me also to do my duty, expects me also to be a producer and not a parasite in the community—these should be the ideals of the school. Whereas we too often find that the acquisition of a smattering of book-learning is considered as raising one above the working classes (appalling misnomer!) and therefore raising one above what would normally be one's work, whether it be scrubbing mother's floor or cleaning father's boots.

To the Gospel of Work the school needs to add the commandment to be careful of the property of the State. In this way only will the child be careful of the property of others and of its own. As it is, the poor man's child is educated with no idea of the value of anything, from blotting-paper to his own soul. That which costs him nothing he naturally values at nothing; and Free Education is sometimes the one thing he looks on as a luxury he can take or leave as he pleases. At school a broken pen is immediately replaced from a gross-box, of which there are many more gross in the store cupboard. If Board School Brown breaks his compasses, a polite teacher supplies him with a new pair. If Rugby Brown breaks his, he probably

has to forego a fortnight's tuckshop to replace his tools. While pin-money means much to her young mistress, Mary Jane has been trained in a school where not only pins were free gratis and for nothing, but where everything from dumb-bells to electric light was without money and without price, and there was an occasional breakfast and dinner thrown in. What does she know, or care to know, of the value of food and light, china or linen? She has been, since the days of the infant school, largely catered for by a generous public, enjoying many things at other folk's expense, and valuing those things accordingly. Many a servant with five and twenty pounds a year and all found spends every penny on her dress and other petty needs. Then she starts married life, and the tragedy begins. She who would not demean herself by washing out her own dusters or polishing a stove now finds herself in sole charge of a cottage or a top back room. She who would not help the cook to dish up dinner on the kitchen-maid's night out now bitterly regrets she never learnt to cook a simple joint. She has vague memories of making egg-snow at the school cookery classes, but she can't for the life of her remember whether vanilla essence was a necessary ingredient or not. Her husband is an equally good example of the child being father of the man. Many a penny might he save by doing useful repairs at home. But the smattering of technical work he got at the evening class with its elaborate apparatus and machinery never taught him the miracles he could effect with half a dozen ordinary tools. If he had the sense to spend in buying a few planks and nails half the money he squanders in the public house, he might put up a few pegs and shelves which would make all the difference between order and disorder, comfort and discomfort. But school has taught him that when he is out of school his work is done, and he has taken the idea with him into his life. The fault is scarcely the fault of the teachers. It lies or has lain with those in authority, who in former times were supposed to give light and leading to the schools. It is doubtless not easy to introduce into children now the sense of duty to the community, of the gospel of work, and the sinfulness of waste. But unless these evils are combated in the growing generation it will be a black look-out for England in twenty years' time.

## REVIEWS

### GREEK AND LATIN

ONE of the best of the many series of Greek and Latin Classics for students is the University Tutorial Series published by the University Tutorial Press, Limited (University Correspondence College Press), 157 Drury Lane. The plan of the series is to give the best possible text, clearly printed, with an Introduction supplying a brief account of the author and his chief works, the circumstances in which he wrote, and, in certain cases, his style, dialect and metre, and Notes which (wisely) avoid parallel passages and controversial discussions, and lay stress on grammar and subject-matter. We have before us a specimen, Plato's *Crito* (2s. 6d.), edited by Mr. A. F. Watt. The book is as good as could be, the work of a scholar with practical experience of the needs of scholars. Only in the most urgent cases does Mr. Watt trouble his pupil with *variae lectiones*.

There have been several recent additions to the invaluable *Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis*, published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, at very moderate prices, running from 2s. to 10s. 6d., according to the size of the volumes and their publication in paper or cloth bindings, and on stout or India paper. We have before us four: *Bucolici Graeci* (Theocritus, Bion, Moschus, and other authors, known and unknown, whose surviving works have been attributed to one of these three), edited by Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf; *Statii Silvae*, edited by Professor J. S. Phillimore; *Tibulli Carmina*, edited by



Professor J. P. Postgate; and Plauti *Comoediae*, ii. (*Miles Gloriosus, Mostellaria, Persa, Poenulus, Pseudolus, Rudens, Stichus, Trinummus, Truculentus, Vidularia, Fragmenta*), edited by Professor W. M. Lindsay. Each volume contains a Praefatio in Latin, a list of manuscripts and the text, with foot-notes of *variae lectiones*. Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf's *Bucolici* includes paraphrases of the more obscure *Technopaegnia*, and concludes with *Argumenta Carminum*; Professor Postgate adds an Index Nominum, and Professor Lindsay an admirable Schema Metrorum. It is right that every word of introduction and comment in these invaluable volumes should be written in the language of European scholarship Latin, for they are a *κρημα ἐς αἰ* not to English speaking students and scholars only, but to the whole civilised world.

For clearness of printing and arrangement, brevity and completeness, fine scholarship and acute criticism, we must refer once again to Professor Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, whose well-known "Griechisches Lesebuch" is the foundation of Mr. E. C. Marchant's little *Greek Reader* (vol i., Clarendon Press, Oxford). We remember with pleasure an old book, most of the stories in which concerned the doings of *μυρὸς τρις*, which combined amusement with instruction some thirty years ago. Mr. Marchant's selection from the German work comprises a number of Maxims and Anecdotes from Heraclitus, Democritus, and others, Dion Chrysostom's *Hunter*, the Battle between Alexander and Porus from Arrian, Strabo's description of Great Britain, Moschion's Hiero's Galleon, and Thucydides on Pausanias and Themistocles. He translates (and in spite of his deprecatory preface, translates well) the German Professor's admirable little introduction, and adds brief but important notes, founded on those contributed by Bruhn to the German work. This is a book we can recommend most cordially to schoolmasters for use in lower forms.

We have so often praised Messrs. Blackie's little Latin Texts, edited by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, that we need spare little space to the Vergil, *Bucolicon Liber*, and *Aeneid VI.*, both edited by Mr. S. E. Winbolt (6d. net). The principle is, again, a good text (A. V. E., wherever possible, in other cases M.P. and R., preference being given to M.), and a brief introduction. Mr. Winbolt's Introduction is a piece of good work. We remember how the account of the extant manuscripts of a classical author used to add to our interest in his writings as linking him with actual life and making him "real," and the inclusion of this feature in these volumes is an admirable idea.

Messrs. Blackwood's Classical texts have the advantage of illustrations, another good way of bringing things home to schoolboys. The frontispiece to Mr. R. B. Burnaby's *Elegiac Selections from Ovid* (1s. 6d.) gives a view of the Circus Maximus (after Canina), and the palaces overlooking it from the Palatine; and he includes art-sources so wide apart as the *Bacchus and Ariadne* in the British Museum and a Greek vase by Duris in the Louvres. The notes on the illustrations are full of interest, though a little further detail might have been added. Boys would like, for instance, to know the meaning of Septizonium, and to understand the two reasons which induced Severus to build that remarkable structure. The introduction treats briefly and clearly of Ovid's life and works, and the notes to the text (which is that of the Corpus) are, both on matters of grammar and interpretation, sound and illuminating. Appendix i. on the Subjunctive, and ii. on Prosody and Metre.

A recent addition to the Cambridge University Pitt Press Series is *Horatius and other Stories* adapted from Livy by Mr. G. M. Edwards (1s. 6d.), whose "Story of the Kings of Rome" is clearly a popular book for and among beginners. Here he gives us (often in a simplified form) Livy's narratives of Horatius and the bridge, Mucius Scaevola, Cloelia, Lake Regillus, Coriolanus, the Fabii, and Fidenae, warning his readers in a neat introduction that it is not all gospel true, and explaining why more authentic records are

lacking. His notes, particular and general, are good, and there is a useful vocabulary.

We notice with pleasure a very good edition of Plautus: *Capivi* with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary, by the Rev. J. Henson, M.A. (Blackie, 2s.) for the use of "moderately advanced students." His text is mainly Teubner; and he wisely refrains from filling in *hiatus*, except where homoteleuton gives a reasonable supposition that they were not intentional. His introduction gives a brief life of Plautus, a short chapter on the Roman Theatre, a note on the play, which might have been improved by expansion (e.g., it is useless to mention the Middle and New Comedy of Greece without saying what their characteristics were); then follow a sketch of the plot and two sections on the prosody and the metre—not entirely complete but ample for the purpose in view. In an Appendix comes a list of manuscripts with the more important *variae lectiones*, and the notes are printed and well chosen. The illustrations occurring in the text are very apt and useful.

### FRENCH AND GERMAN BOOKS

WE must preface all notice of the French and German books that are before us with a word on Mr. Cloudesley Brereton's sterling little volume (Blackie) on *The Teaching of Modern Languages with special reference to Big Towns*. The teaching of modern languages is taken much more seriously nowadays than ever before; and this book—the substance of which comes from three lectures delivered last year before the London School of Economics by the author, an Inspector to the Board of Education and other bodies—is both a symptom of the change and an aid to its development. The argument of Mr. Brereton's book is too close and its pages are too full of exact and practical detail to make any abbreviation of it possible in the space at our disposal: we can only record our conviction that every schoolmaster and every one concerned with the teaching of modern languages ought to study these one hundred and seven little pages with the greatest care. Mr. Brereton's position—to use his own phraseology—is somewhere about the Left Centre. That is, he is not on the side of the teachers on the old, orthodox, classical lines, who treat a modern language *perinde ac cadaver*, and parse, analyse and dissect it as they do a dead language. Nor is he one of the extreme reformers, who rule out all writing, even in phonetic script, in whose class-rooms no word of the mother-tongue is ever heard, and whose plan of teaching is the "animated phonograph" plan. Starting from a position somewhere between the two, but nearer to the reformers than the orthodox, he develops, in three able chapters, his ideas on the teaching of a foreign language, side by side with and supplementary to the teaching of the mother-tongue. His work shows not only a keen eye for the needs of students and the benefits that may, and should, accrue to them from proper teaching, but a personal experience of all systems, at home and abroad, which gives great practical value to his advice and opinion. We would earnestly commend his book to all whom it concerns.

From Mr. Brereton's little book we may pass straight to the Rossmann and Schmidt *French by the Direct Method* series, of which the edition for use in England is published by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack. We have before us two volumes in that series: Part iii. (third year's course), which has been adapted and enlarged by Mr. Thomas Cartwright (2s. 6d.) and volume ii. of the Fourth Year's Course, which is a *Livre de Lecture*, by Mlle. Hélène Vivier (2s.). The idea of the Rossmann and Schmidt course is too well known to need explanation. Translation, parsing, grammar, etc., are pushed as far as possible into the background. "Translation from the mother-tongue into the foreign language," says the German preface, "actually hinders the acquirement of the foreign tongue"; and "the too early consideration of the rules of grammar is . . . a hindrance and not a help to

the acquisition of the new language." The rules of its grammar, therefore, are minimised to the extent of including (and that in the third year's course, it must be remembered) "only its more important principles." The language, in fact, is to grow in the pupil, much as his mother-tongue grew in him: his surroundings are to be (in this case) French; the subject-matter of his lessons French; he is to be questioned in French and to answer in French: while by the aid of pictures (these volumes are both admirably illustrated) during his education in the foreign language his mind is to be kept in touch with the actual.

An admirable book, which, while giving the pupil a reasonable amount of assistance, still has for its main object the persuading him to use his own wits, is M. Eugène Perrot's *The Translation of French Unseens* (Ralph, Holland, 2s. net.). M. Perrot begins by impressing on his readers the necessity of reading, thinking, searching for clues and using their brains *before* they begin to write their unseen translation, and goes on to explain how much may be done by polishing, after the rough draft is written. His introduction comprises four heads, The Rough Translation, Polishing the Rough Translation, Style, and Translation of Prose and Poetry. Then come some well chosen examples and expositions of Difficulties in French Syntax; and then the extracts from French authors for unseen translation. These are admirably selected. By easy stages the pupil is led on from a very easy passage of Xavier de Maistre through increasing difficulties, till he ends with such pieces as an extract from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on glass-making, and a very fairly stiff bit of Nodier. The vocabulary (which M. Perrot advises be used as little as possible—and for our own part we think it would have been better to omit it altogether) is good, and he has wisely avoided giving any notes to the pieces set.

To his "Nouvelle Grammaire Française" Mr. J. Gauchez Anderson has now added a little book of *Exercices de Grammaire Française* (Methuen, 1s. 6d.), which may also be used to supplement any grammar. The work is entirely in French, and the exercises are easily calculated to lead the pupil on, step by step, into the niceties of correct diction. The book will prove exceedingly useful for fairly advanced students.

Among the "readers" in French we particularly welcome the additions to the Clarendon Press "Oxford Modern French Series," under the editorship of M. Leon Delbos. There can be no question as to which side M. Delbos takes in the controversy on the teaching of modern languages. "The one object in learning a language should be," he writes, in the General Preface included in each volume of the series, "to become acquainted with the greatest thoughts. We have before us Balzac's *Les Chouans*, edited by Mr. C. L. Freeman (2s.), Stendhal's *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, edited by Mr. H. J. Chaytor, illustrated (2s.), Erckmann-Chatrian's *Histoire d'un Homme du Peuple*, edited by R. E. A. Chessex (3s.), and Nodier's *Jean Sogor*, edited by D. M. Savory (2s.). Each volume contains a short (in Mr. Chessex's case a very short) biographical and critical introduction, and a few good grammatical and explanatory notes; and if only the covers of these volumes were not twice as ugly as they are serviceable, our praise of the series would be unqualified.

Among Messrs. Blackie's capital *Little French Classics* (which, by the way, are specially singled out for praise by Mr. Brereton in his book reviewed above) the newer volumes are About's *Les Jumeaux de l'Hotel Corneille*, edited by H. Havelock, and Mérimée's *Le siège de la Rochelle*, edited by J. E. Michell (4d. each) and Scribe's *Le Verre d'Eau*, edited by W. G. Etheridge (8d.), the last being one of the Supplementary series of complete plays edited on the same plan. The series, which is divided into three sections, junior, middle, and senior, is unique for combined cheapness and excellence.

Messrs. Macmillan send us La Bruyère's *Caractères*, adapted and edited by Eugène Pellissier (2s. 6d.), a new

volume in Siepmann's Classical French Texts, forming the first of a new section devoted to classical authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In a general Preface Mr. Siepmann and Mr. Pellissier express their views on the value of the study of modern languages, and dwell, like Mr. Delbos, on the value of the literary training they can be made to supply. After a brief biographical and critical introduction, Mr. Pellissier gives his selection from the text; then come grammatical and explanatory notes and then a summary of the chief grammatical peculiarities occurring in the text, which shows the divergence between modern French and that of La Bruyère. The four Appendices give Words and Phrases for *viva-voce* Drill; Sentences on Syntax and Idioms for *viva-voce* Practice; Passages (not translated from the "Caractères") for translation into French, and subjects for Free Composition. The last is a new feature in the series, and (in good hands) should be very useful.

Among the German educational series published recently first place may not undeservedly be given to Blackie's *Little German Classics*, which is uniform in aim and general appearance with their Little French Classics. Already a dozen volumes of forty-eight pages each have been published, and some idea of the extent of the field covered by these books may be gathered from the fact that among the authors who have been drawn upon are Goethe, Kotzebue, Heine and Schiller. The notes are sufficiently numerous to be helpful without being of too much assistance.

Mr. C. S. Buchheim's first series of *Short German Plays* were so well received that he has been encouraged to produce a second, containing half a dozen playlets with from four to eight characters in each, equally suitable for reading in class or production on prize days at school. The language is simple but by no means unnatural, the speeches are short and therefore easily learnt.

A more advanced book is Mr. H. G. Spearing's *Combined German Reader, Writer and Grammar* (Clarendon Press). This book, as the compiler says, is not intended for very young pupils nor for self-instruction: it is essentially a class-book for those who have already had some grounding in grammatical principles. Mr. Spearing states in his introduction that one of the considerations that influenced him in compiling the book was that in learning a modern language beginners should acquire as soon as possible a large stock of common words by reading connected passages instead of isolated sentences. This plan has been studiously followed in the first pages of the book, but the exercises for translation from English into German (which are far more important than those for translation from German into English) do not run on the same lines. It is a pity that having started out on quite the right path Mr. Spearing was unable to keep to it.

We could wish that we had learned German from Mr. A. B. Hope Moncrieff's little *Stories from Grimm* (Blackie's Modern Language Series, 1s. 6d.). Here are a number of old favourite stories, "The Golden Goose," "Rumpelstiltskin," "Hans in Luck," and others, attractively set out in a little illustrated book, with a short introduction telling us a little about the brothers with the name so inappropriate to their works, and about the stories they introduced us to, a few notes to help us over difficulties in the translation, and a good vocabulary.

#### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Messrs. Methuen announce for early publication a *Junior French Prose*, by R. R. N. Baron (2s.)

#### HISTORY

Three useful publications have been sent us after the plan of bound-up historical charts (a) *The Students' Guide Book to British History, Parts i.—iv., Mediæval to 1485*, 1s.; (b) *Salient Points in Modern History, British, European, and Colonial, 1485—1901*, 1s.; (c) *A Students' Note Book of European History, 1789—1815*, 2s. By J. S. Lindsey

(Heffer, Cambridge; Simpkin Marshall, London). The pages are quarto and the charts comprise schemes of study based upon the Best Books, Outline Sketches, Chronological Synopses, Select Bibliographies, Topical Reviews, Notable Topics, Suggestive Sayings, Typical Questions. The books are intended mainly as Historical Bradshaws, and once used will become indispensable. The information as to how to study and what to study in each section should prove invaluable. The teacher or independent student will derive great advantage by grading his work upon such a scheme. It is to be hoped that in future editions the publishers will see their way to strong linen bindings.

An amplified edition of the *Outlines of English History*, by George Carter, M.A., is published by Messrs. Relfe, and should prove useful (*History of England*, in three parts; part i., B.C. 55—1485 A.D., 2s.).

Messrs. Methuen are to be complimented on the speed with which they are issuing the School Histories of the various English counties. The print is good and the illustrations excellent. To know something of the town and country in which they live is the only intelligent commencement of Geography for children. It is also an excellent means of teaching local patriotism. These books are suitable for Geographies or Readers, for general knowledge lessons, and for the school library. The history of ancient games prove one of the most interesting sections of an interesting book. (*A School History of Surrey*, H. E. Malden, M.A., 1s. 6d.)

Messrs. Jack have learned the value of good printing, good paper, and coloured illustrations for children's books. Their Concentric Histories appear to be a happy blend of the useful and attractive. (*Our Island Story*, Step 3, British History as Cause and Effect, 1s. 6d.)

*Old Testament History* from the descent of Jacob into Egypt to the election of Saul by Geo. Carter, M.A. (Relfe 2s.) strikes us as an especially useful book. The text of such of the Bible narrative as is necessary is incorporated in the work. This is particularly useful in a period of biblical history where the chronological arrangement of events sometimes entails more hunting up of passages than young children are capable of without undue distraction.

### GEOGRAPHY

The Historical and Modern Atlas of the British Empire by Messrs. Robertson and Bartholomew (Methuen, 4s. 6d. net) was originally planned to accompany Mr. George's Historical Geography of the growth and structure of Great Britain all over the world; it now includes a handy Gazetteer, alphabetically arranged with dates of the entry of each place or country into the Empire: there is a complete index to its numerous maps, which cover the whole of the Christian era chronologically, and a good deal of the globe geographically that we by no means possess or desire.

Messrs. Blackie's *Reader on Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Furness* (8d.) is printed in good clear type, but is rather heavy and unattractive in its method of putting a great deal of varied information before its readers.

We confess we do not know a school or a class in which *An Introduction to Practical Geography*, by Messrs. Simmons and Richardson (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), could be used to good purpose. To find Practical Surveying, Geometrical Drawing, the Use of the Magnetic Compass, Map Reading, Marking and Projection, the Study of Wave Curves, and many other subjects all within the same cover is staggering, and the smattering of knowledge to be gained by a teacher from its perusal.

The second edition, revised by Mr. C. Atchley, of vol. ii. of the *Historical Geography of the British Colonies*, by Mr. C. P. Lucas (the Clarendon Press), deals copiously and ably with the West Indies, a part of the Empire, which, if we mistake not, will shortly acquire new importance in the eyes of the promoters of the Monroe doctrine, as

commanding the entrance to the new Panama Canal. The student is referred to many other authorities for further information, and to any candidate for the Colonial or Foreign Office this should be a most valuable aid. Clear maps illustrate each separate dependency.

Messrs. Jack have published *Europe in Round the World Series* (6d.). This, like the *Australasia* and *Our English Homes*, is intended to serve the purpose of a note-book in Elementary Schools or lower forms. Maps and Illustrations are included and for their purpose are all that can be desired. Inexperienced teachers must not, however, fall into the error of using these as cram-books, instead of as supplementing good oral lessons.

*The World and Its People (British Empire)*, Nelson, 1s. 10d.) is in accordance with the latest scheme of the Board of Education. The Series abounds in good illustrations, many in colour, and all the books are well and strongly bound for class use. They will serve as interesting Readers, being in every case continuous stories.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Messrs. Methuen announce a second of edition *History and Geography Examination Papers*, by C. H. Spence (2s. 6d.)

### MATHEMATICS

Part VIII. of the *Council Arithmetic for Schools* by Mr. T. B. Ellery (4d. and 6d., A. and C. Black), contains many and miscellaneous problems, deals concisely and clearly with Discount and Present Worth, Square and Cube Roots, Chain Rule and gives methods of solving those maddening questions as to approaching trains, hands of a clock, rowing against a tide, which the schoolboy must expect to find in any Examination Paper.

*The Three Term Arithmetic* (T. C. and E. C. Jack, Book IV., 4d.) is drawn up in such a way that it will be useful both in those schools whose school year is divided into three terms and to those which aim at getting the year's syllabus completed in the first three quarters and utilising the last period for revision. Mr. Iliffe is a thoroughly practical teacher, and the book supplies examples for carrying out the requirements of the Board of Education as to measuring and weighing. The necessary metric quantities are given as a matter of course throughout the work and not in a forbidding separate chapter. There are worked exercises as specimens and these are clearly set out as on blackboards. The elementary graphic arithmetic is a feature of the book. The *Three Term Arithmetic* Part VIII. (5d.) starts with Recurring Decimals, deals with Mensuration, percentages, Proportion and so on. We cannot help thinking that not enough use is made of the Unitary System, as the Rule of Three does not encourage thinking to nearly the same extent. Still, this is a useful little book.

Mr. G. F. Smith, the author of *Continuous Mental Arithmetic* (Nelson's School and College Series, 2s.), has evidently a low estimate of the teacher's ability to follow out his ideas, since in addition to such a query as "How many pencils at  $\frac{1}{2}$  each could I get for 2d.?" he further asks: "How many for  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.?" "How many for 5d.?" and gives the answer in each case! Repetition is the right, nay, the only way to teach, but if the teacher cannot take the hint in one page he will not in a hundred. Nor does Mr. Smith give any help as to how new rules are to be tackled. Such a book is hardly necessary.

*A New Trigonometry for Beginners*, by R. F. D'Arcy, M.A. (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d.), carries the subject as far as the solution of triangles. Graphical methods are employed throughout and, what is especially useful just now, the answers to the test papers are all based on four-figure logarithms. Mr. D'Arcy's explanations are clear and indicate experience of a certain class of pupils: thus he illustrates by diagrams the distinction between angles of elevation and depression which unaccountably perplex some minds.



# READERS

Publishers seem to vie with each other in producing a never-ending succession of Readers. *The New Globe Readers* (Macmillan, 1s. 2d. etc.) are a wise combination of the continuous story in which sustained attention is fostered, and suitable short stories and extracts, complete in themselves, from such works as *Water Babies* and *Carrots*.

*Blackie's Model Readers*, to judge by the sample sent us (Book iii. 1s.), are in some respects better than any we have lately seen. The Poetry is singularly well chosen. The inclusion of complete episodes from *Tom Brown*, the *Story of Siegfried* and anecdotes of Michael Angelo are steps in the right direction, more especially as these are not mere snippets, but stories each of several chapters in length. The illustrations, some coloured, are plentiful and apposite; and one need say no more than that quite a large proportion bear the name of *Brock*. But there is, to our mind, one serious blemish on an otherwise excellent compilation. The reader receives a distinct mental shock in being suddenly transferred from the childhood of Mozart to a chapter on Potatoes, or from the romance of the Prince of the Lions to gruesome pictures and descriptions of the bat that flies by night. The tenor of Readers of to-day should surely be literary. With our Nature Lessons, Object-lessons and Elementary Science Lessons, and the special text-books on these subjects, there is no reason for the Reader proper being the incongruous medley it was a decade ago. The Model Readers rejoice in so brave a title that they must be above criticism, and a certain amount of rearrangement in a future edition would add fifty per cent. to their value.

Messrs. Blackie have issued a reprint of the first edition of *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* (Lyrics, etc., Book ii.) with notes, in good linen cover, at the marvellous price of 6d.

Messrs. Macmillan have added several to their excellent series of *English Literature for Secondary Schools*, varying from 1s. to 1s. 6d., according to size. Notes and Glossary by Fanny Johnson remind us that *Ivanhoe* (1s. 6d.) is a book for girls as well as boys, as also the charming pictures of scenes in which Rowena and Rebecca play moving parts. H. M. Buller, of Clifton College, has contributed scholarly Introduction and Notes to Macaulay's *Essay on Clive* (1s.). Upon this particular book of the series we must repeat a criticism made on some of the earlier numbers, that the size of the print is such as should make masters hesitate before placing it in the hands of young students who have often to work many hours by artificial light. The same remark applies to the edition of *Macaulay's Essay on Addison*, by R. F. Winch, which also labours under the serious defect of over-erudition. Nearly half the volume is given up to Notes, which is quite a disproportionate amount. The Tales from Scandinavian Mythology (*The Heroes of Asgard*, Keary, adapted by Earle, 1s. 6d.) is much better printed, and the illustrations are as delightful as the stories are fascinating. It might repay the publishers to remove the serious objection we have raised. These classics might then command a wider public than the school. Many would prefer to fill their shelves with these cheap copies of masterpieces rather than borrow more expensive copies from the lending library.

Messrs. Blackie have appreciated the true literary spirit in their edition of *Bacon's Essays* (E. H. Blakeney, M.A., 1s. 6d.). The Editor, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, as was Bacon himself, has obviously performed a labour of love. The edition is bound in stiff boards, and is a handy size. The narrowness of the columns and print saves the eyesight, otherwise one would pardon a bulkier volume for the advantage of larger print.

Yet another *Henry V.*! (Jack's School and College Texts, 1s. 6d.) There is little new about the copy sent us, except the advantage that the notes are kept within reasonable limits, and that a very useful collection of questions set at recent examinations is appended; and attention is drawn to the most suitable passages for recitation. The

text is in large and clear type. The explanatory notes are in the form of footnotes.

Mr. Addis, who writes on *Style*, occasionally indulges in Hyperbole. His book is not without its value in spite of occasional pomposity. (*Style in Composition*, Allan and Son, 2s.)

The *Revision Grammar* of Mr. James Hammond (T. C. and E. C. Jack, 8d.) seems itself to stand in no small need of revision. To give formulæ and appendices as the only plural in use of formula and appendix is, to say the least incomplete. By an inexplicable blunder *since* is ranked as a co-ordinate conjunction. Mr. Hammond provides us with a metrical surprise in John Gilpin. "A train'band cap'tain eke' (sic) was he." *Luxurians* is not the Latin for *luxury*. Mr. Hammond's comment on blank verse is quite in the best nursery-governess style. He tells us that "As used by Shakespeare and Milton this simple vehicle of expression is so varied as to be made most musical and seductive." The picture of the Tree of Tongues is likely to produce in the learner's mind the confusion of Babel.

*A Sketch of English Literature* with lives and work of the chief authors by Miss S. M. Du Pré (Allman, second edition, 2s. 6d.) is a carefully compiled and well-balanced volume. It is less scrappy than most books of this kind, and, if used as the editor suggests as a basis for good oral lessons, should arouse the interest of scholars in this important subject.

*Plays for Girls* (Blackie 4d. each), by M. F. Hutchinson, deserve praise. They have the advantage of needing no male attire on the stage, and they are both literary and topical. The *Masque or Pageant of the English Trees and Flowers* is a quaint "conceit" or "pleasant fancy" of the Elizabethan period, and would serve as an introduction to the serious study of the Masque. *The Australian Cousin* is of quite another type; up-to-date, lively, humorous. There are only five characters, and the three scenes take place in the drawing-room.

Messrs. Blackie send us six more of their *English School Texts* (Highways and By-ways of Literature. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, 6d.). Dr. Rouse is indefatigable as an Editor. Nearly thirty volumes are now ready. Yet there is no suspicion of hurried work. These reprints are from good texts and in modern spelling. No change is made from the original except where abridgment is necessary. Short introductions are the only additions to the text. There are no notes. The latest additions to the Series are *The Retreat of Sir John Moore*, *Napier's Peninsular War* (2 vols.), *The Taking of the Gallcon*, *The Black Hole of Calcutta*, *History of Virginia*, *Trips to Wonderland from Lucian*. The series, indeed, shows sound judgment and very catholic taste and wide knowledge on the part of the editor. Other new volumes are Josephus, *The Siege of Jerusalem* (Lodge's translation, with some omissions, of Books VI. and VII.); a selection from Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*; a translation of *Sintram*; an abbreviated version of *The Voyage of Captain James*; the account of PP. Huc and Gabet's residence in Lla-Ssa (1845-6) from W. Hazlitt's translation of Huc; Roe's journal (abridged) of his *Embassy to the Great Mogul* (1615) from Purchas, and a part of Cotton's translation of the *Adventures of Montluc*.

Blackie's English Classics is just increased by an edition of Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, with Introduction and Notes by Arthur D. Innes (Black, 2d.). The longer the initial difficulties of Chaucer's language and spelling are put off, the worse they seem to grow, and it is a good thing that pupils should be helped over the crags and pitfalls as early in their careers as possible.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Messrs. Methuen announce *Easy Stories from English History* (1s.), by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, author of "The Ancient World." Messrs. Ralph, Holland and Co. announce *Essays and How to Write Them*, by Avary H. Forbes (2s.); *The Rights and Duties of Citizenship*, by Frederick Peaker; *Chief Landmarks in European History*, by Avary H. Forbes; Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and

*The Tempest*, edited by C.W. Crook, interleaved for students' manuscript notes: Milton's *Paradise Lost*, edited by A. L. Cann, and Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, edited by Ernest Jenkins, these also interleaved.

## THE USE OF THE STEREOSCOPE IN EDUCATION

It is many years now since Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his famous articles on the stereoscope (which Wheatstone invented in 1838), and on sun-painting and sun-sculpture; and it is not a little surprising that the advantages of the stereoscope as a means of education are only now just beginning to be noticed. As a means of amusement, this instrument was high in favour years ago: most of us can recall old-fashioned houses in which it formed a prominent "ornament" (!) on the drawing-room table. And perhaps it was its use as a means of (very doubtful) amusement that militated against its employment in what one would have thought its obvious purpose—education. There was another objection—the fact that until the proper use of the instrument in education had been discovered and developed it did actually remain a means of trifling amusement, with no serious value in educational work.

That proper use has now, largely owing to the firm of Messrs. Underwood and Underwood, been discovered, and is being rapidly developed. But before examining the thorough and painstaking work of that firm we must spare a moment to notice the very great and vital improvements—the radical change in fact—which recent science and skill have worked in the stereograph, *i.e.* the double photograph which is looked at through the stereoscope.

Of old, as all will remember, the representation as seen through the stereoscope was even at its best not generally satisfactory. Either a *miniature* or an *unnaturally magnified* representation, and in both cases a badly distorted perspective, cloudy and imperfect, was the usual result. Messrs. Underwood and Underwood realised at the outset that the stereograph for educational purposes must be *scientifically accurate* and by careful experiments they have been able to establish standards in their processes of production which result in making their stereographs represent scenes and objects *life size* and moreover an absolutely correct perspective in the *third dimension*.

Speaking from experience, the impression one gets when examining their stereographs is that the representations are far superior in every way to all other stereographic effects one has seen, and that for educational purposes their subjects are selected on very sound lines.

Through the stereoscope these stereographs present to the eye nothing more and nothing less than would impinge on the retina were the spectator standing on the spot occupied by the camera when each individual stereographic negative was made. The result, as applied to use in schools, is this, that when the pupil looks at stereographs of, say, a cotton-field or a pyramid, his sidelong vision being shut out by the hood of the stereoscope, he is no longer sitting in his school-room and looking at a picture, but he is, as it were, bodily transported to the scene itself, and sees everything of exactly the size it would be, were he standing in real life as far off from it as the camera was.

Still something more was necessary to clear the stereoscope from the charge of being an instrument for amusement only. Pictures are always useful in education, but the best pictures cannot rise to the position in educational value which is claimed for the stereograph by the firm we have mentioned. It remained to invent the right system for the use of these stereoscopes and stereographs.

The system advocated, and adopted now by a long list of schools where Messrs. Underwood's instruments and stereographs are in constant use, is that of practical ex-

periment, as it were a laboratory. The student who has to make a chemical compound for himself learns chemistry more quickly and nicely than the student who sees a master make it. That is the principle of the right use of the stereoscope. Take Messrs. Underwood and Underwood's series of "Industry and Commerce," sub-heading "Fibre." The pupil sees through the stereoscope not a view, but a scene, of negroes picking what looks like tufts of white wool off bushes. He is not told: "This is cotton"; but he is induced to say for himself where he is standing and what he sees. He makes his own experiments, in fact. In the same way, with "Set A," Physical Geography: he sees a hill, a cañon, an oasis, a glacier; and having once seen these amazing things, having been, as it were, present in the flesh, he will never forget the impression, nor the facts that he thus learns on the spot. He is made to think: introduced plump into the presence of something "real." Learning, in such conditions, loses half its terrors and more than doubles its value. And the stereograph is not merely a means of illustration: it becomes actually a new method of education.

This "Set A," Physical Geography, may serve us as an example of Messrs. Underwood and Underwood's system of preparing their many series of stereographs. In all, the set contains thirty-six stereographs, but eighteen of them are called "supplementary" and though most valuable, are not absolutely essential to the course. The eighteen "type," or essential, stereographs are as follows: Hill, Mountain, Niagara Gorge, Gorge in formation (Niagara), River (the Salzach), Plain, Desert, Coasts, Glacier (Gorner), Glacier (Mer-de-glace), Ice-fall (the ultimate fate of a glacier), Volcano in eruption, Lava-field, Lava-Cone, Geyser in eruption, Geyser with cone, Stalactites and Equatorial Telescope. Each of the "supplementary" stereographs follows one of the "types," and they include such subjects as Mountain-pass, Canal locks, Promontory, Oasis, Crevasse and Iceberg. All these, it must be remembered, are from photographs of actual places—which cease to be photographs and become solid realities when seen through the stereoscope.

It is obvious that no pains have been spared to make the series thoroughly representative, and developments and additions are made every day. Messrs. Underwood and Underwood very fairly claim to have invented a new use of the stereoscope, and also to have opened the way to a new method of teaching, which both theory and practice prove to be of the highest service and importance. A first glance at the catalogue is sufficient to show how thoroughly and widely they have organised the teaching of nearly every branch of education on these lines, and the number of the stereographs they have prepared on every conceivable subject is as surprising as the quality.

Into the commonly raised objection of expense we cannot enter in any detail here. But it is possible to say that the initial expense is not nearly so heavy as would be expected, and all kinds of ingenious devices for lowering it have been introduced by the firm. We heartily commend the system and its implements to the attention of all teachers.

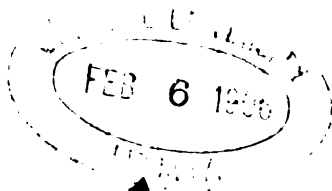
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# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1760

JANUARY 27, 1906

PRICE THREEPENCE

### Education

**ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN,**  
Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

Thursday next, February 1, at 5 o'clock, **BENJAMIN KIDD, Esq.**, first of two lectures on "The Significance of the Future in the Theory of Evolution." Half a Guinea the Course.

Saturday, February 3, at 3 o'clock, **JOHN W. GORDON, Esq.**, first of two lectures on "Advances in Microscopy." Half a Guinea.

Subscription to all the Courses in the Season, **Two Guineas.**

**MANCHESTER EDUCATION COMMITTEE.**

**PUPIL TEACHERS' COLLEGE.**

**APPOINTMENT OF PRINCIPAL.**

In consequence of the appointment of Mr. W. E. Urwick, M.A. Oxon, on the inspectorate of the Secondary Branch of the Board of Education, the Education Committee of the City of Manchester invite applications for the Principalship of the Pupil Teachers' College from persons of academic standing and of sound experience in the principles and methods of teaching.

The salary offered is £650 per annum.

The person appointed should be prepared to assume the duties of the office not later than April 23, 1906.

Particulars of the duties and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications, on the special forms provided for the purpose, must be returned not later than Wednesday, January 31. Canvassing will disqualify candidates.

**J. H. REYNOLDS,**

Director of Higher Education.

Municipal School of Technology,

Sackville Street, Manchester.

January 16, 1906.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD.**

The University of Sheffield proposes to appoint a **PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION.**

For particulars as to duties, salary, etc., apply to

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

ALTHOUGH we are compelled to write before the whole of the returns are available, it has already become evident that the new Parliament will be one of the most literary ever known in England, even although it is possible at the same time to say that it will contain an unusually large proportion of members who may fairly be described as illiterate. A curious feature of the time is the desire of the popular novelist to figure in politics. Fortunately he cannot be calculated upon to take one side in preference to another. Sir Gilbert Parker, who has secured an increased majority, is a Unionist. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who just missed getting in for his Scottish constituency, is of the same way of thinking. On the other hand, that rising and popular novelist, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, is to represent Coventry in the Liberal interest.

It is not quite the same with other branches of literature. At the head of the men of letters who will be in the present Parliament we may put Mr. John Morley without fear of any one disputing the place. He will have with him on the same side quite a brilliant band of writers. There is Mr. Augustine Birrell, who will come back fresh from the victory at Bristol; there is Professor Bryce with the renown that he won as historian of the Holy Roman Empire, and several other familiar figures. Some are new to the House, and we cannot help including among these Mr. Winston Churchill, who, though he has been in Parliament before, is always new. His life of Lord Randolph Churchill entitles him to a place among men of letters, whatever one may think of his politics. Among those to whom Parliament will be absolutely novel is Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, who, during the course of last year, published a book of Essays that proved him to be a thoughtful student of literature. It is understood that he controls the review department of the *Daily News*, and he will have as colleague one whose name is also intimately associated with that newspaper, Mr. Herbert Paul, who is returned as member for Northampton. So that it would appear that on this occasion literature is on the side of the big battalions, though we must not forget that in what would be the smaller army is Mr. George Wyndham.

The historian, the essayist, and the journalist take to politics readily enough, but it is curious to note that the minor poet as a rule avoids the House of Commons, his ethereal imaginings not, perhaps, fitting in very appropriately with the "matter-of-factness" of legislation. In the person of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Parliament will have a literary man who amongst other accomplishments possesses that of writing light verse; but, so far as we know, he will be alone in the Lower House as a poet who has systematically published verses. Of course, it would be a very rash

assertion that of all those six hundred people who compose the legislative assembly there was no other who had sent poetry to the newspapers, but we cannot at the moment think of any one in the list who is actually known as a minor poet.

Whatever may be said of the literary standing of the new members of Parliament, it is certain that more literary art has been displayed in the contest than on any previous occasion. The distinguishing characteristic of the speeches delivered and the articles written has been cleverness, and this applies particularly, we think, to those compositions which are more or less in the nature of caricatures. For example the "Political Parables" which appeared first in the *Westminster Gazette*, although Liberal in their trend, can scarcely fail to delight both sides, since they are as good-natured as Mr. Carruthers Gould's cartoons. They have been published in a book, the author being Mr. Francis Brown, and the best comment we can make upon them is to select the following, referring our readers to the book for the solution:

Once there was a man what wanted to entertain an old gent, but he'd only got a bloater, so he give it to his cook and she put it in a pie. But some of the other servants said This aint no place for us! When theyd left the cook said, If they didnt like it, its certain the old gent wont. But her master said, Well if his stomach's queasy you must make it more tasty! Bother the bloater, said the cook, I'll make a hash of it, & take a long time about it too! Oh, no, you wont, said he, youll serve it up when I want it—or youll go! This frightened her very much, & in her hurry to get it ready all the fat got into the fire and there arose a dreadful flareation and botheration. Whats up now? asked the man. I think Ive burnt myself, says she. Burnt yourself! says he, I reckon youve set the confounded House ablaze this time with your cleverness!!!

The daily papers have devoted so much space to the biography of the late Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, that we need not recapitulate his career here. Agitator, socialist, free-thinker, fire-brand, he lived through the evil days of a time that happily has passed, the passing of which was due to no one man in so great a measure as to him. To many his very name was *anathema*; but it must be remembered that he counted among his friends Mazzini, Garibaldi, Herbert Spencer, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, John Bright and George Meredith. He stood for "progress" and all that "progress" is worth; and with the merits of his cause he exhibited in his own mind most of its weaknesses as well. He retained his extraordinary vitality almost to the last. It can be little more than a year ago that we heard him speak from the chair at a banquet of the Rationalist Press Association, an occasion on which he told over again with infinite gusto his favourite story of how he became liable to a fine of six hundred thousand pounds for publishing unstamped newspapers, and offered the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Gladstone) to pay it in weekly instalments of a few shillings.

He shares with John Bunyan and Silvio Pellico the distinction of having written books in prison. His gaol was at Gloucester, and he was taken there on a charge of blasphemy. The chaplain, thinking to convert him, brought him, among other books, Paley's "Natural Theology," and Leslie's "Short and Easy Method with the Deists." The prisoner, however, was allowed not only books, but also pens, ink, and paper. Having read the books with close attention, he proceeded to write pamphlets about them, demolishing their arguments to his own satisfaction, if not to that of others.

In his house at Brighton the veteran reformer had a number of interesting relics recalling to his mind the many exciting events in which he had played his part. Though he was a man of peace, he specially cherished two flags, reviving memories of Garibaldi. One of them was a flag under which the Thousand of Marsala liberated Sicily;

the other, pierced with bullets, had flown on the field of Mentana. Another of his treasures was a pike, manufactured in the stormy days of the Reform agitation of 1831, when Birmingham was threatening to march upon London, and the Reformers fashioned all sorts of miscellaneous weapons to compel the aristocracy to yield to their demands; while the troubles of 1867 were represented by a small bottle labelled "Mr. Secretary Walpole's tears." That distinguished Home Secretary was violently denounced by the reactionaries of the period for having refused to call out the troops to charge the populace when it pulled down the Hyde Park railings, and was accused of having wept when considering the possible consequences of a collision between the soldiers and the mob. The nick-name of "Weeping Walpole" was in consequence bestowed upon him, and phials of pills, each of which was supposed to represent a tear from the eye of the susceptible Minister, were sold at the time by hawkers in the streets.

The French Government, in spite of its anti-clerical policy, is the jealous guardian of those great movements which owe their being to the Faith which M. Combes has done his best to banish from France. Every historical student and every lover of the romantic and the picturesque must rejoice to learn that the Palace of the Popes at Avignon is to be restored, and redeemed from the ignominy to which it has so long been subject. The wonderful building which dominates the delightful unspoilt town was described most eloquently by Montalembert. "Je ne pense pas," he wrote, "qu'il existe en Europe un débris plus complet et plus imposant de l'architecture civile et féodale du moyen âge." It remains a fortress rather than a palace to this day, the more so that not a vestige is left of the frescoes attributed to Giotto, or of the world-famous decorations of the great halls where the Popes received their priests and enemies. For over a hundred years the Palace of the Popes has been a provincial barracks, and the larger apartments have been subdivided by rude partitions to make the *chambres* of the worthy *pioupious*, who cared little for the awe-inspiring fact that they were sharing their dwelling-place with the ghosts of many of the greatest figures of old Christendom.

The present state of the Home Rule question calls to mind a little-known essay by Carlyle, "On the Repeal of the Union." Written in the early part of 1848, some eighteen months after his first visit ("six days") to Ireland, and about the same time distant from his "tour" in "poor" Ireland, it shows his style at its best. Possibly the brevity of the *brochure* prevents its volcanic brilliance being broken by the incoherent chaotic utterances, which, as he himself says of his moods, "intermitted." Its politics, either then or now, do not come within our sphere; but the essay is a pathetic atom of the book of "Spiritual Sketches" he intended to write on the "Sister Island," which was to "begin with St. Colm, and end with the rakes of Mallow," and which would never get itself so much as written, still less published. "There is no established paper," he wrote, "that can stand my articles, no single one they would not blow the bottom out of." And his difficulties with "Sartor Resartus" are well known.

Carlyle felt acutely the misery of the Irish of the period, which, he says, "really is my problem," and was keenly affected by the fate of the Young Ireland party which "broke" over the Revolution of '48 in France. He had met some of the members of it on his first visit, and liked them, although he did not agree with them. The essay was republished separately in 1889 as "A Pearl of English Rhetoric" (with an introduction which can scarcely be described as accurate), but it was not until several years later that it was included in a volume of "Rescued

Essays" published by the Leadenhall Press. It is not to be found in the collected editions of his works and is not mentioned by Froude or the Dictionary of National Biography.

The new President of the French Republic has his connection with literature, and on the highest plane, being, in his way and at his hour, a poet. He is President of the "Société de la prune," founded by M. Georges Leygues, all the members of which hail from Lot-et-Garonne. Their principal occupation is to dine together periodically, and at their banquets they sometimes recite verses of their own composition in the ancient "langue d'oc." The *Figaro* prints a poem which M. Fallières recently wrote on one of these occasions. Here it is for the curious to translate, if they can:

#### AOU REI DE LA PRUNO

Hillot dé Jansémin, coumpayre éncalourit,  
Digun n'a mé dé co, digun n'a mé d'esprit,  
Qué tu, sabén douctur, lou Rei dé nosto pruo.  
La Pouésie én flocs dé toun amo dégruo  
Coumo, aou Printéns, las flous dous frutés embaoumats,  
Quand lou Bén, aou soureil, én arroso lous prats.

En dous hill déboutious dé la terro natalo,  
Dam un mot amistous, d'un grand cop dé toun alo  
Sous coustous esclarits quous portos, én canta,  
Et dé tous digts léougés quous tressos la Courouno,  
Qu'eslugro, pér là bas, aous bords de la Garouno,  
Lous amics tants hurous dé lous bésé mounta.

Merci, pér jou, paourot, tout mi gnat dé bergougno  
D'esta, den toun libré, á la placó d'ou mieï  
Dans tout aquéts, messius, l'ourgou dé la Gascougno.  
Merci dé quét haounou, jamais l'oubliderei !

It should be added that M. Fallières has written enough French verse to fill a volume, though there is no reason to believe that he will at present challenge criticism by publishing. His rival, M. Doumer, gained little but ridicule by doing so.

Our hearty congratulations are due to the National Art Collections Fund, who have, after all, obtained all the money wanted for the purchase of the Rokesby Velasquez, except £3000 which Messrs. Agnew have given them time to collect. The picture is now at Manchester on exhibition, and then it goes to Liverpool. On its return to London, next month, it will be handed over to the nation. Lord Balcarras, Mr. Isidore Spielmann and Mr. Witt have worked against heavy odds, and we cannot speak too highly of the perseverance and determination they have shown. While we are on this subject, we may add that, thanks to the munificence of Mr. J. J. Duveen, Mr. Sargent's famous portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth will be housed in the Tate Gallery as a national possession. It is in no spirit of racial jealousy that we rejoice over these two American reverses.

The *Magazine of Fine Arts* for January is as good as, or better than, its two predecessors. Mr. Frederick Wedmore writes on Crome and Cotman, M. Arsène Alexandre on The Pantomime and Expression in the Paintings of Nicolas Poussin, Mr. Walter Crane on Early Italian Gesso Work; and Sir James Linton, in writing on the Artists' Benevolent Institution Exhibition at Agnew's, gives high praise to the famous Velasquez, which is well reproduced as an illustration. There are many other interesting articles and notes, and the plates, which include the Ver Meer of Delft which was lately on exhibition in London, J. S. Cotman's "Bishopsgate Bridge, Norwich," and Raeburn's "Lady Maitland," are all excellently produced.

The *Atlantic Monthly* will in and after this month be published in England by Messrs. Constable. This magazine, which was founded very nearly fifty years ago, has had no inglorious history. In its first number Oliver Wendell



Holmes began his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and among its other contributors have been Longfellow, Lowell, Browning, Sainte-Beuve, Whittier, Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Professor Eliot Norton, Mr. W. D. Howells, and Mr. Marion Crawford. It maintains its reputation to-day as a first-class magazine.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week will witness the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's of quite a medley of interesting books from the libraries of quite a medley of gentlemen representing the Church, journalism and the law. That of the late Rev. S. J. G. Fraser includes: Valpy's edition of Shakespeare, works on chess, books relating to the East, and a presentation copy from the author's father of the first edition, 1850, of *Poems*, by J. R. [John Ruskin]. This should excite much interest, as only fifty copies were printed. The collection of the late Mr. R. M. R. Burrell is strong in Natural History—Seebohm's "British Birds," and Gould's "Birds of Great Britain," being amongst the lot, and an exceptionally interesting copy of Dallaway and Cartwright's "History of the Western Division of Sussex," extra illustrated. Of this book five hundred copies were printed, but three hundred of them were destroyed by fire.

Mr. St. John Brenon's books would provide a library in themselves, historical, classical, dramatic, biographical, ecclesiastical, philosophical, artistic, and even the "books which no gentleman's library should be without." Numismatics is the leading feature of Mr. Trist's collection, and the portion of the library of the late Mr. Justice Day to be sold includes a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost." A copy of the Fourth Folio edition will come to the hammer, but as it is "sold not subject to return," it will not likely mark a record in price.

The President of the Board of Education has appointed Professor W. W. Watts, M.A., F.R.S., of Birmingham University, to the Professorship of Geology at the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, vacant by the retirement of Professor Judd. In view of the changes in organisation that may be found desirable in the Royal College of Science and the Royal School of Mines after the consideration of the report of the Departmental Committee on the College, it has been thought best to make this appointment a temporary one. Professor Watts was a Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, from 1888 to 1894, and a member of the Geological Survey from 1891 to 1897. He has acted successively as Deputy-Professor of Geology at Leeds, Birmingham, and Oxford. At the present time he is Assistant-Professor of Geology and Professor of Geography at the Birmingham University, and is Secretary of the Geological Society.

In the review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's "On Ten Plays of Shakespeare" in last week's ACADEMY, p. 58 (column i.), it was stated that Mr. Stopford Brooke "sees . . . the difference in the attitudes of Banquo and Macbeth from those of the witches." The sentence should have run: "sees the difference in the attitudes of Banquo and Macbeth towards the Witches."

The seventh German season at the Great Queen Street Theatre closes next week with a performance of Ibsen's *Stutzen der Gesellschaft*. Of the plays produced by them this winter two at least are to be seen in English soon. *Alma Mater* and Björnson's *Ein Fallissement*. In this latter play it is rumoured Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Beer-bohn Tree are both anxious to appear. But why should they not join forces; Mr. Irving playing Tjälde and Mr. Tree the old lawyer Behrent? One could not ask for anything better.

## LITERATURE

### THE GREAT COMMONER

*William Pitt.* By CHARLES WHIBLEY. (Blackwood, 6s. net.)

THE chief characteristic of Mr. Whibley's work is that he has concentrated his mind on giving us a personal study of the greatest of English parliamentarians. We need not say that it is sympathetic, since the ideals and character of William Pitt are such as to appeal with profound effect to the latest of his biographers. That it is dignified and well written is also an unnecessary statement. If there is an unsatisfactory feature in the book, we may say at once that it lies in a certain poverty of background; the majestic figure of William Pitt would be interesting in any circumstances, but it would have been much more so if placed in its natural environment. If we turn our eyes backwards for one hundred years, we find not only that the condition of England was striking and peculiar, but that the whole arena was full of new movement; at such a time, it was fortunate for England that she developed a William Pitt. But it is scarcely possible to understand the importance of the part he had to play without a close and detailed examination of the circumstances of the time. This we say without any wish to detract from the brilliant work done by Mr. Whibley.

After all, personality counts for a great deal; a statesman gives his country what he has himself, and William Pitt may almost be said to have been nursed for the part he had to play; as Mr. Whibley properly says, he was "both born and made." Native genius he had inherited in plenty, but the Earl of Chatham, who from the first designed a great place for his son, took care that the very atmosphere he breathed should be such as to prepare him for his destiny. His education was carefully calculated to develop the qualities that go to make a great statesman; he read the classics, as his biographer says, not, as is too frequently the case, for the mere study of words, but as one in search of examples of the greatest poetry and the loftiest eloquence. Lord Chatham seems to have appreciated the value of paraphrasing as an educational force, and urged his son to turn the best passages of the classics into English. Pitt himself had an early inclination to literature, and he found expression in the way most usual with ambitious young men—that is to say, he wrote a tragedy in five acts, of which Lord Macaulay says that it was "bad, of course, but not worse than the tragedies of Hayley." Literature, however, was not pursued, except in so far as it remained a solace and comfort to the man of affairs after the toil and bustle of his public life.

The study of his career is the study of one of the most typical of Englishmen. He began, as is the way with many impulsive young politicians, with a great enthusiasm for peace, retrenchment, and reform. Withal, he had a due sense of his own importance:

In a speech delivered five days before Lord North's resignation—the most arrogant speech ever delivered by a man of twenty-two—he made his intention perfectly clear. "With regard to a new administration," he said, "it was not for him to say, nor for the House to pronounce, who was to form it; all he felt himself obliged to declare was, that he himself could not expect to take any share in a new administration, and were his doing so more within his reach, he would never accept a subordinate position." It is no wonder that George Selwyn was astonished at his independence. "Young Pitt will not be subordinate," he wrote; "he is not so in his own society; he is at the head of a dozen young people, and it is a corps separate from Charles's; so there is another premier at the starting-post."

That speech would have been arrogance if it had come from one who had not the force behind him to make his words good; but we are not sure if we should so describe it in the case of a man conscious of his own genius and knowing that he alone was fit for the position which he sought to occupy. During the whole of his career, Pitt depended mainly on himself. He had, it is true, friends and pupils, of whom the most brilliant was Canning, and the one of most solid worth the Duke of Wellington, or rather Lord Arthur

Wellesley, as he was then. But he was too great a man to attach himself exclusively to any one party; he was one in whom love of country was the prevailing passion, and who set himself, with the sound common sense which Wellington showed in his campaigns, to put his judgment and knowledge into practice. Pitt was a man who had cleared his mind thoroughly of cant and fad; more keenly alive than his contemporaries to the necessity of economy in the conduct of State affairs, he was, nevertheless, a prodigal with the national income, when he thought it could be spent to advantage. In dealing with France, his attitude of common sense was conspicuous. A fanatical monarchist might have refused, on what he called principle, to have any dealings with the French Republic; Pitt recognised that the form of Government of any nation is its own affair, and that it is the business of outsiders to acknowledge those whom the people put in authority.

His position was almost paradoxical during the greater part of his life; no one loved peace more, yet he was obliged to wage unceasing war; devoted as he was to economy, his political opponents accused him of being a national spendthrift: yet his consistency, as Mr. Whibley brilliantly shows, though it was by no means the shallow, pertinacious obstinacy which makes a man stick to a thing for years after he has said it, remained unbroken. Pitt, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, was true to himself, and therefore could not be false to his country. Incidents of the time obliged him to be something of an opportunist; he had a practical understanding of a point brought forward by Thomas Carlyle, namely, that no carpenter could make a perfect right angle, and if the carpenter were to devote all his time and energy to making his right angle, he would never get any further; he should get as close an approximation as is practicable, and then go on working with it. Pitt in all things considered, not so much what he would like to do, as what could be done, and he attained the great and noble end which he had continuously in view. He was ready, at any moment, to sacrifice his dearest plans and lay aside his most pronounced prepossessions. His is a fine character to study, and one that redounds to the credit of the country to which he belonged.

William Pitt exactly fitted the time in which he lived and ruled, but it will always remain a moot question how far he could have adapted himself to later requirements. In his life he was one of the most exclusive of aristocrats, and even his faults were those of the patrician. It will be remembered that he was a six-bottle man, and on one celebrated occasion he managed to get through seven bottles, a considerable achievement even in those days of hard drinking. Mr. Whibley claims that only once was he seen in the House of Commons with his mind so clouded by wine that he could not conduct the debate. The incident is one that we can look back upon with pleasure, if only for the reason that it inspired a delightful epigram:

*Pitt: I cannot see the Speaker! Hal, can you?*

*Dundas: Not see the Speaker! Hang it, I see two.*

He was also quite unable to take care of his property, and it is singular that one who so jealously guarded the funds of the nation was something of a prodigal as regards his own. But his education, like his vices, was entirely that of a gentleman, and one wonders if in any circumstances he could have descended to the minds of those vast myriads who form the electorate of to-day. Pitt had one quality at least that commended him to the multitude. In a sea of indecision he was the one man who knew his own mind. It is true that he contemptuously laid aside all the arts of the rhetorician. It is equally true that, just as the many-headed loves an aristocrat as much as a demagogue, so it loves a crisp, clear, laconic speaker as much as a flowery debater. We have enough confidence in our countrymen to believe that William Pitt would be able to sway the electors of the twentieth century as easily as he did the House of Commons in the early years of the nineteenth.

## A HAUNTED VALLEY

*The Casentino and its Story.* By ELLA NOYES. Illustrated in colour and line by DORA NOYES. (Dent, 10s. 6d. net.)

It would be difficult, if not impossible, for a work of this kind to be successful, if it be judged from a purely literary point of view. This class of book is an attempt to combine in one volume a historical survey of some particular district, a topographical description, a practical guide for travellers, a catalogue of the antiquities and works of art to be visited, a study of the life and manners of the inhabitants and an appreciation of the scenery in all its aspects in the changing lights and successive seasons of the year. And, as if these elements in themselves were not distracting and heterogeneous enough, there is added a certain number of pictures, some of them illustrating something on the page facing them, others apparently inserted merely to divert the attention of the interested or to console the bored. Such in general terms are the discordant themes which the writer of one of these descriptive books is compelled to handle.

This singularly attractive valley of the Apennines offers perhaps as little difficulty as any region possibly could offer to the author who should set out to write a complete account of it. In the first place, its limits are splendidly defined by the mountains which enclose it and give it that conformation whence some would derive its name—Clau-sentinium; and, broken and variegated as it is by mountain-crag, forest and river, it still preserves a distinguishing character and a unity comparable only with that of a small island or a lake. It cannot be confused with Romagna on one side or the Val d'Arno and Lower Tuscany on the other. Then, too, the history of the valley is limited. Of Etrurian and even of Roman remains there is very little; of modern history there is practically none. The story of the Casentino is a vivid and continuous chapter, a typical study of the fall of feudalism and the end of the Middle Ages. It is the family history of the Conti Guidi, the powerful nobles who lived in the castles that crown almost every hill-top in the district, and who, with their relations and allies, ruled, or at any rate held in subjection, not only the valley itself but a large part of the neighbouring country. These mediæval barons of almost mythical origin lost their wealth and power step by step, and in direct relation to the rise of Florence; for, as the city increased in power, she stepped in between baron and baron or between the barons and the little towns who appealed to her for protection, and always succeeded in being well paid for her services. The history of each castle and each branch of the old noble family is the same. At some critical moment Florence interferes, the baron is dispossessed, and in the stronghold is installed the Podestà, who rules the fiefs in the name of the City. In many of the half-ruined palaces the visitor may see to-day the arms of the republican governor carved side by side with those of the older feudal lord. Since those days the Valley has hardly been touched by the turbulence of political strife. It slumbers, as it were, in the calm beauty of an autumnal light, full of memories, haunted by the great spirits of the past. "*Bercant la gloire éteinte, o vallée, tu t'endors.*" It calls to mind not those alone who in their lifetime disturbed its peace, but those also who have outlived the fierce warriors—San Romualdo, San Francesco, Dante.

Miss Noyes has carried out her undertaking with unequal success. The arrangement of the book is unfortunate. The first chapter, which consists of a description in outline, with some appreciations of the scenery and a few of the general impressions to be gained in travelling through the Casentino, is quite unnecessary, since all that it contains is expanded, with variations, in her descriptions of each separate route and locality. The second is a historical summary, every detail of which is told again with wearisome faithfulness in the following chapters, which are topographically arranged. In reading these, we hurry in the company of the author from peak to peak, from

village to village, from church to church, until we feel that the weariness will never depart out of our feet, nor the dizziness from our heads. She tells us what road or path to take, calls our attention to a fountain, an ass, a group of peasants passed on the way, points out all the architectural antiquities of the village, rushes with us into the church and castle, tells us who the decorations are by, hurries us onwards again up the hill, relating an unauthenticated legend by the way, till we reach a lonely convent half in ruins, at which point she generally breaks into semi-poetical prose about the scenery. But the breathing-time is short: we are to take another way home, and there will be more points of interest to be visited. Miss Noyes writes with obvious and sincere enthusiasm and, apparently, a thorough knowledge of the ground over which she has taken us. But as a writer of "landscapes" she does not succeed. The style of her word-paintings, instead of "rising to the occasion," as it is clearly meant to do, becomes weak, and the verbiage erratic; and instead of a piece of more than usually finished prose, there results a jerky sequence of unmelodious rhythms.

The best part of the book is, without doubt, the latter half, throughout most of which there runs some more absorbing personal or, at any rate, human interest. The chapter on the home life of the peasants, their religious observances and their work in the fields is admirable. It is sympathetically and simply written, and brings out excellently that patriarchal, primitive, peaceful and, on the whole, happy state of life which is still the lot of the peasants who live in the more inaccessible parts of the Casentino. Of St. Francis, Miss Noyes has, of course, nothing absolutely new to tell us; but she has localised such of the incidents of his life, both authentic and legendary, as are connected with the Valley in a chapter which can hardly fail to interest. Last, the chapter on Dante (interrupted and defaced by an absurd and irrelevant picture of "A Sheep Girl," with an anæmic lamb apparently dying unnoticed in the foreground) is well worth reading. In the greater part of it the author is on firm ground, and she does not attempt to make definite assertions with regard to any unproved fact. As we have said, the human interest is the theme which Miss Noyes treats best, and she has made this chapter interesting precisely because she deals with the most human side of Dante's character. She does not write of the half-mystic lover of the "Vita Nuova," or of the philosopher of the "Convivio," or of the seer of the "Divina Commedia," but of Dante the man—the exile who longs to return to Florence, and the mature lover complaining of the disdainful attitude of his Casentinese lady. The materials are, of course, the letters addressed respectively to the Florentines and to Henry VII. and dated from somewhere in the Casentino in the spring of 1311, and the group of poems generally known as the "Rime Pietrose," which were, perhaps, composed in the Valley.

Whatever interpretation we put upon these poems and whatever date we assign to them, it was a happy chance which directed the illustrator of this volume to draw her inspiration from the *sestina*: "Al poco giorno ed al gran cerchio d'ombra." In the ingenious and pleasing frontispiece we undoubtedly see the lady of the poem, a lady very young, with yellow hair and a garland of grasses, clothed in a pale green robe. But, to fit in with the colour-scheme of the picture, she has thrown loosely over the green robe a pink mantle. She sits in the centre, with hands outstretched on each side of her. Behind her is a cave—Fons Sarni—from which the water issues in two runlets and flowing over her hands falls down on each side of her feet in the seven streams which meet to form the Arno. In the background are the pines, the mountains and the stars. In the decorative border are two little medallions; the lower shows a castle on a hill-top with armed men tilting at one another in the foreground; in the upper is a wooden cross, supported by two figures, which we take to be SS. Romualdo and Francesco, and a kneeling woman, who must be some Franciscan saint.

## A SAINT OF HELLENISM

*Julian the Apostate.* By GAETANO NEGRI. Translated by DUCHESS LITTA VISCONI-ARESE. With an introduction by Professor PASQUALE VILLARI. 2 vols. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

"To write with authority about another man," said Stevenson, "we must have fellow feeling and some common ground of experience with our subject." The late Senator Gaetano Negri's study of the life and times of Julian the Apostate may not be free from minor defects, but it has this great merit—that there is perfect sympathy between the author and his subject; and for this reason it may be said to add to our knowledge of this most fascinating emperor, though it brings to light no new facts about his brief and romantic career.

By this time, however, the life story of Constantine's nephew is well known to all students of Byzantine history and has even been popularised by the powerful, if inaccurate, romance of the Russian novelist, Merejkowski. His protean character and his extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune have contributed, quite as much as his determined attempt to disestablish Christianity, to make Julian a figure unique and unsurpassed in interest among all the Roman Emperors. That after being brought up in the Christian faith he should have reverted to Paganism and attempted to revive a general belief in the gods of Olympus, is by no means the most striking contrast afforded by the third ruler of Constantinople. His antipathy against Christianity is naturally accounted for by the crimes of the Christian emperors who preceded him, by the vices and corruption of the ecclesiastics at the Imperial court, and by his intimacy with the writings of Plato, Aristotle and the noblest of Greek authors. From his earliest boyhood Julian only saw the worst side of Christianity, corrupted and demoralised by worldly success, and the best side of Paganism. He knew that Constantine's acceptance of Christianity did not restrain him from subsequently murdering his wife and child, while the second Christian emperor, Constantius, was the murderer of his father, his brothers, and all his family. It was natural, then, that the imprisoned youth should see in Christians only oppressors, enemies, and gaolers. His Christian education consisted in being commanded to accept dogmas against which his reason revolted, while all the virtues extolled by Christ he saw practised, not by his Christian acquaintance, but by the few who nourished him with the forbidden fruit of Hellenism.

Far more difficult is it to explain how it was that this dreamer, this serious-minded bookworm, who was practically unversed in the most elementary military exercises, suddenly became an intrepid man of action, a most prudent but skilful commander, when, at the age of twenty-four he was unexpectedly raised to the dignity of Cæsar, and given the desperate task of leading the Roman legions in Gaul against the victorious barbarians. Indeed, his series of brilliant victories, achievements worthy of a Cæsar, an Alexander or a Hannibal, can only be accounted for by the fact that Julian, too, was a born military genius, who, without being taught, instinctively knew the right thing to do and the right time to do it.

But it is not Julian the victorious general and the brilliant administrator so much as Julian the religious reformer who interests Signor Negri. This much can be seen by the very plan of the work, in which one chapter—a long one, it is true—is devoted to Julian's life, and all the others to the consideration of the causes which led to his abortive revival of Paganism. These causes are examined minutely and exhaustively by Signor Negri, who, if he at times wearies us by unnecessarily repeating himself, nevertheless deserves our heartiest thanks for the lucid and invincible manner in which he proves that Julian's aim was to effect a moral still more than a religious reformation. It is very evident that our author is cynically of opinion that Julian's austere morality far more than his religious beliefs interfered with the success of his scheme.

To Signor Negri Julian's attempt to re-establish Paganism



as the state religion of the Roman Empire is most interesting, "because it is a symptom and a proof of the corruption into which Christianity had fallen, when, secure from persecution and recognised as a legal institution and instrument of government, it was no longer subjected to those conditions to which it owed its virtues."

Julian . . . wished to reinstate ancient polytheism, which for him represented Hellenism, civilisation, and Hellenic culture, in opposition to the new Christianity that threatened to destroy it; but to reinstate it, he wished to Christianise it both in its morals and its ecclesiastical constitution. . . . This bitter enemy of Christianity made a propaganda of all the virtues taught by Christianity—temperance, respect for sacred things, love of our neighbour, contempt for riches, interest in spiritual things, and, above all, charity. Christianity had so little succeeded in infusing these virtues in the Lower Empire that, on becoming its official religion, it had been obliged to renounce them, but at the same time it had created monachism as a sort of hot-house in which these virtues were preserved under the zealous care of a rigorous asceticism. Julian pretended to remodel the work of Christianity by means of polytheism, on which he wished to impose the duty of rendering society moral.

By copious extracts from Julian's writings, as well as by constant references to his acts, Signor Negri reveals an important fact overlooked by too many historians, namely, that Julian, although a Pagan in ritual, was essentially a Christian in ethics. On assuming the imperial purple, Julian, instead of indulging in wholesale murder after the fashion of his Christian predecessors, shows remarkable clemency to his deadliest foes. His first act after being hailed as Augustus by the legions is to save his enemies, the friends of Constantius, from the fury of the soldiery. "Leave here, and go where thou wilt in safety," are the Christ-like words of this Pagan emperor. Again, in his manifesto to the riotous inhabitants of Bostra, Julian is obviously animated by the true spirit of Christian ethics:

Agree among yourselves, and let no one commit violence or injustice. . . . We must persuade and instruct men by means of reason, not with blows or violence or by tormenting the body. Now, as in times past, I exhort all those who follow the teachings of true piety not to do any hurt to the crowd of the Galileans, not to insult them, and not to attack them violently. We should not hate but compassionate those who act perversely in matters of supreme importance; because the greatest good is piety, and impiety the greatest evil.

It is to be regretted that Signor Negri should have cited as Julian's the epistles to Iamblichus and certain other letters of more than doubtful authenticity; but he has undoubtedly rendered a real service to historical truth by calling attention to the exalted sentiments contained in the admittedly genuine writings of the emperor, and incidentally to the need of a new and carefully edited translation of all Julian's letters and discourses.

Another point of interest well brought out by Signor Negri is that though Julian failed to christianise Paganism, Christianity itself had already been paganised to a very large extent by Origen and his followers. In an abstruse but exceedingly interesting chapter on Neo-Platonism it is advanced that this system of philosophy was the common origin both of the superstitious polytheism of Julian and of the mystical dogmatism of Athanasius. The stimulating suggestions thrown out by Signor Negri in the course of his patient and searching investigation of the rival philosophies current in the fourth century render his work of real value to all interested in the early history of the Church as well as to those who wish to understand the mental attitude of his hero.

He has little difficulty in proving that the supposed last words of Julian: "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean," are an ecclesiastical fiction invented some centuries after the emperor's death, and he seems also to favour the theory that the fatal javelin was thrown by a Roman Christian and not by a Persian. But though not actually pronounced, the words attributed to Julian may well have been in his mind at the last moment, for before he left Antioch he realised that his effort had failed utterly. And its failure arose, according to Signor Negri, because Julian endeavoured to adapt society to his ideals of faith and conduct, whereas Christianity succeeded, according to

the same authority, because it adapted its faith and moral code to the needs of the society of the time.

Of the merits of the translation some opinion can be formed by the extracts already given; and, though some obscurities may be due to the author, the translator shows a disposition, regrettable in what is intended to be a popular work, to employ unfamiliar and borrowed words where simpler terms might with advantage have been used.

## SUFFERING'S JOURNEY

*Suffering's Journey on the Earth.* By CARMEN SYLVA, Queen of Roumania. Translated from "*Leidens Erdengang*," by MARGARET NASH. (Jarrold, 3s. 6d.)

CARMEN SYLVA has long been known in this country as an imaginative writer, and, though it cannot be said that as a poet she ranks high with the critical, she has probably a larger number of admirers than the critical suppose. Other writers of the same order have had the same fortune, but with less desert. There is no artificiality, no factory work, in the literary productions of the Queen of Roumania. Though the stream that flows from her pen may bring no considerable amount of poetic treasure, it resembles the best in welling spontaneously from a natural fountain, and, were it not allowed so free a course but put under the guidance of art, its yield of thought, of fancy, of feeling, would seem more abundant, and better too. Though Carmen Sylva may be appreciative of art in others, she does not seem to know the use of it for her own work, if "work" it should be called. For reading her is less like perusing a written composition than listening to an imaginative child pouring forth fancies unrestrained and unexamined, as children will do by firelight. It is delightful hearing, though we smile from time to time at some breathless tumble from too lofty a flight, or at some pretty extravagance which has no unlikelihood for the narrator; and we suppose it is because the writings of Carmen Sylva retain so much of this childlike romance and tender feeling that they please the simple-minded more than does many a better-made article. Of this book, so clumsily called in English "*Suffering's Journey on Earth*," we can only speak from the version before us, which is very evidently not a good translation. It is an apologue such as the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" might suggest, telling of how Suffering came upon the earth, and what part it plays for good and harm in the world of mankind. For this purpose it is personified, as also is its parentage. To carry the story on, Life, Love, Happiness, Strife, Patience, Despair, Work, Pain, Death (which is not a complete list), are personified too; and it is the part that Suffering plays, as she encounters now one and now another of its personages on her way through the world, that makes the story. Now, any one with half the imagination of Carmen Sylva can see that this is a really great theme; less than half, however, would have shown her more clearly than the whole that great constructive ability as well as fancy was necessary to do justice to it. From the architectural point of view the highest genius would be tasked to treat it in the "grand manner;" and though the simplicity of John Bunyan would have made perfect work of it in another style, a world of patient skill lay hidden in Bunyan's simplicity. Of that subordinate but necessary quality Carmen Sylva could bring to her theme no adequate supply; and the consequence is that in point of construction her apologue of Suffering is too often weak, uncertain, and even baffling. It is not a matter that her imagination could sufficiently attend to. But even here the fault may be the translator's: for certainly in other respects the work suffers, not for want of literary sympathy on the part of Miss Nash, but for want of literary training and efficiency. The wrong word is too frequent, and often vexatiously damaging. Passages that are dismally prosaic are yet plainly and easily capable of taking the more appropriate diction in English which

we cannot doubt they had in the original. But, while these passages blot the book very distinctly, they occur at considerable intervals after the opening chapters are past, while elsewhere the translator's English is lifted into a strain of simple but most effective eloquence by heartfelt sympathy with the author's meaning and intention. The most admirable pages, and those that appeal most strongly to the feeling and conscience of Everyman, relate the story of "The Hermit," which is remarkably dramatic and not less remarkable for its even simplicity. The chapter entitled "Lottie" is of nearly equal merit. The personification of Patience is so finely conceived that that it is unlikely to be forgotten; Work is almost as impressive a figure, and Death is more original than either. Scores of passages—arresting, some by their prettiness, and some by their thought—are scattered through the book, which, with all its faults in this translation, should be read.

### A MIGHTY HUNTER

*Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter.* By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.)

THE American hunter, the author of this volume, is no less a personage than the President of the United States of America. Among former works he has published perhaps "The Strenuous Life" is the best known, and certainly this, his last book, might be truly called "The Strenuous Hunter."

Here we have a man simply as a gallant and generous sportsman, the fact of his high position in the world never intruding in the smallest degree. From beginning to end of his book the author treats of the pursuit and capture of purely wild animals, whether chased by hounds, or stalked and shot by rifle. His pages are alive with healthy incident and an observant criticism of birds and beasts, together with an admirably expressed appreciation of the wild and beautiful districts he visited in search of sport.

From a British point of view this work is enhanced by being written in good readable English, such as any educated gentleman would wish to express himself in were he to set down his experiences in whatever form of sport he followed, though but few authors possess so direct and explanatory a style of writing as does Mr. Roosevelt, and 'one, too, that entirely dispenses with the slangy and high-falutin words and sentences so common in American journalism.

The most interesting quarry hunted by Mr. Roosevelt, and the one that, it is evident, attracts him more than others, is the cougar. This fierce beast, a huge cat in appearance, is from seven to eight feet in length from nose to tip of tail and weighs from about one hundred and fifty to over two hundred pounds, the largest male cougar killed by the author scaling two hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The cougar is found and chased by large high-couraged hounds, about a dozen being employed for the purpose, against which even a wolf cannot make a fight. The duty of these hounds is to bring the cougar to bay or to put it up a tree, and then to stay with the animal until the hunters come up. Sometimes Mr. Roosevelt has known a cougar remain up a tree for several hours before he was able to find his hounds that had treed it and were baying at the foot of the tree; and so keen and well-trained are these hounds that they will drive a cougar up a tree overnight and be found in the morning still keeping guard over their prisoner.

Of the cougar the author writes:

No American beast has ever been the subject of so much loose writing or of such wild fables.

Even its name is unsettled. In the Eastern States it is usually called Panther or Painter; in the Western States, Mountain Lion, or towards the South, Mexican Lion.

The Spanish speaking people usually call it simply Lion.

The Cougar is shy and elusive to an extraordinary degree, very cowardly and yet bloodthirsty and ferocious. The average writer, and, for the matter of that, the average hunter, where Cougars are scarce, know little or nothing of them. Fables aside, the Cougar is

a very interesting creature. It is found from the cold, desolate plains of Patagonia to the north of the Canadian line, and lives alike among the snow-clad peaks of the Andes and in the steaming forests of the Amazon.

Deer are the customary prey, it appears, of the cougar, and it is also a dreaded enemy of sheep, calves, and especially colts, and a big male will even kill a full-grown horse or a cow, a moose or a wapiti. The illustrations that accompany the chapters on cougar-hunting are excellent, as they are reproduced from photographs taken of these animals when actually in touch with the hounds, and in some cases as they crouch snarling on the branch of a tree just out of reach of a dog's teeth. When in the open, brought to bay and killed by the hounds, a cougar leaves many a reminiscence of the struggle in the form of deep bites, and cuts from his claws, and in the illustration called "After the Fight" we have a photograph of hounds licking their wounds and resting after a battle with a cougar.

In "A Colorado Bear Hunt" the author gives a very graphic description of his adventures in tracking bears with hounds, the photographs of bears treed high up in the air being particularly interesting. Of bears we read:

Frequently I have been able to watch bears for some time while myself unobserved. With other game I have very often done this within close range, not wishing to kill creatures needlessly, or without a good object; but with bears my experience has been that chances to secure them come so seldom as to make it distinctly worth while improving any that do come. I have not spent much time watching any bear unless he was in a place where I could not get at him, or else was so close at hand that I was not afraid of his getting away.

On one occasion the bear was hard at work digging up a squirrel on the side of a pine-clad hill, and while at this he looked rather like a big Badger. On two other occasions the bear was fussing round a carcass preparatory to burying it. I was very close, and it was extremely interesting to note the grotesque, half-human movements and giant awkward strength of the great beast. He would twist the carcass round with the utmost ease, sometimes taking it in his teeth and dragging it, at other times grasping it in his fore-paws and half lifting, half shoving it. Once the bear lost his grip and rolled over, and he then struck the carcass a savage whack, just as a pettish child will strike a table against which it has knocked itself.

At another time I watched a black bear getting his breakfast under stumps and stones. He was very active turning a stone or log over, and then thrusting his muzzle into the empty space to gobble up the small creatures below before they recovered from the sudden inflow of light. From under one log he turned out a chipmunk squirrel, and danced hither and thither with even more agility than awkwardness, slapping at the chipmunk with his paw while it zigzagged about, until finally he scooped it into his mouth.

We turn from bear-hunting to the coursing of wolves, the stalking of deer and wapiti, and to incidental accounts of the chasing on horseback, on foot, and with and without hounds, of various other animals; all described in a very vivid and pleasant manner by the author, with an undercurrent of natural history, and frequent tributes to the bravery of his guides and hunters, his horses and dogs, not omitting some of the objects of pursuit.

As an example of the above remarks, here is an instance of the author's appreciation of a companion, whose portrait he gives by river-side, and who is evidently a grand old hunter and sportsman. The quotation is from the dedication of Mr. Roosevelt's book and is addressed to John Burroughs, otherwise Oom John. It runs:

DEAR OOM JOHN,—Every lover of outdoor life must feel a sense of affectionate obligation to you. Your writings appeal to all who care for the life of the woods and the fields, whether their tastes keep them in the homely, pleasant farm country or lead them into the wilderness. It is a good thing for our people that you have lived; and surely no man can wish to have more said of him.

A fascinating chapter in Mr. Roosevelt's work is headed "Wilderness Reserves." These reserves consist of vast tracts of wild country, containing in some cases even small towns and villages, in which large game, such as bears, deer, buffalo and elk, are rigorously protected.

On the subject of protecting game by means of these reserves Mr. Roosevelt writes with much force; we will quote him shortly:

The most striking and melancholy feature in connection with American big game is the rapidity with which it has vanished.

At the present moment the great herds of caribou are being

butchered as in the past the great herds of bison and wapiti have been butchered. Every believer in manliness, and therefore in manly sport, and every lover of nature, every man who appreciates the majesty and beauty of the wilderness and of wild life should join hands with the far-sighted men who wish to preserve our material resources, in the effort to keep our forests and our game beasts, game birds and game fish—and, indeed, all the living creatures of prairie and woodland and sea-shore—from wanton destruction.

That the existence of reserves intended for the protection of animals from extinction is fully justified by results may be gathered from the photographs given in Mr. Roosevelt's book, for we therein see antelopes, bears, deer and other animals, placidly feeding and parading close to houses and villages, and even a wild, untamed grizzly bear, in one picture, being fed by a cook at his kitchen door!

The book before us concludes with a list and clever criticism of all the better known works on big game shooting. The final, and by no means least interesting, chapter is entitled "At Home," which describes the author's country house and its surroundings, with capital drawings and descriptions of the different tame animals he and his children find so much delight in taking kindly care of.

P.

### INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT

*The Law of International Copyright.* With special Sections on the Colonies and the United States of America. By WILLIAM BRIGGS, LL.D., etc. (Stevens & Haynes, 16s.)

DR. WILLIAM BRIGGS is justified in describing this work, as he does in the Preface, as "the first work in English on the Law of International Copyright." Some of the textbook writers, more particularly Mr. Easton in the fourth edition of "Copinger on Copyright," have touched upon this branch more or less fully and have collected most of the Conventions, Treaties and Statutes which constitute its *corpus*; but it has been reserved for Dr. Briggs to be the first to devote an adequate treatise to an exposition of the whole subject. That he has collected a mass of information in his 816 pages goes without saying, and he has certainly made a valuable contribution to the literature of the question. It may, however, be doubted whether he has chosen his time of publication very wisely in view of the fact that both England and America are contemplating new codes, which will probably, in many respects, modify the existing law both at home and abroad.

The book covers a wide field; it treats the subject historically and theoretically; it deals with the law as it stands, and with the law as, in the author's view, it ought to stand, and it may be safely premised that the most exacting student will find plenty of material in these pages. This said, it must be confessed that Dr. Briggs is a little confusing in his arrangement. His distinction between laws past, present and future is not always perfectly clear, and we fear that the inquiring layman, endeavouring to deduce from this volume his exact rights and duties, might find himself very considerably perplexed. Not that it is fair to lay the whole blame for this state of things upon the shoulders of the author, for the matter is one which is barely susceptible of lucid treatment, full of perplexities, anachronisms and absurdities. Some of the countries not signatory to the Berne Convention rest their international relations upon treaties and enactments which really belong, in many cases, to ancient history, and it is no doubt necessary to go into the beginnings of International Law in order to render the position intelligible. But, if so, this should be done *pro hac vice* and not fundamentally.

The Berne Convention is so paramount in its operation, affecting, as it does, not only Union countries, but countries outside the Union, when works of their authors are first published within the Union, that we think it would have been wiser to have treated it as fundamental rather than subsidiary to the domestic laws. To consider, for instance, the law of Great Britain as though the Berne Convention did not exist is surely a work of supererogation, if it is not actually misleading. We

find, for example, the English rule as to formalities confused by a consideration of those required before the Act of 1886 and the Order in Council thereunder made the Berne Convention operative, and those (if any) necessary after that drastic change. Dr. Briggs, for instance, labours to show that residence within the British dominions has never been dispensed with in the case of aliens, and questions the finding of the English law officers in the opinion communicated to the United States in 1891; but, whatever may have been the case before the Berne Convention, since it became law, and since, too, it became part and parcel of the law of England—which the author himself admits on page 508—it is undoubtedly the fact that residence on British territory has not been a necessary condition to British copyright, and it seems a pity that rules which obtained under the old International Copyright Acts should be discussed as though they were operative to-day, and not relegated to their true position in a historical retrospect.

A good point is taken in the chapter on "The Conflict of Jurisdictions and of Laws"—that "a country can only place duties upon its own public;" and we wish that all alien copyright reformers would accept the dictum in its entirety. But, unluckily, this is far from being the case. The United States, for instance, heedless of the rules which custom has decreed shall govern international relations, imposes, as well as its own onerous conditions in the United States, duties upon aliens in their own countries and therefore, incidentally, requires British authors to understand American law—a somewhat large order.

It is inevitable in a work of these dimension that omissions and *errata* should occur, and it may be useful to point out a few which might be corrected. On page 161 Bolivia and Belgium should be added to the countries embraced in the Convention of Monte Video, and similarly on page 242 they should be given as afterwards subscribing to it with France, Spain and Italy. Again, on page 277, note 1, Bolivia is given as not having ratified the Monte Video Convention, whereas it did so on November 5, 1903. Deposit in England is mentioned on page 313, note 3, as an obligation attaching to the "author"; the word should obviously be "publisher"—who alone is liable. Sweden, as well as Norway, has not accepted the Additional Act of Paris, and should be added on pages 508 and 509, and the statement on page 517, as to foreign authors outside the Union and English copyright, ignores the Additional Act which makes nationality immaterial and requires only first publication in a Unionist country to give protection throughout the Union. This, indeed, seems to be clearly admitted by the author's own conclusion on page 521. By an obvious slip Registration and Deposit are given on page 525 as formalities required by English law "before the claim to copyright can be enforced." The deposit of copies has, of course, nothing whatever to do with copyright; it is, as we have already said, merely an obligation on the publisher, and a very unfair obligation, too, a survival of the Dark Ages and the *Imprimatur*. China, Norway, and practically Japan should be added to the list of countries proclaimed by the United States under the Chace Act on pages 645 and 659. It may, again, be queried whether the Chace Act affects the law as to the unpublished works of aliens, as is assumed on page 646. The common law rights in such works are not derived from, nor dependent upon, the Statute, but appear to be of universal application, and not limited to citizens of proclaimed countries. To the Colonies which have their own copyright laws (page 594) should be added Jamaica, Malta, Sierra Leone, Straits Settlements, Transvaal, and Trinidad.

Dr. Briggs has attempted a difficult task, and deserves recognition as a pioneer in what is practically new country. We do not doubt that in future editions of the work it will prove practicable to remove some of the defects to which we have called attention, and correct some of the errors, which were, in many cases, inevitable. The work represents an enormous amount of painstaking labour.

W. MORRIS COLLES.



## RONCEVAL

O WOE's me, ye people,  
And woe, brave warriors all,  
For the flower of all princes  
Dead on Ronceval.

There lie many stark fighters  
That with Roland rode,—  
Rinaldo of the White Thorn,  
Ogier and Galdebode.

And Roland, ah Roland,  
That was first of them all,  
Lieth among his captains  
On red Ronceval.

Queens weep for Roland,—  
Kings go heavily:  
There was none in all Christendom  
Better loved than he ;

Prince of all courtesy,  
Very true and kind,—  
Tears are in the dwellings  
Of Kaiser and hind.

For herdsmen have hearkened,  
Keeping sheep on the hill,  
To a sound like the wind's crying,—  
Yet all winds are still.

It is the horn of Roland  
That shall never more call,  
That mourneth for slain armies  
On red Ronceval.

C. FOX SMITH.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## THE EARLIEST MODERN NOVELIST

THE general difference between the literature of the age of Elizabeth, and the literature of the reign of Louis XIV., is that the one smacks of the tavern and the other has an air of the drawing-room. In the blue chamber of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, France, in the seventeenth century, educated itself. What the ladies of the period there learned from the men of letters in one department of literature, they quickly began to practise in another. The *Précieuses* were not the affected creatures that Molière portrayed. One of them, Mme. de Sévigné, excelled all writers in the form of literature which she adopted; another, Mme. de La Fayette, created the novel of manners.

In "La Princesse de Clèves" the first of modern novelists related the story of her own strange love-affair. She was a brilliant woman of the Court, with a cast of mind resembling somewhat that of Jane Austen. Good sense, a certain staidness of soul, and a vivacity which, tempered by keen insight, turned rather to ironic raillery, were some of the elements of her nature. But what distinguishes her is a veiled movement of emotion, which enables us to divine in the depths of her heart the hidden suffering which was, perhaps, the source of her genius. At the age of twenty-two she was married to M. de La Fayette, a man who adored her, but failed to win her affection. Three years afterwards she fell in love with La Rochefoucauld. She separated from her husband, but did not become one of the *mil e tre* in the list of Don Juan's conquests. At a reading of the famous "Maximes," in the house of a common friend, she learned the real character of the man. The more guarded her manner became, the deeper grew his passion. It transformed his nature, enduing him with the strange virtue of constancy. In after years, when she, a woman no longer young, and he, an old man, were both infirm and nearly

dying, they at last came together in a tender and rather melancholy friendship, which endured until death. The manner in which they lightened each other's troubles is described by Mme. de Sévigné. Sometimes, as they sat together in Mme. de La Fayette's garden on a summer evening, the conversation was so sad that, as the most vivacious of letter-writers told her daughter, there seemed nothing else to do but to bury oneself. In lighter moods, they refined on the analysis of feeling in the sentimental romances of the age. Mme. de La Fayette contemned these works as much as La Rochefoucauld relished them, but to entertain him she collaborated in the composition of a tale in the same manner. "Zayde," as it was entitled, is now a faded, colourless thing, but it took the town in 1670. Two years afterwards Mme. de La Fayette indulged her own tastes in the composition of "La Princesse de Clèves," a novel of manners only some two hundred pages in length.

One curious result of the success of Molière's *Les Précieuses Ridicules* was to make one woman, at least, anxious to avoid being charged with the crime of having written a masterpiece. One of her disingenuous disclaimers contains a happy piece of criticism :

I am flattered [she wrote to a friend] by the suspicion that I am the writer of the work. Were I sure that the author would never claim it, I should be glad to accept it as mine. . . . It is a perfect imitation of the society at the Court, and of the way of life there. A novel, however, it is not, but only a book of memoirs; this, I understand, was the title, but it has been changed.

The observation is an illuminating one. The art of modern novel-writing is thus derived from the French art of memoir-writing. Instead of relating the incidents of her life in the manner of Saint-Simon, Mme. de La Fayette cast them into the form of a romance. An historical colouring is pretended as a slight disguise: but the society depicted is the society of the early days of Louis XIV. :

Magnificence and gallantry have never appeared in France with so much brilliance as in the last years of the reign of Henri II. . . . Ambition and love were the soul of this Court, and engaged equally the men and the women. There were so many interests and so many cabals, in which the ladies played an important part, that sentiment was always mingled with politics and politics with sentiment. No one was tranquil or indifferent; all were engaged in pleasing and serving, in injuring others and advancing themselves. Boredom and idleness were unknown; pleasures or intrigues occupied everybody.

One of the most difficult branches of politics was marriage, as the Prince de Clèves found when he fell in love with Mlle. de Chartres. But in spite of this, and in spite, too, of the fact that he failed to win the girl's heart, he succeeded in making her his wife. In changing her name, Mlle. de Chartres did not change her feelings, and, as there ever remained in her something desirable but not to be attained, M. de Clèves did not cease to be an unquiet lover when he became a husband. Jealousy had no part in his trouble: never was husband so far from feeling it, never was wife so far from exciting it. So innocent was she that when at last the Duc de Nemours discovered that he had the power to move her, she was insensible of danger.

Thus far the story is pleasant enough, but scarcely remarkable for dramatic power. Its charm lies in the grace and simplicity of the style; in the feminine subtlety with which gradations of sentiment are delineated; and, above all, in the picture of the refinement of manners. The personages, as Taine remarks, are presented to the public by Mme. de La Fayette as her friends would have been presented by her to the guests in her drawing-room. The emotions are as subdued as the manner in which they are expressed; they reveal themselves in under-statements and scarcely perceptible modulations in the sober, courtly phrase. But what audacity of conception, what power of seeing into the winding recesses of the heart, are concealed under the polished form of the sentences! The action of the story becomes rapid and powerful as soon as Mme. de Clèves finds that one man has gained her esteem, and another her love. She is a very young girl, with neither parent nor friend to help and counsel her. Recognising

her own weakness and inexperience, she determines to leave the court. Her husband, however, dismays her by refusing her request as an unreasonable whim. He is the man whom she honours, so she boldly and candidly confides in him:

"Well," she said, casting herself at his knees, "I am about to make an avowal which no wife has ever made to her husband. The innocence of my conduct and of my intentions gives me strength to do so. It is true I have reasons to withdraw from the Court. I wish to avoid the perils in which persons of my age sometimes find themselves. I have shown no signs of weakness, nor do I fear that I shall show any, if you will grant me the liberty to retire from town. I beg your pardon if I have some feelings which displease you; at least I shall never displease you by my actions. Think of what friendship and esteem one must have for one's husband to do what I now am doing. Help me, pity me, and love me still if you can. . . ."

"Have pity on me, madam," he said. ". . . You appear to me more worthy of honour and admiration than ever a woman of Society has been, but I find myself the most unhappy man that ever lived."

Human nature cannot maintain itself at this level. M. de Clèves gradually grows embittered against his unknown rival, and his jealousy turns into cold, sullen fury when, through the unchivalrous advances made by M. de Nemours, he is led unjustly to suspect his wife. He frets himself into a fever and dies. There then ensues a strange struggle between Mme. de Clèves and the Duc de Nemours. The libertine prevails upon her to admit that, at least, she returns his regard:

Mme. de Clèves yielded for the first time to the inclination which she had for M. de Nemours, and looking at him with eyes full of sweetness and charm, said: "I shall not tell you that I have not seen the attachment which you have for me. Perhaps you would not believe me if I did. I confess then not only that I have seen it, but that I have seen it in just such a manner as you may wish it to appear to me."

But there still remains in her something invincible even by him—her sense of self-respect and her distrust in his constancy. She is now a woman versed in the bitter knowledge of her world. Rejecting his offer of marriage, she retires from the court and lives quietly and rather sadly until in the course of years her passion is extinguished and her mind assured.

That is the end of the first novel in the modern manner, which, as an exquisite study of the heart of a remarkable woman, has never been surpassed. And what an interest it derives from that other story of the wistful friendship between Mme. de Clèves and M. de Nemours in their sickness and old age!

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Around an Old Catalogue," by Cloudesley Brereton.]

## FICTION

*Rose at Honeypot.* By MARY E. MANN. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN one or two novels—"The Patten Experiment," for instance, and "The Parish Nurse"—Mrs. Mann has shown us what she thinks of the poor in the country, that "peasant" on whom literature, rebounding from one convention to another, has lavished so much idealism, sympathy and admiration. Arcadia, to Mrs. Mann, is a country whose inhabitants are dirty, vicious, ignorant, stupid and ungrateful. And there is a great deal of truth, as no one will deny, in her pictures. There is not the whole truth. We are of opinion that she exaggerates, that she sees one side only, that she passes over, unnoticed or unmentioned, much goodness, patience and quiet heroism. Still, in days when the cry of "Back to the Land" is raised, it is no bad thing to let people see that to "eat and sleep with the earth" is not to have solved all life's troubles nor to have become possessed of a ready-made nobility of character. Rose Abra, the young and pretty

wife of a Naval Lieutenant, chose to spend the last months of her husband's three years' cruise as lodger in a Norfolk cottage. The tenant of the cottage was a drunken ruffian, his wife a whining slut, his son a little fiend of cruelty. All the bad points of the Jaggerd family would occupy more space than we can devote to the book. But there was another lodger, a young gamekeeper of (very nearly) gentle birth and a great soul: and the ostensible plot of Mrs. Mann's book is the love-story of Lawrence Ferraday and Rose Abra, with its melancholy but serenely beautiful close. The book is (need we say it?) well written—there are many things we should like to quote as examples of good work—well composed and continuously interesting.

*The Spoilers.* By EDWIN PUGH. (Newnes, 6s.)

HAVING read about half Mr. Pugh's book just before going to bed, we passed a wretched night; before the next day was out, we had read the rest, and slept soundly. For, if he tells us exactly how the next burglar will enter our house, he tells us later by how simple and cheap a contrivance we can be sure that we hear him when he does. Indeed, we are not sure that so thorough a knowledge of burglars and their ways must not be held to imply a mis-spent youth. Surely, practical experience alone— But there is a Law of Libel, and we must hold our hand; hastening to assure Mr. Pugh that, if he forces us to suspect him of having been a burglar, he forces us also to acknowledge him a very able novelist. His story suggests in some ways "Oliver Twist." Here is Bill Sikes (Chick Marketer); here is Nancy (Judith), and here is Fagin (Bill Fix). But here, emphatically, is *not* Oliver. Mr. Pugh has a boy, indeed—Deuce Marketer, by name; but he is such a real boy, such an absolute boy, so full of actuality and life and "the real thing," that we must apologise for mentioning him in the same breath with that bloodless little prig, Oliver. Perhaps Miss Porch and Mr. Gandy are a little Dickensy: but they are genuine enough, and fill a necessary place in a story that has, turn and turn about, thrilled us with dread and pity, and set us laughing aloud with its natural, inevitable humour. "The Spoilers" is a capital book.

*Hugo.* By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. BENNETT has surpassed himself in his latest fantasia on modern themes—"Hugo." Two sham deaths, an interrupted suicide, a simple suicide, two attempted murders, a rescue from a tomb, a gramophone's record of a dying man's speech—such is *nostri farrago libelli*. The salt of Mr. Bennett's melodramas lies in the fact that his hero and his villain (however wild their actions may be, and they are as wild as ingenuity can imagine) never talk fustian, they utter common sense: they delight in Johnson, they quote Montaigne. And this gives to their absurd adventures an air of probability that is almost ludicrous. That is Mr. Bennett's cleverest artifice. He never makes an attempt to modify or explain: he piles improbability upon improbability with calm assurance, and mortars it all together with clever little facts and truths in a style which is always restrained and neat, and by its very lack of ornaments convincing. Nothing could equal the speed with which the story pursues its intricate way. From the moment when Hugo wakes, in the domed room that crowns his great establishment in Sloane Street, and looks out over London and sees the two long lines of his three thousand hands converge and disappear into Hugo's—to the last splendid moment when Louis, his half-brother and whole enemy, reels from out the tomb in the Brompton Cemetery, thwarted in his madman's scheme to bury Hugo's love alive, there is no pause or hindrance in the swift course of the melodrama. We notice with interest that Mr. Bennett has expressed his views upon the effect of elections upon literature in an article of some feeling—natural feeling: and he laments the fate of the bookseller who through their influence must go "without

capers to his mutton." This proves Mr. Bennett's intention in publishing, during this week, to be benevolent—and not, as we first thought, audacious. He does not wish to distract all interest from the elections, but to do all in his power to alleviate the lot of the oppressed and caperless. We wish him success.

*The Interpreters.* By MARGARETTA BYRDE. (Unwin, 6s.)

THE interest of this story is well sustained from the first page to the last. We see Rhoda depart across the sea on her mission of vengeance, and then we settle down to follow the fortunes of Arthur Dyne and Agnes Vandeleur, quite sure that the murder, which Rhoda suspects and which apparently can never concern the hero and heroine, will some day be a thread in the yarn of their lives. But for a long while it is kept out of sight, and the quiet scenes of life in a country town chronicle the love-affairs, the friendships and the fads of a little set of people, pleasant and unpleasant, but all unaffectedly and easily described. The author loves Elena, the saintly invalid; but the reader, with the notorious perversity of readers, will hurry past her to get to Mrs. Lyon Grindall with her following of "girls," her Browning Society, her quotations and her determination "to do a little good to every one." She says of herself that she lives in the Beatitudes, and when her pupils annoy her she prays for them aloud; so no one can feel surprised when she first repudiates her mother and then prevents her from making a dying confession of supreme importance to others. Lady Octavia, the exponent of the Higher thought, is an amusing crank, and not, like Mrs. Lyon Grindall, a hypocrite. Incidentally we hear of a Christian Scientist who lectured to a room full of people and gave most of them the measles. In fact, the pleasant characters in this novel are all successfully pleasant and sensible, the others are entertaining, and Reuben Latta, the leading villain, is so human and half-hearted in his villainy that we rather like him.

*The Beauty Shop.* By DANIEL WOODROFFE. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

"THE Beauty Shop" is not a pleasant book. From beginning to end it tastes nasty. There is but one character in it with the ordinary right feelings of a gentleman, and he is so feebly sketched by the author that he appears a crank when he is meant to be a strong man. For the rest, they are of modern Society, as the Society novelist loves to paint it—vicious, irresponsible, merely animal in their appetites, and below the animals in that conscious service of their appetites which is the main business of their lives. The chief character is a mongrel foreign blackmailer, and to Mr. Woodroffe's credit it must be said that the secret of his being a blackmailer is very fairly well kept to the end. The heroine is a girl who deliberately marries him for his money while she loves another man, and deserves, therefore, all she gets. The book is not ill-written. The author, we suspect, has studied French models—not to the best purpose. The story, no doubt, was written "with a good purpose." The worst of it is that such stories never do any good. They gratify the unwholesome curiosity of people who lack the sense to see the dulness and stupidity of such topics as this.

*The Arrow of the North.* By R. H. FOSTER. (Long, 6s.)

WE seem to remember a recent playful suggestion on the part of a contemporary that reviews might be labelled with the time-honoured  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ , of the University class-lists in order to extend the qualifying range of the limited stock of adjectives at the reviewer's disposal. Or how would it be (in view of the subtle variations of merit to be found in every department of literature) to employ carefully graduated colour-washes? Each subject might have its own colour, while the key to the values of the various tints would, of course, appear on the cover. Apart from the delicate precision thus attainable, how charmingly varied would be the appearance of the printed page! Suppose historical romances, for example,

were to range from crimson through scarlet to palest pink. One might then confer the scarlet on, say, something by Mr. Hewlett, while this little notice of Mr. R. H. Foster's new story might appear upon a quiet pink or an unassuming light red ground. We leave the suggestion to our readers' fancy. At any rate, Mr. Foster's prose work is always good, as far as it goes, and this tale of his well-loved Northumbria in the days of the seventh and eighth Henries is fully representative. He can never be said quite to lose himself in his period; but he looks back upon it with some discernment, and, resting upon the sound belief that human nature varies little from age to age, he peoples his tales with actual and sober *dramatis personæ* well furnished with accurate historical properties and accoutrements. As a boy of twelve, his hero helps to repel the Scottish assault upon Norham Castle in 1597. Later he tumbles into love with a lass on the other side of the border, and, in spite of the schemes of a jealous beauty on his own side and the troubles incidental to those rough times, he survives to win his lady love and to slay his rival in single combat on Flodden Hill. Perhaps, however, the book wins its chief effect by virtue of its "historical geography." Mr. Foster reconstructs a partly vanished countryside with a skill and imagination which alone make his story well worth reading. The preliminaries to the tragedy of Flodden, too, seem to us particularly well described.

## THE DRAMA

### "LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

IT is easy in writing of matters theatrical to indulge in careless use of the superlative. Too much criticism nowadays consists in indiscriminate labelling of plays and acting as "great," "epoch-making" and "unsurpassed," rather than in any reasonable or reasoned attempt to consider the worth of the work of the playwright or the player. Thus it comes about that, seeing M. de Féraudy as Isidore Lechat after having praised Mr. Tree to the skies for his Isidore Izard, the critics are at a loss how to describe the French actor's performance. If only they kept the word "great" and the word "masterpiece" wrapped up in cotton wool for occasional use, they would now be able to bring those treasures forth to the light of day. For M. de Féraudy's performance is a triumph. It is the triumph of an artist over the material given him; it is the triumph of a personality, it is the triumph of a man.

That one should be able to write thus two days after having seen the performance is a proof of its virility. There is little or no recollection of the play, there is but dim remembrance of the other characters in the drama. The mind cannot go beyond this colossal figure of Mammon in the flesh, of this human Mint. But we do not owe this powerful impression to the author, we owe it to the actor.

The production of *Les Affaires sont Les Affaires* is perhaps the best *exposé* of the viciousness of adaptation that could have been afforded us. Whereas Lechat is a comprehensible character (apart now from considerations of acting), Izard was a stage figure, a finicking eccentric, who could no more have dominated the world of finance than could his meek-mannered wife; whereas the daughter is in the French play a clever character-study, in the adaptation she became a mere lay figure; whereas, in fine, *Les Affaires sont Les Affaires* is a real attempt on the part of the dramatist to express a thought, to limn a portrait from life, *Business is Business* was a piece of theatricality built to suit a personality, and very badly built at that.

The French play is not a great work of art. But it is the next best thing: it is an honest attempt at great work. That in M. de Féraudy the author found the ideal exponent of his financier is one of those turns of fortune's wheel for which the playgoer has to be thankful.



## FINE ART

## THE ARTS AND CRAFTS AND ORGANISATION

THERE is now being held at the Grafton Galleries the triennial celebration of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, a society which has undoubtedly in a large measure fulfilled what William Morris modestly explained were the objects of its foundation: "to give those artists in the employ of commercial organisers an opportunity of working more directly for the public, and to win for them that applause and sympathy of their brother artists which every good workman naturally desires." This was said at a lecture delivered in Liverpool in the foundation year of this "small and unpretentious" society, 1888. Its work since then has undoubtedly helped to encourage and foster a true appreciation of the meaning of "Craft" as opposed to "Manufacture"; the one synonymous with all that is virile, personal and responsible, the other—with that irony which the derivation of a word often supplies—but the monotonous and lifeless duplication of a machine.

The exhibitions have done more than this. They have made the Crafts a fashion amongst a section of the younger generation of artists, who might otherwise have swelled the ranks of the picture-makers; they have weaned the public from the vulgar notion that to work in wood, iron and the precious metals is less honourable than to palter with more plastic materials; they have, in fact, sown an idea broadcast which is bringing forth some fruit and a plentiful crop of unmaturing buds. With the growth of the idea, we have had more thought and consideration given to the educational aspect of the question. The facilities for being trained in the various arts and crafts have been increased with the development and readjustment of our technical schools. And, although these are very far from being perfect, inasmuch as there is a lack of co-ordination and consistency in the methods and standards which obtain, all that has been done and is being done originated in the Arts and Crafts revival of the 'eighties and has been kept alive since then by the formation of various guilds and the increasing number of their exhibitions.

It may be well here to ask ourselves, before going further, what is the net result so far of the last twenty years of endeavour? The thing which is most apparent is the enormous increase in the number of independent craftsmen, and the absence, hitherto, of any standard of taste as a restraining influence on personal caprice. It has been said that "the tendency is for art to become more and more individualistic and therefore to open up more and more scope for individual expression"; but the danger of accepting such a tendency as a principle on which to work is only now realised to be a false hypothesis. The cult of "New Art" has ramped through its destructive course. It has attempted to throw tradition to the winds and build anew on individual caprice. It has performed prodigious feats of nimbleness in the application of natural forms to construction and abnormal forms to design. But it has burnt itself out under the forced draught of its own energy. Extravagance can only be excelled by extravagance, and there must inevitably come a day when such methods must cry a halt. New Art has served its purpose: to a great extent it had its birth in a reaction against the lethargy of interest which existed in our applied arts. It has excited interest where there was none, and perhaps has brought home to the craftsman, as nothing else could, the wisdom of using "the steadying influence of the old examples, with nature always at hand to verify our references," as Mr. Walter Crane has aptly expressed it. What is principally noteworthy in the present exhibition, as compared with its predecessors, is the apparently universal recognition of this truth; and we observe the steadying influence of tradition on every hand. This being so, it is not surprising to see how harmoniously the diversified units contrast one with another, with but few

exceptions, to make up a pleasing "ensemble." No doubt, good arrangement is responsible for some of this effect, but it is principally the presence of a greater reserve, a more correlative standard of design and inspiration, which binds the works of these craftsmen into closer union than heretofore. Approaching the subject in this spirit, few could be found who would prefer such work as that of Lalique or Gaillard to the delightful jewellery designs of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin, and many will welcome the renewed life that is given to the allied arts of the miniaturist, the illuminator and the calligrapher in the exquisite designs and paintings of Miss Jessie Bayes and Miss Florence Kingsford and the penmanship of Mr. Graily Hewitt.

With the spell of mediævalism still upon us, we may, without a discordant note being touched, turn to the dignified designs for Gothic windows by Mr. Leonard Walker and Mr. Hugh Arnold. These seem to us to have happily attained a combination of expression and impressiveness, together with the best technical traditions of glass. The furniture is, with few exceptions, true to our best national styles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The elaborate sideboard exhibited by Messrs. Morris and the Ashbee ironbound writing cabinet, alone stand out as conspicuous failures. Of the Bindings there is but one criticism that suggests itself on work which seems to retain an all-round craftsmanlike excellence; we should prefer to see a less wiry use of tooling and a less insistent use of pattern than that which prevails in some of the more gilded examples. The almost complete absence of wall-paper designs may perhaps be taken as a healthy sign of the revolt against what, at its best, is a most uncraftsmanlike craft, and one in which the designer must have well-nigh played himself out. The very limited display of fabrics can hardly be accounted for so easily, though the few pieces that are shown harmonise most decoratively with their surroundings, which is perhaps the best possible test of their beauty and fitness. The conspicuous centre-pieces of the large gallery, by Mr. Conrad Dressler and Mr. Harold Speed, by their very nature take a place apart from their surroundings, but the former's enamelled earthenware triptych is a masterly handling of the material, in a Della Robbia manner. Without mentioning in detail the many beautiful exhibits in metal ware, pottery and glass, we may draw attention to the sculptured ivories and metal-bound caskets by Mr. Richard Garbe, who seems to be as prolific as he is varied in the manner and material by which he translates his ideas.

If we are to draw any conclusions from the present exhibition, we should say that without showing any work of exceptional brilliancy, it reveals a sanity and restraint in the conception and execution of all branches of the crafts which augur well for the future ability of our craftsmen to tackle works of greater import. This brings us back again to the all-important question of how work is going to be found for their ever-increasing numbers. The fact has to be faced, that the members of what Morris called "the group of gentlemen workmen" stand in a class by themselves, and the tendencies of our present educational and industrial systems appear, not only to increase their numbers, but to keep them in their position of splendid isolation. At present they possess all the privilege of directing public taste and at the same time acting as finger-posts to the manufacturer, without reaping any adequate reward for their services.

To tell the truth, there is but the most meagre demand for craft-work, as such, and it would be interesting to know how many of the exhibitors at the Grafton Galleries depend solely on legitimate craft-work. A few, we know, get their opportunity, but the majority have to be content with *employment* at the hands of the manufacturer, which, as Morris again has shown, is a sorry substitute for the opportunity of *work*. That this is no exaggeration of the case is proved by a pamphlet which has been recently published by the Junior Art Workers' Guild; and it is a healthy sign when we find our younger workers not only ready to admit the circumstances but preparing themselves

to overcome them. From a section headed "The Limitations of the Arts and Crafts Movement" we take this indicative passage:

The present problem owes its origin in a great measure to the fact that the Arts and Crafts movement has directed its energies too exclusively to the creation of a supply of skilled craftsmen, on the assumption that a demand for good work might reasonably be left to take care of itself. We fully appreciate the gravity of the situation that has thus been created and the necessity of finding a solution to it. Indeed in this connection we feel ourselves in the position of commissioners in the arts whose duty it is to investigate and collect evidence on these points.

One fact is made clear, that, if commercialism is to have a wholesome check and the prestige of the craftsman to be upheld, there must be a much more complete organisation amongst workers than at present exists. Such an organisation should be sufficiently comprehensive to undertake administrative responsibilities, associating itself with the educational side of the question on the one hand, and the manufacturers on the other. Consisting, as it would, of the best workers and the best thinkers in the various spheres of activity, it would represent those most competent to give the result of their practical experiences for the benefit of our educational system and the advancement of our art industries. Is it too much to hope that by the binding together of our scattered units throughout the land into a federation of art-workers, such influence might be brought to bear upon the taste of the public that it would no longer be worth while for our manufacturers to waste time and capital and the labour of their workmen in producing inferior wares to supply an altogether degrading demand? Might there not at least be achieved some relationship between the manufacturer and the skilled craftsman, whereby a legitimate compromise might be arrived at, which would do honour to their respective spheres of usefulness? D. H.

### AUBREY BEARDSLEY

MIDDLE-AGED, middle-class people with a predilection for mediæval art still believe that subject is an important factor in a picture or drawing. I am one of the number. The subject need not be literary or historical. After you have discussed in the latest studio jargon its carpentry, valued the tones and toned the values, motive or theme must affect your appreciation of a picture, your desire, or the contrary, to possess it. That the artist is able to endow the unattractive and woo you to surrender, I admit. Unless, however, you are a pro-Boer in art matters and hold that Rembrandt and the Boer school (the greatest technicians who ever lived) are finer artists than Titian, you will find yourself preferring Gainsborough to Degas and the unskilful Whistler to the more accomplished Edouard Manet. Long ago French critics invented an æsthetic formula to conceal that poverty of imagination which usually stares from their perfectly executed pictures, and this was eagerly accepted by Englishmen, both painters and writers. Yet, when an artist frankly deals with forbidden subjects, the old canons regular of English art begin to thunder, the critics forget their French accent; the old Robert Adam, which is in all of us, asserts himself; we fly for the fig-leaves.

I am led to these reflections by the memory of Aubrey Beardsley and the reception which his work received, not from the British Public, but from the inner circle of advanced intellectuals. Too much occupied with the obstetrics of art, his superfluity of naughtiness has tarnished his niche in the Temple of Fame. "A wish to *épater le bourgeois*," says Mr. Arthur Symons, is a natural one. I do not think so; at least in an artist. Now much of Beardsley's work shows the *éblouissement* of the bourgeois on arriving at Montmartre for the first time—a weakness he shared with some of his contemporaries. This must be conceded in praising a great artist for a line which he never drew, after you have taken the immortal Zero's advice and divested yourself of the scruples.

"I would rather be an Academician than an artist," said Aubrey Beardsley to me one day: "it takes thirty-nine men to make an Academician, and only one to make an artist." In that sneer lay all his weakness and his strength. Grave friends (in those days it was the fashion) talked to him of "Dame Nature"—"*Damn Nature!*" retorted Aubrey Beardsley, and pulled down the blinds and worked by gaslight on the finest days. But he was a real Englishman, and from his glass-house he peppered the English public. No Latin could have contrived his arabesque. The grotesques of Jerome Bosch are positively pleasant company beside many of Beardsley's inventions. Even in his odd little landscapes, with their twisted promontories sloping seaward, he suggested mocking laughter; and the flowers of "Under the Hill" are cackling in the grass.

An essay which Mr. Arthur Symons published in 1897, has always been recognised as far the most sympathetic and introspective account of this strange artist's work. It has now been reissued with illustrations by Messrs. Dent (6s. net). Those who welcome it as one of the most inspiring criticisms from an always inspired critic, will regret that eight of the illustrations belong to the worst period of Beardsley's art. The designs for the *Morte Darthur*, with few exceptions, have no artistic significance. Kelmscott dyspepsia following on a surfeit of Burne-Jones belongs to the pathology of style, but it is a phase that should be produced by the prosecution, not by the eloquent advocate for the defence. Moreover, I do not believe Mr. Arthur Symons admires them any more than I do; he never mentions them in the text. "*Le Débris d'un Poète*," the *Coiffing*, *Chopin's Third Ballad*, and those from *Salome* would have sufficed. With these omissions the monograph might have been smaller; but it would have been more truly representative of Beardsley's genius and Mr. Arthur Symons's taste.

At one time or another every one has been brilliant about Beardsley. "Born Puck, he died Pierrot," said Mr. MacColl in one of the superb phrases with which he gibbets into posterity an art or an artist he rather dislikes. "The Fra Angelico of Satanism," wrote Mr. Roger Fry of a recent exhibition of the drawings. There seems hardly anything left even for Mr. Arthur Symons to write. Long anterior to these particular fire-works, however, his criticism is just as fresh as it was eight years ago. I believe it will always remain the terminal essay.

The preface has been revised, and I could wish for some further revision. Why is the name of Mr. Leonard Smithers—here simply called a publisher—omitted, as the other Capulets and Montagus are faithfully recorded? When no one would publish Beardsley's work Mr. Smithers stepped into the breach. I do not know that *The Savoy* exactly healed the breach between Beardsley and the public, but it gave the artist another opportunity; and Mr. Arthur Symons an occasion for song and prose. Mr. Leonard Smithers, too, was the most delightful and irresponsible publisher I ever knew. Who remembers without a kindly feeling the little shop in the Royal Arcade (*et in Arcadia ego*) with its tempting shelves; its limited editions of 5000 copies; the shy, infrequent purchaser; the upstairs room where the roar of respectable Bond Street came faintly through the tightly-closed windows; the genial proprietor? In the closing years of the nineteenth century his silhouette reels (my metaphor is drawn from a Terpsichorean and Caledonian exercise) across an artistic horizon of which *The Savoy* was the after-glow. Again, why is Mr. Arthur Symons so precise about forgetting the date of Beardsley's expulsion from the "Yellow Book"? It was in April 1895, April 10. A number of poets and writers blackmailed Mr. Lane by threatening to withdraw their own publications unless the Beardsley Body was severed from the Bodley Head. I am glad to have this opportunity, not only of paying a tribute to the courage of my friend Mr. Smithers, but of defending my other good friend Mr. John Lane from the absurd criticism of which he has been too long the victim. He could hardly be expected to wreck a valuable business

in the cause of unpopular art. Quite wrongly Beardsley's art had come to be regarded as the pictorial and sympathetic expression of an unfortunate tendency in English literature. But, if there was any relation thereto, it was that of Juvenal towards Roman society. Never was mordant satire more evident. If Beardsley is carried away in spite of himself by the superb invention of *Salome*, he never forgets his hatred of its author. It is characteristic that he hammered beauty from the gold he would have battered into caricature. A veritable antithesis to Strauss, who seemingly destroyed by his music what he wished to re-create. *Salome* has survived both. And Mr. Lane informed an American interviewer a short time ago that since that April Fool's Day poetry had ceased to sell altogether. The bards had unconsciously committed suicide, and *The Yellow Book* perished in the odour of sanctity.

Recommending the perusal of some letters (written by Beardsley to an unnamed friend) published not long ago, Mr. Arthur Symons says: "Here, too, we are in the presence of the real thing." I venture to doubt this. I do not doubt Beardsley's sincerity in the religion he embraced, but his expression of it in the letters. At least, I hope it was insincere. The letters left on me a disagreeable impression, both of the recipient and the correspondent. You wonder if this pietistic friend received a copy of the *Lysistrata* along with the eulogy of St. Alfonso Liguori and Aphra Behn. A fescennine temperament is too often allied with religiosity. It certainly was in Beardsley's case, but I think the other and stronger side of his character should, in justice to his genius, be insisted upon, as Mr. Arthur Symons insists upon it. If we knew that the ill-advised and unnamed friend was the author of certain pseudo-scientific and pornographic works issued in Paris, we should be better able to gauge the unimportance of these letters. Far more interesting would have been those written to Mr. Joseph Pennell, one of the saner influences, or those to the author of this eloquent appreciation.

"It was at Arques," says Mr. Arthur Symons . . . "that I had the only serious, almost solemn, conversation I ever had with Beardsley." You can scarcely believe that any of the conversations between the two were other than serious and solemn, because he approaches Beardsley as he would John Bunyan or Aquinas. Art, literature and life, are all to this engaging writer a scholiast's pilgrim's progress. Beside him Walter Pater, from whom he derives, seems almost flippant—and to have dallied too long in the streets of Vanity Fair.

ROBERT ROSS.

## MUSIC

### STRAUSS'S "DON JUAN"

BESIDES the pleasure which alternating performances of the London Symphony and Queen's Hall orchestras give their Albert Hall audiences on Sundays, these concerts may also be supposed to develop popular intelligence by titillating its bumps of comparison. Everything in life, of course, depends on the point of view. But, while every one knows where he disagrees with another, it takes some reasoning power to explain satisfactorily why; and this can only be done by comparing the points at issue. For years we have admired the artistic perfection of what is now the London Symphony Orchestra, and many times have seen it forced to rise at the Queen's Hall after the performance of some great work conducted by Henry Wood, in acknowledgment of the enthusiasm of a packed house. For this reason it was a little disappointing to witness the somewhat flat reception vouchsafed to the second and third movements of Tschaikowski's sixth Symphony, when rendered by the same body on Christmas Eve at the Albert Hall. If, on the one hand, it proved that this admirably trained band is as plastic to the ruling *bâton* as water to the wind, on the other it raises the ques-

tion as to how far a less accomplished orchestra in the grip of a more dominant personality may surpass it in interpretation sometimes. It is, in fact, not a matter of playing but of conductorship, and conductorship depends quite as vitally on temperament as on knowledge. Musical knowledge forms, of course, the indispensable skeleton of musical existence; but the human organism would be highly ineffective if people discarded everything but their bones, and we may apply the same principle to music. However, the art of conducting is a gift in itself. Many great men fail as leaders of men, and many thorough musicians, whom no one will suspect of lack of temperament either intellectual or emotional, prove incompetent at the conductor's desk. Tschaikowski himself felt the most extraordinary diffidence when called upon to face an orchestra, even in the interpretation of his own work. That form of nervousness known as losing one's head in public with him assumed the sensation of its being physically loose and in danger of rolling off his shoulders, and, when he took the *bâton* for the first time in his right hand, the left was seen firmly clutching on to his head by its fair beard. Years and experience largely modified this feeling, but conducting was always distasteful to him, and in this art he never reached the proficiency of his contemporary, Berlioz, whose inspiration leavened whatever instrumental body he handled, as yeast does bread.

Besides alternations of orchestras, we have agreeably varied programmes at the Albert Hall, though, as is natural at Christmastide, the themes of most works lately under consideration are based on a belief imbedded in the hearts of all men, whether religious or irreligious—namely, the redemption of the erring through a purer being's love. On Christmas Eve we heard the Overture to Tannhäuser from the London Symphony Orchestra; and the following week Mr. Wood gave us Strauss's symphonic poem, "Don Juan," as the most important item of the programme. Some authorities consider this the Viennese composer's best work, but not perhaps the most characteristic of his peculiar bent. Richly orchestral though it is, it certainly seems less bristling than usual with those eccentricities in which Strauss loves to enclose his ideas. We can get at the kernel without being baffled by the prickly husk. In this composition, we are told, Strauss first declared himself a writer of programme-music, and therefore the work is not to be separated from Lenau's poem, on which it is based. Thus, when all the strings, followed by a passionate *tutti*, rush upwards and downwards in the opening bars, we take these figures to be typical of Don Juan's wayward impulses in process of what is popularly known as "sowing wild oats." Then come the resonant themes introducing the hero's personality. We are treated to a good deal of agitation and discontent on his part, crossed and recrossed by episodes dealing with those divers women whose first appearance always gives him joy. Zerlina trips in on strings and wood wind, and a "blonde countess" sweeps by in a violin solo, to a background of *tremolo* and cascades of *arpeggi* on the harp. This is a most beautiful flowing figure, and we are a little sorry when Don Juan tires of it, which he does—pretty soon. The countess was evidently no better than she should be—too easy a conquest in point of fact—and her themes only serve as introductory to those of the ideal woman for whom the hero through all his experiences has never ceased to yearn. This lady, by name Donna Anna, is apparently a little shy of presenting herself, for fragmentary shadows of her theme come and go before she ventures to appear. When she does, there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of Don Juan's choice. Donna Anna's limpidity of soul is perfectly conveyed to us by clarinet and horn to a delicate accompaniment of other instruments, and for some time Don Juan and the orchestra remain completely under her sway, much to the satisfaction of the audience. We follow this gentle being through her gradual yielding and her lover's inconstancy, till she finally disappears in a minor key—poor thing!—after a last appeal to Don Juan's higher self; and the opening themes, emphasised by the lower strings—mark! the lower strings—



bassoon and brass, drag down the hero's soul into its sad, bad courses again. And, of course, he ends tragically, though the music gives us to understand there is immense enjoyment first. We hear the old themes, suggestive of satiety, after "a gorgeously coloured musical picture of unbridled orgy." He goes mad—so does the music, slightly—then they both recover, and Don Juan meets his end by a duel, in which he allows himself to be despatched. Life having no further charms for him, as the concluding dissonances of the work point out, it can only be resolved, like the music, by death—*pizzicato*. Snap! his soul goes forth; and we wonder how it fared thereafter, and if Donna Anna's prayers were as efficacious as those of Tannhäuser's holy maiden to redeem an erring spirit. The theory of salvation through the vicarious penance, devotion and self-sacrifice of a sister-soul was Wagner's favourite creed, and doubtless recommends itself agreeably to that section of fiery masculinity which loves the things of Time without losing faith in those of Eternity. That this belief can be reduced to an absurdity was once proved to the present writer by an old diplomat, who, recalling with complacency several episodes in a highly coloured career, added piously: "But, whatever my shortcomings, I do not fear that I shall lose my soul—because—*parce que, voyez-vous, j'ai une bonne religieuse qui se flagelle pour moi!*"

Strauss takes himself and his Don Juan extremely seriously, and it is interesting to see that this really noble work was included in the first concert given in Paris last week by the united forces of the London Symphony Orchestra and the Leeds Chorus. The excellence of both vocalists and instrumentalists will doubtless take some of our friends over the water completely by surprise. But it is to be hoped that both countries will benefit artistically by the interchange of thought and aspiration realised in this musical *entente cordiale*.

E #.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. J. M. DENT AND Co. some months ago took over from Messrs. Sampson Low the series of political biographies known as the Queen's Prime Ministers, which they are issuing under the more comprehensive title of "The Prime Ministers of England." They are adding almost immediately a volume on Lord Rosebery by Mr. Samuel Herbert Jeyes. Mr. Stuart J. Reid is the editor of the series, of which several volumes are in third, fourth, and fifth editions, Froude's "Beaconsfield" being in a ninth edition.

Immediately after the General Election will be published a new edition of the "Popular Handbook to the New House of Commons" (1906), with over five hundred portraits and caricature sketches of members, and numerous electoral maps and particulars of the polls, forming a complete record of the new parliament and comparisons with the results of previous general elections. The publishers are the "Pall Mall" Press.

Messrs. T. and T. Clark have in the press, and will publish in the early spring, a new work by the Rev. D. W. Forrest, D.D., of Edinburgh, entitled "The Authority of Christ." While all Christians acknowledge that Authority as final, there is a wide diversity of opinion with reference to what it really covers and the right method of construing it. The purpose of this book is to inquire as to the sphere in which that Authority operates and as to its character within that sphere.

Dr. E. G. Hardy, Vice-Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, is publishing through Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. a volume of "Studies in Roman History," containing a fairly exhaustive treatment of the attitude of the Roman Government towards Christianity, besides other contributions to the scientific study of Roman history of the kind (now emanating from Oxford) which promises to render less indispensable in the future a knowledge of German works and the German language. It is to be

hoped that the author's impaired vision will not altogether preclude the possibility of a successor to the present volume.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing immediately three new schoolbooks under the editorship of Mr. E. E. Speight, B.A., F.R.G.S., whose previously issued educational works have had a warm welcome from the teaching world. "The Imperial Reader," edited by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, High Commissioner for New Zealand, formerly Minister of Education in New Zealand, and Mr. Speight, contains a descriptive account of the territories forming the British Empire. In the making of this book Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, Viscount Milner, the Earl of Dunmore, Sir Harry Johnston, Major-General Baden-Powell, and many other administrators have lent their assistance. "Britain's Sea Story" is the title of a volume edited by Mr. Speight and Mr. R. Morton Nance, and is illustrated from Mr. Nance's paintings of scenes in our naval history. The third schoolbook is "A Nature Reader" for senior students, edited by Sir John Cockburn, K.C.M.G., formerly Premier Minister of Education in South Australia, who is well known in educational circles in this country, and Mr. Speight.

Mr. Charles Hannan's new novel, "Thuka of the Moon," now in the press, will shortly be published by Messrs. Digby, Long and Co., who issued the same author's successful early English novel, "The Coachman with Yellow Lace." Messrs. Digby, Long and Co. will also publish immediately a new novel, entitled "The Cuckoo's Egg," by Mr. Clarence Forestier-Walker, author of the successful novel, "The Chameleon," which ran into three editions.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are issuing a novel, dealing with life at a public school, entitled "The Bending of a Twig," by Mr. Desmond Coke, the author of that amusing skit, "The Dog from Clarkson's." We understand that Mr. Coke has two aims in view: for the book, as well as showing life as it is at one of our great public schools, will also satirise the false sentiment and melodrama which are often poured into such stories. There will be no effort made to conceal the identity of the particular school, for we hear that the book will be illustrated with many photographs of scenes at Shrewsbury, where the action of the story passes.

On January 29 Mr. Unwin will publish a new story by Mrs. Hamilton Synge, author of "The Coming of Sonia," a book which was very well received by the critics a year or two ago. The new book, which is entitled "A Supreme Moment," is the story of a brother and sister. Agatha sacrifices herself entirely to her brother, encouraging his weaknesses and accepting his veiled though very real tyranny as her duty. Upon the neighbourhood, well-behaved and self-satisfied, descends a new personality, and it is on the working out of its effect upon everybody that the *motif* of the story depends. There is a mystery about the newcomer. She has a disturbing effect upon several people, leading to the breaking of a long-standing engagement, and other events. In the stress of an intense moment a strange experience comes to Agatha, an experience of the spirit piercing through the material; the explanation of which, whether natural or supernatural, is left to the reader.

On January 29 Mr. Unwin will publish a volume, entitled "Our School out of Doors," by Miss M. Cordelia Leigh, daughter of the late Lord Leigh, and author of "Simple Lessons from Nature," and other works. The book is designed for the assistance of teachers in nature-study who are taking their scholars for outdoor rambles. Two lessons are arranged for each month of the year, dealing in as simple a manner as possible with some of the natural objects common at the different seasons. The subjects chosen include animals, plants, rocks and stones, and also natural phenomena such as clouds, rain, ice and snow. The book is fully illustrated, and has been revised by Lord Avebury, Mr. R. R. Lydekker and Dean Ovendon.

Mr. Unwin is publishing a popular half-crown edition of Mrs. Mary Davies's "The Housewife's What's What—

a Hold-all of Useful Information for the House." It will be ready on January 29. Mr. Unwin is also issuing new impressions of Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves's "Irish Song Book," and the Rev. E. J. Hardy's "How to be Happy though Married."

Less than a fortnight before his death Mr. G. J. Holyoake passed the last proofs of his "History of Co-operation," which is shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The first edition of this work appeared some twenty years ago. The new edition has been practically rewritten, and embodies the history of the movement up to the present day. It is a curious coincidence that only last week Mr. Unwin issued a new edition of Mr. Holyoake's "Public Speaking and Debate." Mr. Unwin is also the publisher of his "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," and his second autobiographical volume, "Bygones worth Remembering."

Messrs. Watts are issuing for the Rationalist Press Association, at the popular price of sixpence, Mr. Joseph McCabe's reply to Sir Oliver's "Matter and Life," under the title of "The Origin and Life." The argument, though necessarily somewhat controversial in tone, is mainly constructive in aim.

The same firm are also publishing an essay by Mr. J. M. Robertson on "What to Read," and a somewhat important volume dealing with "The Churches and Modern Thought," by Philip Vivian. The writer endeavours to set forth the reasons why many earnest and thoughtful men and women are unable to belong to the various Christian Churches, and invites candour in considering the grounds of belief.

Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel, "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," will be published on Tuesday, by Alston Rivers.

Alston Rivers will publish next month a volume of Thackeray essays now collected for the first time. "The New Sketch Book," as the work is entitled, consists mainly of critical articles, as to the authenticity of which, in spite of their being anonymous, Mr. R. S. Garnett, the editor, entertains no doubt.

On Tuesday next will be published a new and original volume by Mrs. John Lane entitled "The Champagne Standard," a series of impressions of things characteristic in social England and America.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### EXPLANATIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have read with complete agreement your review of my "Selected Poems of Robert Burns." The book was first published some twenty years ago, but I was given no opportunity to correct my old introductory essay for the new edition. With such an opportunity I should have adopted the opinions of the reviewer.

Turning to another matter, may I also express my acquiescence in the topography of Mr. Neilson's letter on "The Clyde Mystery"? In days when canoes navigated the Clyde, beacons were not needed, and as the Langbank and Dumbuck structures belong to the age of canoes they cannot possibly have been meant for beacons. They are, in fact, stations on either side of a ford, so their *raison d'être* is obvious. Dr. Munro himself speaks of "the keepers of the watch tower at the ford of Dumbuck" (*Proceedings Soc. Ant. Scot.*, 1900-1901, p. 296). This explanation is simple and obvious.

I do not think that the reviewer of my little book mentioned the essence of my argument. He speaks of the disputed objects as "cunning forgeries," and no mortal could suspect the regretted Mr. "Donnelly" (as he still calls that investigator) of either forgery or cunning. My point is that many of the disputed objects, though almost without parallel in British sites, have a great number of parallels in most other parts of the globe. I give proofs, the result of special study of the subject. A forger who knew the facts must have been a deeply studious archæologist; yet, on the theory of fraud, he deposited his fabrications in ancient sites where, in the natural and known course of things, they had no business to be, as the learned forger must have been aware. Herein lies the puzzle, which has not been solved.

January 22.

A. LANG.

### THE CLYDE MYSTERY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry that Mr. Neilson has taken my little joke seriously. I am also very sorry to learn that on the day it was written Mr. Donnelly died. If he had lived to read it I feel sure he would have

taken it as it was meant. Mr. Neilson accuses me of two "false statements." First that the Blue Points had human faces carved on them. For this Dr. Munro was my authority. Secondly, that Professor Dawkins said that they were carved. This I never said, nor even hinted.

I cannot but reiterate your reviewer's wish that all who write upon this subject would imitate the admirable good temper shown by Mr. Andrew Lang in his recent book.

I am afraid my little joke was out of place in the ACADEMY, and should have been sent to 10 Bouverie Street.

G. S. LAYARD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a letter signed James Neilson which appeared under the above heading in the last issue of the ACADEMY (20th inst.), I find the following statements: "Nor have the 'believers been reduced to a state of confusion' by that great geologist, Professor Boyd Dawkins; they simply went and examined the shells for themselves, and also the use made of them, and find that no reference whatever is made to them in any communication, they were simply handed over. They may have come to the district as manure among other city refuse and been worn as children's toys and dropped among the grass, but if they are forgeries, they are much more likely to be the work of an enemy."

The shells above referred to are two fresh-looking oyster shells, "drilled with one or more holes," which Prof. Boyd Dawkins identified as those of the American oyster known as "Blue Points." Mr. Neilson in the above extract attempts to belittle their significance as evidence of the hand of a "faker" in the production of the much-discussed Clyde relics by informing your readers that *no reference whatever* was made to them in *any communication*. This is not a correct statement; for, in the paper read by the late Mr. Adam Millar, F.S.A. Scot. (one of the excavators of the Dumbuck fort), at the S.A. of Scotland, April 13, 1896, and published in vol. xxx. of their *Proceedings*, these shells, along with the other shells in this fort, are thus described:

"A number of shells have been found: in nearly every case holes have been bored in them, and some attempt at ornamentation has been produced by cutting straight lines in the pearly inner surface of the shells" (p. 305). "Of shell-fish shells the quantity is very small indeed—five oyster-shells, one cockle-shell, and three limpet-shells. The mussel is represented by two fragments only, while of the whelk or periwinkle there is not the slightest trace. It is to be remembered that nearly all these shells bear marks of ornamentation" (p. 306).

In a footnote Mr. Millar gives a minute description of the famous "sculptured limpet-shell having on its inner surface a very good representation of a human face." The editor of the British Archaeological Association (September 1901) published an illustration of what is described as an oyster-shell from Dumbuck having a human face carved on it, which, however, seems to have been a mistake for the limpet-shell from Dumbuck. No wonder that outsiders like your correspondent Mr. Layard and a reviewer of Mr. Lang's book, "The Clyde Mystery," in the current number of the *Reliquary*, should refer to these "blue points" as having human faces on them.

Mr. Neilson seems uncertain about the scientific value of his explanation as to how the "ornamented" "blue points" got among the Dumbuck relics; and so he actually contemplates the alternative of forgery—a fact which Mr. Lang candidly admits—but in that case Mr. Neilson thinks it "much more likely to be the work of an enemy"—which is precisely the theory of Dr. Munro. But if this "enemy" introduced these "blue points" into Dumbuck, why should he not introduce all the "queer things" into the *débris* of the Clyde sites? Once "forgery" or "faking" is admitted, the only question which remains to be solved is, how far the process has been carried, *i.e.*, how many of the Clyde relics come under the same category as the "blue points"?

It may be mentioned that Mr. Millar described the Dumbuck hill-fort, with all its heterogeneous relics, as belonging to a pre-Celtic race of the Stone Age. All the stone implements and ornaments of bone, shale and shell, including the "blue points" and other ornamented oyster shells, are now exhibited in the National Museum. The spearheads of slate and of shale were accepted by the authorities as practicable weapons of that period, until Mr. Lang, some three years later, came on the scene and pronounced them to be "arms d'apparat weapons of show or ceremony."

VERITAS.

January 22.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

### ROBERT BURNS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The notice of Burns in the current number of the ACADEMY begins: "Before these words are in print, Scotland will have celebrated the day when 'a blast o' Janwar win' blew hansel in on Robin.'" This is dated "January 20," but Robert Burns was not born till the 25th; moreover, the storm alluded to, which blew the inmates of the "auld clay biggin" out of doors, and forced them to take refuge in a neighbour's cottage, did not come till eight or nine days later, as stated by Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother. So that the notice of celebration is a little premature.

May I correct a small error in the lines quoted from "Tam o' Shanter"?

"Or like the *snow-falls* in the river"

should be:

"Or like the *snow falls*," etc.,

"falls" being a verb, and "like" = "as." This is what Burns wrote, as appears from the early Edinburgh editions; but the mistake is a common one.

C. S. JERRAM.

January 22.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for pointing out the slip in regard to the date of Burns's birth.

The text of the verse of "Tam o' Shanter," as quoted in our review, is that of the earliest Kilmarnock edition, and it is also that adopted by the "Globe" edition, in which special care is paid to textual matters.—ED.]

## ENGLISH ÆSTHETICS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The papers are now quite interesting, though you would never suspect the fact from the long lists of provincial towns (of which no one has ever heard since the last election) at present distorting columns usually occupied by those exquisite prose poems, the *Times* advertisements. How you miss them! It always produces a certain thrill to discover some particular morning that it is positively *The Last Day* on which you can secure Whitaker's Almanack for ninepence during the rest of your life, and that if you join the Book Club you will get Bradshaw for nothing! The important news of the evening journal, "Serious illness of a Gaiety Chorus Girl," "Five Babies smothered in Bermondsey," "Victory of the All Blacks," is, of course, for the present relegated to an inferior place. Leader-writers, who a few weeks ago gave Russia the quietus, are now composing epitaphs for the British Empire. But the law reports still hold their own, and here, as always, may be found indications of current thought, more pregnant than the tide of the election. They still afford material for the future short or longer history of the English people by the John Richard Greens of posterity. The decisions of "the most august of human officers," as Mrs. Luxmore called the Bench, are no less romantic than those of the Cadi in the Arabian Nights. This was brought home to me by perusing two cases recently reported in the *Morning Post*—that of Mrs. Rita Marsh, and the disputed will of Miss Browne. I yield to no one, not even to a solicitor, in my ignorance of English law, but I have seldom read judgments which seemed so conspicuously unfair, so characteristic of the precise minimum of æsthetic perception in the English people.

The hosteleries of Great Britain are famous for their high charges, their badly kept rooms and loathsome cooking and, let me add, their warm welcome. In the reign of Henry III. there was legislation on the subject. The colder and cheaper hospitality of the Continent strikes a chill, I am told by those familiar with both. The hotel selected by a certain Mrs. Rita Marsh was an exception to the ordinary English caravanserai. It was replete with real comfort, but the garden contained an *oubliette*, down which Mrs. Marsh, while walking in the evening, inadvertently fell. On the Continent the *oubliettes* are inside the house, and you are ostentatiously warned of their immediate neighbourhood. These things are managed better in France, if I may say so without offending Tariff Reformers.

The accident disfigured Mrs. Marsh for life, and for the loss of unusual personal attractions an English jury has awarded her only £500! The judge made a joke about it, Mr. Gill was very playful about her photograph, and every one, except, I imagine, Mrs. Marsh, seems to have been satisfied that ample justice was done. The hotel proprietors did not press their counterclaim for a bill of £191! Chivalrous fellows. Still, I can safely say that in France Mrs. Marsh would have been awarded at least four times that amount, though if she had been murdered the proprietors would have only been fined forty francs. But beauty to its fortunate possessors is more valuable than life itself, and the story is to me one of the most pathetic I have heard. To the English mind there is something irresistibly comic when any one falls, morally or physically. It is the basic force of English Farce. Jokes made about those who have never fallen, too great to appease, too high to appal, are voted bad taste. Caricaturists of the mildest order are considered irreligious and vulgar if they burlesque, say, the Archbishop of Canterbury for example, or unpatriotic if they hint that Lord Roberts did not really finish the Boer War when he professed to have done so. After Parnell came to grief I remember the Drury Lane pantomime was full of fire-escapes, and every allusion to the *cause célèbre* produced roars of laughter. Mr. Justice Bigham was only a thorough Englishman when he gently rallied the jury for awarding, as he obviously thought, excessive damages; so little is beauty esteemed in England.

The case of Miss Browne was also singular. She left a trust fund "for the erection of an ornamental structure of Gothic design, such as a market cross, tall clock, street lamp stand, or all combined, in a central part of London, the plan whereof shall be offered for open competition and ultimately decided upon by the Royal Institute of British Architects." The President of the Probate Division said he was satisfied that Miss Browne was not of sound mind, and pronounced against the will, with costs out of the estate. I wonder what the Royal Institute think of this legal testimonial. It seems almost a pity that some one did not dispute Sir Francis Chantry's will years ago on similar grounds. I recommend the suggestion to Mr. MacColl, that it might still be upset,

That would settle once and for all the question whether the administration of the Bequest has evinced evidence of insanity or not. A recent Royal command left the matter undecided. I do not, however, wish to criticise the Trustees, but to defend the memory of Miss Browne (who may have been eccentric in private life) from such a charge, because her testamentary dispositions were a trifle æsthetic. The will was un-English in one respect—"no inscription of my name shall be placed on such erection." Was that the clause which proved her hopelessly mad? The erection was to be Gothic. I know Gothic is out of fashion just now. Ruskin is quite over; the Seven Lamps exploded long ago; but Miss Browne seems to have attended before her death Mr. MacColl's lectures, knew all about "masses" and "tones" in architecture, and wished particular stress to be laid on "the general outline as seen from a good distance." This is greeted by some of the papers as particularly side-splitting and eccentric. Looking at the long unlovely streets of London, never one of the more beautiful cities of Europe, where each new building seems contrived to go one better in sheer uglitude, and even the builders of the Tube stations have ventured into the Vitruvian arena, you can easily suppose that poor Miss Browne, with her views about "general outline seen from a good distance," must have appeared hopelessly insane. The decision of the court is not likely to encourage any further public bequests of this kind. I have cut the British Museum and National Gallery out of my own will already. And I understand for the first time why Mr. MacColl, with his passionate pleading for a living national architecture, for official recognition of past and present English art, is thought by many good people quite odd. How he managed to attract the attention of any but the Lunacy Commissioners I cannot conceive. Valued critic and valued artist, I only hope he will attract no further attention.

Since it is evident that the law will assist in blackening reputations (with the exception of Mr. Druce's) even in the grave, I claim that the Miss Brownes who take advantage of life, and time by the forelock, to put up monuments in the already too hideous thoroughfares should be pronounced *non compos mentis*. The perpetrators of the erection in High Street, Kensington, hard by St. Mary Abbots, may serve as an example. Inconvenient, vulgar, inapposite, this should debar even the subscribers from obtaining probate for their wills. I invoke posthumous revenge, and claim that at least £500 damages should be paid as compensation to the nearest hospital for the *indignant* blind.

Q. V.

## NEW LIGHTS ON CHAUCER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The material in Mr. Pollard's most interesting "Causerie" of last week's ACADEMY is too extensive to be commented upon in the compass of a letter, but there are some points in it which seem to call for notice from admirers and students of Chaucer. I, for one, am not willing to give up a belief in the poet's originality at the bidding of two or more American cousins. Similar attacks on Chaucer's originality have been often made before, even in respect to the very French versifiers now mentioned in Mr. Pollard's essay, and they have been as frequently refuted. Probably the best *résumé* of the whole case is that given by another Transatlantic Professor—T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale University—in his monumental work, "Studies in Chaucer: his Life and Writings."

Although such careful writers as Sir Harris Nicolas impress upon readers the caution which Mr. Pollard urges "of the extreme danger of taking any word which Chaucer writes about himself in verse as literally true," it should, also, be borne in mind that there is a danger in the opposite direction, and it is advisable not to disbelieve any such autobiographical confessions too hastily; until they are *proved* false, let their author have the benefit of the doubt.

And this caution brings me to my most important point. Various writers besides Mr. Lowes, including, indeed, so eminent an authority as Professor Hales (ACADEMY, December 6, 1879) and, apparently, Mr. Pollard himself, assume that it was impossible for Chaucer to have a little garden attached to or by his tower at Aldgate, and that he would not be able to roam into the meads near by, to admire his favourite daisies in the mornings of the merry month of May. And why not, pray? May came twelve days later then, when the Old Style prevailed, and the poets have told us what doings were carried on in that month of flowers. It does not do to regard Aldgate with twentieth-century eyes. If the maps of London, even so late as the Elizabethan period, are referred to, it will be seen that not only were Bishopsgate, Shore-ditch and neighbourhood interspersed with gardens *within* as well as without the walls, but in a map of 1593, before me, Aldgate itself appears to have garden ground about it, and fields closely adjacent. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," 4th ed., pp. 72-3, 88-9 and 113-118, puts the case very clearly before the reader.

After all, it seems safest not to exchange our "old lamps for new ones" until the old have been proven useless.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

## THE IMMORTAL PHRASE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I would point out to Mr. Hutton that my late letter dealt only with Shelley's powers of description and invocation. The truly great poet must be many-sided, and few have surpassed the "Ineffectual One" in range of qualifications. As a lyrist he is unequalled. Note,



in "Prometheus Unbound," the Semi-chorus of Spirits, the melodious endearments of the Earth and the Moon, and Asia's exquisite song, commencing:

"My soul is an enchanted boat."  
Perhaps the most beautiful song in our language is:  
"Rarely, rarely comest thou,  
Spirit of Delight!"

It has but one fault; the fourth verse smells of plagiarism. Mr. Hutton may be able to identify. In the following quotations qualities are displayed which none would think of searching for in Wordsworth. Specimens of amorous rhapsody:

"See, the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sick flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;" etc.

Follows, of course, the ineffable "Indian Serenade," and that lovely cameo "Good-night":

"'Good-night?' No, love! the night is ill  
Which severs those it should unite;  
Let us remain together still—  
Then it will be good night."

To match these in wanton yet delicate artifice, Mr. Hutton must go to those ancient masters of the fanciful and passionate, Lodge, Herrick, Suckling, Lovelace. Shelley was dexterous in vivid satire. Read:

"Things whose trade is over ladies  
To lean, and flirt and stare and simper,"

and

"Suppers of epic poets—teas  
Where small-talk dies in agonies—"

and that wonderful consummating stroke commencing:

"All are damnable and damned."

We must go to the Elizabethan dramatists to equal the following as a specimen of virile invective:

"—two vultures sick for battle,  
Two scorpions under one wet stone," etc.

Shelley had many and marvellous gifts, but a poet should be judged by his worst as well as his best. It would be unkind to quote Wordsworth at his worst.

D. GULLIVER.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to endorse most heartily Mr. Stanley Hutton's letter in last week's issue of the ACADEMY. He has concisely expressed what must have been in the minds of many of your readers after a perusal of the letters of Mr. Gulliver and Mr. Wright.

Like Mr. Hutton, I am entirely in accordance with your own dictum re "the ineffectual angel" as printed in your issue of January 6.

The divine phrase, felicitous and sublime, which one encounters again and again in Wordsworth, only once or twice confronts us in the whole poetic work of Shelley. As "E. R. B." says, "the immortal phrase" in Wordsworth may sometimes be an oasis in a desert; but, speaking of poetry in general, such instances are exceptional; as a rule the immortal phrase is the crest of a sure and indomitable wave of transcendent emotion. Mr. Hutton's excerpts are from poems which are abiding glories in the firmament of our national literature, and in them Wordsworth is peculiarly Wordsworth—they are wholly characteristic of the man, and they stand as convincing evidence of his greatness.

As to whether we should weigh the merits of a poet by the quality of the general bulk of his work, or by isolated instances of undeniable sublimity, is a question not at present on the tapis.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

January 21.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This, as affecting Shelley, is a most interesting, not to say incendiary, question. Perhaps one may, for clearness, state it in the form of a proposition as follows:

All great poets are great phrasemakers:

Shelley was not a great phrasemaker:

Therefore Shelley was not a great poet.

Now this is, in effect, a restatement of Matthew Arnold's assertion that Shelley was lacking in "natural magic." "I will not deny," said Arnold, "that Shelley had natural magic in his rhythm: what I deny is that he had it in his language." Just previously Arnold had defined what he meant by "natural magic." "When they speak of the world" (he is writing of Keats and—I think any Frenchman would join with us in smiling at the conjunction—Maurice de Guérin) "they speak like Adam naming by divine inspiration the creatures: their expression corresponds with the thing's essential reality." This inspiration, then, this temperature of mind in which the thought is not so much expressed by the words as fused, so to speak, like some precious metal, by the electric emotion, itself into a molten coinage of splendid words—this Arnold denied to Shelley, and such, I take it, is the position of the writer of the review on Blake in the ACADEMY of December 23.

When to this faculty—the signet of the great poet—is united a "moral profundity" (to use Arnold's phrase), the philosophic mind, we have the very great poet; we have Shakespeare, Dante, Sophocles. Keats, as an instance to the contrary, though by reason of his superb natural magic a great poet, was not one of the supremely great. He

had no "moral profundity." But Wordsworth, it is claimed, fulfilled both these conditions, and must therefore be ranked with the great philosophic poets, with Shakespeare, Dante, and their peers. Well, with the restriction that it is but a slender figure, an extremely attenuated bard, that mounts to these lofty seats (for the bulk of his work, if not positively ugly, is, æsthetically considered, extremely "plain"), I do not think that his right can be seriously disputed. For it is precisely this "moral profundity" that gives greatness to his verse at its best, that spreads an inexplicable sense of space, of magnitude, over such a passage as that quoted by your reviewer—a feeling that derives not from the noble words alone, not from the thought alone, but "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused."

But, to return to Shelley, did he possess that gift of "natural magic in his language" which is the essential of the great poet? He did not—as I think. Then was Shelley not a great poet? Such a statement seems to be so absurd that I would prefer at once to destroy, or rather to extend, a definition that would lead to such a preposterous conclusion. Any such rigid definition of the phrase "great poet" as would exclude the greatest lyrists in any language would merely serve to confute itself. For Shelley, as Arnold admitted, had "natural magic in his rhythm," natural magic in his melody. Macaulay, long ago, pointed out that Shelley was a type of the true "bard," the inspired singer. Is there anything so thrilling, so aerial in its music, so lambent, so translucent in texture as Shelley's verse? "It is beautiful," to quote Mr. Edmund Gosse, "beyond the range of praise."

I contend, then (to cut short a letter of inordinate length), that such a supremacy as this in any one of the parts that go to the formation of a poet amounts to greatness. Shelley is the greatest of lyric poets. Therefore Shelley is a great poet.

F. KNOX LINTON.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Hutton's contribution in this week's ACADEMY to this discussion seems very little to affect the point at issue. He appears to forget the basis on which all controversy rests—personal predilection; and thus his opinion that your previous quotations from Shelley seem only to strengthen the position he defends is worthless.

The familiar and beautiful lines he quotes may seem to him of far greater beauty than those of Shelley, but on many ears their haunting melody is lost, and the supreme excellence he claims for them may seem to exist only as an idea of a fanatical devotee. His quotation of a saying of Coleridge, too, demands some investigation, and, unless he can show it to have been said after reading Shelley's verses, it is not likely to influence many who have followed this correspondence with attention. It is impossible in a matter like this to dogmatise. Each mind is the sole arbiter on points of taste, and its decisions are not affected either by pleading or argument.

FRANK TOVARGUE.

January 23.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am willing and anxious to break a lance or two in this tournament, as a Wordsworth champion.

The attempt to settle precisely the respective positions occupied in the Poetic Pantheon by two eminent poets is an exceedingly hazardous one: so much has to be taken into account, so many allowances have to be made. Moreover, there is a childish irrelevancy in this foot-rule system of measurement which may well give us pause; while to draw up a class-list arranging the great creative artists in order of merit—so many marks to each!—argues in the self-appointed examiner more hardihood than discretion or reverence.

Still, when all is said, it should surely be possible to approximate towards a sound estimate, to arrive at a general tentative judgment, of the relative excellences of two such poets as Wordsworth and Shelley.

In the first place, I am confident enough that this cannot be accomplished by the means favoured, apparently, by some of your correspondents—viz., by picking out "purple passages" from each, totting them up, and deciding the question so, proclaiming the victory of the top scorer!

We must take a far wider view of the matter. Premising and assuming that poetry is something indefinitely more than mere word-beauty, expressed in and through rhythm, rhyme, assonance, and sundry other devices—these being but "the trappings and the suits" of the art; believing, rather, that no definition can be other than monstrously inadequate which fails to recognise, as of its very essence, a certain spiritual insight into and interpretative and imaginative fervour in dealing with, man and nature, using formal beauty as a medium, I proceed to consider the claims of Shelley and Wordsworth. Much as I admire the former, the conviction forces itself upon me that Wordsworth is not only the nobler poet but a poet of a higher order also; and the chief grounds upon which I base this profound conviction may be set down briefly as follows:

(1) Inasmuch as poetry is, in its larger and more serious aspect as a powerful auxiliary of human progress, concerned closely with "the criticism of life," actual life, that poet will be, in this respect, the greater whose work deals the more thoroughly, the more intimately, the more consistently and the more vitally with it.

Can one doubt whose message is the prevailing one here? Wordsworth's "criticism of life" is wide, deep, healthful and always in touch with facts and the realities of existence; Shelley's outlook, on the contrary and by contrast, seems shallow, restricted, morbid. He

rarely got a grip of things as they are; his vision of humanity being distorted by a philosophy as false as it was weak.

Shelley was a romantic of the romantics, and his poetry reflects more persistently than that of any other man of the school except Keats, their leading characteristics: aloofness from and want of sympathy with actualities involved in the determined search for ways of escape from real life into unrealisable ideal conditions. But Wordsworth, planting his feet firmly upon the earth, chooses the loftier task of extracting from "the common things that round us lie" the sacred truths they have to impart, thus throwing a light of glory and dignity upon everyday affairs, reconciling us to irksome circumstances, and helping us to refine and sanctify "the passions that build up our human soul" so that we may come to "recognise a grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

(2) Ruskin's definition of poetry as "the suggestion by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions" may further assist our inquiry.

If he is right—as I believe he is—Wordsworth's superiority is evident. Practically his whole business from "Descriptive Sketches" to "Thanksgiving Ode" was the doing what Ruskin said. To accomplish it, he felt himself "a dedicated spirit"; upon it, he concentrated all the forces of mind and heart. His types of humanity were selected, his incidents were related, for this one purpose. His meditations were directed towards it, and his sublime Nature philosophy was subservient to the same end. Surely no one can say this of Shelley.

(3) If the remarks above are just, they partly explain the effect upon men of the writings of the two. Wordsworth's poetry is almost always strengthening, uplifting, joy-bringing and consoling in an extraordinary degree; while Shelley's, by reason of his pessimism and the constant ferment within him of riotous ideas and lawless emotional forces, communicates to us much of his own ill-regulated nature and infects us constantly with depressing feelings, gloomy forebodings and distressing melancholies. Remembering Emerson's maxim, that the quality of poetry may be judged by the frame of mind which it induces in us, can there be doubt, then, on this count, whose place is the higher?

(4) Again, the intellectual and moral range of Wordsworth is far more extensive than that of Shelley, his outlook upon the world and its activities in every way saner and more mature; he is in more immediate and constant touch with nobler ideas, and treats the vast primitive passions with an elemental grandeur, solemnity and sense of responsibility out of Shelley's reach, and it would seem, beyond his capacity. Compare for example "Michael" and "The Brothers" with "Julian and Maddalo," the Political Sonnets with "The Masque of Anarchy," "The Prelude" with "Alastor."

(5) In every sense, too, Wordsworth is a more original poet than Shelley. The finest Nature poetry of the latter is little better than an echo of that of the former, whose efforts here partake of the nature of a *Revelation*!

(6) As to technical equipment, Shelley's lyrics are certainly supreme of their sort; but one is not sure whether after all Wordsworth's do not more than make up in subtlety of harmony for what they lack in melody. Besides, Shelley is lyrical and little more; his blank verse is much inferior to that of the other; and in sonnet-writing, in which Wordsworth ranks with Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley scarcely ever rises above the schoolboy-exercise level.

(7) Neither does Shelley ever attain to anything like the spontaneity, inevitableness, effortlessness of Wordsworth. Evidences of labour show through the former's poetry to a most unfortunate extent.

(8) Best test of all: breadth of appeal to persons of all tastes, ages, stages of education, positions in life, occupations, interests, opinions, temperaments and conditions. It is here that Wordsworth's pre-eminence is most clearly seen. Shelley's appeal is to a select coterie; Wordsworth's to mankind. The immensely more extensive literature that has already grown up around the Cumberland poet's work indicates something. But we know, from their own testimony, that people so widely separated mentally and spiritually as, e.g., J. S. Mill, George Eliot, Jowett, G. F. Watts, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, and hundreds more have written of Wordsworth in terms little short of idolatry, so great reverence and love had they for him.

He is more frequently quoted, too, than any other poet except Shakespeare and Milton; and, showing how his thought is permeating and influencing the best thinking of the day, it is rarely that one takes up any book of note, or leading review, or literary journal without meeting references to him, and often long quotations.

For these and dozens of other reasons, I must place Shelley considerably below Wordsworth, who shall have one, at any rate, of my three votes for poets to represent England in any World Congress.

G. E. BIDDLE.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Newnes's Art Library. *Fra Angelico*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xxx, 64. (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.)

[A life of Fra Angelico by Mr. Edgcumbe Staley, and a list of the painter's chief works, divided into localities, a photogravure frontispiece (The Descent from the Cross), and 64 fine reproductions. We are glad to see nine out of the twelve matchless frescoes in the Chapel of St. Lawrence (Niccolo V.) in the Vatican.]

*Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*. xxviii Band, 5 u. 6 Hefte. 10½ x 7. Pp. vi, 157. (Berlin, Reimer.)

*The Junior Art-Workers' Guild*—What it is—and where it stands. An appeal to craftsmen. 9 x 6. Pp. 7. (See p. 94.)

Sawyer, Amy (pictured by) *The Seasons*. 10 x 10. Pp. 13. (Sands, 3s. 6d.) [The Months, rather than the Seasons. Twelve reproductions in colour of drawings, each month being named after a flower, except December, which is Snow. An appropriate quotation opposite each. Miss Sawyer has not Mr. Walter Crane's skill in making flowers out of human beings, but her designs are bold and strong, and one or two, January and November for instance, are very good.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Whitley, Charles. *William Pitt*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 347. (Blackwood, 6s. net.) (See p. 85.)

[Illustrated with portraits, caricatures and a facsimile.]

St. John, Christopher. *Henry Irving*. 11½ x 9. Pp. 27. (The Green Sheaf.)

["Christopher St. John," who is known as a playwright, makes a slashing attack on those who dared to say that Sir Henry Irving was not perfection as man, actor and artist.]

*Early Lives of Charlemagne*. By Eginhard and the Monk of St. Gall. Edited by Professor A. J. Grant. 6½ x 5. Pp. xxxii, 179. (Moring: The King's Classics, 1s. 6d. net.)

[Professor Grant has translated these lives from Jaffé. He adds an introduction and some notes, and there is a good index.]

### EDUCATION.

Jack's Mathematical Series. Iliffe, J. W. *The Three Term Arithmetic*. Book VII. 7 x 5. Pp. 88. (Jack, 5d.)

Blackie's *New Concentric Arithmetics*. Book III. By D. M. Cowan. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 80. (Blackie, 4d.)

Workman, W. P. and Clacknell, A. G. *Geometry, Theoretical and Practical*. Part I. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 355. University Tutorial Series. (University Tutorial Press, 3s. 6d.)

[Part II. was reviewed in the ACADEMY (Education Supplement) last week.]

Blackie's Little French Classics. *Chanson de Roland*, racontée pour les enfants par Stéphane Barlet and Léon Duchemin. Pp. vi, 40. (4d.) Gérard de Nerval: *La Main Enchantée*. Pp. 55. (6d.) Each 6½ x 4½. (Blackie.)

Smith, A. H. *A First Year's French Book on the Oral Method*. 7½ x 5. Pp. x, 139. (Blackie, 1s. 6d.)

Cicero: *Pro Lige Manilia*; with introduction, notes, etc. By W. J. Woodhouse. Illustrated. 7½ x 5. Pp. xl, 128. (Blackie, 2s.)

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Carman, M. C., B.A. *The Function of Words*: a guide to analysis and passing. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 156. (Swan Sonnenschein, 2s.)

[Mr. Carman is English Master in the Khedivieh School, Cairo, and his book is intended for those who have already mastered the simplest rudiments of the language.]

Simpson, Percy. *Scenes from Old Play-books*, arranged as an introduction to Shakespeare. 8 x 5½. Pp. viii, 248. (Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.)

[A very good book. Mr. Simpson has stage-managed performances of Shakespeare at Denstone College, and knows his subject on the practical as well as the theoretical side. His little introductions on "A Shakespearean Play" and "Shakespeare's Theatre" are scholarly and full of life, and his selections well chosen and helped out by stage-directions. The slight liberties he takes with the text are pardonable, considering the object of his book. Glossary and Index, and de Witt's drawing of the Globe Theatre for a frontispiece.]

Jack's Concise Histories. Cartwright, Thos. *Our Island's Story Step by Step*: *The Making of Britain*. Pp. 304. *The Making of Europe*. Pp. 271. Each 7½ x 5½. (Jack, 1s. 8d. each.)

Harmsworth Self-Educator. Part 7. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 144. (Carmelite House, 7d.)

### FICTION.

Mann, Mary E. *Rose at Honeypot*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 308. (Methuen, 6s.) (See p. 92.)

Stanton, Coralie, and Hosken, Heath. *The Forbidden Man*. 7½ x 5. (White, 6s.)

Pugh, Edwin. *The Spoilers*. 7½ x 4½. (Newnes, 6s.) (See p. 92.)

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### HISTORY.

Hesseling, D. C. *Het Negerhollands der Deense Antillen*. Bijdrage tot de Geschiedenis der Nederlandse Taal in Amerika. 9 x 6. Pp. x, 290. (Leiden: Sijthoff, m. 4.25.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Brotherston, R. P. *The Book of Cut Flowers*. 7½ x 5. Pp. xvi, 300. (Foulis, 3s. 6d. net.)

["A complete guide to the preparing, arranging, and preserving of flowers for decorative purposes." One of the appendices deals with the Japanese methods.]

*The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1906*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. viii, 78. (Black, 1s. net.)

*The Oxford Year-Book and Directory*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 764. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.)

[This book forms a "second edition of Part I. of the 'Oxford and Cambridge Yearbook,' brought up to date. It contains a list of living graduates of Oxford University, with brief details of their careers.]

*The Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory, 1906*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 402. (Black, 2s. 6d. net.)

[The twenty-sixth annual issue of this invaluable work, edited by Miss Emily James.]

- Wilmshurst, W. L. *Christianity and Science*. The latest phase. 7×4½. Pp. 92. (Rider, 6d. net.)
- Lewis, Caroline. *Lost in Blunderland*. The further adventures of Clara, with fifty illustrations by S. R. 7½×4½. Pp. xvi, 148. (Heinemann, 2s. 6d.)
- [Mr. Heinemann does well to call attention at the present moment to this most amusing book, published in 1903.]
- Sinclair, William Macdonald, D.D. *The Two Cries*. I. The Cry of the Unemployed. II. The Cry of the Jews in Russia. 7½×4. Pp. 24. (Melrose, 3d.)
- [Sermons preached in St. Paul's Cathedral by the Archdeacon of London.]
- The Hearst Medical Papyrus*. Hieratic Text in 17 facsimile plates in colotype. With Introduction and Vocabulary by George A. Reisner. 13½×10½. Pp. 48, etc. University of California Publications. Egyptian Archaeology, vol. i. (Leipzig: Hinrichs, m. 25.)
- [A duplicate of the Ebers papyrus, brought to Dr. Reisner at Dér-el-Ballas in 1901.]

## ORIENTAL.

- Tuhfa Dawi-l-Arab*. Ueber Namen und Nisben bei Bohari, Muslim, Malik, von Ibn Hatib Al-Dohsa. Herausgegeben von Dr. Traugott Mann. 9½×6½. Pp. 33, 201. (Leiden: Brill m. 7.50 net.)
- Wilmshurst, W. L. *The Chief Scripture of India* (The Bhagavad Gita) and its relation to present events. 7½×4½. Pp. 84. (Wellby, 1s. net.)
- [An introduction to the study of the Bhagavad Gita, calling attention to its relation to the Western religious thought of the present day. A thoughtful and well-written paper by a widely-read man, who hopes that "some day, in the inevitable course of the world's evolution, all races of men will form 'one fold under one shepherd.'"]

## POETRY.

- Eaton, Arthur Wentworth. *Poems of the Christian Year*. Pp. 97. *Acadian Ballads and de Solo's Last Dream*. Pp. xii, 107. Each 7½×5½. (New York: Thomas Whittaker, \$1 net each.)
- Noguchi, Yone. *The Summer Cloud*: Prose Poems. 7½×5½. Pp. 122. (Tokyo: The Shunyodo, 3s.)
- [A very dainty little book, well-printed on rice-paper with a coloured title-page and marginal drawings of flowers. Mr. Noguchi's prose poems are full of beauty.]
- Salmon, Arthur L. *A Book of Verses*. 7½×5½. Pp. 75. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Mr. Salmon's prose-work is already well known to readers of the ACADEMY, and his verses, to which we shall return in a future issue, are equally worth their attention.]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes*. Fifth edition (1835), with an introduction, appendices, and notes, textual and illustrative, by Ernest de Séincourt. 7×4½. Pp. xxviii, 204. (Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Uniform with Mr. Nowell C. Smith's "Wordsworth's Literary Criticism" reviewed in the ACADEMY, January 13, 1906. There is a Map of the Lake District and a few illustrations chosen from books published before the "Guide to the Lakes." Appendices: Wordsworth's letter to Beaumont on Building and Gardening and Laying out of Grounds, and his two letters to the *Morning Post* on the Kendal and Windermere Railway.]
- Nelson's Sixpenny Classics. Fenimore Cooper: *The Last of the Mohicans*. Pp. 424; Dickens: *Oliver Twist*. Pp. 434; *Kenilworth*. Pp. 577. Each 6½×4½. (Nelson.)
- Young, Filson. *Mastersingers*. 7½×5½. Pp. x, 216. (E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.)
- [Mr. Young's book of essays on musical subjects was originally published in 1901. The new edition leaves the old essays practically as they were, and contains three new ones, on "The Music of the Cafés," "The Spirit of the Piano," and "The Old Cathedral Organists."]
- The Hungry Forties*: Life under the Bread-tax. With an Introduction by Mrs. Cobden Unwin. 8½×5½. Pp. 117. Second People's Edition. (Unwin, 6d.)
- Morley, John. *The Life of Richard Cobden*. In five parts. Part I. 9×6. Pp. 208. (Unwin, 6d. net.)
- Blake, William. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. 5×3½. Pp. 39. (E. Grant Richards: The Venetian Series, No. ii., 6d. net.)
- Lyrists of the Restoration*, from Sir Edward Sherburne to William Congreve. Selected and edited by John and Constance Masefield. 5½×3½. Pp. xxiv, 282. (E. Grant Richards: The Chapbooks, No. i, 3s. 6d. net.)
- Ruskin Treasures. *Wealth*. 4½×2½. Pp. 50. (Allen, cloth, 6d. net; leather, 1s. net.)
- [The first of a series of little books on Life, Art, Trade, Work, etc., made up of sentences and paragraphs from Ruskin.]
- Campbell, Lord Archibald. *Reveries*. New edition. 7½×5½. Pp. 63. (C. J. Clark, 3s. 6d.)
- Les cent meilleurs poèmes (lyriques) de la langue française*. Choisis par Auguste Dorchain. 5½×3½. Pp. 16, 159. (Gowans and Gray, 6d. net.)
- [From Charles d'Orléans's "Le Temps a laissé son manteau" to Gabriel Vicaire's "Jeunesse." An admirable little selection, at once choice and catholic. One might almost say that it is good that M. de Heredia is dead, that no anthology "des morts" should appear without some of his sonnets. But we could wish "Isotta" and "Cartagena des Indes" had been included.]
- Penny, F. E. *Caste and Creed*. 7½×5½. Pp. 380. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
- [A new edition of a successful novel by the author of "Dilys."]

## SCIENCE.

- Haeckel, Ernst. *Last Words on Evolution*: a popular retrospect and summary. Translated from the second edition by Joseph McCabe. With Portrait and three plates. 9½×6½. Pp. 127. (Owen, 28 Regent Street, 6s. net.)
- [Translations of the three lectures delivered by Professor Haeckel at Berlin in April 1905. "The Controversy about Creation," "The Struggle over our Genealogical Tree," and "The Controversy over the Soul." With Evolutionary Tables and a Postscript on "Evolution and Jesuitism."]

## SPORT.

- Waller, P. *How to Play Association Football*. With diagrams. 7½×5. Pp. 79. (Blackie, 1s. net.)
- Spalding's Athletic Library. *Jiu Jitsu*, the effective Japanese mode of self-defence. 6½×5. Pp. 79. (British Sports Publishing Co. Ltd., 6d.)
- [Illustrated by 35 snapshots of K. Koyama and A. Minami, "well-known native experts."]

## THEOLOGY.

- Lépiciér, Rev. Fr. A. M., O.S.M. *The Unseen World*. 7½×5. Pp. 284. (Kegan Paul, 6s.)
- [*"An Exposition of Catholic Theology in its relation to Modern Spiritism," by the Procurator-General of the Servites and Professor of Divinity in the Propaganda.*]
- Abbott, Edwin A. *Johannine Grammar*. 9½×5½. Pp. xxviii, 687. (Black, 16s. 6d. net.)
- [The sixth part of Dr. Abbott's "Diatessarica," the fifth being his "Johannine Vocabulary." That volume (the first of a work of which this is the second) dealt with characteristic Johannine words and synonyms, i.e., with obscurities caused by the meaning of words; this deals with obscurities caused by inflections of all parts of speech, and by combinations of words. The plan of Mr. Abbott's great work is as follows: Book i.: Forms and Combinations of Words (Adjectives, Adverbs, Anacoluthon, Apposition, Article, Asyndeton, Cases, Conjunctions, Ellipsis, Interrogative Sentences, Mood, Negative Particles, Number, Participle, Prepositions, Pronouns, Subject, Tense, Voice). Book ii. Arrangement, variation, and repetition of words, and connexion of sentences. Appendices: Twofold meanings and events; and Readings of B not in Westcott and Hort. Indices to "Johannine Vocabulary" and to "Johannine Grammar."]

## TRAVEL.

- Maxsted, Hugh Rochfort. *Three Thousand Miles in a Motor-Car*. 7½×5. Pp. 144. (Treherne, 2s. 6d. net.)
- [Through France, Italy, and Switzerland. By the author of "Three Men in a Motor-Car," etc. With a map, plan of towns, etc. Illustrated from photographs. The car was a 20 h.p. Léon Bollée.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

WE notice here a few educational books which, for one reason or another, were omitted from last week's Supplement:

*Elementary Graphic Statics*. By W. H. Blythe, M.A. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge; Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1s. 6d.)—The size of this book, about 11 by 8½, sufficiently indicates its object, viz., to simplify the subject by large and clear diagrams. This minimises work at the blackboard, while the figures are always available for reference. We can heartily recommend this work to all teachers.

*Elementary Physics, Practical and Theoretical*. J. N. Brown. (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.)—This is the third volume of the *Elementary Physics* edited by Mr. Kerr, of Allan Glen's School, Glasgow. The speciality of the book is a series of experiments, neither difficult nor expensive, illustrating the law of dynamics, hydrostatics and heat, to which are added practical hints which may avert many a disheartening failure.

*Examples in Physics*. C. E. Jackson, B.A. (Methuen and Co., 2s. 6d.)—Mr. Jackson is Senior Physics Master in Bradford Grammar School. About one-third of his book consists of elementary examples with answers, adapted to a three years' school course. The remainder is made up of Problem Papers which the author claims to be fully up to University Scholarship standard. From a cursory perusal we are disposed to believe that this is the case, and such a collection of original and interesting exercises has, we know, long been a desideratum.

*Elementary Chemistry. Progressive Lessons in Experiment and Theory*. Part i. (Clarendon Press.)—This book is distinctly a new departure, aiming not so much to teach the facts of Chemistry as to lead pupils to think scientifically by means of them. With this object experiments are described in full detail, so that teachers may be relieved from incessant applications of manipulation, and so be able properly to direct the attention of their class to the interpretation of results.

*Elements of Quantitative Analysis*. By G. H. Bailey, D.Sc., Ph.D. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.)—"It is to be feared," says the preface to this volume, which is dated from Victoria University of Manchester, "that the study of Quantitative Analysis is too often restricted to the performance of a series of experiments, the precise significance of which is of little concern to the student." This is the same complaint made by the two authors of the "Elementary Chemistry," and therefore seems to indicate a general defect in the method of teaching this science. Mr. Bailey divides his book into four parts, the first of which is introductory, while the last, giving practical instructions for various technical analyses, will probably be stimulating even to those who never get so far. It is just the manual for a keen and ambitious student.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

A GLANCE through the membership roll of the new House of Commons, now practically complete, shows that some further names are to be added to the list of those who combine the pursuits of literature and politics. Mr. J. H. Yoxall, the Liberal member for Nottingham (West), is the author of at least one deservedly popular novel, "Alain Tanger's Wife." Mr. S. H. Butcher, one of the two Unionist representatives of Cambridge University, has written several books on classical topics, of which "Some Aspects of the Greek genius" is perhaps the most generally known, while the combined names of "Butcher and Lang" stand for a delightful translation of Homer's "Odyssey." Mr. L. G. Chiozza-Money, Liberal representative of North Paddington, published quite recently an economic treatise called "Riches and Poverty." Lieutenant Carlyon Bellairs, who sits as a Liberal for King's Lynn, has written a good deal upon naval matters; Mr. Julius Bertram (North Herts) has written on economics; and another new recruit, also a Liberal, is Mr. R. C. Lehmann (Leicestershire, Harborough division) a writer of light verse and fiction, who has already some half-dozen volumes to his name, and is well known in journalism as a member of the staff of *Punch* and for a brief period Editor of the *Daily News*.

The obituary of this week chronicles the death of a well-known author in the person of Charles John Cornish. He belonged to the tribe of open-air essayists, of whom Isaak Walton, Gilbert White, Richard Jefferies and Thoreau are the most brilliant examples. It is high praise to say of Mr. Cornish that he was not unworthy of the band to which he belonged. We do not for a moment contend that he was as good a writer as any of them, but his interests were wider and broader. The son of a clergyman of the English Church, he had abundant opportunities during boyhood of assimilating that fundamental knowledge of Nature and her ways which either comes unconsciously during childhood or not at all. As the late Sir Walter Besant pointed out on a well-known occasion, no man who has not learned to love tree and flower, bird and beast in the plastic days of youth will ever be their familiar in later life, however much he may wish to be.

With Mr. Cornish, literature was what Sir Walter Scott said it should always be, not the main purpose of life but a staff to help one along. His hardest work was probably done in St. Paul's School, to which he was appointed classical master in 1884. Many ex-pupils have testified to the kindly influence exerted by Mr. Cornish over them in their school days. But his vacations were spent in the pursuits dear to the country gentleman. He was particularly fond

of shooting and fishing, but his interests extended far beyond the bounds of sport. It might be said that anything which had life excited in him a boundless curiosity, and the papers on Natural History which he contributed to the pages of the *Spectator* were looked forward to with pleasant expectation by the readers of that journal. He was also for many years one of the most important writers in *Country Life*, and until his death acted as its shooting editor. There he was not confined to Natural History, but wrote, always pleasantly and with information, on old houses, old churches, old bells and kindred subjects, for along with the growth of his taste for Nature there had been developed a lively interest in the things of the past.

Still, after all is said and done, the chief distinction of Mr. Cornish lies in his open-air essays. Without the passion and poetry of Richard Jefferies, he possessed an animated and breezy style and powers of description that have seldom been surpassed. One compares him almost inevitably with Richard Jefferies because the two writers were most successful in dealing with what is practically the same part of the country. We all know that intense love of the Wiltshire Downs evinced by the boy from Coate Farm, and in search of Weyland Smith Jefferies had extended his wanderings to the vale of the White Horse and the Berkshire Downs where Mr. Cornish found material for some of his best books. Perhaps it may be convenient for our readers if we give a list of his publications. They began with his book on the New Forest in 1894, followed by the Isle of Wight in 1895, Life at the Zoo in the same year, Wild England of To-day, 1896 (this we should be disposed to regard as his best book), Animals at Work and Play, 1896, Nights with an Old Gunner, a record of holidays spent in Norfolk, 1897, Animals of To-day, 1899, the Naturalist on the Thames, 1902, and the life of Sir William Henry Flower, 1904.

While the desire of George Jacob Holyoake that his ashes should be laid close to the graves of George Henry Lewes and of George Eliot evinces friendship and esteem of the highest character, it also greatly adds to the interest of a portion of Highgate Cemetery. Inscribed on George Eliot's memorial obelisk are her well-known lines:

Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence;

and the proximity of the Herbert Spencer memorial-stone, with its simple record: "Herein lie the ashes of Herbert Spencer," and the association in death of the name of the old Agitator with his friends and co-workers impart to the couplet a fresh significance.

It was on the suggestion of the late William White, when he was contributing his Parliamentary sketches to the *Illustrated Times* forty odd years ago, that G. J. Holyoake undertook, when he found himself less able for public work than he had been, to write "Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life," and his recent volume, "Bygones Worth Remembering." With William White and his son, "Mark Rutherford," Holyoake was on terms of intimacy, though of late years he had not often met the latter. Mr. Hale White's "Recollections of George Eliot" in the *Bookman* for August 1892 gratified him exceedingly; but he did not seem to be aware—or would not own his knowledge—that in "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," under the designation "Theresa," there is a vivid description of George Eliot.

On a flat marble stone alongside the last resting-place of George Eliot the following is engraved:

Elma Stuart  
(née Fraser),  
of Ladhope, Roxburghshire,  
whom for 8½ blessed years George Eliot  
called by the sweet name of daughter.

She was pioneer in England of the Salisbury system of prevention and cure of disease, and author of "What must I do to get well, and how can I keep so."

What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,  
And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green,

Thou yet hast left thine own enduring token,

For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.

Few leave behind them such a beautiful memory to be cherished in the hearts of their friends.

In a scholarly and very well-written article on Lucretius in the *Edinburgh Review*, perhaps the finest passage is this description of the poet's philosophy: "The poet speaks in the tone of one weary of worldly pleasures, who has reached, by what strange or ill-starred ways we know not, that sad Garden of Proserpine where men sit and rejoice that

Even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

It is curious, however, that no reference is made to "The Lotos-Eaters," a poem in which Tennyson set himself to render Lucretius as he set himself to render Malory in the *Idylls*. The spirit of Lucretius is reproduced—and how beautifully reproduced!—in the well-known passage:

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined

On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning though the words are strong;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd, down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar:

O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more!

In the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* there is also a suggestive article on the Visionary Art of William Blake. For the purpose of showing that everything in the eyes of William Blake had a conscious spiritual existence, the reviewer quotes the following little poem:

Each grain of sand,  
Every stone on the land,  
Each rock and each hill,  
Each fountain and rill,  
Each herb and each tree,  
Mountain, hill, earth and sea,  
Cloud, meteor and star  
Are men seen afar.

He goes on to say that the creed is the same as that of Gérard de Nerval's beautiful sonnet, of which the following are four lines:

Respecte dans la bête un esprit agissant :  
Chaque fleur est une âme à la Nature éclosée ;  
Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose ;  
"Tout est sensible !" Et tout sur ton être est puissant.

One wonders that a well-known verse of Mr. Gilbert's was not made to follow. He might have had this sonnet in his mind when he wrote it. It can scarcely be necessary to recall to our readers the passage we mean:

His most æsthetic, very magnetic fancy took this turn—  
If I can wheedle a knife or needle,  
Why not a Silver Churn?

A writer in the *Daily News* says that Mr. Labouchere has left St. Stephens for Florence, the "rose-red city half as old as Time," but Petra is the place so described in Dean Burgon's poem:

Not virgin-white like that old doric shrine  
Where erst Athena held her rites divine,  
Not saintly grew like many a minster fane  
That crowns the hill and consecrates the plain,  
But rosy-red as if the blush of dawn  
That first beheld them were not yet withdrawn ;  
Match me such marvel save in eastern clime—  
A rose-red city, half as old as Time.

Our readers will remember an article on Prize Poets in the *ACADEMY* for May 6 last, in which these lines were quoted from Burgon's *Newdigate*.

The two vacancies in the Académie Française caused by the deaths of the duc d'Audiffred-Pasquier and M. de Heredia, who held seats numbered thirteen and thirty-nine respectively, have been filled by the election of M. Alexandre Ribot and M. Maurice Barrès. Although but little known as a writer, M. Ribot is one of France's most popular orators. He has been before the public since 1878, and has been in the Cabinet several times. He is an ardent Republican, and has written a good deal on social subjects in England. His biography of Lord Erskine, which appeared in 1866, is a most interesting work. M. Barrès, on the other hand, is a great writer. Still young in years and appearance, he is nevertheless a leader of the new school of fiction-writers. And that he is recognised as such is shown by the vote given for him by M. Edmond Rostand. If ever two men were opposed in political ideas it is MM. Rostand and Barrès. And yet the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, despite illness, came from Campo specially to vote.

M. Maurice Barrès is probably the more widely interesting of the two new members of the French Academy. We have told before the story of the ingenuity with which he advertised the magazine, *Les Taches d'encre*, which he edited in his youth. The assassination of Morin by Mme. Clovis Hugues was, at the moment, the talk of the town. "Morin ne lira plus 'Les taches d'encre'" was the inscription on the boards of the sandwichmen whom M. Barrès sent round the streets. It amused the populace, but it did not sell his paper. He was very disappointed, and confessed to a friend with whom he was conversing in front of Tortoni's that he would shrink from no folly from which he could derive publicity. "I even feel capable," he said, "of getting out of my carriage in a state of nudity at the foot of this flight of steps." From that enterprise, however, he was dissuaded; and he ultimately obtained his publicity by other means.

*Les Taches d'encre*, being the production of a boy of two-and-twenty, bore the stamp of youth and amateurishness. We find the indication in the announcement that "this paper, being literary, will seldom have anything to say about the theatre." We also find it in a later and more delightful announcement that "the staff being down with influenza, the paper will come out late as usual." Some brilliant things, however, were printed in its pages—some of the editor's own short stories, among them—and M. Jules Claretie predicted a distinguished future for him. "Make a note of the name of Maurice Barrès," he wrote to a friend, "I prophesy that it will become famous."

M. Barrès's career, however, has not been solely literary. He has been mixed up in a good many political movements, including Boulangism, Nationalism, and Anti-Semitism, and has had some stormy adventures. Once, while conducting an Anti-Semitism campaign in Lorraine, he was set upon by a mob, thrown out of his carriage,



which was smashed to atoms, and dragged about a muddy road by the heels. There was a day when he wrote a letter for publication, renouncing political strife for ever; but three weeks afterwards he was rushing in an express train from Italy to Paris to offer himself as a candidate for one of the arrondissements. He has travelled much, but his heart is always at home. It has been written of him that "in Greece he saw only the Gothic ruins of the crusades, and at Athens it was of Lorraine that he was thinking."

Mr. Henry Jackson, the new Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, is said to be the only man who ever beat Sir Richard Jebb in an examination. This was in a competition for one of the University prizes. In the Classical Tripos he was third in the year in which Jebb was Senior. Like Jowett, he is perhaps greater as a Platonist than as a Hellenist; but no one is likely to say of him—what scoffers said of Jowett—that he will now have a motive for learning Greek, and that his appointment is thus an instance of "the endowment of research."

We have sometimes told stories illustrating the methods in which authors advertise themselves and their books. As an example of the early methods of publishers, an advertisement which the *Observer* reprints from its issue of a hundred years ago is worthy of prominence. The names of the works announced do not matter, since they have long since been forgotten; but the list is followed by these delightful, though ungrammatical, remarks: "The above have been read by a respectable literary gentleman, who approves of the moral tendency and abilities of the writers. All of which are written in chapters." When we next receive the insidious paragraph which sometimes relates how such-and-such a new sensational romance has kept the typewriters gasping, or caused them to fight for the privilege of transcribing the next instalment, this is the precedent that we shall recall.

Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, in proposing the "Immortal Memory" at the joint dinner the other day of the Edinburgh Burns and the Ninety Burns Clubs in the Scottish capital, quoted from the *Lounger* of December 9, 1786 (four months after the issue of the Kilmarnock edition), an estimate of the work of the northern bard by Henry Mackenzie, "The Man of Feeling," which has particular interest from the circumstance that it elicited complete approval from William Cowper. "The power of Burns's genius is not less admirable" (wrote the now forgotten Edinburgh *littérateur*) in tracing the manners than in painting the passions or in drawing the scenery of nature. Though I am far from meaning to compare our rustic bard to Shakespeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, the dialogue of 'The Twa Dogs,' his 'Dedication to Gavin Hamilton,' his 'Epistle to a Young Friend,' and to 'W— S—,' will perceive with what uncommon penetration and sagacity this heaven-taught ploughman from his humble and unlettered station has looked upon men and manners."

We mentioned not long ago the reproach against Gravesend of the indifference to the Dickens memories associated with many of its buildings and surroundings, and to its situation in the heart of the Dickens country. That reproach is about to be removed. A branch of the Dickens Fellowship has been founded in the town, and the inaugural meeting is to take place under mayoral auspices. This tardy recognition, however, will not explain away Dickens's indifference to Gravesend.

The London Branch of the Allgemeinen Deutschen Sprachvereins, or General German Language Association, will hold its Seventh Anniversary Meeting this (Saturday)

afternoon, at the Holborn Viaduct Hotel at half-past four. The Association has now some six hundred members in England, at least half of whom are English by birth or naturalisation. The founder and president of the Branch is Dr. Aloys Weiss; and the object of its labours is to promote in England a knowledge and love of the German language and literature, in the sure hope that the increase of such knowledge will tend to the increase of mutual admiration and friendship between the two countries. Lectures, meetings, the dissemination of books, and examinations are the processes it employs in its successful and truly valuable work. The proceedings this afternoon will consist of a reception, the transaction of certain necessary business, the Presidential address at 5.30, a lecture by Professor Walter Rippman on "Grave and Gay in the Sayings of Hans Sachs," a concert and a *réunion*. The Secretaries are Dr. Ludwig Hirsch, Bonna, 25 Gleneldon Road, Streatham, and Mr. Adolf Schönheyde, Wilhelmina Villa, Alwyne Road, Canonbury.

On February 5 will be opened at the Royal Photographic Society's house, 66 Russell Square, an exhibition of remarkable photographs of persons and places by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, an American gentleman of twenty-three, who has already made a big reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. His portraits include a number of modern men of letters; his views of places; scenes in New York, London, Edinburgh, Assisi, Sicily, Rome and Venice. Mr. George Bernard Shaw contributes an introduction to the catalogue. The exhibition remains open till March 31.

The arrangements of the Society of Arts for next week are as follows: Monday, February 5, at 8 P.M.—Cantor Lectures: "Modern Warships," by Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S. (five lectures); Lecture II.—Armour protection—system of disposition—methods of manufacturing armour plates—recent improvements in quality, and consequent changes in designs of warships. Tuesday, February 6, at 4.30 P.M.—Colonial Section: "Imperial Immigration," by Octavius Charles Beale, President of the Federal Council of the Chambers of Manufactures of Australia; the Right Hon. the Earl of Elgin, K.G., G.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Secretary of State for the Colonies, will preside. Wednesday, February 7, at 8 P.M.—Tenth Ordinary Meeting: "Progress in Electric Lighting," by Leon Gaster, A.M.I.E.E.; Sir William Preece, K.C.B., F.R.S., will preside.

On Tuesday, February 9, at 2.30, Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker will produce at the Court Theatre *A Question of Age*, a comedy in three acts, by Robert Vernon Harcourt, and *The Convict on the Hearth*, by Frederick Fenn. The plays will be repeated on the afternoons of February 9, 13, 16, 20 and 23.

At the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, Mrs. E. Burton Brown will deliver an illustrated lecture on "The Development of Sculpture in Greece and Rome" on Monday next at 5 P.M. On Thursday, at 6 P.M., Dr. F. J. Sawyer will deliver an illustrated lecture on "The History of England as taught in its songs."

The Institute of Civil Engineers. Ordinary Meeting, Tuesday, February 6, at 8 P.M.; Paper to be further discussed: "The Railway-Gauges of India," by Frederick Robert Upcott, C.S.I., M. Inst. C.E.; and ballot for new members. Students' meeting, Friday, February 9, at 8 P.M.; Paper to be read: "Electric Driving at the Locomotive-works of the North London Railway," by R. H. Mackie, Stud. Inst. C.E.

## LITERATURE

## THE STATESMAN AS CRITIC

*Wallace, Burns, R. L. Stevenson.* Appreciations by Lord ROSEBERY. (Stirling: Mackay, 2s. 6d. net.)

MANY professional literary men rejoice in the possession of one or two friends who, though they do not pretend to be critics in the true sense of the term, nevertheless possess a sane and sound judgment of books, which renders their conversation as delightful as it is instructive. The fact that their energies are chiefly directed to other than literary pursuits, and that their lives are commercial or professional, though it gives colour to what they say, in nowise invalidates the opinions they express. On the contrary, their more direct contact with life emancipates them from a certain atmosphere of the study in which things are often seen out of proportion. Lord Rosebery may be described as a glorified example of this broad-minded style of figure; his highest interests are not, in the strictest sense, literary, but he possesses a sincere love of books, and his judgment has been purified by a wide experience and by the habit of looking at questions which influence a great mass of men. It is this which enhances the value of the lectures brought together in the book before us; here, no attempt is made to supplant the work of the expert critic, which lies in two directions—learning and taste. The learned critic is most deeply interested in texts and sources; he knows that there is no plant without its seed, and he will show how some of the most exquisite songs of Burns, for instance, were built up and welded together out of fragments picked from many quarters. On the other hand, the æsthetic critic is valuable for the reason that he points the way to what is admirable—delights in perfect expression and is a connoisseur of phrase and sentence. The appreciation of a man like Lord Rosebery supplements these others.

Like Carlyle, he seems, in reviewing the life of Robert Burns, to be struck most with the all-round ability of the poet; he quotes with gusto the saying of the Duchess of Gordon: "No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet," and remarks that she who spoke was the friend of Pitt and the London wits—the queen of Scottish society. Again, he gives us the well-weighed deliverance of Dugald Stewart:

All the faculties of Burns's mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous; and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities.

And of his prose compositions the most severe judge spoke thus:

Their great and various excellencies render some of them scarcely less objects of wonder than his poetical performances. The late Dr. Robertson used to say that, considering his education, the former seemed to him the more extraordinary of the two.

The marvel is that the man who is truly able in one direction is also able in many; it was probably by a sort of accident that Burns became a poet. There are many other careers in which he might possibly have won equal, if not greater distinction, and in descanting on what he actually did, Lord Rosebery's interest is somewhat larger and broader than that of a professional writer. He sees that Burns gave endurance to the dialect of Scotland—that but for his exquisite use of it, it might have faded away altogether, or come to be regarded only as a grotesque English *patois*. Just as we study the early language of our ancestors in order to have a full understanding of Chaucer, so we familiarise ourselves with Scotch in order to know Burns; for, like almost all other poets, he is untranslatable; there is no rendering of his works either in English, French, or German that at all does justice to them. He is, indeed, as difficult to translate as Horace or Heine. In regard to the sins and transgressions of the bard, Lord Rosebery is still bent upon drawing a wide moral for

popular use. The following is one of the most eloquent passages in the address he delivered at Glasgow:

Is it not then, when all seems blank and lightless and lifeless, when strength and courage flag, and when perfection seems as remote as a star, is it not then that imperfection helps us? When we see that the greatest and choicest images of God have had their weaknesses like ours, their temptations, their hours of darkness, their bloody sweat, are we not encouraged by their lapses and catastrophes to find energy for one more effort, one more struggle? Where they failed we feel it a less dishonour to fail; their errors and sorrows make, as it were, an easier ascent from imperfection to infinite perfection.

His oration on Robert Louis Stevenson is in a different tone. Here he praises the "sedulous ape," but, of course, he does not ignore the fact that Stevenson had a certain genius of his own to begin with; if a dullard were to follow his example, the result would most probably be disastrous. But it would be useless to deny that the man who wrote those pathetic lines—the lines printed over his grave at Samoa and under his statue at Edinburgh, lines which one can never read without a new emotion—must be recognised as a voice and no echo:

Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

With the concluding sentiment of Lord Rosebery's address, we have considerable sympathy; he says that there would be few mourners if the Edinburgh statues transformed themselves into Gadarene swine and ran headlong into the sea at Leith. Perhaps an exception might be made in favour of Scott's monument, which forms, and we hope ever will form, a fitting centre for the metropolis of the North; but for the rest, Edinburgh would be none the poorer were its statues swept away.

## IN MEMORIAM

*In Memoriam.* Annotated by the Author. (Macmillan, 5s. net.)

It was a feeling of true piety that moved the present Lord Tennyson to give us his father's own notes on the "In Memoriam"; though it is only too clear from the poet's words, which are quoted in the preface, that the supplying of notes to his own poems was a thoroughly uncongenial task. The truth is that "In Memoriam" is, and must remain, an obscure poem, though full of bright points of light. It is obscure, partly because it appears to have a coherent plan and structure, while as a matter of fact the structure is essentially desultory; and further it is obscure, both because of its compressed allusiveness, and because it is full of echoes, echoes of thoughts and phrases that were familiar to the poet, but which are not necessarily familiar to his readers. The poem is a learned poem; it is not a piece of pure fancy, of spontaneous imagination, but the mature work of a man who had read widely, and pondered, in a poetical way, scientific problems. It is probably fair to say that what has displaced the poem from the lofty position of influence that it once possessed over the most thoughtful minds of the time is that the science with which it is permeated is the early Victorian science;—that is to say, the science which was bent, not so much on the unflinching investigation of things as they are, as on the attempt to discover that the teaching of science was not really at variance with the teaching of revealed religion. In this respect Tennyson, who had an extraordinary faculty for seeing into the heart of a question, arrived, it is clear, at a more unbiassed view of the situation than most of his contemporaries; but he felt his responsibility to religious feeling so strongly, he was, like the Psalmist, so utterly purposed that his mouth should not offend, that he tended to use a phraseology which seemed to imply a greater degree of orthodoxy than he really owned.

There are certain lyrics of "In Memoriam" which will continue to rank among Tennyson's very best poems. But interspersed with these are lyrics which are really neither forcible nor lucid. We will quote a single instance of a section which is radically obscure, and on which no real light is cast by the commentary (No. lxi.).

If, in thy second state sublime,  
Thy ransom'd reason change replies  
With all the circle of the wise,  
The perfect flower of human time ;  
  
And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
How dimly character'd and slight,  
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,  
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !  
  
Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
Where thy first form was made a man ;  
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

All the assistance that Tennyson claims to give to the reader of these intricate lines, is the comment: "In power of love not even the greatest dead can surpass the poet." It is, indeed, plain that this is the meaning of the last two lines; but how many readers could disentangle the complicated texture of the first two stanzas?

Moreover, the orthography of this book is not perfect. What, for instance, could be more unfortunate than that in the fine stanza (cxxvi.) the line

And hear at times a sentinel, etc.,

should have the word "hear" misprinted as "here," which is fatal to the grammar, while the mistake is again repeated in the notes?

The interest, after all, of the commentary is, partly, that we see, so to speak, the dust and chips of the workshop, and partly, too, that we discover the thought which underlies the poems to be really neither abstruse nor recondite at all; it is, to use a metaphor, as though we were shown the very ordinary soap and water, out of which the swimming opalescent bubbles were blown by the breath of the poet.

Nothing gives us a finer idea of the splendid reserve and economy of Tennyson than to see the poems which he discarded, though they contained memorable stanzas, because they were otiose or faulty in structure; and, on the other hand, nothing is more enlightening than to see, as we do, the thoughts that are common to all intelligent minds, which formed the substance of some of the noblest poems, displayed in all their bareness: that is, after all, the work of the great poet—to seize an ordinary thought, which in its bare prose outline is little more than a platitude, and to exalt it by art into a noble and memorable phrase, giving a holy and solemn music to an idea which could otherwise hardly be recognised as profound at all.

But the book is, after all, a book for poets to read; because the ordinary, sensible person might only, in studying it, come to the conclusion that the essence of high poetry, when thus extracted from its mature form, was of a kind that was hardly worth the trouble of the process. To be confronted, after a strenuous intellectual effort with a perfectly familiar and simple thought—a Philistine might think that it was hardly worth the trouble! and none but a poet can discern the exquisite alchemy, which transmutes the commonplace material into something which has power to move, and comfort, and sustain the irresolute and failing soul.

## GEOGRAPHY AND IMAGINATION

*The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century.* By WALTER RALEIGH. (Glasgow: MacLehose, 4s. 6d. net.)

PROFESSOR WALTER RALEIGH has here given us an extremely interesting book, of which one chapter is devoted to the English Voyagers of the sixteenth century, one to

Richard Hakluyt, and the third, which concerns us most, with the influence of the voyages on poetry and imagination. It is, in a way, an attempt to explain how in the spacious days England became a nest of singing birds. Man's imagination, we are told, is limited by the horizon of his experience. We are all strictly bounded in our knowledge, but here and there occurs a rift in the cloud or a new prospect gained by climbing; and, when this happens, we have one of the great ages of the world. Mr. Raleigh argues that it was thus in the age of Elizabeth.

The recovery of the classics opened a long and fair vista backwards; the exploration of the New World seemed to lift the curtain on a glorious future. And the English, the little parochial people, who for centuries had tilled their fields and tended their cattle in their island home, cut off from the great movements of European policy, suddenly found themselves, by virtue of their shipping, competitors for the dominion of the earth. It is no wonder that their hearts distended with pride, and, hardening in their strength, gloried. A new sense of exaltation possessed the country, the exaltation of knowledge and power. The rising tide of national enthusiasm flooded the literature of the people, and surprised the dwellers on many a high and dry inland creek.

He then proceeds by the method of analysis to trace the influence of the voyages on the poetry of the time. The discovery of foreign lands had certainly set the poets dreaming the most gorgeous dreams, the most notable being undoubtedly to be found in Christopher Marlowe. Mr. Raleigh says that the tasks which Dr. Faustus assigns to his serviceable spirits might have been studied from the reports of travellers:

I'll have them fly to India for gold,  
Ransack the Ocean for orient pearl,  
And search all corners of the new-found world  
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies; . . .  
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,  
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land  
And reign sole King of all our Provinces.

Marlowe reached some of his highest points of eloquence in dealing with the sea, and it is curious that Shakespeare, who was inland bred, developed the same characteristic. Mr. Raleigh points out that a genuine sailor's "chanty" is introduced into *The Tempest*:

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate;

and remarks on this that the little lyric with its "scurvy tune" suggests life ashore. One of Shakespeare's most eloquent references occurs in Ludovico's last apostrophe to Iago:

O Spartan dog  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea.

Shakespeare's acquaintance with the work of the voyagers is betrayed, according to our author, by the use of the name Caliban, a distortion of cannibal, and Setebos, who is a divinity of the Patagonians, is described by Master Francis Fletcher as "Settaboth, that is, the Divell, whom they name their great god."

Another point to which Mr. Raleigh draws attention we have not seen noticed before. It is that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare was chaffing the imperialists of his time.

The humours of this ideal as a practical theory of colonisation tickled Shakespeare's fancy; the combination of the virtues of the Golden Age with that extension of trade and of sovereignty which was aimed at by the explorers made a delightful paradox; and he interrupts Gonzalo's speech with a running fire of scornful comment from the two men of sin.

We have quoted sufficient to show that the Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford has succeeded here in writing a most interesting and suggestive chapter. The subject is one we hope he will return to. It has been treated by the late John Richard Green and others, but the vivifying touch of Mr. Raleigh produces freshness wherever it alights.



## TINSEL QUEENS

*Queens of the French Stage.* By H. NORL WILLIAMS. (Harper, 10s. 6d.)

IF we begin by saying that we were disappointed in Mr. Williams's volume, we must hasten to add that it was nobody's fault but our own. We had expected something much more scientific—a history, in fact, of French acting from the pre-Molièrian times, through that great reformer, through la Champmeslé and Adrienne Lecouvreur and Rachel, to the modern French stage—Bernhardt, Réjane, and the rest. In forming these expectations we had forgotten the nature of Mr. Williams's previous books—his “Madame Récamier,” his “Madame du Barry” and others—pleasant, chatty chronicles, in which a due regard to the most recent discoveries of fact was not allowed to interfere with the attractions of gossip. The history of French acting still remains to be written for English readers. In the book before us there are plenty of indications that material is not lacking; and this book would have been a good opportunity for its ordered use. With Molière and Armande Béjart, his wife, we have the first revolt against the stilted declamation and pseudo-classical stiffness of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. After Molière's death we get back, with Marie de Champmeslé, to the tradition which Molière attempted to break down, so far as comedy was concerned. La Champmeslé was the greatest exponent of the school which *sang* rather than spoke its lines. “A kind of measured chant” is Mr. Williams's apt phrase for the diction that was in fashion. Adrienne Lecouvreur revolted against these “bawlings,” as Riccoboni called them. She conceived the idea that the characters in a tragedy were, after all, human beings suffering natural emotions, and that they should express their feelings like human beings, and not in accordance with what the Middle Ages supposed to have been the diction of Greek gods and heroes. The fight was long and bitter. The Quinaults, Duclos and Desmares—indeed, the whole Société—opposed her by fair means and foul, by open dispute and petty annoyance. The fight would probably have gone against her, had not there risen, from the grave as it seemed, a Molièrian ghost—the great Baron, who had played with Molière, had loved (if scandal spoke truly) the wife of Molière, and came back at the age of sixty-seven, after twenty-four years of private life, to throw the weight of his immense reputation and his unequalled gifts into the scale with the plucky Adrienne. There is no more dramatic incident in all the history of the art of acting. The battle was won; the “natural” school held the field, and it only remained for succeeding players to clear away surviving abuses. With Justine Favart, in the middle of the eighteenth century, we have the reform of costume.

Before her time, actresses who played the parts of *soubrettes* and peasant-girls wore immense *paniers*, with diamonds in their hair and long gloves reaching to the elbow. But when, in August 1753, she created the rôle of Bastienne in *Les Amours de Bastien et Bastienne*, a parody of Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Devin du village*, which she had composed herself in collaboration with Harny, she appeared on the stage wearing a simple woollen gown, with her hair flat on her head, a cross of gold on her neck, bare arms and wooden shoes. The *sabots* offended some critics in the pit, and murmurs of disapprobation were heard. The Abbé de Voisenon, however, saved the situation by a happy *mot*. “Messieurs,” he cried, “ces sabots-là donneront des souliers aux comédiens.” The pit, appreciating the abbé's wit, broke into laughter and applause. . . . In *Les Trois Sultanes*, the plot of which was derived, like several other of Favart's vaudevilles, from the *Contes moraux* of Marmontel, she played the part of Roxelane in a dress “made at Constantinople with the materials of the country.” This was the first occasion on which the costume of Turkish ladies had been seen upon the French stage, and though Favart himself declares that it was “at once decent and voluptuous,” it was objected to; and when soon afterwards another play in which the action passed in the Orient was represented before the Court, Justine's reforming zeal received an abrupt check by an order from the Gentlemen of the Chamber to confine herself to the ridiculous and fantastic costume established by custom.

Under the influence of Marmontel, Mademoiselle Clairon—the admired of Goldsmith and Garrick—removed the

last traces of the “tragical hiccup,” as Garrick called it, of the French tragedian, still further naturalised gesture and movement, and, unlike the impulsively natural Dumesnil, approached most nearly to the modern actor and actress by making a science of nature, determining beforehand exactly what the character would do in such and such a circumstance, and then practising it till it appeared to be done on impulse.

Had Mr. Williams cared to develop this side of his story, his work would have had a more permanent value, but it would not have been nearly so amusing to read. He is mainly concerned with the biographies of these ladies, Armande Béjart, Marie de Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Justine Favart, and Claire-Joseph-Hippolyte Clairon. He does not touch Rachel, and the inclusion of the dancer, Marie-Anne de Camargo, will serve to show what his main preoccupation is. He tells his stories well, and while making no attempt to “whitewash” his heroines, he protects them against the unfounded scandal that—then as now—attacked the memories of famous actresses. Armande Béjart was the wife of Molière, but she was not also his daughter, as his rival and enemy Montfleury insinuated in a memorial to the King and the author of the *Fameuse Comédienne* practically declared. She was certainly a heartless coquette; she was not—or so Mr. Williams tries chivalrously to prove—unfaithful to her husband; but we think he goes too far in trying to prove that she was not mercenary. La Champmeslé, a married woman, was the mistress of Racine, and deceived him with Charles de Sévigné, the Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, and many others; Adrienne Lecouvreur, as she ousted the artificial from tragedy, so she ousted the merely mercenary from her amours: “She loved,” says M. Paléologue, “by a moral inclination,” and was morally inclined to a good many people, including, probably, Voltaire, in favour of whom, as Mr. Williams puts it, she may have “yielded to the customs of the profession.”

The love of her life was probably Clavel, the actor, and the letter to him in which she practically begs him not to marry her because it would be against his interests, is justly called by M. Larroumet: “one of the tenderest and most touching letters to be found in literature, real or imaginative.” Justine Favart—by instinct and desire an honest wife—suffered extraordinary persecutions at the hands of Maurice de Saxe, then an elderly Don Juan, who in former days had been one of Adrienne's “moral” inclinations, and who at the age of fifty odd wooed Justine with verses stolen from Voltaire, imprisonment in a convent, abduction, threats to murder her husband and other pleasant approaches. Clairon was the mistress of Marmontel, and of others too numerous to record.

Our brief *résumé* will give some idea of what may be found in Mr. Williams's book. In ordinary circumstances such matter would be tedious enough; in the present case it has an interest far above that of common scandalous gossip. At point after point we touch the history of French literature. We see the intimate connection between the poet and dramatist and the theatre, a connection usually at its most intimate between the dramatist and the leading lady. Indeed, Mr. Williams conveys far more information on the history of acting than he would seem to, because in most cases it was just through the *liaison* (in Molière's case, the marriage) between author and actress that new ideas of the art were conceived and brought into being. Molière—Racine—Voltaire—Marmontel: there you have four very important steps in the history of the French theatre; and if Mr. Williams has made the personal side of his history, rather than the artistic, the prominent side, why, so much the more readable will his book be found by those who are not students of the art of acting. It remains to be said that he tells his stories very well, and has a wide knowledge of the memoirs, the letters, the epigrams and so forth which illustrate his subjects, and quotes them freely on his handsome pages. The illustrations are well chosen and well reproduced.

## BIRDS, AND RED HERRINGS

*The Bird-Watcher in the Shetlands.* With some Notes on Seals—and Digressions. By EDMUND SELOUS. Illustrated by J. SMIT. (Dent, 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a distinct development, in the present volume, of Mr. Selous's characteristic manner, as displayed in his two former books on the same subject. We have the same power of observing and recording minutely, the same impromptu, but vivid and literary, style, and the same excursions along trains of thought which may or may not be particularly relevant to the subject in hand. But this time the observations are less copious, though not less thorough, and the digressions more plentiful and luxuriant. The author, indeed, glories in his digressiveness, proclaiming it in his title, and justifying his profession with much zest and thoroughness as he unfolds his tale. There is less in this book of the phonetic rendering of the nuptial cries of stock-doves or puffins, and more of the characteristic literary allusiveness and the arguments from the foot to Hercules. Mr. Selous is a somewhat "harbiterary gent," and most other members of the human species who presume to follow him in his contentions may expect a good deal of sportive and back-handed bludgeoning as they go. They must not look for the same consideration as if they were guillemot chickens or green cormorants. But those of them who are less minutely patient naturalists than this very impatient writer will find his latest book far more entertaining reading than its excellent predecessors. It is less a catalogue of squawks and gestures, and more generally picturesque and episodic in treatment.

The book is a record of several lonely weeks spent on the Shetland sea-cliffs in what passed for the summer of 1902. Few naturalists would have shown the author's perseverance in observation during such weather as he describes, even if they would have borne with equanimity his other cross of "doing for himself" in a small and incommensurable cabin. His longings for some one to cook his porridge for him are among the most human touches in the book. Though the breeding-season was almost over, on this second visit the author had before him, day after day, thousands of the strange and beautiful sea-birds of those most bird-loved of islands, including such scarcer species as the fulmar petrel and both kinds of skua. Incidentally he raises a well-grounded protest against the name of "Richardson's skua" as applied to the smaller, or "Arctic," species. There is undoubtedly, to most people's taste who love wild birds, something distasteful and inharmonious about the proprietary sort of nomenclature, so far as the English name in common use is concerned. As a method of doing honour to the naturalist who discovered or otherwise elucidated the bird as a species, it is surely better to perpetuate him in the Latin name of science, if in this way at all. The author had also under frequent observation a well-stocked seal-cove resorted to by seals of two different species, and his account of these active and playful creatures is full of pleasant charm. He has covered a good deal of the ground on these Shetland cliffs in his book, "Bird Watching," but the observations here brought forward have plenty of interest and originality.

Mr. Selous's most distinctive characteristic as a naturalist is his refusal to take anybody else's word for anything, and, when this attitude is joined to such rare patience and ability to observe, it is a valuable qualification. He has also to a very considerable degree that power of inference and interpretation which every naturalist needs if he is to follow up the immense vistas of understanding which reveal themselves as he studies his subject in the light of the evolutionary theory. No one who attempts to understand birds' motives or to interpret their actions can confine his speculations and inferences to the ornithological kingdom, and many of Mr. Selous's extensions of argument to the spheres of men and of morals are full of acute and suggestive thought. But few writers have embarked upon

philosophy in so unphilosophic a spirit as Mr. Selous in many of his most characteristic excursions, and he shows himself so incapable of treating the other side of any question with a moment's patient hearing that he is sometimes merely puerile. His disdain of other people's opinions is a capital quality so long as he is among the birds, but it is bound to serve him somewhat ill when he flies high and wide on a course of his own into all the problems of moral and natural philosophy, which are too extensive for the accurate single-handed observation of even the acutest ornithologist. But Mr. Selous is always interesting, even in his most desperately petulant tantrums, and he cares far too much for the interests of truth to let his beliefs have any influence on his observations. To all who are interested in bird-study the appearance of one of his books is an event of genuine importance.

## REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE *Quarterly* for January is particularly strong, and this may be said of all the reviews and magazines that have come under our notice. Professor Francis Gummere's learned critical article on "Originality and Convention in Literature" we have noticed in a previous number; and it is enough for our present purpose to call attention to Mr. Schiller on "Plato and his Predecessors." In "Art under the Roman Empire," Mr. H. Stuart Jones, plunging into one of the vexed questions of archaeology, traces in his own way the history of art from the last century of the Republic to the Christian art of the fourth century—the date of the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore, and probably, we may add, of S. Prassede and other churches in Rome; noting the changes that came over the arts owing to the rise and decay of Hellenism; the forced growth of Augustan art; the brief brilliance of Flavian art; the gradual encroachment of Orientalism; the changes introduced into architecture and ornament by the fact that the importance was shifted from the *outside* of the Pagan temple to the *inside* of the Christian basilica. Perhaps the most interesting element in Mr. Stuart Jones's sound article is the stress he lays on the native sculpture of the Romans and Italians themselves, the art of portraiture in stone which continued, unaffected by foreign influence, but affecting here and there imported art. This was the art which gave us the vivid, brutal, convincing busts of Roman and Italian men and women which rouse our admiration in the museums; and its history and importance are given in this article the prominence they deserve. Mr. Sidney T. Irwin writes well on Hazlitt and Lamb; Hazlitt the critic, and the modern critic, to whom modern prose owes more than we are apt to realise; Lamb, the poet; not a critic, but "the steward of the poet's mysteries, who brings forth of his treasures things new and old." In the same Review, "Vernon Lee" writes on "The Riddle of Music," *i.e.*, the presence in music of the two elements, the emotional or associative, and the æsthetic. The two are interdependent or interacting, and their origin, explanation and action are discussed in a philosophic and most interesting article.

Curiously enough, there are papers on Fanny Burney in both the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh*. The writer of the lumbering, slipshod article in the latter dwells on Fanny Burney as the representative of a class that was new in her day, the cultivated middle class that was just coming into existence. In the *Quarterly* Mr. J. C. Bailey writes a very charming and subtly critical article on Fanny as the "demoiselle de quatorze ans," as Mme. de Staël called her; the Fanny who never allowed herself to grow up, to develop; the woman who hugged all the restraints and conventions of womanhood and thought always of others rather than of herself, "the martyr of conscience, the devotedly obedient daughter, the most sincerely humble-minded of all the people who have written successful books," who achieved a triumph which was, indeed, the triumph of her sex.

Mr. Bailey, like the writer in the *Edinburgh*, dwells on the value of the Diary and of the picture it gives of Dr. Johnson. Reference to the very able article in the *Edinburgh* on "Lucretius and his times" will be found elsewhere in this number. That on "The Visionary Art of William Blake" does much to explain what is difficult and strange in that artist's nature: his hatred of oils, of chiaroscuro and of Nature. "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Man and Author," says nothing, we think that has not been said before, except perhaps in pointing out the resemblance between Donatello in "Transformation" and Pater's Denys l'Auxerrois. "Thought in Architecture" continues the valuable line of thought started in a recent *Edinburgh*, and noted in the *ACADEMY* of August 5; and the historical paper on "The British Museum Library and its Catalogue" pays deserved tribute to the colossal work, and suggests one or two reforms. With one of these—the abolition of the volumes of the Catalogue marked "Academies"—we heartily agree; but the writer does not seem—we speak with due deference to one who is clearly an authority on the subject—to realise the difficulty of separating I from J in a Catalogue containing all languages.

In the *Fortnightly*, besides the second of Tolstoy's articles on "The End of the Age," the first of Mr. Henry James's "New York: Social Notes," and Mr. H. C. Shelley's paper on "Ebenezer Elliott, the Poet of Free Trade," we have read with great interest Mr. H. M. Paull's "Critical Notes on *As You Like It*." Mr. Paull compares Shakespeare's play with its original, the story in Lodge's *Euphues*, and with the original of Lodge's story, "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn." A careful columnar comparison of the three plots shows, once again, Shakespeare's genius in making use of his material. Another good point made by Mr. Paull is this: that the *idée mère* of the play is *not* that country life is all good, town-life all bad, as Hazlitt interpreted it, but that both are good or bad according to the strength or weakness of the man who lives them. That is both a far truer and a far more Shakespearean view of life than the usual interpretation of the play affords. Incidentally, Mr. Paull explains that it is to this "moral", and not to the construction or classification of the play, that its odd title refers.

The *Dublin Review* is one which non-Catholic readers should not allow themselves to overlook. Frankly a Catholic Review, it contains a great deal of sound criticism and literature that may be read with profit and pleasure by all who have outgrown childish intolerance. The number before us (January 1906) is particularly good. Professor J. S. Phillimore culls ivy-berries from the anthology: in other words, he writes on Leonidas of Tarentum, with quotations beautifully translated into real English lyrics. Mrs. Meynell's poem "To the Body"; Father Thurston's paper on the Prætorium of Pilate and the Pillar of the Scourging, an article on St. Catherine of Siena's Letters, and the Abbé Dionnet's views on the Church in France are all things that may be read by people of all shades of religious opinion, while to the educated Catholics of the country this excellent review stands in no need of commendation.

In the *Contemporary Review* we find a very interesting article by Mr. Havelock Ellis on "The Celtic Spirit in Literature." What is this Celtic spirit? It may be divided, says Mr. Ellis, under two heads: the love of the remote as remote—the preference, that is, for the world of twilight over the everyday world of fact—and the love of the decorative in method. These two features are the result of two qualities in the Celtic nature, inventiveness, and quick sensibility to impressions. This latter must be carefully distinguished from emotion. The Celts, says Mr. Ellis, are not emotional. The human does not interest them much; they live in a land of dreams. On the other hand the Nordic spirit, that is the spirit of the fair, long-headed peoples of Northern Europe, of the peoples who produced the Icelandic Eddas and the "Chanson de Roland" is emotional; it loves fact, and shuns mystery;

it is solely interested in the human, is practical, a little monotonous and goes far deeper than the Celtic. Mr. Ellis goes on to show how these two qualities, the Celtic and Nordic, are to be found combined in great English writers. He regards the union as the secret of our pre-eminence in literature. Shakespeare shows throughout "a constant dramatic opposition and contrast" of these two elements; but the further he developed, the more Celtic he became, and Prospero in *The Tempest* is "the supreme embodiment of a Celtic artist in literature." Ben Jonson was far more purely Nordic; so was Bacon; but in Chaucer, Spenser, Sir Thomas Browne, Keats, Coleridge and Hawthorne, this Celtic spirit is present in large measure. A most interesting and suggestive paper contains also a shocking example of a very Nordic poet coming to grief over a very Celtic subject—Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

In *Blackwood's Magazine* (Blackwood's is always very hard to beat), the Warden of Wadham writes in defence of John Williams, who married Cromwell's sister, "trimmed" between King and Parliament, Church and Chapel, and was made Warden of Wadham by the Presbyterians, Master of Trinity, Cambridge, by the Independents, and Bishop of Chester after the Restoration. Mr. Barry Pain has a long poem, "The Dream of the Dead World," and the whole of the magazine is as interesting and good as ever.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for February, too, is a good number. Mr. A. D. Godley has some verses, not quite up to his best; Mr. S. J. Tallentyre writes on "Society in the Time of Voltaire"; the series, "From a College Window," is continued; Mr. Warwick H. Draper writes on "George Eliot's Coventry Friends," and there is a brilliant article by "A Young Playgoer" on the "Grandeur et Décadence de Bernard Shaw." The young playgoer pays a handsome tribute to Mr. Shaw's wit and vivacity, "the vigour, the suppleness, the adorable rat-tat" of his writings, and proceeds to show, with infinite coolness and exactitude, that Mr. Shaw is, in spite of all, a moral coward. He wrote, in the face of opposition, four good plays, *Arms and the Man*, *Widower's Houses*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and *Candida*. By that time he had mastered the difficulties of his art, and had become "spoiled" by success: thenceforth he has let his fatal facility master him. He is not thorough; in fact, he shirks. His technique has fallen to pieces (the young playgoer is of opinion that of *John Bull's Other Island*, Acts I. and II. could, with a little alteration, be omitted entire, Act V. without any). In that play, and again in *Major Barbara*, he shies at the personal problems which the action raises; sheers off to further needless discussion of "ideas" which are not new. It is a clever indictment, and a true one (something of the same sort has been tentatively expressed in these columns before); moreover it is written in the best of good taste and temper. Mr. Andrew Lang in "Freeman *versus* Froude" is neater than ever. Froude was an honourable, an absolutely honourable historian ("no sane man could doubt" that); but—Mr. Lang devotes page after page to showing mistakes of Froude's which came in surprisingly useful to an historian of a violent Protestant bias. At the same time, Freeman was an ill-mannered, ill-equipped critic: what an attack he might have made if he had only known one half of the "mistakes" which Froude was guilty of!

In the *Atlantic Monthly* (now published in England by Messrs. Constable) for January, we notice an interesting essay by Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck: "Of an anxious morality," in which he pleads that, since the old Christian morality no longer suffices for some people, they should try not to give too much power to "common sense" to the exclusion of the other elements of the mind. Other articles to which we may call attention in various periodicals are "The Stuarts in Rome" by Mr. H. M. Vaughan in *Macmillan's*; Mr. Edward Thomas on "Richard Jefferies" in *Temple Bar*; "Church Music," and "Recent Excavations in Crete and their Bearing on the Early History of the Aegean" in *The Church Quarterly*; and the interesting Burns number of *T.P.'s Weekly* for January 26.



## UNVEILED

DEEP in the stillness of a night  
Whose rain had drenched the way I trod  
I wakened from day's earthy dreams  
And walked alone with God.

The moaning winds were hushed in rest,  
The world seemed sleeping after pain,  
And where the cloudy rack had gloomed  
The stars shone clear again.

Each wayside puddle held a glimpse  
Of heights wherein it used to dwell,  
As if the rain had brought with it  
Memories of whence it fell.

Rained down and drowned in dusky pools  
The quiet stars lay shining through;  
And earth was all so steeped in heaven  
That it was heaven too.

I listened, and the voice of God  
Spoke to me in that lonely place;  
I raised my eyes in wondering fear,  
And looked, and saw His face.

And ever since, I see but God  
In earth and man, in deep and height,  
As one whose eyes the sun has filled  
Looks round, and sees but light.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## AROUND AN OLD CATALOGUE

MODERN centralisation is the death of provincial talent. The emporium with its octopus-like branches in every country town strangles any attempt at local originality. This mechanical standardisation of taste naturally results in an insufferable monotony. At any given moment you may be certain that, in no matter what town you alight, you will find the people of the place all wearing white coats or acquascutums, and talking about the last machine-made novel, by the author of "When all was blue." What a distressing contrast to the fresh and endless variety of a hundred years back, when every country town worthy of the name was a little independent world of light and leading! At present Scarborough is probably like the rest of our watering-places—a mere dumping-ground for London "notions," to use a Yankee term. Eighty years earlier Scarborough was still a planet, not a mere reflecting satellite in the cosmos of taste and fashion. At that date a certain John Cole, the leading bookseller of the town, printed and published an illustrated catalogue, which, as far as one knows, has no rival outside London to-day. Only a very limited number was struck off, the intention of the old bibliophile or philobiblist, as he prefers to call himself, clearly being, not merely that the catalogue should serve as a sale's list, but also as a sort of advertisement *de luxe* of his more delectable wares, possibly too as a kind of *menu* on which his humbler patrons, unable to purchase the more expensive books, might feast their eyes, as women feed on fashion plates, or growing boys on the description of gargantuan junketings.

There were two copies on drawing paper, six on tinted paper, and twenty-five on medium writing—a proof positive that the worthy bookseller was quite as eager to make known that he was the owner of certain excellent things, as he was desirous of offering them for sale. Doubt-

less, he felt all the pride of the possessor of a good wine cellar. The excellent stock he had laid down could not fail to improve with keeping. One cannot help comparing this discreet inventory with the frantic announcements of cheap bargains, remainders, and annual clearance sales which betray the frenzied anxiety of the modern shop-keeper to be rid at all hazards of the ephemeral rubbish with which he is loaded up. The old bookseller was a connoisseur, the tradesman of to-day is too often but a mere cash register.

"Come, give us a taste of your quality," is the appropriate question which garnishes the frontispiece, followed by a quaint sort of Quarles-like emblem of J. Coles's name and profession, consisting of an eye, a lump of coal, and a book with the word "seller" across its open page. That somewhat *naïve* anagram is a pleasing intimation that the eighteenth century was still persisting in Scarborough, although the year of imprint is 1825. Scarborough was probably at that date about a quarter of a century behind London. Now, all provincial towns must keep Greenwich time, and even give the lie, if necessary, to the sun.

Quite a noticeable portion of the entries comprise the names of books actually printed and published in Scarborough. To-day the budding author who aspires to fame is forced to send his work to London to be hall-marked. Several of these books are from the Press of John Cole himself. In some cases there are extra special editions on pink paper, limited in certain instances to half a dozen, which seems to indicate that even at that bygone date the collector of limited editions had appeared in Scarborough. The old anagrammatic spirit turns up in the announcement of an "aenigmatical catalogue of books of merit on an entirely new plan" by the bookseller himself. The plan resembles more than anything else the kind of antiquated question we still constantly meet with in examination papers composed by persons who imagine they are examining in Literature. Here are some, as samples:

The meditations of that charitable Divine who gave the money, the copyright, etc. produced (upward of £700) to the poor.

The Book which Dr. Johnson when at Oxford took up, expecting to find it a dull one, but found it quite an over-match for him.

The poetical works of him whose

"Virtue formed the magic of his song."

In addition to this collection of literary conundrums, local *belles-lettres* are represented by a poem on the death of an infant. Several verses are cited *in extenso* from this choice "bocquet." It is rather a shock to find a sort of prose verdict of accidental death appended to this poetical post-mortem. We are informed in a footnote to the poem: "The infant whose death is commemorated, died at Scarborough, in consequence of a hurt it received on falling out of bed."

Theology occupies a good deal of space. Our ancestors dosed themselves with it in the same way as we dose ourselves with patent medicines. Let us add, they probably did themselves infinitely less harm. Not a few of the sermons are funeral orations by local Bossuets and Bourdaloues. We have "The virtuous woman, a tribute to the memory of the Right Hon. Lady Anne Hudson of Bessingby," illustrated by a woodcut signed T. Bewick, depicting Hunmanby, the residence of the select preacher Archdeacon Wrangham, who apparently also dabbled in the making of guide-books and verses, to judge by other entries. Another eminent divine of the neighbourhood has no less than three publications devoted to his memory, one of which bore the inscription: "Break the shell and you have an angel," a curious parallel to the verse of "hatched a cherubim." Those indisputable adjuncts to a funeral which the old pauper described as "hurns and willers" were evidently much to the fore in Scarborough in those days. Two quotations from a theological treatise of the seventeenth century recall the *curiosa felicitas* of thought and phrase of Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne. The first is from "The Golden Meane:"

Men as they are all the Sons of their Mothers, are all the subjects of misery; borne to live few dayes in many dangers; whose glory (if they were Monarchs of their owne desires) may be well compared with their shadowes in the Sunne; for as the bodies shadow is at morning before us, at noone besides us, and at night behinde us: so is earthly glory, at morning or at prime before us, in a goodly lustre; at noone, or in the full besides us, in a violent heat; at night or in the wane, behind us, in a neglected pity. The differēce that is, is amongst some, that at noone, or in the meridian of their greatnesse, instead of having their glory beside them they are theselves beside their glory.

The second is from a treatise on the nature of Wit, Wisdom and Folly, and is equally charming:

"All men should be wise." Prov. i. 20, etc.

Observe for whom men should be wise: namely for themselves as well as for others. *Wise men* should not be like *shell-fishes* which breed Pearls for others to wear, but are sick of them themselves; not like a *Mercury Statue*, which shows the way to others, but stands still itself; not like a whetstone, which sharpeneth the knife, but is blunt itself, nor like *Plutarchs Lamice*, which have eyes abroad, but are blinde at home; for he who is Wise, should principally be wise for himself; and be like the *Cynamon-tree*, which lets not out, or spends all its sap in leaves and fruit which all fall off, but keeps the fruitful part of its fragrances for the Bark which stays on. It were small happiness for the man, who heals others, and he incurably sick himself; to save others by his wisdom, and lose his own soul by his folly and iniquity; like the ship, *Acts 27*, which was broken in pieces itself, but helped the Passengers safe to shore; or like those who built the Ark for *Noah* and were drowned themselves."

The only educational book in the lot bears the bewildering title of "Chickens feed capons: or a dissertation on the pertness of our Youth, in general, especially those trained up at tea-tables." Inevitably one recalls the old Latin grammar tag: "Quis non odit protervam pueritiam?" But tea-tables are a new feature in the complaint. Was tea, then, the first meal at which was relaxed that muzzling order that children should be seen but not heard?

Local records very properly find a large place in the catalogue. Naturally the "Spaw" of Scarborough claims the lion's share, but the catalogue goes as far afield as Ecton in Northants, where the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin lie buried, and Naseby, whose rector appears to have aspired to do for his village what White did for Selborne.

Naseby [so the preface runs] is very conspicuous in history and its natural productions are various and pleasing. It affords to a contemplative mind, recreations substantial and instructive, and acts its part in the demonstration of a God—

an obvious reminiscence of Paley and the theory of design.

From the new natural history to the old is but a step to the rear. We drop back plump into Pliny, as the French would say, in a notice of "British Curiosities" dated 1721. We read *à propos* of Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, that "among the rocks on the coast are bred the *Pyrrho-corax* a Crow with Red Beak and Feet, which will often set houses on fire, and steal money or other things." An interesting quotation is given from an old Herbal under the rubric Camelon:

This is called a Wolishe thystell, or a wylde thystell. He hathe white leves, greate brode and red flowers. It groweth by wayes. The virtue of this herb is yt. thou take this herbe, when the sone is in Capricorne, and the mone is newe: while thou bereste it about thee, there shall be no myschefe the befall.

From magic we pass to the miraculous. According to the blackletter "Treasure of Pore Men":

Who that letteth thy blode on the XVIII day of Marche on the ryght arme, And on the XI day of Apryl on the left arme, they shall neuer be bynde for this hath been proved.

After this it seems almost bathos to quote from another notice that phlebotomy was much the fashion in the middle ages—and that Robert Botevylleyn, a founder, claimed in the abbey of Pipewell four bleedings *per annum*.

C. B.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be on "The Endings of Novels," by P.]

## FICTION

*Visionaries.* By JAMES HUNEKER. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THESE visionaries are near the borderland of sanity, and they are at large. Two have escaped from a lunatic asylum and get locked up again, but they are not madder than the rest. They all have dreams they cannot distinguish from realities; they die of their own monstrous inventions; they are morbidly sensitive to odours; their affections travel in forbidden ways. There is no manifestation of the abnormal seized by modern Frenchmen that has not attracted this young American too, no twisted by-way in morals and philosophy his men and women do not follow, fascinated and misled. He is, indeed, so plainly under the spell of his masters that at first we suspected him of being their shadow and of having no substance of his own. The second story, for instance, that about the Deadly Art of Perfume, convinced us that the author had read his Huysmans and also that he knew how to make magic with a string of picturesque words. The one before that, too, had juggled marvellously with words and had instantly assured us that we should find in this volume the very latest affectations in art. We are to worship Weber to-day, it seems, and to renounce Wagner and all his works. We are too much behind the fashion to know it, but we were not greatly surprised. Though the cry itself was new, the voice sounded familiar. What did surprise us was to find in the third story, "The Purse of Aholibah," pictures that stay and take shape in the mind like things actually seen. The author's style is sometimes grotesque in its desire both to startle and to find true expression. He has not followed those great novelists who write French a child may read and understand. He calls the moon "a spiritual gray wafer"; it faints in "a red wind"; "truth beats at the bars of a man's bosom"; the sun is "a sulphur-coloured cymbal"; a man moves with "the jaunty grace of a young elephant." But even these oddities are significant and to be placed high above the slipshod sequences of words that have done duty till they are as meaningless as the imprint on a worn-out coin. Besides, in nearly every story the reader is arrested by the idea, and only a little troubled now and then by an over-elaborate style. It most of us are sane, the ideas cherished by these visionaries are insane; but the imagination of the author so illuminates them that we follow wondering and spell-bound. In "The Spiral Road" and in some of the other stories both fantasy and narrative may be compared with Hawthorne in his most unearthly moods. The younger man has read his Nietzsche and has cast off his heritage of simple morals. Hawthorne's Puritanism finds no echo in these modern souls, all sceptical, wavering and unblessed. But Hawthorne's splendour of vision and his power of sympathy with a tormented mind do live again in the best of Mr. Hunecker's stories. We were first led to this comparison when we read "The Spiral Road" and were dazzled by the wild flight of Karospina and Mila across the sky in their chariot of fire. The Russian dreams of regenerating mankind by his new art, and the people of the world gather together on the seashore to watch the first exhibition of it. He paints pictures on the sky, wonderful moving pictures as evanescent as a song, blazing symphonies of colour that are to arouse the world. The man who looks on sees suns and moons, golden landscapes, men, ships, the four cryptic creatures of Ezekiel's vision, "a cyclopean and dazzling staircase thronged by moving angelic shapes, harping mute harps, stretched from sea to sky, melting into the milky way like the tail of a starry serpent." In the end he sees the woman he loves ride beside the pyromaniac in a cloud of fire to destruction. Of all the moaning multitude huddled on the strand he who warned Mila is doomed to be the sole survivor. To quote the author himself: "Emerson the mystic, transposed to the key of France, sometimes makes bizarre music." This music we shall listen for again, for, though it is certainly bizarre, it is neither dull nor empty.

*Martha Rose, Teacher.* By Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS. (Long, 6s.)

READERS who retain a pleasant remembrance of Miss Betham-Edwards's stories of East Anglia as it was in early Victorian days may take up this book with the assurance that they will find much to amuse and interest them. With the lives of farmers and villagers at that period the author is thoroughly at home, and, although she is almost too deeply in earnest, too minute to be picturesque, her scenes bear the stamp of truth, and there is an old-fashioned air about them that is attractive. No doubt the world went well enough when a good harvest was the verdict upon the year, and that being pronounced there was no more to say. The affairs of the parish and of the nearest market-town supplied sufficient topics of discussion, the labourer neither knew nor concerned himself with what took place beyond his immediate neighbourhood. That these "good old times" are far more agreeable to read about than they were to live in few will doubt who follow Miss Betham-Edwards's interesting narrative. Conditions of existence were hard upon the field-worker, and cruel to his children at such seasons as stone-picking, for instance; and the authority and patronage exercised by the small squires, parsons and parsons' wives must have added many a drop of gall to the small beer of life. The simple love-story of Martha Rose and Clem, the young farmer who is considered above her in social position, is the thread upon which are strung scenes of village life and amusements, curious incidents, quaint old customs, and unfamiliar forms of speech. Many characters flit through the book, some of them delicately touched in like Martha herself, others strongly drawn, as in the case of the two brothers, Sam Weedon, and the blind fish-hawker. Each of them illustrates some east country type of farmer or worker, or some "genteel" person of higher degree. That they live again in these pages is only what is to be looked for from Miss Betham-Edwards's experience and ability; an author sure of her ground, who knows what to tell and how to tell it effectively, alternating humour with pathos, fact with sympathetic insight. As to the story, she has practically none to tell, but her volume descriptive of a village community in the 'forties is eminently readable, and even valuable.

*Nature's Vagabond, and other Stories.* By COSMO HAMILTON (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

IN Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new bookful of stories the *pièce de resistance* occupies the first hundred pages or so, while the fifteen "etceteras"—the mixed biscuits—fill the remaining two-thirds. We opened upon one of these first, and, lured thence by morsel after dainty morsel to the end of the book, only turned back last to the little story, to make therein a pleasant discovery. For "Nature's Vagabond" is a happy example of the, not very common, long story in miniature—a very different thing from the short story proper, and a form of fiction which seems to suit Mr. Hamilton's light, clever touch to perfection. Of some of the other pieces it may fairly be said that they are incidents, fragments, beginnings and endings, rather than complete *contes*; often some smart scrap of dialogue, epigram, even some pet personal grievance will evaporate from the memory less readily than the theme itself. But the three-and-twenty bright little chapters, written carefully to scale, and tracing the vagabondage and difficult reclamation of Billy Rudd (who, going down brilliantly from Oxford, went into the country to write a history, and, being there, lay in the sun for ten years and backed horses instead) just nicely contain all those effects, gay, pathetic and humorous, which seem sometimes to overflow narrow boundaries, yet might be lost within wider spaces. Of the rest, the most impressive is "This was Love," a terrible little tale in which a young wife whose husband has been killed through falling over a cliff goes mad and comes every day to the ledge from which he fell to repeat the words which she had called down to encourage him as he lay dying below her. "The Problem Browning Set"

(suggested by "A Light Woman"), interesting as it is, would have been improved, we think, by expansion; and altogether, perhaps, "Cupid among the Primroses," witty, ironic, and with the author pleasantly obtrusive everywhere, will win as many votes as anything in the collection. By-the-bye, Mr. Hamilton, like most of us, sometimes makes the drollest mistakes. You cannot very well chuck "the shop" (Woolwich) for Charterhouse, can you? (*vide* "Blood Boughton"); nor can you usually do a hole at golf in two if your "second" only lands you on the green. (pp. 303-305).

*A Mountain Europa.* By JOHN FOX, jun. (Constable, 3s. 6d.)

THE scene of Mr. Fox's new story is laid in the Cumberland Mountains, among the primitive people about whom he has told us elsewhere many strange and interesting things; a people of English descent, upon whose lips linger words and forms of speech Shakespeare heard and used; the last distinctively national remnant on American soil, whose mode of life, customs and manners have remained unchanged for generations. To the Cumberland came Clayton, the son of a millionaire of yesterday, to overlook the working of a mine half forgotten in prosperity, and he meets Easter riding her bull up the mountain path. It is an effective first appearance, a charming picture of a kind to remember. Easter is haughty and indifferent, but endowed with a beauty that need not go beautifully for conquest, since, clad in a single garment of blue homespun with a man's hat perched upon the side of her head, she wins Clayton's heart and strengthens her hold upon grim Sherd Raines. Clayton is at first a patient tutor to an apt pupil, but not for long: Easter loves with all the intensity of her half wild nature; Clayton, a man of sensitive honour, is infatuated, but not beyond anxiety as to how his family will receive Easter as his wife. So the story runs on to the inevitable point that offers a choice of tragic endings; the one swift and merciful, leaving a tender fading memory, the other with its prospect of disenchantment, reproach, recrimination. The reader is moved by the situation, admires the handling of it, and reluctantly admits that nothing could be more sensible and comfortable for all concerned than the author's solution of the difficulty. It is a pretty little tale, delightfully told, set in an old new world of thought and feeling.

*Mrs. Erricker's Reputation.* By THOMAS COBB. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THIS book is the story of an attractive but misguided young widow, whose real kindness of heart shows itself in her reckless generosity and self-sacrifice for a not very interesting sister-in-law as well as for her boy, and so, like the proverbial charity, covers a multitude of small sins. Mrs. Erricker strikes the reader as too sensible a heroine to play the pranks she does, wasting her allowance on cards, and in other equally unnecessary escapades; but the story is brightly written and amusing, besides being well constructed. The contrast of character between the two men who want to marry Georgiana Erricker is very well worked out. The unappreciative mother-in-law, with whom we sympathise on several occasions and the "nice" girl, are also very well drawn, and the other necessary characters have all a touch of real life in them. The chief fault of the work is a tendency to over accentuate the wrong-doings of the heroine. But it does not "taste nasty" and can be recommended as a novel to read, that neither bores nor shocks the reader. Mr. Cobb's well-known smartness of dialogue does not always free him from slovenliness of style.

*La Belle Dame.* By ALICE METHLEY. (Long, 6s.)

WE are annoyed with Miss Methley for wantonly spoiling a good piece of work. The portrait of Mrs. Grey—"la belle dame," who steals the family jewels, commits murder, tries to force her drugged ward into a marriage she loathes,



and, after qualifying for the Chamber of Horrors, poisons herself in the penultimate chapter—is a good character-study of a modern type of Becky Sharp. But the writer's powers of portrait-drawing are completely discounted by the structural improbability of the plot. The book opens with an unlikely episode. No starving woman would sell herself, body and soul, to a stranger for thirty shillings, in order to provide burial for a dying mother. Clergymen officiating at St. Peter's are not so blind as to marry drugged brides without any suspicion of what is toward. Little girls do not steal big sealed letters off tyrannising mothers' dressing-tables, and sew them up in their frocks. Yet we are asked to believe all these and other unlikely things. Were these things merely incidents, it would not matter; but they form the very foundations upon which the plot is built, and we can only say that Mrs. Grey's long career was far less due to her own cleverness than to the convenient stupidity and blindness of those who came in contact with her. There are limits to the credulity even of the novel-reader.

## THE DRAMA

### NERO WITHOUT TEARS

A SAD case was reported in the Midlands a short while ago. Two romantic ladies had formed an attachment similar to that of the nymphs of Llangollen. Though Tarquin was conspicuous by his absence, they decided in true Roman fashion to emulate Lucretia. The whole thing seems to have been arranged by parcels post. On each of them receiving from the other a volume of poems, they were quietly to take poison. At the inquest it was stated that the two poets thus favoured were the late Mr. Ernest Dowson and Mr. Arthur Symonds—a veritable Roland for an Oliver. When I commit suicide I shall choose the poems of Mr. Stephen Phillips as a stirrup-cup for eternity. The idea only occurred to me after seeing *Nero*, a play presenting life in its lighter aspects. Years ago, when I said that I thought Mr. Laurence Binyon a much finer poet than his cousin, I was told that as I grew older I should become wiser. Eternal youth or second childhood makes me cling to an illusion of the last century. I still prefer Mr. Laurence Binyon. And I have tried so hard to admire the poems and plays of Mr. Stephen Phillips and studied all that Mr. Churton Collins has to say. Like the tunnel mystery it is a matter of opinion.

If you write too much about things you dislike, you are apt to become disagreeable yourself. There is an old Sanskrit proverb, that the axe which hews down the sandal-wood always retains the scent of the sandal. Critics, especially dramatic critics, ought (besides knowing Sanskrit) to remember the proverb and only write about what they like. This is hardly a truth in art whose contrary is also true, as Hegel remarked. I can hardly promise that any one who praises Mr. Pinero or Mr. Bernard Shaw will become agreeable, or even a dramatist. Nor can I in praising *Nero* aspire to be a Stephen Phillips. That is partly because I have become a critic and have failed to write poetry or drama. All the great actor-managers have received (I will not say read) my plays. I have waited for hours outside the St. James's Theatre and thrust manuscript into the unwilling hands of Mr. George Alexander. Shortly afterwards *Paolo and Francesca* was produced. With great difficulty I have obtained through a friend, who knows Mr. Max Beerbohm, an introduction to Mr. Tree. Appointments have been made and never kept; in despair I have sent manuscript. It is never returned; *Herod* appears. These are dramatic or literary coincidences on which I make no comment.

It seriously seems to me that any one with a fair education could write blank verse of the *Nero* kind. You take the expressions of common parlance and arrange them into feet. For example: *I had a very few minutes to keep the*

*appointment, which was for 7 p.m. at the Tivoli. I told my valet to pack. I hailed a hansom at Paddington and got there punctually.*

But a short time was mine wherein to go,  
I threw my cloak and toga to my man.  
He is a servant I can recommend.  
I hailed a chariot at the Flavian Gate,  
Promised the driver thrice his double fare.  
We reached the Tivoli at seven sharp.  
Punctuality is the thief of time.

The last line is a good example of the paradoxes of *Nero*. For modernity is rather the note of the play, and Mr. Percy Macquoid has been called in to act as Petronius Arbiter. It is needless to say that everything is done in a sumptuous manner. The Duchess of Somerset, who must regret the rain of Cinderellas, can safely recommend the youngsters to be taken to see *Nero*, and hear a Little Roman History instead of silly fairy stories; but I think in the last act Mr. Brock (the manufacturer of fireworks, not the sculptor) might be called in to act Beaumont to the Fletcher of Mr. Stephen Phillips. The British chieftain, too, besides threatening, might prophesy about England's future greatness. Nothing affects the auditorium more than prophesying after the event:

#### BRITISH WARRIOR.

Then Nero I will tell thee to thy face  
That Boadicea's subjects shall, I know,  
Invade the precincts of Eternal Rome.  
Like bees they swarm upon the Appian Way.  
The Via Sacra; yes the Palatine;  
The garden of Lucullus (heaped in ruin).  
A nation still unknown to Cæsar's rule  
Shall stalk thy streets armed with books of red.  
And notes of colour thou wilt hardly relish,  
Thou damned æsthete.

#### NERO.

A Murrayain on thee!

Though every one was prepared for a white-washed *Nero*, and some of us have been brushing up Gibbon in order to refute the dramatist, the dear old bogey of our childhood is there in all his true colours. He has not changed; he has merely developed and has done a good deal of reading in his retirement. While an obvious reference (it is in no way a plagiarism) to certain lines of Marlowe links the play to English literature:

Yet hath none fairer strayed into the world. . . .  
Since she who drew the dreaming keels of Greece  
After her over the Ionian foam,

one dramatic critic naïvely says it haunts the memory It does.

In a drama, that is also literature, one never wants to know the names of the players, if they act well. I suppose that is fatal to professional success. Miss Kittie Snooks would no longer excite public attention in the illustrated papers. Her dog, her motor-car, her villa on the Thames, all the equipments of a great English actress would be wasted, and the illustrated papers would lose their half-tone blocks. But I sometimes doubt whether there is such a thing as tradition or art in acting. It is a question of personality and magnetism, and the natural power to display those gifts. It never matters, even, when, as is often the case, Mr. Tree does not know his part. You go instinctively to see Tree. The caste of *Nero* is extraordinarily fine. I have never seen Mrs. Tree under such disadvantages, to such advantage; though I remember her art in many another play. It is popular to say that she has not the physique for some particular rôle, and she is always spoken of as a Lady Sandow *manquée*. As Agrippina her performance is masterly. By her elocution alone she gives to tawdry verse dignity, and her gestures are beyond all praise. In quality her acting is French. Miss Collier, the most charming of all our younger actresses, sacrifices herself nobly. I can imagine what she could do as the Duchess of Padua (one of *Nero's* unpublished plays), or in Webster's *Duchess of Malji*.

Given real poetry she could give us so much in return. Mr. Robert Farquhar is now, I am glad to say, a recognised artist. I used to think he was the greatest English actor off the stage. The part of Anicetus conceals his great talent. On the head of Mr. Esme Percy, too (the only Romeo who has been seen in England), a laurel should be laid. His rendering of Britannicus might be canvassed if there were not so much *camp* in it already.

When Mr. Tree is laid to rest in the Abbey (may his death be far distant), it shall not be said of him that he neglected current literature as was whispered of a distinguished contemporary. Certain influential intellectuals cried for the moon of literary drama, and Mr. Tree gave it to them in Mr. Stephen Phillips. He has valiantly tried to reconcile the divorced wife of Drama to a recalcitrant spouse. I fear the experiment is a failure, or perhaps the literature that once adorned our stage is dead, and it is the deceased wife's sister we are entertaining unawares.

ROBERT ROSS.

### "LADY INGER OF ÖSTRAAT" AT THE SCALA THEATRE

THE Stage Society cannot be accused of narrow-mindedness. The two performances it has given this season have presented one feeble modern comedy, one strange, shapeless but genuine little study of life, and one vast piece of romantic trickery written fifty years ago by an author who later proved himself the bitter foe of all the tricks. Ibsen was about twenty-seven when he wrote *Lady Inger of Östraat*. He was afire with patriotism, and—in a manner which he has repeated since—he showed his country how dear she was by holding her blackest period of degradation up to view. The plot of this play is indescribable. Even in 1855, we should imagine, Ibsen ought to have known better than to suppose that, having got a grand idea, he ought to wrap it up in such an inexplicable medley of intrigues, mistaken identities, mad scenes, mysterious strangers, trap-doors, corpses, Irresistible Seducers and so forth. Throughout its five long acts it is very difficult indeed to discover what it is all about, and only after some cogitation does the idea that underlies the play come out. That idea may be expressed in several ways. You may put it thus: that people who are called to heroic tasks—Lady Ingers who take up the deliverance of their country from the tyrant's yoke—cannot for one moment think of themselves or lift their hands for an instant's recreation and refreshment, without ruining far more than themselves. Or you may put it thus: Women are the most powerful things in the world. Granted, but their power is not rightly to be exercised in the channels of politics and patriotism, least of all in prolonged heroisms that must last for years. Their minds are shifting sands, and they are sure to come to grief, bringing down with them in their fall the cause they championed. Lady Inger turned aside from her high calling to dally a month or two with a lover. From that step you can trace the ruin of herself, her son, her three daughters, and her country. And those who had the patience to sit out the hours of blind groping after expression which the play exhibited were rewarded after all by the discovery of an idea under the fantastic trappings, the ridiculous, threadbare suits. They enjoyed, too, some dramatic scenes, and some fine acting on the part of Miss Edyth Olive as Lady Inger.

### "LA PÈRE LEBONNARD" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

*Le Père Lebonnard* is an old play; and it has been done into English—without success. But it still has a certain appealing humanity which, despite its dialogue, despite its prolixity, makes it draw audiences. Like *Les Affaires*, it is a one-part play. And only the general excellence of the acting deceives one into believing that it is anything else.

M. Silvaine does not tower head and shoulders above the rest of the company, simply because that rest is too good.

This question of the company is, indeed, one of the most interesting which has been aroused by the season of the French plays. In the German season at the Great Queen Street Theatre, it is the custom to rely upon a stock company for every production, and only to introduce occasional "stars" for special performances. At the New Royalty we are continually meeting new people, we have continually to cope with new intonations, new mannerisms and new stage management. On the whole, perhaps, the German company's system is preferable. It is a far greater proof of an actor's power to be able to appear throughout the season in a series of differing rôles; it is far more satisfactory for an audience that has been pleased with an actor previously to see him again, in a new and perhaps more trying part, successfully overcoming those difficulties.

On the other hand, it is good that London should be given an opportunity to see the leading actors and actresses of Paris in parts that they have made their own. For the first season, therefore, this system may succeed. Afterwards, the introduction of the stock company may be found advisable.

## FINE ART

### TWO NEW BOOKS ON CONSTABLE

*John Constable, d'après les Souvenirs recueillis par C. R. LESLIE, traduits avec une Introduction par LÉON BAZALGETTE.* (Paris: Fleury, 6 francs.)

*Constable.* By M. STURGE HENDERSON. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE duplicate reviewer must always be an object of suspicion. If he be either the friend or the enemy of his author he is likely to do the public a twofold injustice. If he be neither, the double pronouncement of his verdict aggravates whatever margin of error there may have been in his judgment. Having already once noticed Mrs. Henderson's book on Constable, I am precluded from saying more about it than that it is, in the main, a faithful abstract of Leslie's life illustrated with reproductions from Constable's sketches at South Kensington and in the National Gallery, and that there is one important point with which the author does not deal (nor, for that matter, does M. Bazalgette), but which is well worth study, namely, the question of Constable's portraits.

In M. Bazalgette's case the omission is easily explained. His purpose is to fill a gap in the history of French art, with which the name of Constable must always be associated, and this purpose he has fulfilled most excellently. He has translated Leslie *verbatim*, has prefaced the translation with an admirable introduction on the Landscape Painters of 1830, and has completed his work by notes added from the Earl of Plymouth's book and other sources.

These notes are so well selected that, in themselves, they prove how thoroughly M. Bazalgette has understood the various points of importance in Constable's history. He also appears to be most accurate, for the only mistake I have noticed is one which he has copied direct from myself. To these merits M. Bazalgette adds one which is perhaps less important than intelligence and accuracy, but in these days rather more rare, namely the merit of a style so plastic and so musical that all who know the charm of Leslie's pages will reap a double harvest of pleasure in reading this French version. On one point, perhaps, we may question M. Bazalgette's judgment, namely the note in which (p. 85) he professes his astonishment that Constable could admire "l'académique et froid Nicolas Poussin," and explains that he must have been "séduit par l'intense harmonie des couleurs et de compo-

tion qu'offre parfois le peintre des Arcadies." Surely no better instance than this could be given of the range of Constable's critical taste, which enabled him to pass the gulf of time and technical aims which separated him from Poussin, and recognise in the "Phocion" the same reverence for the majesty of nature which inspired his own art?

The question of Constable's portraits is so obscure that it is hardly wonderful that none of his biographers should have faced it fairly. The difficulty of obtaining information about pictures in private hands is so great that time and chance must inevitably play a large part in working the matter out. Pressure of work for some years has made it impossible for me to follow up even the few lines of inquiry which seem possible. Nevertheless some new facts have come to light in the past four years which may be of use to those with more leisure. Two small early portraits ascribed to Constable were sold at Messrs. Foster's in December 1902. The less skilful of the two was in many respects so childish in treatment that 1802 or 1803 at the latest seemed the most probable date. The second was much more soundly and solidly handled; certain passages of blue and white showed Constable's broad characteristic touch, but the features were still clumsy, and the modelling empty. The small sketch recently exhibited at Messrs. Shepherd's in King Street is probably rather later in date than either of these.

Then follows the period of Constable's work at Birmingham, where he painted the portraits of the Lloyd family. Several of these still remain in the possession of their descendants, and one was shown in the admirable exhibition of portraits at Birmingham three years ago. Of Constable's connection with Birmingham Leslie says absolutely nothing; nor is he more enlightening as to the really fine portraits in the possession of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, which were first brought into prominence by the Earl of Plymouth and were afterwards exhibited in Bond Street. Leslie, however, says a good deal about Constable's work at Ham House, which has never been thoroughly examined and classified. Here Constable painted intermittently for some years, restoring and making replicas of portraits by the great masters of the eighteenth century, an occupation to which he owed almost all his technical skill. The portraits of his friend Archdeacon Fisher and his wife are also in existence, and a little research would doubtless result in the identification of other pictures mentioned in his correspondence, published and unpublished. Among them is a large group of children with a donkey, of which Constable has left a thumbnail sketch in pen and ink.

The vastly increased interest shown in English portrait-painting must be my excuse for these random notes; but the subject is perhaps worth following up. Constable is an artist of the first importance, and the best of his portraits reach such a high level of excellence that they may easily be confounded with the work of his contemporaries who owe their reputation to portrait-painting only. It is thus desirable in every way that the identity of Constable's portraits should be established and recorded before the lapse of time makes the finding of authentic evidence difficult or impossible.

C. J. HOLMES.

### BEAUTIFUL LONDON

It is probable that with a new government, including several members of the London County Council, and a new Ministry anxious to show its gratitude to London voters for their *volle face*, we shall see a renewal of the agitation for the establishment of some permanent consultative body, to which questions of public improvements might be referred, as urged by Sir Aston Webb when President of the Royal Institution in 1903. The matter has been reopened by the Earl of Plymouth in the paper which reflects for the present the hopes and wishes of the Government, the *Tribune* (January 22). The letter from this

distinguished and powerful authority immediately drew a chorus of approval from Sir Aston Webb, R.A., Mr. George Frampton, R.A., Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., and Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A. Sir Aston Webb again urges the establishment of an advisory committee:

who would, no doubt, at first at any rate, be willing to act gratuitously for the honour and beauty of their city, [and that] officials should be instructed to consult those whose training has fitted them to consider the matter from the æsthetic side.

Mr. Frampton writes to the same effect. Mr. Belcher goes further, and, as in 1904, proposes that the First Commissioner should be invested with greater power of control, or that a Ministry of Fine Arts should be created, the latter course being advocated also by Mr. Marion Spielmann. Mr. Goscombe John asks whether "it is not pathetic to wander along the Embankment or in the parks, and feel the emptiness of it all," and urges that the mission of sculpture is to "express the joy of life, and the poetry of history and romance."

But what is more remarkable than the unanimity in speech of these gentlemen is their unanimity in reticence, for, with the insidious modesty characteristic of members of the august body to which they belong, not one mentions the Royal Academy. Although advisory committees may not be regarded with favour by qualified judges, the scheme would be worthy of consideration, if we could be sure that the members would be truly representative of the best expert opinion in architecture, sculpture and decoration. The Royal Commission on the administration of the Chantrey Bequest is so recent that the public will do well in scrutinising very closely any project that is approved by a body which was shown to be unduly partial to its own members. We do not want another "job" for the Royal Academy. It is better that our streets and squares and embankments should be empty of decoration than that they should be filled with pretentious and inferior art.

When we think of Mr. Gilbert's "Amor" shooting his darts down Piccadilly as an "expression of the joy of life," of Landseer's "repeated lions" in Trafalgar Square, of the Gordon in unstable equilibrium in the same place by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, of the fossilised photograph by Sir Edgar Boehm at Hyde Park Corner, the Sir Hugh Rose which may be similarly described, by the late Onslow Ford, and, last but not least, of Sir William Richmond's stencil plate running riot round the spandrels of St. Paul's Cathedral, we must feel little disposition to permit the Royal Academy to have the sole guidance of our taste in sculpture and decoration. There has been no suggestion that it should, but the Academy as a body is known to be rapacious in act and reticent in words and therefore extreme circumspection is advisable.

I doubt exceedingly whether, even if a representative body could indeed be established, any conscious effort towards dignity and taste in certain limited sites would be of much value. There has been a great deal of these so-called improvements in partial and private enterprise, especially in the year of the King's accession, and it seems to me that London is losing in character. There was something in the London of twenty years ago that had a sort of grandeur and strangeness, that was picturesque if not beautiful. The mixture of grandeur, squalor and vulgarity in such a view as that up Ludgate Hill, with the railway bridge and the advertisements and St. Paul's looming in the background, has a fascination in its kind. The causes of ugliness in a great city like London or Berlin lie far deeper than can be touched by any committee of taste. If beauty does not spring up unasked from our daily vocations as it has in the past, and does to some extent even now in Florence and Venice, and as it always does in the ancient cities of India, can it be imposed consciously and pompously, and can it be a vital thing? What would Ruskin have said? Would he not say that London is as beautiful as it deserves to be?

In this connection we must admit that Sir William

Richmond shows good sense, as he usually does, in his public utterances :

I have a very strong feeling that the city is always interesting that grows, I may say, naturally (*Tribune*, Friday, January 26). One of the best managed cities that I know in Europe, is Turin. But it is not equal in interest to old cities that grow up on account of necessity, in which the architecture and building schemes represent the necessity of the moment. . . . Upon that committee there should be only men well known for the integrity of their tastes, and who have absolutely no axes to grind. That is important. You must have varied intellects and no narrow minds or faddists on such a body. I would not have a man who had particular Gothic or classical proclivities.

All most excellent. Unfortunately, right opinions do not necessarily involve right action, as Sir Peter Teazle remarked to Joseph Surface, or words to that effect.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—I

THE publication of this work, begun in 1901, was completed at the close of 1905 with the appearance of the sixth volume, in which the late Mr. Edward Dannreuther, under the title "The Romantic Movement," treats of music in the nineteenth century. We have before us, therefore, in this work a record of the development of the art unique in English literature, in which its growth is traced from the incipient efforts at polyphony in the ninth century, the first attempts to produce two concordant sounds simultaneously, to the appearance of the "romantic" operas of Wagner. The object of the work is avowedly to trace the evolution of the art, not to record the achievements of artists, although the latter necessarily follows in some degree from the former. It has been carried out by five men whose names alone vouch for thorough scholarship and both careful and original research. They are Professor H. E. Wooldridge (formerly Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford), Sir C. Hubert H. Parry (Professor of Music at Oxford), Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Mr. W. H. Hadow, who is also general editor, and Mr. E. Dannreuther. It is my object, in a few short papers, to trace very roughly the general course of the work, and especially to call attention to those points which appear now for the first time, either as a result of recent investigation or as a personal opinion differing from that usually accepted.

It will be readily inferred that the greatest opportunities for fresh investigation are to be found in the early history of the art, and to assign this period to Professor Wooldridge was a particularly happy choice, since much of the history must be necessarily gathered from records and sources which, as they are not distinctively musical, require a wide basis of knowledge for their interpretation. The author begins by rapidly tracing the descent of Christian music directly from that of the Greeks. The technique of scales, etc., was inherited and preserved, not lost and revived partially by Ambrose and Gregory as often supposed, though their compositions are the earliest extant in Christian times. Having identified the two technical systems, Professor Wooldridge next shows how the Christian point of view immediately modified their practice.

The intention and value of a Greek composition, both words and music, was purely artistic, and the aim of the composer was directed towards the perfect rendering of the general poetic character of the words, and even to exact verbal expression. The aim of the Christian composer was entirely different, for the intention and value of the words set by him is not artistic but religious. . . . It is not the exact character of the words therefore but this general religious sentiment, this common fervour animating the whole congregation, that the Christian composer seeks to render in the music to which the texts are to be sung.

Then he shows how this resulted in a greater sweetness and tenderness of melody, especially displayed in the instinctive avoidance of the major sixth, and that hard

interval the "tritone," which later earned the name of "diabolus in musica." But most interesting is his method of accounting for the existence of the polyphonic principle in Christian music, which for all their elaborate technique and scientific reasoning never became apparent to the Greeks. The mere transference of the art to new races was not in his opinion sufficient to account for the presence of a principle so entirely new, but some more definite cause must be found, and this the author finds in the purpose to which music was applied, that of public worship, or, as he calls it, the congregational principle.

The congregation was now to be manifested in its particularity, and though still perceived as collective and united in virtue of the common act of worship, was to be recognised also in its individual and manifold elements; the individual utterances therefore were now to be seen as various yet united in one whole, as distinct yet blended in a general consonance.

The earliest attempts at the blending of different sounds were, as is well known, in the direction of "Organum" or "Diaphony," a process by which the plain-song of the Church was sung both at its original pitch and at the interval of a fourth or fifth below, and by means of doubling either or both parts at the octave a certain amount of variety was obtained. This primitive and apparently obvious device was, in fact, the germ from which sprang all modern music and the story of its gradual development into counterpoint occupies this volume. The reader is referred directly to the testimony of early treatises and manuscripts, for example the "Musica Enchiriades" often ascribed to Hucbald, but more recently supposed to be by Odo, abbot of St. Pons de Tomières in Provence, and the "Micrologus" by Guido D'Arezzo. Although such an account would appear to be as faithful as possible, yet the historian is from time to time baffled by the fact that, when a glimpse of the actual practice of composers is obtained, they often exhibit a knowledge and treatment apparently in advance of what is prescribed by the theorists. Embarrassing as this at first sight appears, it is no more so than would be the position of the antiquarian of the year 2500 A.D., should he be so unfortunate as to discover at one time a copy of Macfarren's Harmony and the score of *Ein Heldenleben*. The imperfections of notation at this early period, however, oblige us to rely upon accounts rather than compositions, but it must always be borne in mind that the same imperfections induced extempore experiment on the part of singers in a marked degree.

Partly through this and partly from theoretic considerations, the parallel movement of the "organal" part with the "plain-song" became modified until it no longer was a recognisable reduplication of it, until, in fact, first by means of "oblique" motion and later by "contrary" motion, it became an independent melody, and the name of "Discant" took the place of "Organum." As the independence of parts or voices became a recognised quality, the need for a more exact notation became imperative, a notation which should determine at once the elements of pitch and measure. The evolution of this important part of musical technique occupies a large section of Professor Wooldridge's first volume, to an exact account of which he is largely helped by the anonymous treatise, "Discantus Positio Vulgaris," the later writings of Walter Odington, and "Ars Cantus Mesurabilis," ascribed to Franco of Cologne. The intricate methods of rhythmic modes, which resulted in the establishment of triple time as the perfect measure, he ascribes, not, as is usual, to a reverent desire to symbolise thereby the Holy Trinity, but to its derivation from the classical poetic metres. No doubt it was afterwards considered symbolical, and it was this supposed significance which caused it to be rigorously maintained to the detriment of the art and the exclusion of the simpler duple measure.

When we come to the description, with copious musical illustrations, of various types of composition as practised up to the first part of the fourteenth century, the rival influences of theoretic reasoning and of the practical



expediency of performers are fully exemplified. These forms range from the vague "Organum purum" to the highly systematised "Rondels" of Adam de la Hale, and include the "Conductus," and most important of all, the "Motett." It is impossible here to dwell on the distinctive features of each form; one common feature, however, is all important. Although discord is used with amazing freedom, and this includes the use of imperfect concords, thirds and sixths, yet all rest upon a basis of perfect concords, that is to say octaves, fifths and fourths occur upon the accents and are the consonant principle of the harmony. These forms are therefore directly descended from the early "Organum" and a complete revolution was necessary before any development of counterpoint as we know it—that is, founded upon the opposite principle of successions of imperfect concords—could be realised. How this took place is the subject of Professor Wooldridge's second volume and must be left for future discussion, but there is one more point which requires notice in the music of the thirteenth century, and that is a single specimen of composition, anonymous and of English origin, the six-part "Rota," "Sumer is icumen in." The existence of this piece of work standing head and shoulders above its fellows in technical workmanship and musical design, is one of the greatest surprises in the art of music. The discussion of it here and of the alterations which are found to have been made in the manuscript is interesting and enlightening, but it still remains a work of unexplained genius.

Professor Wooldridge's work has been greatly enriched by the use of a manuscript of thirteenth-century music in the Laurentian library at Florence, and he is able to give as examples photographic facsimiles, as well as pieces scored in modern notation by him for the first time. There is just one point which mars his method with regard to these latter, and that is his persistent use of the G clef transposed for tenor and counter-tenor parts. To students the C clefs are infinitely simpler to read in a score and give a more musician-like appearance. This, though a detail, becomes important where examples hold such a prominent place. For the number and variety of these, however, we cannot be too grateful, since by their means we are brought into direct touch with a phase of music not usually accessible, but which forms a most important link in our musical ancestry.

H. C. C.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

WE notice a number of interesting volumes in Messrs. Macmillan's spring list. First and foremost, perhaps, comes "Lord Curzon in India," a selection of sixty or seventy of Lord Curzon's speeches, which, it is claimed, will constitute not only a compendium of his Viceroyalty, but a handbook to Indian politics and administration superior to any work in existence. Passages of merely local or momentary interest have been omitted, a few footnotes have been added, and Sir Thomas Raleigh, Legal Member of Council, contributes an introduction.

Another book of interest to students of our Indian Empire is Mr. A. Fielding Hall's "A People at School," which deals with the progress and retrogression of the Burmese since their coming under British rule. Mr. Hall will be remembered as the author of "The Soul of a People."

Then there is the "Memoirs of Archbishop Temple," edited by Archdeacon Sandford, and written by seven contributors: Earlier Years (1821-1848), by Canon Wilson of Worcester; the Education Office (1848-1857), by W. H. J. Roby; Rugby (1857-1869), by Mr. F. E. Kitchener; Exeter (1869-1885), by Archdeacon Sandford; Canterbury (1896-1902), by Archdeacon Spooner (the Diocesan Episcopate) and the Bishop of Bristol (the Primacy). The editor adds a summary in five chapters. Another eagerly ex-

pected biography is the life of Henry Sidgwick, by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Arthur Sidgwick.

Mr. Thomas Hardy will publish shortly with Messrs. Macmillan the second part of *The Dynasts*, the great historical drama of the Napoleonic wars, of which the first part was published in 1904. This volume (which does not complete the work) consists of six acts and forty-three scenes. It covers nearly all Europe and ends at Torres Vedras and Albuera.

We note also with pleasure the announcement by Messrs. Macmillan of "Brief Literary Criticisms," selected by Miss Elizabeth M. Roscoe from the *Spectator* articles of her uncle, Richard Holt Hutton; the first volume of "The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas," by Dr. Edward Westermarck; Miss B. E. Meyer's translation of Höffding's "Philosophy of Religion": the late Canon Overton's History of the English Church from 1714-1800 (vol. vii. of Stephens and Hunt), completed and prepared for press by the Rev. Frederick Relton; and a "Handbook of British Inland Birds" by Mr. Anthony Collett, with coloured illustrations by Mr. Eric Parker. Mr. Collett is a writer of very charming prose; but it appears that his object in the present case is to give a simple and practical authority for the identification of birds, nests and eggs, subjects on which he may be absolutely trusted.

Mr. H. Saxe-Wyndham, the Secretary of the Guildhall School of Music, is at work on a history of Covent Garden Theatre. It is remarkable that whereas Drury Lane occupies some two and a half pages of the British Museum catalogue, the other great patent theatre has not a single heading to itself. In Mr. H. Barton Baker's "History of the London Stage" there is a fairly full account of the various theatres known under the name of Covent Garden.

Amongst fiction to be published next month by Messrs. Cassell and Company are "The Red Seal," by Morice Gerard; "The Mystery of the Shadow," by Fergus Hume; and "The Burglars' Club: a Romance in Twelve Chapters," by Henry Hering.

"Through Race-Glasses," by Mr. Francis E. Vincent, is a new book which Mr. Werner Laurie will shortly publish. It consists of a collection of stories of a more or less sporting character.

Mr. Filson Young is at present engaged on a Life and Account of the Voyages of Christopher Columbus, which the firm of E. Grant Richards hopes to have ready for publication in the autumn of this year. There is reason to believe that many English collectors have in their possession a good many of the original charts and documents relating to Columbus's voyages, and therefore Mr. Filson Young asks for the co-operation of private collectors. Communications to be sent to the address of his publisher, 7 Carlton Street, Regent Street, S.W.

Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A., editor of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, has in preparation the biographies of the Ulster leaders in the insurrection of 1798. These will include William Orr, Henry Monro, James Hope, Henry Joy MacCracken, Samuel Neilson, and Thomas Russell. The writer has been collecting material for years, and now that many of the secret state papers have been made accessible a vast amount of new information has been obtained. Each biography will be treated separately, and fully illustrated with portraits and sketches depicting the persons of the period, the scenes in the patriots' lives, their homes, the battles in which they engaged, their executions, and their graves. Irish paper will be used, the illustrations made and the printing done in Ireland. The publishers will be Maunsel and Co., Ltd., Dublin.

A system of exact Classification suitable for Public Libraries, technical and elementary schools, and other educational purposes, has long been a desideratum. Such a work, arranged in a series of divisions and related subdivisions, and apparently providing places for every subject of moment, has been prepared by Mr. James Duff Brown, the Borough Librarian of Islington, and will be issued this season by The Library Supply Co. A novel series of tables is provided, enabling subjects to be sub-divided to

any extent, and the scheme is so arranged that it can be applied to the largest library or the small collection of the private collector. It can be used for arranging specimens, classifying material on any topic, grouping of business papers, or any purpose in which classification is necessary. For English libraries, in which exact Subject Classification has been comparatively neglected, this book should prove of great service.

Tolstoy's "The End of the Age," which during its serial publication in the *Fortnightly Review* has created a great deal of interest, is being published by Mr. Heinemann next week, together with other material embodying Tolstoy's view of the crisis in Russia.

Among the earliest publications in Messrs. Brown, Langham and Co.'s Spring List will be a book of interesting reminiscences by Mr. H. G. Keene, C.I. Mr. Keene is one of the survivors of the old *régime* in India, and in this book of memories, called "Here and There," there are many amusing stories of Old Haileybury, and of Indian life in days before the Mutiny. The second part of the volume contains recollections of later life spent in London and elsewhere, with gossip about some distinguished persons whom the writer had the fortune to meet on his return from exile.

The same publishers will bring out early next month a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Lacon Watson's "Christopher Deane." In view of the interest that has been shown lately in stories of School and College Life, "Christopher Deane," which treats of Winchester and Cambridge, should have considerable success in its present form.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE ROKEBY VELASQUEZ

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While the gentlemen connected with the National Art Collections Fund were giving their time and services to the work of finding money to purchase the Rokeby Velasquez for the National Gallery, it seemed ungracious to criticise the work adversely, as after all it was they who took the responsibility, and private persons subscribed the funds. But now that the picture is acquired for the nation I presume it can be openly discussed, and certainly there is something in regard to it that requires explanation. This is the strange fact that although so much fuss was made about the work, it was not deemed worth an expert critical notice. One would have thought that considering the public were asked to buy the picture for £50,000 or thereabouts, some authority would have come forward with a complete criticism of the work, especially when, judging by letters in the press, there was a divergence of opinion as to its merits and value, these letters it may be remarked mostly appearing after the statement in the December *Burlington Magazine* that "the opinion of all critics in this country (England) whose word carries any weight is unanimous in favour" of the acquisition of the Velasquez. But all we have heard about the picture are vague statements such as: "It is representative of the artist," "It is a beautiful work," "There are Berlin and American buyers waiting for it," and so on. It is quite clear that if, when opinions differ, enormous sums are paid for pictures on the ground of such bold assertions as these, the National Gallery will be deluged with offers of doubtful works, for the same statement can be made of half the pictures that come on to the market.

Now, judging the absence of proper critical notices by ordinary standards, the conclusion one must arrive at is that the picture will not stand favourable criticism, and herein I think lies the secret of the difficulty experienced in getting the money, for while no critical reasoning was put forward as to why the picture should be purchased for the nation, there was much adverse reasoning to be answered as to why it should not. Of the miscellaneous arguments used for the purchase of the picture, the only two plausible ones were that it is a beautiful work, and that it is peculiarly typical of the master's best style. This latter argument is applicable to pictures already possessed by the nation, and in itself cannot obviously hold good. If Rembrandt had painted Adam and Eve (or even the heads only) as he drew them in his etching, the picture would be worth nothing from a public gallery point of view, however typical it might be of his best style. In respect of beauty, mere perfection of form is not sufficient in such a work which requires an idea embodied. Now what is the idea in this picture? Unless it is vanity it is nothing: and the picture represents Venus and Cupid! Can you imagine a greater anachronism? If you make Venus vain of her looks, why not paint Vulcan vain of his strength, or Apollo of his form, or Christ of His goodness? If you exhibited Hercules inducing some one to feel his muscles, you would not be doing a more absurd thing than to paint Venus steadily

gazing into a mirror; though Hercules was only a demi-god. Venus is a goddess typical of beauty as well as of love, and to suggest vanity is to suggest the possibility of comparison to her disadvantage, which of course is to dethrone her. To suppose therefore that Velasquez intended this picture to represent Venus, is to assume that he was impervious to incongruity. Much more likely that he painted a Spanish dancing girl, awaiting her lover, and put in a Cupid, just as nearly every other artist from Titian to Fragonard symbolised a contemporary love scene with a Cupid. The fact that Cupid is holding the glass to Venus, does not alter my position, but rather strengthens it, because the action implies surprise or wonder.

Velasquez had a decidedly poetical turn of mind, and if he had desired to put his conception of Venus on canvas, he would probably not, like Titian, have been contented with calm radiant beauty. He would more likely have emphasised the beauty with some separate attribute, as the sculptor of the Venus de' Medici who added modesty; or as Botticelli who depicted Venus at her birth when he could appropriately add innocence; or as Rubens who painted her as the embodiment of voluptuousness. But the last thing he would have done was to depart from mythical history and the practice of the great painter who preceded him, by making Venus so self-conscious of her beauty as to typify the paltry trait of vanity. It seems to me clear, then, that from the point of view of motif, the picture as a representation of Venus and Cupid cannot stand. As a fine example of painting by Velasquez it does stand, but from what point of view is a value of £50,000 placed upon it for a public collection?

There was a similar want of expert criticism at the time the £30,000 "Portrait of Ariosto by Titian" was purchased. It afterwards turned out that the picture had nothing to do with the poet, and later that it was only partly painted by Titian. Nothing whatever has been indicated as to wherein lie the features which give the work a value of £30,000.

MAN IN THE STREET.

Florence,  
January 26.

### WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent's voluminous epistle, in which he pelts us with reasons for acknowledging Wordsworth's superiority to Shelley, is an admirable illustration of the maxim that it is dangerous to prove too much. I am reminded of the question asked by the foreman of the jury at a famous trial for treason, when the Attorney-General had made a speech of inordinate length on behalf of the Crown: "How could we convict the prisoner when Mr. Attorney took nine hours to prove him guilty?" May I for the moment assume the rôle of "Advocatus Diaboli" and present the other side of the question?

I will not insist upon the proof from parody, but it is a significant fact that no great poet has been so often and so effectively parodied as Wordsworth. His warmest admirers cannot deny that the famous stanza:

I put my hat upon my head,  
And walked into the Strand,  
And there I met another man,  
With his hat in his hand,

is only too faithful a reproduction of much of his poetry. Indeed, is there any poet as great as Wordsworth who has left behind him such a mass of printed trash? I possess an edition of his poems in six volumes, and I would undertake to put all the pure gold into one volume, leaving the other five little more than a heap of alloy and dross. Shelley's faults are great and evident, but he cannot be charged with descending into the depths of bathos as constantly and as resolutely as his illustrious contemporary. It may be also true that Shelley is not a great dramatist; but there is not the faintest trace of dramatic power in Wordsworth. I frankly concede that the "Ode to Duty," the "Intimations," and half a dozen of the sonnets are beyond the reach of Shelley; but, on the other hand, I insist that "Adonais," the "Lines in the Euganean Hills," and the "Ode to the West Wind" are equally beyond the reach of Wordsworth. These splendid poems remind me of another of Shelley's gifts which your correspondent has ignored, and which Macaulay with true critical instinct selected as the hall-mark of the highest poetical nature, the gift of converting the abstract into the concrete. This was the peculiar gift of the Greek genius; and it makes Shelley's genius, in my judgment, more akin to the Greeks than even Milton's or Keats's. It places Shelley in the same rank as his two immortal predecessors, Spenser and Bunyan. Such men are the true "seers," who "see visions and dream dreams"; and this divine faculty of theirs, by virtue of its rarity and beauty, redeems a host of faults.

Something more I had to say, but I will have mercy upon your readers.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

### THE IMMORTAL PHRASE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—None of the allusions in your last issue to my letter *re* the "Immortal Phrase" require serious comment save one, that of Mr. Frank Tovargue, who in the course of his deprecatory remarks says: "his (referring to myself) opinion that *your* previous quotations from Shelley seem only to strengthen the position he defends is worthless."

I have, Sir, italicised the word "your" because Mr. Tovargue has fathered on you the quotations of Mr. D. Gulliver to which I took exception. Thus proving that he has not followed this correspondence so carefully as his own statement would imply.

Might I in all courtesy ask Mr. Tovargue this: if to be inspired with a genuine admiration for some of the noblest lines yet written by any poet since Shakespeare and Milton is to entitle one to the appellation of "fanatical devotee," what name shall be given to one who equally admires a poet whose words, beautiful as they are, "came like water, and like wind (they) go;" leaving no lasting or ennobling influence on the minds and hearts of his readers?

In brief, granting that Shelley's poetry is, in parts, as beautiful as a rainbow, is it not equally true that like the rainbow it fails to touch the universal heart of mankind?

It is needless for me to labour the "great divide" between the two poets, for Mr. G. E. Biddle has admirably and critically anticipated any words of mine on the subject in his extremely interesting letter contained in your last issue.

STANLEY HUTTON.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—Whilst deprecating dogmatism in settling the comparative merits of Wordsworth and Shelley, one of your correspondents formulates his own dogma that "Each mind is the sole arbiter on points of taste, and its decisions are not affected either by pleading or argument." It seems to me, however, there is a standard of taste (an inadequate word) in poetry from which common sense, as distinguished from sentimentalism, would not appeal. To appreciate great poetry is, probably, as much a gift of nature, as is the ability to write it, and it is very true that the accepted literary critic is, like the poet, born and not made. Hence, to question the verdict of an inspired authority like Coleridge would pre-suppose the questioner to be on the same plane of capacity for giving judgment. What he said respecting the many "unforgettable lines" of Wordsworth has been already "investigated" and confirmed by all succeeding reliable critics, and by the tribute of his own wonderful verse, "With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir Of ever-enduring men."

Matthew Arnold's "ineffectual angel" was one of those happy phrases which expressed more, in its assessment of Shelley, than many a long critique. To be compared with "the angels" is no small praise, and to be an "ineffectual angel" is more than to be a minor poet. If one might classify it as natural history, it is probably something like his own skylark which he desired so much to resemble, "part spirit and part bird."

How frequently one is put out of love with one's own favourite poet by the effusive quotations of injudicious friends of the same writer. The prolonged quotations of perfervid sentimentalists are not only seldom to the point, but of such a nauseating lukewarmness as to make one wonder at the twaddle the great poets were guilty of. Looking down from "the abode where the Eternal are," both Wordsworth and Shelley might often exclaim, "Save me from my friends."

J. E. K.

January 27.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—The correspondence under the above heading appears to be passing into a discussion between the admirers of Shelley and Wordsworth as to which poet published the greater number of quotable sentences. One correspondent concludes that Wordsworth is the greater genius because "he is more frequently quoted than any other poet except Shakespeare and Milton." Surely this is an error as to the ratio of citation. If the quoted phrase is to be accepted as the criterion of greatness, Pope and Butler (of "Hudibras" renown) are far above Wordsworth and even above Milton! This is, indeed, *reductio ad absurdum*!

If any benefit is to be obtained by proving one poet inferior or superior to any other poet do let a higher and more literary standard be adopted to settle the man's rank in the poetic hierarchy than this competitive plan! Notable, quotable sayings are generally of the proverb type, and the more they are circulated the more defaced and defiled they become.

JOHN H. INGRAM.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—Interested as I have been in this correspondence, I have been wondering all along whether we should get through it without reference to Tennyson's "Jewels five words long." We have not: Mr. Stanley Hutton gave it us plump in his letter of January 20. My object in writing is to implore that no one may repeat it.

"Jewel's five-words-long,  
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time  
Sparkle for ever."

"The stretched forefinger of Time!" Held up to show his jewels, I presume, like the ring-fingers of a suburban lady drinking tea! "All Time." What does *all* mean here? "The stretched forefinger of all Jones" makes nonsense. How could some of Mr. Jones, or some of Time stretch a forefinger? "Of all Time sparkle for ever." The late laureate was really anxious, it appears, to make an "immortal" phrase and so piled on pleonasm of eternity. And I have not touched at all upon the absurdly inappropriate idea of Time wearing jewels anywhere. It seems to me that in the whole of English literature there is no such inept and faulty phrase—outside *The Critic*.

H. L. E.

ILLUSTRATED NOVELS

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—I was much interested in the letter on this subject addressed to you in the ACADEMY of January 20, by a writer signing herself A. L. T. If A. L. T. is not herself a story-writer, she can at least sympathise with what those of us who are have to suffer. Here is an experience of my own. Not long ago I was asked to contribute a story to a Christmas Number, and my story turned on the old theme of a girl dressed as a man (I need not say that it was a story of the rapier-and-cloak order). The whole point of the story was that the girl must not be recognised to be a girl; and when I sent the manuscript to the artist, I impressed this upon him. The result was that I received in return a drawing which displayed a peculiarly well-developed female figure almost bursting the seams of a too scanty male costume. I showed it to a friend: "In which pantomime is she principal boy?" was his apt question.

The case is too often the same with novels. They are carelessly read by overworked hack artists, with results that we all know. Even Cruikshank (as I remember it was shown in your paper not long ago) was not above reproach in this matter, and the modern artist is far worse. A. L. T.'s irritability is shared, I feel certain, by many of us.

But it is, perhaps, only fair to remember that, as the modern novel is written for people entirely destitute of imagination, so the illustrations are made with the same class in view. The process that has been going on in the theatre since the Bancroft days is going on in fiction too. The imagination is being killed by inanition. People have been too lazy and too stupid, for want of practice, to exercise their own imagination; and while on the one hand, we have the peddling "realistic" novel that can omit no smallest detail, so we have the illustrator, who steps in to add bewilderment to tedium. There are exceptions, of course. The original illustrator of Sherlock Holmes in the *Strand Magazine* was (or is, for I forget his name) an artist of sufficient power to be welcome to stamp his imagination on our own. If there were more like him, A. L. T. and I and others would have less reason to complain.

URSA MAJOR.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—Mr. Robert Ross's one besetting sin—over-great modesty—is amply shown in his article in the ACADEMY of January 27, on an Essay written by a poetaster on Aubrey Beardsley and recently re-issued by Messrs. Dent. It has prevented him from mentioning an admirable criticism of his own on the artist's work, which was prefixed to my edition of "Volpone, or, The Foxe," a book illustrated by Beardsley, which gained for my firm the Grand Prix de Paris at the Universal Exhibition of 1900. Mr. Ross's "Eulogy" of Beardsley is far more valuable to the person who is making the acquaintance of that artist's work, and is written with far greater knowledge of, and sympathy with, its subject.

I had with the issue of No. 1 of "The Savoy" a similar experience to Mr. Lane's. A round robin was sent me by its contributors declining to allow their work to appear unless Mr. Beardsley's work was withdrawn. As I regarded, and still regard, Mr. Beardsley's work as of far greater worth than that of every other contributor to "The Savoy" put together, I said to the editor, "I will do without the other people's work, and stick to Beardsley." It may amuse some to know that, much to the annoyance of my literary editor and to the great delight of Beardsley, I was myself the art editor of that, to me, unforgettable publication.

I am afraid Mr. Ross is poking fun when he alludes to my "limited editions of 5000 copies"; they were, alas! editions of from 200 to 500 copies, and even then would never sell out. If I sold 300 copies of any book with Beardsley's illustrations I was overjoyed. Now, they all fetch a considerable premium on the moderate prices at which they were originally issued.

During Mr. Beardsley's last illness I had many "serious, almost solemn," conversations with him, and there is no doubt whatever in my mind as to his sincerity as regards his religion, although his expression of it in his letters to me was very different from his correspondence with the "un-named friend," who may or may not have been "the author of certain pseudo-scientific and pornographic works issued in Paris," mentioned by Mr. Ross.

LEONARD SMITHERS.

January 31.

ROBERT BURNS

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—I am obliged to you for inserting my letter about the date of Burns's birthday.

As to the correct reading of the line in "Tam o' Shanter" I find editions vary; some having "the snow falls," others either "snow-falls" or "snowfall." I took mine from W. S. Douglas's edition, which professes accuracy, and I have read somewhere (I think in the Centenary edition of Burns) that "like the snow falls" was what the poet wrote, but that it was altered to "snow-falls" or "snowfall" by Chambers, who mistook the construction of the sentence, in which either "like"="as" or (as I now think probable, "like-falls"="like the snow that falls." In any case "falls" is a separate word and a verb.

In your editorial note to my letter, you refer to the "Kilmarnock edition" as your authority for the other reading. There must be some mistake here, since the Kilmarnock edition appeared in 1786 and contains the poems written up to that date; whereas "Tam o' Shanter" was not written till 1790 or 1791, and appeared first in the *Edinburgh Magazine* of March 1791, and was published in what is known as the "Second Edinburgh Edition" of 1793. Possibly this is the one you intended to name.

C. S. JERRAM.

## OUR CURATE'S EYES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A few months ago the question was raised in your columns as to the authorship of the witty epigram on "Our Curate's Eyes," and the name of Rowland E. Egerton-Warburton was cited as its possible and even, probable author. The question is so far settled by a letter from Mr. Warburton's son which I received a few days ago. He writes, "In looking over an old book of my father's I have come on 'Our Curate's Eyes' that you wanted to know about: On back is written by him—'This epigram was given to me by the Bishop of Peterborough at Crewe Hall, December 1873. He said: "I will not put my name to it as I might be supposed the author"—which I suspect he was.—R. E. E.-W."

Nunney Delamere, Frome.

January 25.

ROBERT BATEMAN.

## MR. J. H. INGRAM'S BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MARLOWE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hasten to apologise to Mr. J. H. Ingram for my inadvertence in not quoting him correctly. As I had not his volume before me when writing, I unfortunately trusted to memory. Mr. Ingram is not, however, ingenuous enough to admit that I was substantially right, although verbally wrong. That this is the case will appear when I say that the item in question figures as follows in his bibliography: "Faligan, E. *De Marlowianis fabulis*. Paris, 1887. A thesis exposing many of the fables about Marlowe."

Now my contention is that Mr. Ingram was evidently led astray by the title of the book and after a perfunctory examination described it in accordance with his misconception. I find it impossible to account for his description in any other way. The greater part of the volume is made up of an examination of Marlowe's plays with an elaborate study of their sources, and so far is a valuable contribution to the study of Elizabethan literature. Mr. Ingram's statement that it is based on second-hand knowledge is but another example of his accuracy. Certainly M. Faligan is not a discoverer. It has been left for Mr. Ingram to find out that the best-known play of Thomas Heywood should be credited to Ben Jonson, and that both the *second* and third parts of Henry VI. are based on the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York."

FRANCIS WOOLLETT.

[Mr. Ingram replies:

In courtesy to the Editor, who has published this correspondence, and the readers who may have perused it, I condescend to answer Mr. Woollett's further letter, which should have been restricted to his apology. On January 16 he asserted that I had made a "mistake" in saying what I had never stated; secondly, he averred that, as he "had expected," the work of M. Faligan was "nothing of the kind" described by me, but "simply a doctoral thesis dealing with the plays of Marlowe," which he now tries to qualify; and, thirdly, he alleged that I had "not taken the trouble to examine" the volume, because, forsooth, he finds "it impossible to account for his description in any other way." Founding his accusations first on a faulty memory, and then on his own personal opinions!

I have nothing to retract or revise of my note on M. Faligan's book. In a treatise on Marlowe a considerable portion of the book is necessarily devoted to an examination of his dramas, but a large section of this one is allotted to his life and deals with all the old problems and fables connected with it, such as the Collier forgeries; theory of Marlowe's soldiering; Manwood supporting the poet at college; Elizabethan idea of "early age"; Greene's posthumous tract, and so forth. I carefully read and made notes of the volume, but could not gather a single item of fresh information from it.

The new matter which Mr. Woollett now introduces into the correspondence has nothing to do with M. Faligan's work, and has been sufficiently dealt with in other publications. I shall have nothing more to say on that subject until the re-issue of my book on Marlowe.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

*Social Caricature in the Eighteenth Century*. By "George Paston." 15½ x 11½. Methuen, 52s. 6d. net.

Hind, C. Lewis. *Days with Velasquez*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xii, 160. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

[Twenty-four full-page illustrations, eight of which are "reproduced in the colours of the original paintings," the remainder in black and white. At the end of his appreciation Mr. Lewis Hind has added a list of the "Principal Works of Velasquez," arranged by locality.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Bielschowsky, Albert. *The Life of Goethe*. Authorised Translation from the German by William A. Cooper. In three vols. Vol. i. 1749-1788. *From Birth to the Return from Italy*. Illustrated. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xvi, 439. Putnam.

[Bielschowsky's *Goethe, sein Leben und seine Werke*, the first volume of which appeared in 1895, was at once hailed as supplanting the Life by Lewes, till then unrivalled. Professor Cooper's translation will be welcomed. The quotations are given both in German and English, and he has added a few notes. The portraits are most interesting.]

Barine, Arvède. *Louis XIV. and La Grande Mademoiselle (1652-1693)*. Authorised English Translation. Illustrated. 9 x 6. Pp. xii, 394. Putnam, 12s. 6d.

[The French work was published in the spring of last year. The translation makes a sumptuous volume, fully illustrated.]

## EDUCATION.

Leigh, Hon. M. Cordelia. *Our School out of Doors: a Nature book for young people*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 141. Unwin, 2s.

[Designed for the assistance of teachers in Nature Study. The school is supposed to be taken for a country walk twice a month and to be studying on the spot.]

Frazer, Norman L. *Summary of English History*. With 53 illustrations and 12 maps. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 216. Black's School History. Black, 2s.

## FICTION.

Synge, Mrs. Hamilton. *A Supreme Moment*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 315. Unwin, 6s. Cobb, Thomas. *Mrs. Erricker's Reputation*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 308. Alston Rivers, 6s. (See p. 117.)

Coke, Desmond T. F. *The Bending of a Twig*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

Howard, Keble. *The Smiths of Surbiton*. A Comedy without a Plot. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 400. Chapman and Hall, 6s.

Parrish, Randall. *A Sword of the Old Frontier: a tale of Fort Chartres and Detroit*. Illustrated. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 407. Putnam, 6s.

Hamilton, Cosmo. *Nature's Vagabond and other Stories*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 324. Chatto & Windus, 6s. (See p. 117.)

Betham-Edwards, Miss. *Martha Rose, Teacher*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. John Long, 6s. (See p. 117.)

Fenn, George Manville. *Aynsley's Case*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. John Long, 6s.

Trowbridge, W. R. H. *A Dazzling Reprobate*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 299. Unwin, 6s.

Joubert, Carl. *The White Head (Baylaxa Ruka)*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 327. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Forestier-Walker, Clarence. *The Cuckoo's Egg*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 304. Digby, Long, 6s.

Livingstone, Belle. *Letters of a Bohemian*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 154. Greening.

Orczy, Baroness. *A Son of the People*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 340. Greening, 6s.

## LITERATURE.

Koster, Edward B. *Over Navolging en Overeenkomst in de Literatuur*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 80. Wageningen: Pieterse.

Sandbach, F. E. *The Heroic Saga-Cycle of Dietrich of Bern*. Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance and Folklore, No. 15. 6½ x 4½. Pp. iv, 68. Nutt, 6d. net.

[The development of this saga (which moderns have strangely neglected in favour of the once less famous *Siegfried*) from its origin in History and Mythology, and some account of the poems comprising the Dietrich Cycle. With a list of the more important poems and a bibliography.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Science Year Book*, Diary, Directory and Scientific Summary, 1906. 9½ x 6½. King, Sell and Olding, 5s. net.

[The second annual issue of this invaluable book contains new and additional maps and notes and a fuller directory, with a list of books published during last year. Any page of the book can be had separately.]

Robertson, John M. *What to Read: suggestions for the better utilisation of Public Libraries*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 15. Watts, 2d.

Guyot, Yves. *The Comedy of Protection*. Translated by M. A. Hamilton. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxxii, 325. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

*Catalogue of the Principal Works in Circulation at Mudie's Library*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xviii, 719. Mudie's Library.

*The Cambridge Year-book and Directory*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xv, 784. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.

[See note to the *Oxford Year-book* in "Books Received," ACADEMY, January 27.]

Sharpless, Isaac. *Quakerism and Politics*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 224. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach.

[A series of papers dealing with the aims and influences of Quakerism.]

Northcote, Hugh. *Christianity and Sex Problems*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 257. Philadelphia: Davis, \$2.00 net.

Lane, Mrs. John. *The Champagne Standard*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 314. Lane, 6s.

## ORIENTAL.

*Some Sayings from the Upanishads*. Done into English, with Notes, by L. D. Barnett. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 59. Luzac, 1s. 6d. net.

[Dr. Barnett is Assistant in the Department of Oriental Books and MSS. of the British Museum.]

## POETRY.

Graham, John Ramsay. *Verses*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 57. Greening, 5s. net.

Bryant, Marguerite. *Verses to Many Friends*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 72. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

*The Tragedies of Algernon Charles Swinburne*. In five vols. Vol. v. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 451. Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.

[Contents: *Lochner*; *The Sisters*; *Marino Faliero*; *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*.]

The King's Novels: Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington*. 6 x 4½. Pp. xviii, 274. De La More Press, 1s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 2056. Ward, Lock, 7s. 6d. net.

The Story of the Nations. *Japan*. By David Murray. With a supplementary chapter by Joseph H. Longford. 8 x 6. Pp. x, 464. Unwin, 5s.



## SCIENCE.

Saleeby, C. W. *Ethics*. Pp. 115; Bennett, Edward T. *Spiritualism*. Pp. 140. Each 7½ × 4½. Shilling Scientific Series. Jack.

Moore, J. Howard. *The Universal Kinship*. 8½ × 5. Pp. 330. [The chief purpose of this book is to prove and interpret the kinship of the human species with the other species of animals.]

Prince, Morton, M.D. *The Dissociation of a Personality: a Biographical study in Abnormal Psychology*. 8½ × 6. Pp. xii, 569. Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.

[This book is more interesting than any novel. It is a long study of a lady who was an instance of multiple or "disintegrated" personality. She was, in fact, three or four people, not one. Professor Prince is a well-known American nerve-physician. This volume forms Parts i. and ii. of a larger work, "Problems in Abnormal Psychology," but is complete in itself.]

Snyder, Harry. *Dairy Chemistry*. Illustrated. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xii, 190. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Snyder is Professor of Agricultural Chemistry in the University of Minnesota, and this book is the outgrowth of a course of lectures delivered there. The main object is to present concisely the principal changes that take place in the handling of milk and its manufacture into butter and cheese; but the sanitary condition of milk, the feeding of dairy stock, and other subjects are also treated.]

## THEOLOGY.

Vivian, Philip. *The Churches and Modern Thought: an inquiry into the grounds of unbelief and an appeal for candour*. 8 × 5½. Pp. xvi, 398. Watts, 6s. net.

[An endeavour to set forth "not only the destructive but also the constructive, results of a search for truth," by one who "succeeded in extricating himself from a quagmire of demonstrably false superstition."]

Lüdemann, Hermann. *Biblical Christianity*. Authorised Translation by Maurice A. Canney. 7½ × 5. Pp. x, 82. Owen, 2s. net.

[Dr. Lüdemann, Professor (Ord.) of Theology in the University of Bern, is a "Liberal Protestant."]

Salt, Henry S. *The Faith of Richard Jefferies*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 15. Watts, 2d.

[Reprinted from *The Westminster Review*.]

## TRAVEL.

Raleigh, Walter. *The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 205. MacLehose, 4s. 6d. net. (See p. 111.)

Kemeid, Halil-J. *The Standard Guide to Egypt and the Sudan*. Ninth yearly edition, revised. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 258. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.

## THE BOOKSHELF

WE have received two books that are as like as two peas but come from different publishers. One is *Henry Irving*, by Austin Brereton (Treherne, 1s. net), the other is *The Art of the Theatre*, together with an introduction by Edward Gordon Craig and preface by R. Graham Robertson (T. N. Foulis, Edinburgh and London). Both books are bound in brown paper, very handsomely printed and illustrated. Mr. Brereton's book is a collection of articles which he has written at various times on Sir Henry Irving, and it contains two appendices which will be of value to the student and the annalist, a chronological history of Sir Henry Irving's life and a full list of the parts he played. Mr. Gordon Craig's book calls for fuller notice. Every one knows Mr. Gordon Craig as a scenic artist, who in *Bethlehem*, *Ibsen's Vikings* and other productions achieved by unconventional means effects of real and surprising beauty. He is less fortunate when he comes to theorise; or rather his theories are perfectly right and his illustrations and details often wrong. His main contention is that the art of the theatre is a composite art, that it is composed not of words only, nor of movement only, nor of colour and form only, but of all three and of other things that work together; and he maintains very rightly that to secure artistic unity in theatrical production there ought to be one guiding mind to control all those different elements into harmony. He is right in thinking that the Drama grew originally out of movement, not out of speech; in Greece out of dancing, in England out of religious ritual into which speech came gradually to be introduced. Where he is absolutely wrong is in such statements as this; "*Hamlet* has not the nature of stage representation," and the inference that *Hamlet* was written for the closet, not for the stage, and is complete in itself without performance. He is wrong in implying, as he does, that the *Miracles and Mysteries* are not quite so complete without performance as Shakespeare's plays. To read them is to see that they are infinitely less theatrical, far more didactic, far less dependent on scenic representation than any play that Shakespeare ever wrote. He goes off on a strange error on the matter of stage-directions. His opinion is that Shakespeare omitted stage-directions because he felt justified in leaving those things to the higher authority, the stage director. If Shakespeare omitted stage-directions, he did so because there was nobody who could carry them out. It was no use his describing an orchard, a palace or a room, because, whatever he said, his manager would be bound to give him exactly the same curtain for each. When Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones occupies two pages in describing a room he does so, because he knows he will get exactly what he asks for. He becomes, in fact, the stage director, for it is a matter of common knowledge that the modern dramatist is a more important person at a rehearsal than the manager and that it is he who directs the costumiers, scene painters, and actors alike. In the case of revivals the manager takes his place, but it is nearly always the case that there is one mind

responsible and controlling. The fact is that in his claim for a stage director Mr. Gordon Craig is not demanding anything that we have not got. His demand is really, if he knew it, for more intelligence, more artistic sense, in the mind of the stage directors whom we have. We may say in conclusion that the more they take the opinion of Mr. Gordon Craig on matters of detail, the more likely they are to achieve beauty in their productions.

*Midsummer Eve*, by Gordon Bottomley, is a dramatic poem of extraordinary vagueness, with an almost mawkish insistence on some ideas of sex that will spoil for many its frequent passages of beauty. It is described as a pastoral and brings before us with a solemn sloth of movement the reticent loveliness of a June night. Five girls meet in the moonlight in the door of a great barn, to watch through the enchanted eve of midsummer for visions of their future loves. A cow is dying of milk fever in the neathouse, and the girls talk sadly, wonderingly, and without reserve of the cares and pains of female things. They see no imaged swains, but the fetch or wraith of one of themselves, who is at once seized with the consciousness of death. It is vaguely suggested that the fetch milks the sick beast, so that it dies, and, at the end, we are given to understand that the girl dies, and perhaps also the one who waits with her. Surely an intangible warp on which to weave the texture of a poem. But the woven gossamer has parts so perfect that it is an impertinence to mention them with such brevity. We like especially this song of bee-swarming:

"Fetch the porridge pot hither to me,  
The porridge pot and the dairy key,  
And bring me a clout to wind my hair  
Or the swarming bees will tangle there:  
They drip from the hive in the orchard long  
And coil the green-cherried boughs among  
As they follow the tanking tune I ring  
Under the cherry leaves' shivering . . ."

and these lines, of the last load of hay:

"Yet here's the haysel done with: how it hurt  
To rake behind the last dim cart; and now  
My soul creeps in me like the low pale night mist  
To know that in a moment past this moment  
We shall not hear it slowly any more  
Down in the lane where, wisping the close trees,  
It follows us like a mournful sound of change."

The book is beautifully printed by hand, and illustrated, by Mr. James Guthrie, at the Pear Tree Press.

*Flowering Plants, their Structure and Habitat*, by Charlotte L. Laurie (Allman and Sons, 2s. 6d.), is intended for those already possessing some knowledge of Botany, and treats mainly of the Ecology and Histology of Plants. These subjects have been comparatively neglected in schools, though capable of being made intensely interesting. The book forms a supplement to the author's *Text-book of Elementary Botany*, and is very attractively illustrated by Miss Boys-Smith, whose drawings are original and not mere reproductions from Sachs.

For beginners a useful little book (in the hands of good teacher) is Mr. C. L. Cooper's *First Lessons in Botany*, an introduction to nature-study, illustrated by C. C. Cooper (Blackie, 6d.). We say in the hands of a good teacher, because there is nothing but the skeleton—the dry bones which the teacher must clothe with flesh and endue with spirit, before botany can mean anything in the world to a child. Still it is an accurate and comprehensive little book from which the bare details and nomenclature of the science may be profitably learned.

*Freehand for Teachers and Art Students*, by E. A. Branch (Ralph Holland, 2s. 6d.), contains thirty-two photographic representations, including inlays, patterns on pottery, textiles, repoussé, wrought iron, carved work and natural foliage, together with one hundred diagrams of construction; and opens with a brief outline of the principles of ornament and the construction of patterns, with forty illustrative diagrams. This Introduction is a new feature in a book of this kind, and Mr. Branch may justly claim that his book is not only a complete course of freehand drawing in outline, but likely to be of service to students of elementary principles of ornament and elementary design. His examples all come from S. Kensington; each is thoroughly analysed, and a complete set of working diagrams is given; and to this (second) edition four photographs of natural foliage, with diagrams of construction, have been added. The book has already made its mark, and the new issue will win increased favour.

*New Drawing Course*. J. Vaughan. Stage v. (Nelson, 2s. 6d.)—This is a Teacher's Handbook, quarto, with firm linen cover, and on excellent paper. Messrs. Nelson are well in the van of progress in this scheme of Drawing, Design, and Manual Occupations, and the book is a marvel at the price. The blackboard illustrations and other plates are sensible and exactly what the teacher wants, no small achievement in these days of rapid development of Codes. The object-drawing and cardboard and clay modelling deserve especial mention. Teachers will find remarks quite as suggestive among the hints as to common errors as among the specimens of work rightly finished. The compiler quite justly insists upon drawing as a necessary ingredient in every child's education, and not as a mere by-subject or extra. With this comprehension of the scope of the subject, naturally the need for more system and cohesion is obvious.

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# THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1762

FEBRUARY 10, 1906

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE writer who contributes to the *Cornhill Magazine* a disquisition called "From a College Window," in the February number gives what might very well have appeared as a Literary Causerie in our own columns. In his chatty way he tells us that he is himself engaged in literary occupations and that he once went out shooting with a country gentleman who was engaged in writing a novel the chapters of which were read regularly after dinner, the conclusion being that to have to listen to this twaddle was a high price to pay even for the excellent shooting which was enjoyed. The experience seems to have left behind it an undying hatred of what our essayist calls "the amateur."

It would be easy to break a lance with him over some of the propositions he advances, because some of the most delightful books in the English language have been composed by those whose main vocation was not literary; but some of the practical advice which the writer offers is more worthy of comment. "My one belief," he says, "is that in writing one cannot do much by correction." Of course, that is a matter of temperament. One man achieves his purpose by a single attempt, or fails altogether; another is like Balzac, who wrote out the idea of much of his novel first on a small sheet of paper, then expanded and expanded it until, after he had gone over it many times, it had grown into a complete novel. Between the extremes there is every sort and kind of variation. We are told that Shakespeare never blotted a line, but then we know of many thousands of lines that he ought to have blotted. Thus it is simply impossible for one writer to tell another what his practice should be in a matter of this kind.

Two suggestions, nevertheless, are worthy of consideration. One is that everybody who wishes to write should keep a full diary, and the other that he should practise the art of writing poetry. Such advice is more easily given than carried out. In a sense anybody can keep a diary, but not one person in a million has that perfect knowledge of self combined with the requisite moral courage to face the day frankly and write of it truly. The first and the second and the third qualities in a great writer are sincerity, and what sincerity is—to quote a phrase beloved of one who was himself a great editor—"neither you nor I know, but I only." It means something more than what we generally regard as mere truthfulness. It means the power to put away all that does not belong to the individual, all that has been gathered at second hand from other writers and thinkers, and it means also truth, not so much with regard to the paltry happening of to-day, as to the eternal fact that lies at the back of some million or so

of such happenings. Diaries in abundance have been kept and written and published, but how few are worthy of the paper and ink required to publish them!

So, too, with the practice of writing poetry. The advice to attempt it is, in a sense, admirable. A command of rhyme and rhythm does indeed mean a command of language as a whole, yet we are sure that no true and devoted lover of poetry would prostitute it to the acquisition of a prose style. That is to say, no one with a spark of genuine poetry in his composition would care to practise verse-writing merely for the purpose of learning proficiency in it. He sings but as the linnet sings, and whoever has observed the young linnet knows that its earliest and most feeble effort at song is as much inspired as the finished carol. No doubt skill comes with practice, but the practice is not that of an athlete preparing for a race, but a series of efforts, each of which it is hoped at the time will result in a masterpiece.

Our writer quotes a good saying of Professor Seeley's: "Don't be afraid of letting the bones show," and that was getting near the true theory of composition. It must have struck many a one as strange that people who cultivate simple habits, and whose subject demands a most direct communication of intelligence, when they sit down to write become dignified and formal and full of thought about their periods. There are, in point of fact, very few writers in the English language who can get rid of this. Fielding did, and Laurence Sterne, and Dean Swift, but some of those authors who are cited as examples by the essayist only aped the real thing. Stevenson aped it quite consciously, and Ruskin, to whom we are particularly recommended, was ever a slave to the resonant syllable and the long rhythm. His simplicity was always that of the Professor. Thus we cannot call ourselves very strongly in agreement with the eyes that look out "From a College Window." Yet it is a point gained that an author writing on a subject like this makes a remark that causes one to take the trouble to dissent from it.

A decision which, if sustained on appeal, must prove of the most momentous importance to British authors has just been pronounced by Judge Kohlsaas of the Circuit Court, Illinois, in the case of the Merriam Co. v. United Dictionary Co. According to the report in the *New York Publishers' Weekly*, Judge Kohlsaas has most reluctantly decided that a bill to restrain the publication of "Webster's High School Dictionary" and "Webster's International Dictionary" from plates made from photographs of the English edition—which did not contain the notice of copyright under the Chace Act—must be dismissed. The owners of the American copyright edition are therefore left without remedy. If a copy of any work which is protected in the United States comes rightfully into the possession of any one, and does not contain the notice in the form provided, that work is, under this decision, thrown into the public domain and becomes common property.

It has long been suspected by experts that this is the only logical interpretation of Section 4962 of the American Statute, but this is the first clear pronouncement upon the point. Hundreds of English works not bearing any copyright notice in the English edition are thus thrown open to the American pirate. Judge Kohlsaas admitted that the equities of the situation were with the complainant—who had duly copyrighted the work in the United States, and from American plates manufactured in England an edition with the copyright notice intentionally omitted—but affirmed that "the remedy rests with Congress, not with the Courts."

It is to be hoped that advantage will be taken of the opportunity presented by the Copyright Bill now being prepared, to limit the force and effect of Section 4962 to the United States. It is contrary to the spirit of International Law that a country should impose duties upon the citizens of another country outside its own territory. In this case the penalty falls upon American citizens who might be presumed to know American law, but in the case of a British author, who can hardly be expected to understand the British Copyright Code, it is adding insult to injury to require him to know the force and effect of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Mr. Ernest Mayer, Managing Director of the International Copyright Bureau, Ltd., Oswaldestre House, 34 and 35, Norfolk Street, Strand, writes to us as follows: "Russia, being outside the Berne Convention, there are not, of course, any legal means to prevent the appropriation of the best work of English authors on the part of Russian publishers and editors. I am, however, inclined to think that I have hit upon a scheme whereby this wholesale robbery can effectively be put a stop to. I should, therefore, be glad if you would draw your readers' attention thereto, and advise them to communicate with us. I venture to request you for this favour chiefly in the interest of short-story writers."

On the 13th inst. and three following days Messrs. Sotheby will sell the general library of the late Mr. Edwin Truman, M.R.C.S. Mr. Truman was for fifty years Dentist to the Royal Household, from 1853 to the time of his death in 1904, but it was in connection with the first Atlantic Cable that he became famous and made a fortune. He succeeded in completely purifying gutta-percha—the covering material—in any quantity and without injuring the material, and so overcame the difficulty which caused the failure in 1853.

Mr. Truman was a great collector of books and especially of everything illustrated by George Cruikshank. His collections of engravings, drawings and caricatures are to be sold in March and April, and the Cruikshank collections in May. The present sale contains some very fine books. Amongst them we notice a very rare series of the forty-eight woodcuts of "The Cries of London, 1808;" Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," first edition; a fine collection of first editions of Bewicks, forming no less than fifty items in the catalogue; the very rare first edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn," a book that brings an inflated price in consequence of the mania for extra-illustrating it; many first editions of Dickens, fifty-seven items; the genuine first issue of the first edition of "Tom Jones"; a large paper copy of Granger's "Biographical History of England" (the book which led to extra-illustrating, or Grangerising, as it is often called); a special large paper copy of Lysons' "Environs of London," Lysons' own copy, and probably the only one coloured; the original manuscript and designs of Northcote's Fables; a considerable collection of Rowlandsons, and a large collection of rare editions of Thackeray.

On the last day several books which will excite keen interest. These are, first and foremost, two copies of the first edition of Scott's "Waverley" (one copy unfortunately imperfect). Book-buyers will be curious to note how much the first copy will bring on this occasion. Next in interest is a copy of the third quarto edition of the Shakespeare *Pericles*. This is extremely rare. On February 19 Messrs. Sotheby will dispose of the second portion of the gathering of autograph letters and documents, the property of the late Mr. Frederick Barker. These mostly relate to Napoleon Buonaparte and his family and to the French Generals.

The libraries of the famous Orientalists and ethnographers, Dr. Y. L. A. Brandes, of Batavia, and Prof. G. K. Niemann, of the Indian Institute at Delft, will be dispersed by public auction from February 21 to March 1. Catalogues may be had on application to Martinus Nijhoff, The Hague.

To Mr. Tree belongs the credit of having, in the spring of 1904, founded the Academy of Dramatic Art as it at present exists. The object was to provide a thorough general training for the English Stage in the hope that, if success attended the scheme, the Academy might eventually become one of the national institutions of Great Britain. It is encouraging to be able to state that the number of students who have attended the Academy has been remarkable, and that the usefulness of the institution has been widely recognised. Many of these students have already won positions upon the professional stage—a result largely due to the public performance given by the Academy at His Majesty's Theatre in February 1905.

Up to the present time Mr. Tree has borne all the pecuniary risk connected with the Academy: but it is considered by some that, in an undertaking which is designed to benefit the English Stage as a whole, the burden of responsibility should not rest upon one person, however willing and anxious he may be to continue to bear it. It has therefore been suggested to Mr. Tree that a Corporate Body, embracing many of the principal members of the Dramatic Profession, should be formed to share with him the responsibility which he has hitherto so cheerfully undertaken, and at the same time to establish a wider system of control and so extend the scope of usefulness of the institution. This suggestion Mr. Tree has cordially expressed himself willing to agree to. It is, therefore, proposed that the work of the Academy of Dramatic Art shall, from the commencement of the term beginning at the end of April next, be continued under the direct superintendence of an Executive Council consisting of Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr. John Hare, Mr. Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Pinero and Mr. J. M. Barrie. Sir Squire Bancroft has been elected the President of the Council.

Mr. George P. Bancroft who, since the opening of the institution, has been responsible on Mr. Tree's behalf for its management, has been asked by the Council to retain that position and will, they are glad to say, continue to do so. Further details concerning the Easter Term will be announced shortly, and meanwhile all communications should be addressed to Mr. George P. Bancroft, The Academy of Dramatic Art, 62 Gower Street, W.C.

It is exactly a quarter of a century since the Oxford University Dramatic Society, as it is now named, was first started by Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and others. From time to time it has sent many valuable recruits to the stage (Messrs. H. B. Irving, James Hearn, Holman Clarke, and Nigel Playfair, to mention only a few), and other names connected with the club include Mr. Max Beerbohm and Mr. Paul Rubens. This year the society makes what is perhaps its most daring venture. *Measure for Measure* (which, we believe, has not been seen since it was produced by Miss Lilian Neilson exactly thirty years ago at the Haymarket) is to be played on Wednesday the 21st inst. and five following days. Mr. G. R. Foss has undertaken the production, and Miss Maud Hoffman is to be in the cast. All the incidental music has been written by Mr. Robert Cox, of St. John's College, who is getting together an orchestra. It is satisfactory to hear that there is again in the University an undergraduate capable of undertaking such work, which, since Lord Herschell and Mr. Monck's day, has had to be done by others.

Mr. H. H. Johnson, of the Faculté des Lettres, Rennes University, asks us to make it known that he will be grateful to any one who can send him any books, papers or information on the Counties and Towns of North Wales—folklore, history, topography, etc. Address, Rennes University, Ille-et-Vilaine, France, or Amlwch, North Wales.

The Fiscal Problem is undoubtedly the topic of the hour, and it will certainly continue to be discussed for some time. Since it is a question of such vital importance—upon the solution of which the prosperity of the nation so much depends—it is the duty of every intelligent citizen to be conversant with every available fact. Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, recognising the necessity of a work which gives a graphic summary of the trade of the world, with statistics of our exports and imports, announce their intention of publishing an atlas, "The Atlas of the World's Commerce," the maps and diagrams of which will show at a glance the animal, vegetable or mineral products we import or ship to other countries. The work, which will be published in twenty-two parts, will be edited by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., who has been engaged on its compilation for several years.

The same firm intend to include in their Sixpenny Series Mr. H. Rider Haggard's most popular novels; the first, which is almost ready, will be "Nada the Lily," illustrated by Mr. Cyrus Cuneo.

Royal Institution. A General Monthly Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution was held on the 5th instant, Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S., Treasurer and Vice-President, in the Chair. Miss Ruddle Browne, Dr. G. L. Findlay, Miss M. H. Pam, Mr. A. Sutton, Mr. L. C. Wallach, and Miss I. K. Young were elected Members. The special thanks of the Members was returned to Dr. Hugo Müller, F.R.S., for a Donation of £100, to Professor J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., for a Donation of £25, and to the Rev. J. H. Ellis, M.A., for a Donation of £25 to the Fund for the Promotion of Experimental Research at Low Temperatures.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi. Arrangements for week ending February 17: Monday, February 12, at 8 P.M., Cantor Lectures: "Modern Warships," by Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S. (five lectures); Lecture III.—Armaments—Progress in the design and manufacture of guns, mountings and machinery for working heavy guns—Improvements in projectiles and explosives. Wednesday, February 14, at 8 P.M.: Ordinary meeting—"The Horseless Carriage, 1885-1905," by Claude Johnson. Colonel H. C. L. Holden, R.A., F.R.S., will preside. Thursday, February 15, at 4.30 P.M.: Indian Section—"The Navigable Waterways of India," by Robert Burton Buckley, C.S.I. The Right Hon. John Morley will preside.

Royal Geographical Society. Evening meeting, Monday, February 12, 8.30 P.M., at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. Paper to be read: "The Geography of the Spanish Armada," by the Rev. W. Spotswood Green, Chief Inspector of Irish Fisheries.

Linnean Society of London. At the evening meeting, Thursday, February 15, at 8 P.M., the following papers will be read: "The structure of *Isis hippuris* (Linnæus)" by J. J. Simpson; "Note on the Geographical Distribution of the Genus *Shortia*, Torr and Gray," by B. Daydon Jackson, Gen. Sec. L.S. Exhibitions: Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, F.R.S., F.L.S., Developmental Changes in *Zoogloea* (with lantern slides).

At the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, Mr. Harry Furniss will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Charles Dickens and To-day," on Monday, February 12, at 5 P.M.

## LITERATURE

### THE OLD CRITIC AND THE NEW

*Johnson's Lives of the English Poets.* Edited by G. BIRKBECK HILL. In three volumes. Vol. i. (Clarendon Press, 34s. and 42s. net.)

THIS edition of Johnson's "Lives," if not the final one, is at least likely to be the best during the lifetime of the present generation. It possesses an additional interest in the fact that it is prefixed by a memoir of Birkbeck Hill, the learned and industrious editor who was himself a critic of no mean order, and it would be interesting to draw a comparison between his work and that of the master to whom he was so loyal. For Dr. Birkbeck Hill belonged emphatically to the modern school; he was born in 1835, and belonged to a family of Radicals, Free Traders, condemners of the penal code, great advocates of religious equality, and supporters of the anti-slavery cause. At first sight there might be a temptation to dub them faddists and fanatics, but the success that attended several of the brothers more than justifies the opinions they held. Rowland Hill's name will for ever be favourably known in English history through his connection with postal reform; Matthew Davenport Hill became Recorder of Birmingham, and Arthur Hill left his mark on education. Birkbeck Hill himself was a schoolmaster. At the beginning, he worked with his father at Bruce Castle School, but in 1868 he became headmaster, and remained so until 1877. It is, however, with his connection with literature that we are chiefly concerned here. It may be said to have begun in 1869, when he became a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, under the editorship of his friend, Philip Harwood. His biographer, Mr. H. S. Scott, considers those the palmy days of that journal, among the contributors being E. A. Freeman, J. R. Green, Sir Henry Maine, Lord Justice Bowen, Sir James Stephen, and Professor Owen; but in reality the great journal had begun to decline; Harwood was one of the most laborious and conscientious of editors, but he had not the discernment and brilliancy of Douglas Cook, who was really responsible for guiding so many able men, and who could make the best use of them. It was Birkbeck Hill who wrote the humorous articles on novels, which were at the time the delight of the readers. He himself said:

To read a novel became so inseparably connected in my mind with three pounds ten shillings, the usual payment for a *Saturday Review* article, that without the one I could not undertake the other. All in vain have friends urged me to read the works of Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Howells, Henry James, Stevenson, and Kipling. Not a single story of any one of these writers have I ever read or am I ever likely to read.

We can understand the circle he was in from the fact that at the same time he contributed to the *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Times*, which is as much as to say, in so many words, that he was highly thought of by Mr. Frederick Greenwood. It was about 1869 that he became interested in Johnson, through buying a second-hand copy of an early edition of the "Life." During his boyhood he had scarcely opened Boswell, a statement we can very well believe, because it is only in mature years that one can see the merits of that immortal biography. He kept on reading everything connected with Boswell or Johnson for many years, and it was not until 1875 that he definitely resolved to prepare a new edition of the "Life." Unfortunately, just about the same time ill-health came upon him, and the work was done under very considerable difficulties. He was obliged to spend his winters abroad, gave up the school, and went to live at Burghfield, near Reading. In the autumn of 1877 he had to nurse himself in many ways in order to get on with his work. Nor was it permitted to him to concentrate, even then, all his attention upon Johnson; on the death of his uncle, Sir Rowland Hill, he was called upon to edit his "History of Penny Postage," and to write his life.



In 1880 General Gordon's brother, Sir Henry Gordon, asked him to edit the letters which General Gordon had written to his sister during his government of the Soudan. Everything connected with General Gordon had a character of its own, and it was so with the publication of his letters :

The book appeared under somewhat unusual conditions, for though General Gordon had given his consent to the publication of the letters he refused to take any direct part in it. Whatever information was needed had to be obtained through Sir Henry Gordon, his brother. Birkbeck Hill's admiration for the "rare genius, the wise and pure enthusiasm, and the exalted beneficence of that great man" was conspicuous. The strong religious utterances occurring in the letters expressed thoughts which were not Birkbeck Hill's, but he saw in Gordon—it may be with longing—one who "by manifold struggles feels his feet on the Everlasting Rock." The labour given to these works, as regards the main purpose, was not thrown away. He would often say that he was trained by it in the duties of an editor, and strengthened in his hatred of carelessness and error.

Birkbeck Hill did not live to be a very old man ; he died in his daughter's home at Hampstead on February 27, 1903, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving behind him as his best memorial this edition of "The Lives of the Poets," and the other volumes to which it is allied. The amusing critic of the *Saturday Review* must have found much of his pleasure in the study of Johnson to lie in a matter of contrast. His own style, alike in writing and thinking, formed an antithesis to that of Johnson.

In looking over the "Lives of the Poets," we are struck by the melancholy reflection that so many of these people, who were of importance in their day, have, in reality, passed out of existence, although here and there a man of letters may fish up something about one or other of them. If we take the first volume, we find that Milton and Dryden are the only well-known authors. Cowley, Butler, and Waller still enjoy the shadow of great reputations ; Rochester, Roscommon, Stepney, Dorset, Pomfret and Walsh are mere names to all but the specialist in English literature. We read of Denham's "Cooper's Hill," that it had "such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence" ; a most excellent example, by the way, of Johnsonian phrase. It was reported that Denham had not written it but bought it of a vicar for £40 ; but who reads "Cooper's Hill" to-day ? If we go over the quotations made by Johnson, we find it difficult to select one that would be recognised as worthy of a great poet. There is one exception to this general condemnation, perhaps, the well-known lines :

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream  
My great example, as it is my theme !  
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;  
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

It has always struck us that one of the most amusing prefaces written by Johnson was that to the poems of John Philips. Johnson thought it worth while to copy out the long Latin epitaph at Hereford, which commemorates the virtues of this poet. Philips is known as "Cider" Philips, because the only revival of his poetry that has taken place of recent years has been among the admirers of that wholesome but somewhat thin beverage. We are told by Johnson that on its appearance the poem called "Cider" "was received with loud praises, and continued long to be read, as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgick*, which needed not shun the presence of the original." We are told by the Editor that it was published in 1707-8 and that Tonson gave forty guineas for it. To the poem on "Cider," Johnson says, "may be given this peculiar praise, that it is grounded in truth ; that the precepts which it contains are exact and just, and that it is therefore at once a book of entertainment and of science." He somewhat naively adds that he was told this by Miller, the great gardener and botanist, who remarked that "there were many books written on the same subject in prose, which do not contain so much truth as that poem." Johnson goes on to quote from Edmund Smith's criticism of Philips a passage in illustration of what Smith calls the "contrariety of style to the subject" :

My Galligaskins, which [that] have long withstood  
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,  
By time subdued (what will not time subdue !).

According to that critic, this is "admirably pathetic, and shows very well the vicissitudes of sublunary things." We are afraid that the critic of to-day would have a very different comment to make on it.

## A DULL PEOPLE

*The Religion of Numa.* By JESSE BENEDICT CARTER. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Romans, like the Greeks and Hebrews, were a peculiar people, to whom posterity has been vastly indebted. But, unlike the Greeks, the Romans were born dull, and we may even suspect that, like a gentleman spoken of by Dr. Johnson, they sedulously cultivated their gift of dullness. One regards them with little more favour than the boys at Dr. Blimber's Academy did, and in their religion the Romans were more studiously uninteresting than in almost anything else. Mr. Jesse Benedict Carter has written a little book on five stages in Roman religion, which gives, perhaps, as clear a general view as the reading public either desires or deserves. The work is entirely destitute of reference to authorities : the writer knows, and the reader must listen. The dignity of history is here very nobly exemplified, but if a reader is curious enough to want to know Mr. Carter's grounds for his statements, he must inquire elsewhere, namely by turning to "Georg Wissowa, whose *Religion und Cultur der Römer* is the best systematic presentation of the subject . . . Much that is in this book is directly owing to him," Mr. Carter informs us. British students of classical religion have, till recently, abstained from Roman religion, perhaps because it is so purely practical, so uninspired, so unadorned with myth, and so second-hand. Not much about it is known before the Romans borrowed deities and myths from Greece, and spoiled them in the borrowing. The Romans had no Homer, and nothing in their native or imported creeds can rival the Homeric Olympians, and the temple legends, in vivacity, charm, and beauty.

Mr. Carter begins by throwing over the popular philological interpretations of Aryan creeds, which owed so much of their vogue to the genius of Max Müller. He looks to the ideas of unprogressive races historically known to us, for analogies explanatory of the early religion of Rome. The difficulty in this case is that, though there were many survivals of savage ways of thought in Roman religion, the earliest Romans of whom we can guess anything were already an advanced agricultural and civic people, and had given their own formal stamp and uninteresting colour to the notions of their remote ancestors. Mr. Carter says that "primitive peoples" supposed that a spirit resided in every conceivable thing "material and immaterial." But what is an "immaterial thing" if not a spiritual thing, and do primitive peoples hold that a spirit "resides" in a spirit ? When the spirit is thought of as distinct from a thing, "it is supposed to have the form of the thing, to be in a word its double." Did the Romans, or anybody else, suppose that the spirit residing in an oak tree was shaped like an oak tree ? The Greeks thought that it was shaped like a Dryad, a pretty girl. These "doubles," at all events, were presumed to exercise an influence, often evil, over the thing—the ghostly double of the oak tree, it seems, was likely to injure the oak tree. One is entirely unfamiliar with notions at all like these among "primitive peoples." Spirits, of various sorts, some ancestral, some not, haunt Mingah and Nanja trees in Australia. They are not, in shape, like the trees, and do the trees no harm, quite the reverse. Mr. Carter begins at a beginning which we cannot pretend to understand or to have encountered in any early beliefs, and he gives not a single example in proof of his assertions. His difficult scientific subject cannot be treated profitably in this

dignified way; we at once ask the author for his proofs and authorities. These "doubles" (about which we are quite sceptical) develop into gods, he says, after each gets a name, take on personal characteristics and "are finally represented under the form of men."

In Rome, when our knowledge of Roman religion begins, these doubles, we learn, are seldom more than names for powers, "they are none of them personal enough to be connected together in myths." Why not? We know people as primitive as the naked houseless Australian black, and the powers in which he believes are all connected together in myths, very like Greek myths. If the Romans did not advance so far as the black fellows, that must have been because they were more dull, more devoid of fancy and poetry than a Huron, an Euahlayi, a Mincopie, or any other rather backward savage—not that the Hurons were very backward. The goddess Vesta was "not so much the goddess of the hearth as the goddess Hearth," and Janus was "the god Door." To possess such a thing as a door implies advancement: the Romans, we are to believe, were too stupid to have myths about Hearth, as the Greeks had myths about Hestia. One cannot believe that any people was born so dull as the Romans were on this showing. They must have taken great pains to arrive at such an unnatural perfection of dulness. In fact, they *did*, and their *jus divinum* was the fine flower of their anxious efforts to banish such poetry as nature cannot but have implanted even in them. Their religion was based on their precocious legalism, as Scottish Calvinism was a reflection of the Scottish law of Contract, and Scottish divines wrangled about "the personal property of the Father." The Gods, Hearth and Door, and so on, had their rights; these paid, there was no more to be said or done.

Coming from spirits which are not human ghosts, but "doubles" of material and immaterial things, to ancestor worship, Mr. Carter says that "in the most primitive ideas of life after death it is the family which has immortality, not the individual." Again we ask for evidence and for authorities. In the most primitive people extant all sorts of various ideas of the future of the individual soul co-exist. Now it is reincarnated from one generation to another eternally: now it migrates into an animal; now (and the case is very common) it enters the abode of the good, or of the evil; now it haunts the place of burial, or an adjacent rock or tree, and we must remember that often each individual has several souls, which have various fortunes. *Quisque suos patimur manes*. Sometimes the soul is thrown into a lake and drowned for good, sometimes it inhabits a star, or departs to a land beyond the horizon. There is no end to the savage views of what occurs to the individual soul, but individual it remains while it continues to exist. We never heard that the family of a given black or red man "has immortality, not the individual." "The centre, therefore, of early religious life is the family," we are told, and we ask, of how early life? The most backward people, not being ancestor-worshippers, have no common religious life, except in the religion of the *tribe*, the belief in Baïame or Nooreli, or Pirmeneal. Even the totemic customs, if they are religious, are not common to the family, the mother and children have one set of usages, the father has another set, or *vice versa*, where descent is reckoned through males. The Lares, we learn, were "the group of gods who looked after the various farms." We much suspect them of having been Brownies, anonymous as Brownies usually are. But Mr. Carter simply tells us what he thinks true and good for us, no evidence is exhibited, and we need not further discuss his work, beyond saying that the later chapters deal with the importation of ready-made gods, mainly from Greek colonies in Italy, and later, from Greece itself, and from the East. These chapters present a useful brief abstract of what is known about the extensions of the Roman pantheon.

ANDREW LANG.

## AROUND CHARING CROSS

*The Story of Charing Cross, and its Immediate Neighbourhood.* By J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL. (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

ABOUT a century ago an antiquarian correspondence was adorned by a letter which began with the exclamation: "Ho! ho!" The writer had warmed to his work, and there is life in his language yet. We are half sorry that the "Ho! ho!" style of reviewing has gone out, where topography is concerned. But so it is; the topographer's licence to call any other topographer a blockhead is now absurdly questioned. One is no longer permitted to dot an *i* with a flail. In moments of depression, brought on by the loving-kindness of modern criticism, it cheers us to turn to the old topographical manner. Were we at liberty to adopt it here, our review would naturally open in terms like these: "Mr. Macmichael exhibits uncommon boldness in submitting to the public a dissertation on the plan of the learned Stow. It is our intention to examine his performance, and to acquaint the candid reader how far it evinces a fitness to indulge this species of composition, and in what degree it merits the approbation of the polite world, and can be instructive to the ingenuous youth of both sexes; or whether, by an unhappy diffusion of error and rash hypotheses, it invokes condemnation from the judicious part of mankind."

Before such sentences the modern author would go down like a nine-pin. But the Georgian topographers lost nothing by the stately vacuity of their periods, or the elephantine weight of their objections. The material of topography being minute, as well as remote from everyday life, it was seen that the surest way to draw attention to it was to raise a small difference of opinion into an unholy shindy. Nor did any harm come of attacks which were delivered on port wine, and were read in the coffee-house amid cannonades of snuff. To-day, the instinct remains, though the weapons are put away. The challenge of a book like Mr. Macmichael's is undoubtedly to the discovery of errors and omissions; yet if we may not involve our sentences in thunder, or pickle them in sarcasm, the reviewer's task becomes necessarily a little tame. This cannot be helped and we are sure that Mr. Macmichael, as a true topographer, will pardon our degenerate civility.

Why does he tell us that the archway in Duncannon Street, at the back of the Golden Cross Hotel, is the one through which the Pickwick coach trundled on the occasion when Mr. Jingle took the party under his protection? This is an alluring statement, for we doubt whether there is any bit of Dickens's London on which our eye would rest with a moister affection. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—fine children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—shocking, shocking!" Now the Golden Cross Hotel of Pickwick stood a good many yards west of the present establishment, a fact of which Mr. Macmichael is well aware. It stood near the south-east corner of what is now Trafalgar Square, and our author himself recalls the circumstance that Hogarth placed himself at one of its windows to sketch the heralds and Yeoman of the Guard proclaiming, at Charing Cross, the accession of George III. The present site would not have served him for this purpose. Mr. Macmichael's reference to the archway in Duncannon Street must be due to a momentary forgetfulness of the fact that the Pickwickians passed under the arch of Golden Cross Hotel on the morning of May 13, 1827, nine years before Duncannon Street existed. If he will turn to page 127 of the three volumes of Walford and Thornbury's "Old and New London," he will find on it an excellent view of the old Golden Cross Hotel, together with the true archway in the Strand which must have witnessed the tragedy that broke Mr. Jingle's voice.

But time does not always leave the topographer high and dry. Mr. Macmichael finds in Cockspur Street a most singular and interesting survival. The name of this street

has usually been connected with the Cock Tavern and with the Royal Mews opposite, with their suggestion of spurs. But Mr. Macmichael offers quite another explanation. He connects the name with "the constant demand that must have been created by the frequenters of the cockpits in Whitehall and St. James's Park," adding this statement: "Further reason for thinking that this is so exists in the remarkable fact that steel cockspurs are at the present time being sold by old-established cutlers in the neighbourhood of Cockspur Street, as I have ascertained by personal inquiry." This is eloquent of London's secrets, of her amazing variety and her family privacies. Her face may change, but on it you may still find a seventeenth-century wart. We should not wonder if our topographer is quite right about the street name. He is clearly right in his inference that London still supplies cockspurs for the "sport of kings." He tells us that mains are fought to-day in the Cumberland mountains, though the principal trade is with India. We may add that if he had sought documentary evidence of the survival of cock-fighting in England to-day, he need not have gone far. Only last year a new work on "Cocking and its Votaries," published for private circulation, made it clear that the law is still defied.

Mr. Macmichael refers to the interesting fact that George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street, preserve every word in the name of George Villiers, the last Duke of Buckingham; but he allows the reader to infer that Of Alley still exists, in fact he describes its position. It no longer exists in name—a circumstance of some importance to the collectors of London curiosities. But as "York Place" the purlieu does survive.

Dealing with the same neighbourhood, Mr. Macmichael accepts without modification the statement that Hew Hewson, who was keeper of York Terrace in the Adelphi, and who died in 1809, was the original of Smollett's "Strap" in "Roderick Random." He may have been, but it is very doubtful. Faulkner, in his "Chelsea," finds the real Strap in one William Lewis, a bookbinder, who died in 1785. Faulkner declares that Smollett persuaded Lewis to set up business in Chelsea, and adds on his own account that he resided seven years in the same house with the widow, who often confirmed Smollett's anecdotes of her husband. It is remarkable that no fewer than four men claimed the honour of having sat to the novelist for "Strap."

Mr. Macmichael's industry in collecting details about every street and alley he surveys is beyond praise. He has trawled every source of information, and one feels, therefore, as little hesitation in offering him a local fact as Forster's friends did in the matter of Goldsmith. Lancaster Court, near St. Martin's Church, has long disappeared, and although Mr. Macmichael is able to devote a couple of pages to this single small purlieu, he does not mention one interesting character who died there. This was Delpini, the clown, who was a boon companion of George IV. when Prince of Wales, and arranged the masquerade at the Pantheon in honour of his coming of age. Delpini died in Lancaster Court in 1828, at the age of eighty-eight, after having held the fixed idea that his death and the figure 8 would be associated.

In mentioning that the walls of the vestry room in St. Martin's Church are adorned with half-length portraits of former vicars, it might have been added that this room contains a portrait which is probably worth all these—that of the murdered Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, who was a parishioner of St. Martin's, and whose remains were laid in the church. But a more remarkable omission is that of one of the most striking necrological incidents in London's history. We refer to Frank Buckland's sixteen days' search in the terribly crowded vaults of St. Martin's for the coffin of John Hunter, which, when found, was solemnly borne to Westminster Abbey by the greatest physicians of the day, in 1859. An interesting description of the search will be found in Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History."

True to our original intent, we have tried to correct and add. But we hope we have long ago made it clear that Mr. Macmichael has made a very valuable contribution to London's local history. It is, indeed, difficult to convey a notion of the extent of his labours and the multitude of curious facts and asseverations he has brought together in these three hundred pages.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

*The Champagne Standard.* By Mrs. LANE. (Lane, 6s.)

THESE charming little chapters come at a most appropriate time, and help to brighten the two worst of the winter months. Mrs. Lane is a versatile and amusing writer. Whether she is discussing the extravagance of modern living, the sales lists or the effect of eye-glasses, servants or the proper building of a house, she is always full of quaint ideas, and is not diffident in poking fun either at her own countrymen and women in America, or at her English neighbours in the land of her adoption. Her ideas are as bright and crisp as the American mind and the American fashions, and she rushes on to dangerous ground with a temerity only known to people of her race.

We can certainly sympathise with her over the dust-traps of the cupboards and the repulsive domestic beetles which are peculiar to the English house of a century back, and we quite approve of her idea of the free gift of a tooth-brush to each attendant of a board school. In fact, we would go further and suggest that the tooth-brush should be *de rigueur* and the piano "taboo"; then we might have hopes of a return of those excellent domestic classes which existed in England before Mrs. Lane had ever seen this country—indeed, before she was born. Again, we quite agree with her idea that women would be the best architects for dwelling-houses. How can the mere male understand the importance of the kitchen arrangements, the exactly suitable place for the linen cupboard; or, indeed, how can he gauge the woman's mind as to the fittest shape of room to show off her furniture and her treasures of china and bijouterie? But we venture to assert that there are still firms to be found, in London, who have genuine old furniture to sell: from personal experience we know of one firm which goes so far as to tell you the exact age of the piece of furniture in question, whether it is frankly modern and "faked" or the "genuine antique." Reluctantly we admit that American machine-made furniture may be cheaper; but then America is the palace of machinery. American literature, however, is certainly not machine made, and Mrs. Lane's book is a case in point.

It is refreshing to read Mrs. Lane's remarks on modern extravagance of living, which come as rather a surprise from the lips of an American lady, for American ladies are, as a rule, the pioneers of luxury. But she is absolutely in the right about it, and we can only hope that a severe lesson will not be brought home to us some day in these democratic times. "Woman's little economies" have for long amused the scornful male, and her lunch on a bun and a cup of coffee in the middle of a long day's shopping has often raised wonder in the masculine breast. But a woman's notions of economy are matched sometimes by a man's. Who is it that, carefully eschewing the best firms for hose and gloves, seeks out a small and unpretending shop and buys something which lasts half as long as the article supplied by the more expensive but better stocked firm in a good neighbourhood? How often will the happy father of a large and growing family make the mistake of standing about in the pouring rain, in his best clothes and with possibly a heavy cold coming on, to catch a 'bus in order to save a cab-fare? Instead of the cabman the doctor gets his fee, and the wife has to see to the renovating of those best clothes and to the drying of those excellent boots, which will never look the same again.

Mrs. Lane has not spent her time in England for nothing. There is little that escapes her vigilant eye and her capable and amusing pen. She is evidently home-sick, as every one must be who is living out of his own land, and that, perhaps, is why she is so hard on some of our English ways. We have all heard children criticising their parents, and we smile indulgently. So we smile indulgently, and perhaps a little uneasily too, when clever Americans, like Mrs. Lane, come back, as rebellious grandchildren, to scoff at England's stiff, old-fashioned methods, her unsympathetic climate, her soot, her fogs—and her dignity and grandeur which, after all, no western country can match.

Mrs. Lane exemplifies the idea of how easy it is to spoil even the appearance of a heroine of fiction with eye-glasses donned at the supreme moment of her life. But then, if any one sets up to be peerlessly beautiful, the use of any artificial aid to that end is ruled out. We have known ordinary women look quite pleasant in eye-glasses; but their minds were not given up entirely to beauty as personified in themselves. We cannot imagine the Greek women in eye-glasses, but neither can we imagine them in a picture hat or high-heeled boots. We often wonder, indeed, whether the divine women depicted in those marble forms were really as beautiful as that, or whether, as in the fashionable portraits of to-day, a little has been given and much taken away.

Mrs. Lane may congratulate herself on having that blessed sense of humour which is one of the most valuable possessions in life. In any case Englishwomen should be grateful to her for writing them this delightful, candid book, which is full of original and bright ideas.

#### THE FOUNDER OF THE MODERN PAPACY

*Gregory the Great: His Place in History and Thought.* By F. HOMES DUDDEN, B.D. 2 vols. (Longmans, 30s. net.)

AMONGST the few Popes that have made history none has had a greater influence on the Church and the world than the man from whom the English race received Christianity. Not only was Gregory the Great in large measure responsible for the form which the evolution of Christianity took in the Middle Ages, but he was also in a true sense the founder of the modern Roman system; his work was a chief factor in securing ultimately for the Papacy the succession to the Empire. The fact that no adequate biography of Gregory has yet appeared in English is but one more evidence of the backwardness of English historical studies. We are still compelled to go to France or Germany for the best information about Celtic Christianity in Britain; but Mr. Dudden has wiped out our reproach so far as Gregory is concerned. His book is a solid piece of genuine historical work which bears witness to conscientious and laborious research. So thorough is his method that he scarcely leaves room for a future writer to add anything to what will be henceforth the standard work on the subject.

The author apologises for the length of the book, and it is to be feared that some readers will be deterred by its portentous dimensions. But a considerable portion of the work is taken up by an account of the general conditions of the time, which even the casual reader will find extremely interesting. There is perhaps no period of history with which most people are less familiar, and Mr. Dudden's graphic descriptions give an excellent idea of the Roman world of the sixth century. These chapters hardly need the apology that the author makes for them, but perhaps the book as a whole suffers from the German tendency to prolixity and excessive detail; possibly the value of the work would not have been impaired by more selection and compression. But it would seem that only French writers have the gift of putting the largest possible amount of information into the smallest compass; and we may be grateful for a book which will do something to restore the

somewhat tarnished reputation of the Oxford school of history.

Many readers will confine themselves to Books i. and ii., which contain the biography proper, and leave alone the account of Gregory's theology which follows. The theology of the sixth century is much further away from the modern mind than that of the first. What would be more intolerably wearisome than the scriptural exegesis of Gregory's "Magna Moralia," with its thirty-five books of far-fetched allegorising and fanciful interpretation of the Book of Job? Yet its popularity in the Middle Ages was enormous, and was only equalled by that of the "Dialogues," a collection of legends showing a superstitious credulity incomprehensible to most of us in a man of Gregory's powers, but equalled within the last few years by the eminent Cardinals and prelates who were duped by "Léo Taxil" and "Diana Vaughan." Gregory, as Mr. Dudden remarks, was not an original thinker; his theology was mainly a popularising of Augustine. But it had so great an influence on mediæval thought and on the evolution of theology that adequate treatment of it was essential in a work like this, and students will find Mr. Dudden's account invaluable.

Gregory was a link, so to say, between the old world which was falling about his ears and the Middle Ages, but he belonged rather to the latter; he had an essentially mediæval mind, and disliked "profane" culture as much as a modern Canadian Catholic bishop. His genius was practical rather than intellectual, and it was as a statesman and a man of action that he was great. His influence on ecclesiastical organisation can hardly be exaggerated. Although he did not believe himself to be infallible in any circumstances, although the suggestion that he should as Pope define a dogma would have seemed monstrous to him, although he expressly disclaimed the title of universal bishop, nevertheless the whole development of the Papacy down to the Vatican Definition of 1870 has been a logical and inevitable development of his teaching and claims. Unlike many of his successors, he enforced the claims of the Roman See with tact and moderation, but he never abated them, and he left the Papacy more powerful than it had ever been before.

The most interesting episode in Gregory's life to English readers is the mission to the English, and Mr. Dudden's account of it is a model of accuracy and impartiality. He protests with reason against the recent tendency in some quarters to minimise the work done by Augustine; and Augustine's fussiness and narrowness, which often come out in his correspondence with Gregory, do not blind him to the many sterling qualities of the Apostle of the English. In particular Mr. Dudden exonerates Augustine from the charge that he was entirely or even chiefly to blame for the failure of the negotiations with the Welsh bishops, who had not the least desire to convert the English, and who, since they had been cut off from the rest of the Western Church, had relapsed, as Mr. Willis Bund says, into "a strange amalgamation of Christianity and Paganism."

The author's impartiality is also shown in his treatment of certain unpleasant incidents in Gregory's life. The worst of these is the letter written to Phocas when that unredeemed villain succeeded to the imperial throne after murdering the Emperor Maurice and his family. In spite of Mr. Dudden's genuine enthusiasm for his hero, he does not attempt to justify that letter, which must remain a blot on Gregory's character, even when all allowances are made for the circumstances of the time and the low ethical standard that prevailed.

#### PAPA BOURGEOIS

*Livre de mes fils.* Par PAUL DOUMER. (Paris: Vuibert, 3 fr.)

ONLY one man stands between M. Doumer and the Presidency of the French Republic, and even after his failure to obtain this Grand Prix of democracy his career remains



remarkable, distinguished, hopeful, and his position as President of the Chamber of Deputies a most important one to have been obtained by a man not yet fifty years of age. And how much more so when that man, the son of a navvy, has, by his own unaided powers and gifts, made his own way in the world!

Such a man must, one would say, be an exceptional and an interesting man; the book for his sons, the counsel he gives to young France, must be an interesting book. Alas! no. M. Doumer's contribution towards "la formation morale des jeunes hommes" takes rank with Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy as a supreme instance of the commonplace, the shallow, the well known.

In his preface M. Doumer hopes that "les jeunes gens" for whom he writes these pages:

*éprouvent à les lire le sentiment profond de celui qui écrit pour les convaincre. . . . Le secours de ce livre exigü et modeste ne leur sera peut-être pas inutile. Peut-être contribuera-t-il à assurer pour eux la route de la vie, ou tout au moins à les aider à y entrer d'un pas résolu et alerte, en hommes maîtres de soi, équilibrés au moral comme au physique, acceptant virilement par avance les devoirs et les charges dont leur tâche en ce monde sera faite, sachant ce qu'il y a de noblesse, de beauté et de bonheur véritable dans une existence bien remplie.*

One need read no further to divine that M. Doumer's mind is the very essence of the Nonconformist conscience, and no one who lives in France will deny that this type of mind is now as typical of Paris as of Clapham; it has raised M. Doumer to a foremost position in the State; it has placed M. Bourget in the front rank of novelists: it inspires half the articles of the Paris press, and is opposed, not by the frivolous and witty spirit, lax of moral, free of speech, that we are apt to dub "peculiarly French," but by an anti-militarist Socialism austere enough to condemn M. Doumer as belligerent, clerical, reactionary, a champion of War.

To do M. Doumer justice he is far from this: on war, as on all other subjects, his views are marked by commonplace. "La guerre est un terrible fléau . . . mais il est des maux pires:" this is just what we expected to read, and, indeed, the one surprise that our author has reserved for us, is that among all the texts, quotations and wise saws with which his volume teems he has not found place for a motto so apposite as "Philistia, be thou glad of me." Can it be that M. Doumer is enough of the typical Frenchman to be ignorant of the Psalms?

## AT TOMI

TIME tames the beast and ripens  
The fruit upon the bough;  
Time wears the flint and lessens  
The sharpness of the plough:  
Time mitigates men's anger,  
They say, and conquers woe;  
But I am exiled full two years,  
And still my torments grow.  
Bulls bow their necks to labour,  
And lions lose their ire,  
And Indian monsters bend the knee,  
And coursers drive for hire.  
Big grapes break from their bunches,  
Juice runs to purple waste,  
And ears of corn grow ruddy  
And apples sweet to taste:  
But Time will never vanquish  
The armour of my woe,  
And every month more bitter  
The pangs of exile grow.  
Far distant is the city—  
Home, wife and friends are far:  
I hear but Scythian rabble  
And watch an unknown star.

A. HUGH FISHER.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### THE ENDINGS OF NOVELS

I SUPPOSE there never was a novel reader who did not, when reading a story in which he was interested, turn to the last page before the courtship was quite over, and try to find out what was the end of the drama—who married who, it amounted to in the older novels. I doubt if the casual reader ever gave much attention to the pains bestowed upon the composition of those final paragraphs. Indeed, the older novelist had an instinctive tendency to slur them over, as he knew that the interest had begun to dwindle from the moment at which the difficulties of the inevitable lovers had been overcome. So in the end it usually happens that William marries Eliza and they are happy ever after. Yet there is proof enough that the true artist, who probably had come to love his work well, lingered over the last pages, as if reluctant to part from them. He had, if indeed he was a true artist, created a little world of his own with people and an atmosphere wherein he lived much more really and more intimately, in a sense, than he did with the members of his own household. For, as Henrik Ibsen pointed out in one of his recent letters, there is a certain isolation in the spirit of the artist, which leads him to understand all natures, but to be truly intimate with none. He lives his own life and cherishes his own thoughts, and only with the creatures of his imagination is he entirely unreserved and at his ease. The anxiety of the fine novelist, therefore, is to do nothing to break the continuity of his story. It is of the greatest moment that the last line should breathe the very spirit of the first line. Sir Walter Scott, who is the great example in matters of this kind, was so confident that the public lost interest towards the end that he was in the habit of finishing off his tale with almost indecent haste, even though it be equally true that he did not leave as many loose ends as does the more slovenly novelist of to-day. A good example of the manner in which he ended may be extracted from the "Fair Maid of Perth":

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded, as "Ane Hie and Mighty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas, ane Honorabil and gude Knight, Schir Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns, and ane Gracious Princess, Marjory Dowaire of his Serene Highness David, umquhile Duke of Rothsay." Under such patronage a family rises fast, and several of the most respected houses in Scotland, but especially in Perthshire, and many individuals, distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their descent from the Good Chrom and the Fair Maid of Perth.

Here we have Sir Walter following his convention and, with a sense of humour which, to tell the truth, did not shine most brilliantly in cases of this kind, trying to leave in the memory of his reader that Scottish atmosphere which is reproduced with so much brilliant success in the novel. In this respect his example was closely followed by Thackeray, though, of course, Thackeray's atmosphere was always different from that of Scott, but the demure Henry Esmond is himself to the last particular in the final lines of the novel:

And the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world.

In the end of "Vanity Fair," I have sometimes thought that Thackeray made a mistake by referring to his puppets.

Ah! *Vanitas Vanitatum!* Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out.

He makes us feel as though, during the whole of the time, he had not been really living in the world he was picturing but only peeping in at it through a window. To put the same statement in another way, it is as though

his men and women were not really and truly imagined—imagined so as not only to throw an illusion over his readers but an illusion over himself. They are comic figures that he might have cut out of paper with a pair of scissors. We see the same thing in his caricatures and drawings, presentations often extremely clever and certainly amusing, but lacking that something of divine truth and perfection which comes from the efforts of a great artist.

I do not think it a very true instinct that seeks for the bizarre and extraordinary in an ending. To my mind the most striking example of this kind is to be found in Lord Beaconsfield's "Tancred," which ends with the statement: "The Duke and Duchess of Sidonia had arrived in Palestine," leaving the reader to form what conclusion he may as to the effect of this announcement. It is the trick of one who was by nature inclined to the glittering and theatrical, not the quiet and sure device by which the master of literary art would have gained the same effect. In this Disraeli was giving expression to that feature in his character which led him to say on a memorable occasion that it is the unexpected that happens. He was seeking too openly for the unexpected. Among recent novel endings one that has pleased me much was that of Mrs. Henry De La Pasture to her "Man from America." In this novel the dominant figure is not the man from America, nor is it any of the fair ladies who are pleasantly and often exquisitely drawn, nor is it one of their sweethearts, but it is the old French Count, the simple, kind, unintellectual uncle who is really out of the play, as far as the habits and interests of youth are concerned, before the curtain rises, and in a sense figures only as a kind of benevolent spectator; but the author with delicate and rare instinct recognises that his should be the last word, and it is a pleasure to quote the ending.

As the Vicomte's guests took their leave, and went away through the green door into the kitchen garden talking and laughing together, the glory faded from the grassy hills, which rose behind the thatched roof of Honeycott, crowned with golden gorse and ruddy bracken; the copper glint vanished from the reddening beeches, and the glow from the mellow crimson fruit upon the orchard boughs.

In other words, the sun set behind the woods and left the autumn world to the grey chill of the swift-rising mists of evening.

The Vicomte filled himself a bumper of the *Madère sec*, and drank it, standing alone at the table. "A la mémoire de ma jeunesse!" said old Patrick,—and reversed the glass.

It is curious how the old rules of rhetoric that were generally designed for oratory pure and simple apply to that longer composition, the English novel. It was an ancient and sound principle that the exordium or beginning should always be interesting, and perhaps this is the only rule that Sir Walter Scott thoroughly neglected. His introductions are almost proverbially long-winded, and yet whoever will have the patience to read them quietly and carefully will find that they are designed with ingenuity and serve to introduce the reader into that microcosm which the author is trying to create. Before he is done with the early chapters he is quite ready to be introduced to the personages who are to figure in the narrative. They belong naturally to the landscape which, in his gossip and apparently slovenly manner, Scott is trying to imprint on the mind of the reader. Having got the exordium, the orator was to put the matter of his exhortation into the middle and to wind up with the noblest peroration he could command. Instead of making oratorical effects, the novelist tries to strike a chord of interest, and, instead of perorating, what he tries to do is to prolong the note so that you can go away with the sound of it in your ears. If Shakespeare had not been a dramatist, he would, it is obvious, have shown himself a perfect master of the technique of the novel. What could be more likely to stir the curiosity of readers or hearers than the witch scene with which *Macbeth* opens? and the ideal ending is perhaps that of *The Tempest*. There is no novel, old or new, which ends so finely and so pathetically. The passage in the famous Epilogue has been quoted again and again, yet it

never loses the pathos that is startling in its unexpectedness:

Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please.

P.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be on "De Quincey and the Grand Style," by H. Perry Robinson.]

## FICTION

*The Portreeve.* By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Methuen, 6s.)

DODD WOLFERSTAN was Portreeve of Bridgestowe, on the north of Dartmoor. He was young, capable and ambitious; he had dreams of climbing again to the position once occupied by the great Wolferstans, who might have been—probably were—his ancestors. But he loved a little beneath him: Ilet Yelland was not, like Dodd himself, a workhouse child, but she was a mere peasant. Each of the pair had had the misfortune to rouse fierce passion in others, Ilet in her peasant-cousin, Abel Pierce, Dodd in Primrose Horn, the rich daughter of his old employer. Pierce and Miss Horn, passionate and unscrupulous both, scheme together to separate the betrothed. They succeed. Pierce wins Ilet for himself; Dodd, after years of tarrying, has just been caught by Primrose—actually she is in his arms and the proposal on his lips—when he is summoned to the bedside of Pierce, dying from a quarry accident. There he learns something of the plots that robbed him of Ilet. After the decent interval he marries Ilet, leaving Primrose unconsoled.

And now Mr. Eden Phillpotts gets to work. Hitherto he has been doing little more than arrange his stage; and he has arranged it, to our thinking, a little too slowly and circumstantially. Primrose Horn, now as hot in hate as in love, marries a wealthy oaf, in order to win power and place, and devotes her life to the slow ruin—body, mind, and soul—of Dodd Wolferstan. Fiendish pertinacity, fiendish coolness, fiendish ingenuity are hers. She is miasmatic ice with a heart of malignant fire. She gives her victim law: he climbs; she strikes. A little more law, and another blow. He takes breath, and, though weakened and deteriorated, tries once again; and again she strikes, leaving him once again a little further from his ideal and from happiness. Finally, all but robbed of his livelihood, robbed of his hopes of children, robbed of the simple faith in God that was his dearest possession, he breaks. A raving lunatic, he all but murders the woman's foolish husband, and dies a horrible death in an attempt to murder the woman herself.

We are not of those who cry "melodrama!" when a modern author puts into the hearts of modern people those vast passions which we accept as fact in the ancient world. In this strange story there is nothing melodramatic, neither in the fierce desire of Pierce for Ilet, nor the fierce loves and hates of a farmer's daughter. In giving us something stronger than the lukewarm brew of the average of our day, Mr. Phillpotts gives us more than a taste of the old tragedy. We are lifted, excited, awe-struck: there is something of that purging by pity and terror that only great tragedy can accomplish. And yet, great as our modern author is in many ways, he just falls short.

We know of no instance in really great tragedy in which the process of purging is checked or nullified in the slightest degree by the feeling of hatred. We do not hate any of the great mischief-doers in tragedy, Greek or English; we do not even hate Iago. We do hate, with deadly hatred, this Primrose Horn, and that hatred rises and chokes the purer feelings which Mr. Phillpotts's tragedy arouses. She is great, we admit, great in her perverted passion, in her scheming and in its execution; but she is just not great enough. She lacks, in fact, that little more, which would have transformed her from a malignant

fiend into an instrument of a wider destiny. And that is as much as to say that we disagree with Mr. Phillpotts on one of the cardinal points of his story, which is this. "Men," says the *raisonneur* of this novel, "ruin themselves—women can't ruin 'em. Men ruin themselves . . . by a thousand different ways; but the ruination comes from inside 'em." That Dodd Wolferstan, the genuinely religious, hard-working, honest man, bore his ruin within him, we fully believe; but where the weak spot lay remains still uncertain when we have finished the book. That being so, the story of the ruin of his pocket, his character and his mind, is not part, so to speak, of the universal story; it becomes the persecution of one man by one woman.

When all is said, this is a powerful, almost a great book. We should like to dwell on the delicious humours of the lowly folk, and in particular on those of Dicky Barkell, the *raisonneur* we have mentioned, a wise and witty village philosopher with a fine faith in human nature and none in revealed religion; the man who tells Dodd all the home-truths about himself, and is unable to make of his own life more than a feeble compromise. We should like to dwell on the development of Dodd's downfall, the gradual ruin of his faith and his character; and on the descriptions of Dartmoor, that great Presence that pervades and governs the whole story. Space forbids the discussion of these and a hundred other interesting points in a full, wise and glowing piece of work.

*The Smiths of Surbilon.* By KEBLE HOWARD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

In this delightful comedy Mr. Keble Howard has taken up the cudgels for the middle classes. We have had "the annals of the poor" and the romances of the rich and great, but the life of the respectable middle-class married couple has been set aside by most writers as being too dull and commonplace for romance to touch. Enough that these good people are called the backbone of England. But Mr. Keble Howard sees more than this. He looks and finds out the secret places of their lives. He dives beneath that respectable exterior which the ordinary business man and his wife present to their respectable circles. In spite of the shortness and rather ample proportions of Mr. Smith, Mr. Keble Howard proves him to have an affectionate and kindly nature, to be as much a man of honour as the proudest peer in any society novel, and to "play the game" like a man. His wife shows still more delightful qualities. She is a model wife and mother, and we are even shown her as a model and most beneficent grandmother. And the romance is with her. Her husband is in her eyes the perfect man; other people may look upon him as a short and stout and decidedly uninteresting middle-class man. To her he is "the man" of her narrow horizon. Mr. Keble Howard takes the step from the ridiculous to the sublime in the last few lines of his charming and sympathetic book. Enid says:

"I was thinking how splendid it would be if that little baby could grow up and marry a man as good and as sweet as you."

"That would not be difficult, old girl."

Enid was quite grave. "It would be impossible," she said simply. Ralph laughed and turned his head away.

Mr. Keble Howard has shown us again his keen insight into ordinary human nature and with his sympathetic touch has brought to the surface valuable jewels from unsuspected sources.

*The Ancient Landmarks.* By ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE prologue to this entertaining story is a mistake. To explain the admixture of Indian blood in her hero, the author begins with his great-great-grandfather and travels down a tedious and bewildering procession of births, marriages and deaths. But when at last she comes to the Lucien Beardsley, whose adventures in Kentucky it is her

purpose to follow, she draws up the curtain on a drama that never flags; and it is one that will please a variety of readers. There is a lively plot and a real modern knight-errant for a hero, handsome, bold, rich, accomplished, everything the romantic fancy asks a hero to be. There is a beautiful young heroine to be rescued from a situation of extreme distress, and there are some unusually fresh minor characters. But the real interest and value of this novel for some readers will lie in the picture it gives of life in the country places of Kentucky. On the one hand obedience to the law is so ingrained and literal that, while the whole community will sorrow over a woman brutally maltreated by her drug-ridden husband, not one will stir to protect her: he is her husband, and the ancient landmark of marriage is not to be removed. On the other hand, one man will shoot another and feel both offended and surprised when his arrest and trial follow. To be sure, both proceedings are quite formal, and at the trial, though every soul in the room knows the truth, it never comes out. But Lucien Beardsley, in spite of his cosmopolitan upbringing, resented the interference of the law in an act of justice. The impression left on the European mind is that the law does not interfere often or overmuch in Kentucky.

*A Supreme Moment.* By MRS. HAMILTON SYNGE. (Unwin, 6s.)

It is a pity that the men in this story are shadows. Had they been drawn with such unerring and delicate skill as are the women, "A Supreme Moment" would have been a noteworthy book. Even as it is, it is remarkable. A study in temperaments, a delineation of the gradual awakening into life and living of a choked and strangled soul by contact with one that is free, that palpitates, that is a-quiver with the passion of humanity, it is a story that owes more to its writing than to its plot. Mrs. Synge has observed the characters of Agatha and Estelle with an understanding that betokens sympathy with both. Agatha, who has been housekeeper to her brother Bertram for years in a little country village, has grown set, and measures her life entirely by the requirements of her brother, the most exacting prig of a method-maniac that well could be. Into this family is introduced Estelle, a young girl. She does not proceed immediately to revolutionise the household. Only gradually does Agatha begin to see that there is, somewhere in life, an existence which has something more satisfying than this endless round of housekeeping, of church-going, and of visit-paying. Her awakening to a true understanding of herself is described with an art and delicacy that are most enjoyable. The book is one of the few novels of to-day which one feels inclined to keep and read again.

## THE DRAMA

### HIS HOUSE IN PERFECT ORDER

ARE dramatic critics any use? That question must often occur to actor-managers when distributing stalls for the first nights of their plays. Is Sir Fretful really worth ten-and-sixpence? It was asked and answered two years ago; I ask it again. Useful and in many cases delightful contributors to their respective papers, do they affect the success of a piece? I know they nearly always say the same thing, and you can guess pretty well what that is going to be at the first *entr'acte* when they meet at the bar. But most of them are mere stylists who use the drama as a pianola for giving expression to their views on life and occasionally on actors. I foresee a time coming—a time of revolution—when, instead of actors craving notices from eminent critics, as they are supposed to do, you will get the critics pressing champagne and chicken on dramatic authors [N.B.—Mr. Shaw is vegetarian and total abstainer] in order to get a "notice" from over the footlights. For instance, in a play by Mr. Shaw one of

the characters will say: "I take in the Saturday Review because of Max. He always gets hold of the right end of the stick, but he generally soils it." If the play is by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones: "Don't you remember what William Archer says: 'The world, whether we regard it as a newspaper, or as a mere condition, is simply a stage to which our lives are contributions—leading parts.'" In one by Mr. Pinero: "Filmer's second wife may have her faults, my dear Cayley, I mean, my dear Hilary, but as Walkley says in the Times, 'c'est une femme.'" Many of the audience would, of course, order the papers at once and thereby increase their declining circulation. Mr. Hankin is the only dramatist with whom I am acquainted, and I would get him to give me a puff in his next play at the Court. A fee of two guineas should be charged for each gag or insertion.

Dramatic criticism in a weekly (hence the above remarks) is particularly futile, because by the time it appears the public has made up its mind about a play. You can, of course, review the daily critics; that is some consolation; but nothing you say can fill or empty a stall. Benedicts of journalism, however, we must still be talking. By the time these words appear in print some hundreds of people will have seen and enjoyed Mr. Pinero's new play. Every one interested in the drama will have read the story, retold with varying skill, by some of my colleagues. It merely remains for me to call on the inhabitants of the provinces and the denizens of the British Colonies to come to London, at their leisure, and see the best play in London and the best acting you can see anywhere. I use the term *at leisure* advisedly, because there seems little chance of my own play (accepted since last week by Mr. George Alexander) being put up at the St. James's for many months to come. And I urge every one to come to London, because unless Mr. Alexander in the fulness of time conveyed his whole cast on tour, I would dread the result of secondary actors in the provinces handling either Mr. Percy Macquoid's furniture or Mr. Pinero's more delicate art.

When Mr. Alexander went to crunch the porcine husks at Drury Lane, the *quartier St. James's* went into deep mourning; now the prodigal has returned and Mr. Pinero provides a fatted calf for his honour and our pleasure. The acting throughout is superb. Mr. Herbert Waring is seen, another Torvald Helmer, in a marvellous rendering of an unsympathetic part; Miss Irene Vanbrugh becomes, I have no hesitation in saying, the greatest actress on the English stage. Mr. George Alexander would seem to have forgotten the cares of management or left everything to Mr. Pinero, and conquers once again. He is never feverish where there are temptations, and makes his one unlikely speech perfectly probable. The minor parts—if they can be called minor parts: they are all essential—are presented in a flawless fashion, never allowed by the artists (or Mr. Prospero Pinero) to lapse into farce. A friend of mine once started the "Herod Guild" for the destruction of stage children: we went into liquidation on the appearance of Miss Iris Hawkins last week.

*His House in Order* is among other things remarkable for having no story at all, though its relation occupied long columns in the press. It is a psychological situation, such as could be found in one form or another in any English household. Its undramatic qualities are particularly striking; indeed, it is so actual that some people already find it unnatural. It is just as realistic and natural as Gorki's *Out of the Depths*. Even the exits and entrances are so adroitly contrived that they occasion no remark. By keeping the device of the letters till Act iii. Mr. Pinero with conscious art proved that it was not the keystone to the perfect architecture of his drama. The play is, indeed, a lesson for all of us. Given adequate interpretation, the most intense stimulation can be derived from a play where the dialogue is not particularly brilliant, and the situations not more sensational than any one may witness for himself at a family party in the country. Surprise has been expressed that Mr. Pinero should revert to discarded dramatic conventions, the aside and the long speech;

but they have not been discarded in real life. All of us use asides and we listen, alas! to long speeches not quite so entertaining as those of Mr. George Alexander in the play. I confess that Hilary's parable in Act ii. seems to me out of note with the character. He would surely have presented a simpler and wittier fable. It appears to me to have caused the author qualms; to have been rewritten, omitted, then reset. Nor do I understand Hilary's language in communicating the first wife's infidelity to his brother. It is improbable: he seems to be breaking it gently to the audience (already in the secret) not Filmer: Nina's method was cruder and more lifelike. Several people have hazarded the politics of Filmer Jesson, M.P., and rally Mr. Pinero for not revealing them. It seems to me fairly obvious that he was a Liberal Unionist and a Tariff Reformer, with an open mind on Chinese Labour and strongly in favour of legislation for the suppression of Ritualism. I am sure he was defeated by a handsome majority at the recent election.

Dramatic tides have washed the London theatres from time to time; the waves of Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Mr. Bernard Shaw have beaten like passing bells against the financially successful dovescotes and cleared away many foolish and ancient traditions of the stupid English stage. When the flood has receded, secure and smiling Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero is found exactly in the same place, none the worse for the wetting, and with perhaps just a little salt sticking to his coat-tails. He, at all events, has not built upon sand; his house was in order long ago. Many would like to regard him as a pleasant reminiscence of their youth—the last of the Anglo-Saxon dramatists (I believe he is of Portuguese extraction), something that belonged to the old time before Irish and Norwegian and Belgian influence sapped our British sentiments. *His House in Order* will be a rude awakening. A very foolish book appeared in France not long ago (I think by M. Auguste Filon), in which we were complimented on the possession of an ornament not ours. For to talk of English drama is like talking of French cricket or Australian champagne. But, as the late Marquess of Bute was able to grow exquisite vintages on a specially cultivated soil in Wales, so Mr. Pinero and a few other isolated dramatists can produce the vine which ceased to flourish long before England became a Free Trade country, intellectually or otherwise.

ROBERT ROSS.

## COURT THEATRE

WHEN the Stage Society produced *Lady Inger of Østtraat* last week, the critics—and the audience—complained sorrowfully that up to about the middle of the fourth act they were completely befogged as to what it was all about. The audience at the Court Theatre passed two acts and a half in a similar condition last Tuesday afternoon. But then the play had only three acts all told, whereas Ibsen's had five. The play was Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt's *A Question of Age*. It is not a good play, but it seemed to me to have far more stuff in it, more brains behind it, than many far better ones. Mr. Harcourt is not yet master of his technique, which is the elusive, elliptical, obscure technique of the modern naturalistic drama at its obscurest. But I think his technique would not have smashed him if he had had a more interesting story to tell and had let us understand considerably earlier what that story was. A middle-aged lady has been left a widow by a South African millionaire. A callow youth in the Foreign Office conceives the magnificent idea of utilising her millions to promote a great scheme of colonial expansion, and incidentally to advance his own political prospects. He proposes to her and we (and everybody else except the lady) imagine that he wants to marry her. The lady, however, believes that he only wishes her to be his mistress—and greatly prefers him on those terms. As, however, she cannot make up her mind to say so, and he cannot understand what she is driving at, we have two and a half acts



of mutual misunderstanding—and very little drama. It is a pity, for the character of the lady (admirably played by Miss Fanny Brough) is well observed and merits a better setting. The other item of the programme was a one-act play by Mr. Frederick Fenn, called *The Convict on the Hearth*, a clever piece of low-life naturalism, resembling *Op o' my Thumb*, which Mr. Fenn wrote for the Stage Society with Mr. Richard Pryce, but with a dash of sentimentalism which was missing from that brilliant little play. In this Mr. Edmund Gwenn played the convict with great art, and Mr. C. V. France a sturdy, practical parson: both first-rate performances.

ST. JOHN HANKIN.

### THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

It would be easy to say—and even to seem to prove—that *Un conseil judiciaire*, played last week, is a bad play. It neither follows any old formula nor yet supplies a new one. Nobody loses anything, not even his trousers, the quest for which is so frequent a farcical motive in France. Nor is the fun got by any wild game of hide-and-seek such as that through which *Pink Dominoes* has maintained its popularity for a generation. The mechanism is not intricate, and is hardly even ingenious. There is nothing in the first act to suggest that there will be complications in the second; nothing in the second act promising further complications in the third. There are no surprises, no strokes of ingenuity, in the ultimate unravelling of the knot. But to say all this is only in effect to say that *Un conseil judiciaire* is expressly written so as to depend not on situations but on acting. That is how it differs from the farces to which the English playgoer is most accustomed. Such a farce as *Pink Dominoes* remains amusing even when the acting is bad. Good acting is an advantage, but not a necessity, since the difficulties in which the characters become entangled are ludicrous in themselves. This piece by MM. Moineaux and Bisson would fall absolutely flat if it were indifferently played. Such a play can be written and produced in France, because there it is possible to make sure of the acting. In England it is not possible. No doubt we could, at a pinch, cast the play adequately, if we could import Mr. James Welch from one theatre, Mr. Charles Hawtrey from another, etc. etc.; but it would never get itself adequately cast in the ordinary course of theatrical business. Our actors, take them for all in all, simply are not good enough to keep the laughing continuous, as it was on Monday night, through a farce in which nothing in particular happens.

Perhaps we need not be ashamed of the confession. Acting is not, after all, a particularly dignified accomplishment. The words which Plato, who did not want actors in his Republic, spoke on the subject were wise. Still, from the point of view of the spectator, good acting is better than bad acting; and honour should be paid where it is due. We have no comic actor who is comparable with M. Galipaux. He reminds one sometimes of Mr. Toole, and sometimes of Mr. Willie Edouin. Mr. Toole in *The Don*, or in *Walker, London*, would perhaps be the best parallel to cite; but M. Galipaux is better, being more of an artist and less of a clown. He gets the fun out of the character which he portrays, and not, as Mr. Toole used to do, out of the incongruity between that character and his own personality. He is not known to the British play-going public, as M. Coquelin is known, and therefore it is worth while to insist, pointing out that he has been the King of Farcical Comedy in France for about twenty years, and has even added a word to the French language. One says—or used to say—"faire des Galipettes"—meaning to go wildly "on the spree," taking one's risk of those embarrassing entanglements in which M. Galipaux displays his humour. The house was not so crowded as the actor deserved; but everybody ought to go to see him. He is the better worth seeing because he does not stand out conspicuously as a star, but is supported by a company

that is good throughout. MM. Gabriel Frère and Lagrange were excellent in parts that recall Mr. Charles Hawtrey. The principal lady's part was admirably taken by Mlle. Thomassin, who quite recently carried off the First Prize at the Paris Conservatoire. Apart from her playing, her dresses were what ladies call "a dream"; and—what is more to the purpose—she wore them without self-consciousness, and not, as so many English actresses do, like a shop-girl in a show-room. Even Mlle. Irène Macnyll, whose rôle was that of a servant maid without a line to speak, deserves a special word of commendation. She had one point to make—to indicate respectful astonishment when she saw her dowdy mistress trying on a fashionable hat—and she made it perfectly, and got her laugh without a suspicion of over-emphasis.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

## FINE ART

### TURNER IN AND OUT OF LIMBO

WHILST the nation is to be congratulated on the recovery of the Turners now on exhibition at the Tate Gallery, the mode of that recovery is scarcely a matter of congratulation or complacency. No official statement has yet been issued, but we gather from Sir Charles Holroyd that until recently it was not thought proper to exhibit them, owing to their "slightness of execution, and more or less wrecked condition." The first conjecture that we made, on hearing of these Turners, that they had simply lain neglected, forgotten, and unrecorded in the cellars of the National Gallery, is one that is almost preferable, as it would merely show crass negligence, whereas, if these pictures have been known to successive authorities, they have been guilty of a deplorable lack of judgment and taste in not making them public. No doubt, in view of the national wealth of Turners, there was some justification for not exhibiting some of these sketches, the sea pieces No. 1987, *Breakers on a Flat Beach*; No. 1984, *Margate, from the Sea*; No. 1980, *Storm off a Rocky Coast*; No. 1990, *Sunrise with a Sea Monster*; No. 2002, *Sunset with a Boat Between Headlands*; and No. 1981, *Norham Castle*. All these productions, marvellous as they are, are merely sketches and hints of themes that have been carried out elsewhere. The *Storm off a Rocky Coast* looks like a sketch for the *Wreckers* in Mr. Byer's collection at Pittsburg.

As for No. 1988, no wonder the Directors shrank from exhibiting it under the title of *Interior at Petworth*; it looks like an illustration of the Turnerian lines:

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,  
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon,  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea."

But little matters whether we call it "Interior at Petworth," or "Interior of the Sea;" it is chiefly wonderful as showing the interior of Turner's brain and its unique faculty for dealing with pure abstractions. There is no getting to the bottom or to the end of Turner. Even the National Gallery, with its three hundred and sixty-two oils and two thousand water-colours, is not fully representative. The sober perfection of his middle period in water-colours, like the Fawkes and Currie pictures in the Old Masters, is not to be seen there, and the Turner-Titian of the *Adonis* is unique. And now we have, if you please, a quite new Turner in the three exquisite little pictures of yacht racing in the Solent, Nos. 1993-1995. Turner's fairy-like lightness of touch, like that of a butterfly poisoning, is famous, and here we have it combined, as it not always is, with the swiftness of an eagle and the strength of a bull. Moreover, the harmony of colour is as perfect as the most perfect Whistler, and there are besides a life and sparkle, a brilliance and breeziness, and

above all a virtuosity of handling far above Whistler. Throughout these pictures the palette knife is freely used and is sometimes quite obvious, but in these three with equal discretion and force. We cannot fathom the standard which would condemn such immortal works as these to the cellar or the store-room.

The name of Whistler again leaps to the lips in contemplating *The Evening Star*; indeed for a moment I descried his butterfly signature in the usual corner, but it proved, on inspection, to be a star-fish. It is a pleasing fancy to imagine Ruskin and Whistler poring over this picture, Whistler then inducing Ruskin to bottle it up again as being below the mark, subsequently by its inspiration, in 1865, painting the seascape of Mr. Alexander Young, and thereby alienating Ruskin for ever. Only some deliberate plot can rationally account for its neglect. Then there are the three pictures of *Shipping on the Medway*, Nos. 1997, 1998, 2000. We may call them sketches if we like, but, if Turner were alive again, would we ask him to touch them? There are passages of gradation in *Rocky Bay, with classic Figures and Ships*, that are so ineffably lovely that no improvement can be imagined on this sketch.

Since the exhibition of some of Turner's pictures is apparently at the discretion of the Director, it is not too much to hope that he will in future show a little more courage in his selection. Turner's wishes and Ruskin's opinion are to be respected, but the fact that certain of Turner's late pictures, such as the *Angel standing in the Sun*, *Exile and Rock Limpet*, and others, were exhibited at the Royal Academy during his lifetime should not weigh by a hair against the opinion, if it be held, that they represent only the decay of his genius. Against these we should consider the quantity of admirable sketches which are not seen or seen only by rotation among the twenty thousand in the basement of the National Gallery. A complete and final catalogue which, I understand, is in preparation, is much needed, but if it is not accompanied by a more complete exhibition, it will only be of use to students.

And here I would suggest that, to avoid in future appearing ridiculous in the eyes of the art directors of the rest of the world, we should set apart one day every year, say November 5, on which a solemn official procession should be made round the cellars of the National Gallery, the Tate Museum and the Wallace Gallery, headed by Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Claude Phillips, who has proved himself an adept in this kind of discovery, and Mr. Lionel Cust, girt with their insignia of office and accompanied by Mr. David Hogarth and Mr. Evans, armed with spade and mattock, for the purpose of pronouncing and declaring the secretion of explosive masterpieces. Otherwise our nerves will yield under the strain of perpetual apprehension.

B. S.

#### MR. A. L. COBURN'S PHOTOGRAPHS

MR. ALVIN LANGDON COBURN exhibits, in the Galleries of the Royal Photographic Society, a long hundred of photographs, the catalogue of which contains a clever and characteristic preface by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Some of the pictures are equal to any we have seen, but, though we by no means agree with those who make the lens show more than is visible to the unaided human eye, we think Mr. Coburn carries the impressionist craze beyond reasonable limits, and the majority of his photographs seem to have been produced by a camera afflicted with astigmatism. No. 76, "Fog," is a clever piece of work, showing sundry objects looming through the atmosphere of a typical November day, but the title might have been used for many of the other items in the catalogue. However excusable this may be in landscape work, where a certain lack of definition is often desirable, we cannot appreciate it in the case of portraits, the object of which is, surely, to represent the sitter as he appears to the

normal eye, and not as he would look through improperly constructed spectacles.

We do not wish to imply that the exhibition as a whole is disappointing, for there are many pleasing pictures on the walls. No. 26, *Portrait of my Mother*, shows a handsome and kindly lady, whose photograph is, speaking technically, quite satisfactory. Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Edward Carpenter are good, and so is young Mr. Andrew Lang. *A Mother and Child* is a delightful study taken in a very subdued light, and many of the landscapes will please the eye of the connoisseur. The Trafalgar Square Lion, however, gives us an impression of a beast as big as the Sphinx, which quite eclipses the National Gallery in the background.

In No. 57, *A Decorative Study*, the reversed swan is "a cute dodge," but the result is too symmetrical to be satisfactory. *Princes Street Gardens*, Edinburgh, gives a very fine view of a curved stone staircase, but little else: the title, we presume, is a joke, like that of *The Cardinal's Breakfast of raw turnips and carrots!*

On the other hand, the *Portrait of George Meredith, Esq.*, is a magnificent piece of work, and this picture is in itself an ample recompense for a journey to 66 Russell Square, where any one interested in photographs will be welcomed on presenting a visiting card. The Royal Photographic Society makes no charge for admission to exhibitions in its own house.

## MUSIC

### DON QUIXOTE

It is now some time since Mr. Ernest Newman first undertook to play the arduous rôle of Sancho Panza to the Don Quixote of Richard Strauss, but from the time that he first espoused the fortunes of that eccentric genius he has followed him with a faithfulness, which, like that of the original Sancho, is by no means blind to the foibles of his chief. He has told us that neither "Tod und Verklärung" nor "Ein Heldenleben" are representative of the real Strauss, and he has impatiently dismissed the "Sinfonia Domestica" as the greatest of Quixotic errors; but in a work actually illustrative of Cervantes's romance, "Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character" he found the best characteristics of his hero and has championed its cause accordingly. Of it he says:

It is in the "Don Quixote" that Strauss is most really and truly himself and most thoroughly human. . . . I say nothing here of its technique, though that alone is sufficient to make one ask oneself whether it is possible for music to develop further than this. Nowhere, outside the work of glorious old Bach, is there such a combination in music of inexhaustible fertility of imagination and the most rigid austerity in choice of material.

This work has been neglected in England. It received one not very successful performance at the Strauss Festival at St. James's Hall in 1903, and was not heard again until Saturday, February 3, 1906, when the Queen's Hall Orchestra played it under Mr. Wood. I always want to hear Strauss, as, to judge from the audience, do most people, but this time, partly because the opportunity of hearing "Don Quixote" had been so long withheld, but chiefly because of the high praise bestowed on the work by Mr. Ernest Newman, I was particularly anxious to make its further acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There is everything in the work which, knowing Cervantes and Strauss, one would expect. In the introduction a beautiful upward figure, used as a duet in somewhat close imitation, creates an atmosphere of courtly grace which, through all the subsequent frenzy of Don Quixote's madness, Sancho's lumbering gait and talk, Dulcinea's frank vulgarity, is never lost sight of. Then, with the aid of a carefully written and suggestive programme, one may follow the development of the characters and their doings and sayings, and even without a programme one cannot miss the flock of sheep, the windmill,

and the imaginary flight through the air. The grotesque realism of the sheep makes the whole audience roar with laughter, the pathos of Don Quixote's death might even make susceptible members of it weep; at any rate it enlists the whole-hearted sympathy of all. The one is, of course, just Strauss's cleverness, the other is his humanity, which is what makes us all tolerate his cleverness, which otherwise would be diabolical. For the sake of his genuine human feeling, which calls forth our sympathy whether we will or no, we willingly sit through the hideous passages in the middle of "Ein Heldenleben," we even listen to his wretched baby squalling in its bath. How much more readily, then, can we listen to a work in which every feature is a part of the development of a story which we already know and which interests us! When our ears were "dinn'd with uproar rude" in "Ein Heldenleben," we had to be content with the knowledge that a rather vague and shadowy Hero was doing battle against equally indefinite enemies, and the extreme domesticity of the very similar "uproar rude" in the later work was only painfully reminiscent. But when we can see in it the drolleries of Don Quixote's illusions, his tilting at windmills and flight through the air; when we can hear the voice of Sancho calling to him that this vast army, against which he advances so heroically, is but a flock of sheep upon the hillside; when we can actually hear noises in the orchestra which recall to us market day in a small country town, of course it is excellent fun and we all thoroughly enjoy ourselves, until Strauss is pleased, as he always is sooner or later, to give us something genuinely beautiful, which can arouse real emotion and sympathy. For my own part, I have not a fine enough sense to distinguish that "rigid austerity in the choice of material" which Mr. Ernest Newman finds to be akin to Bach. Rather I should say that, like most of Strauss's work, it is made up of a variety of material, good, bad and indifferent. There is the grace of the theme before alluded to. Then the vein of "Straussian" weirdness in the Don Quixote themes is, of course, appropriate, whereas in the "sulky" husband or the freakish wife of the "Sinfonia Domestica" it was just annoying. Strauss has a commonplace side to him which generally comes out when he allows himself, as even he must sometimes, to be plainly and simply diatonic. This feature, so unfortunate elsewhere, is, of course, turned to most happy account for the themes of Sancho Panza and Dulcinea. In fact, this subject, not in itself of the greatest, affords just the right material for the most happy display of Strauss's powers, and the result is a work which keeps an audience interested from start to finish by its successful blending of humour and pathos.

It is rather too late in the day to re-open the discussion of the methods of Richard Strauss. Mr. Ernest Newman thinks that in the main they are those of the Music of the Future; some of us believe that they are not, but this belief does not in the least preclude us from appreciating every work which reveals his extraordinary personality. A preliminary note, however, in the clever programme book of Messrs. Pitt and Kalisch on the "polyphony" of Richard Strauss cannot quite escape comment. The joint writers say:

It is almost a pity that we are obliged to call it polyphony, because it is something so very different from that which used to go by that name. Whereas in older composers the main object of polyphony was to build up an euphonious and symmetrical musical structure, its object in the hands of specifically "modern" writers is to illustrate, by the combination and the mutual interaction of themes, the relations between the things which the themes represent, and their effects on each other or on the souls of the persons with whom the music deals. And nowhere can this be seen better than in the dialogues between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

When one reads such a statement, one's chief wonder is that there is so much music in Richard Strauss's works as there is. One may go a step further than these writers and say that it is a pity that we are obliged to call these sound-constructions by the name of music, since, according to them, they are the outcome of a combination of ideas which are not connected by any tonal affinity, but only by

their power to express their several non-musical ideas, which, for purposes of the story or development of character, have to be brought into close conjunction. Such a theory at once accounts for all the ugly passages in Strauss; but, if adopted, it places his work once and for all outside the pale of music. Interpret the word "euphony" as broadly as you will; show that it is possible to include every apparently harsh combination of sound within the bounds of an ultimate euphony, but once discard the idea of a sound combination on some euphonious basis and all link with the music of the past is gone, we plunge in a chaos of sound without form and void. I believe that most of Strauss's combinations can be justified on a broad principle of euphony and that many of his apparent vagaries sound on better acquaintance as euphonious as the polyphonic passage in the *Meistersinger* prelude to which in their next paragraph these writers refer. But, after hearing such a theory propounded, it is rather surprising to be told with reference to example 1c: "the strange harmonies in bars 2 and 4 suggest to commentators Don Quixote's tendency to mental aberration." These "strange" harmonies are in truth a succession of sevenths, which might be used as examples in the most orthodox harmony primer, and are among the simplest bars in the whole work. So the "whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Strauss's previous sanity has been so mad that his madness is quite commonplace, almost conventional.

To sum up, I find in "Don Quixote" one of the most delightful works of the most eccentric composer we have, but I conceive it to be successful, not as the mighty utterance of a prophet but because the subject exactly suited him. Strauss is Don Quixote, and perhaps he combines in himself something of Sancho Panza too, not to speak of Dulcinea. I have said nothing about the other delights of this concert, because this paper is not a concert report. I should like to write separately about the Mozart *Haffner* symphony, and the Brahms Double Concerto. In all, Mr. Wood's orchestra were at their very best, and Professor Hugo Becker's violoncello playing was masterly.

H. C. C.

[The second article on the "Oxford History of Music" will appear next week.]

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A WORK entitled "Bossism and Monopoly," by Mr. J. C. Spelling, will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on February 12. This book is a luminous account, by a competent economist, of the system of trusts and monopolies. As the author shows, the Government of the United States, while nominally democratic, is really a plutocracy based on corruption and blackmail. Among the subjects dealt with in Mr. Spelling's chapters are the following: the general monopoly and trust situation; partnerships between party bossism and monopoly; how to overthrow party bosses; abuses of privilege by municipal service monopolies; the advantages of municipal ownership; abuses by railroads in private hands; remedies and proposed remedies, and the feasibility and advantages of Government ownership.

Mr. Unwin will publish on February 12 a book on "The Manors of Suffolk—their History and Devolution and their Several Lords," by Dr. W. A. Copinger, Professor of Law in the Victoria University of Manchester. While collecting particulars respecting the manuscript and other records relating to the county of Suffolk, with the object of preparing a record history, Dr. Copinger came across much information of an interesting character relating to the manors and their lords. The history of each manor starts with the Domesday entry, and many of the manors have been traced down, practically without a break, to the present day. An endeavour has been made to render the book as popular as was possible consistently with historical

accuracy and permanent value. Views are given of several of the old manor houses. The present volume deals only with the Hundreds of Babergh and Blackbourn, but if its reception is satisfactory, Dr. Copinger hopes to treat the rest of the county in the same way.

Mr. Unwin is just issuing a second impression of Mrs. Bearn's "A Queen of Napoleon's Court—the Life Story of Desirée Bernadotte." He is also publishing a new impression of Dr. Jessopp's "The Coming of the Friars."

A new work is announced by Mr. Edwin Elliot, entitled "Barr and Son, a Story of a Modern Knight Errant," to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock. The story is founded on the efforts of a band of young Oxford idealists to improve the character and status of the working man, by practical life in industrial undertakings.

"Leabhar na h-Alba" (The Book of Scotland), by the Hon. Ruaidhri Erskine (Ruaidhri MacUilleim a dh' Arascain).—It is proposed to compile and to publish under this title, a Peerage of the Gaelic Nobility of Scotland. The basis of the work will be supplied by the Legend of the Seven Sons of Cruithne. The Seven Sons are named in the best Gaelic manuscripts as follows: Cait, Ce, Cirig, Fib, Fidach, Fotla, Fortrenn, which names correspond to the following principalities, Caithness, Mar, Mearns, Fife, Moray, Atholl, and Menteith. In all, however, the following dignities will be treated of, in addition to those named above, in order to render the work as representative of Gaelic Scotland as possible: Angus, Argyll, Buchan, Galloway, Lennox, Lorn, MacDonald (of the Isles), Ross, Sutherland, and the Kings of Scotland. It is intended strictly to confine this work to the Gaelic Nobility of Scotland, and to their descendants, whether direct or collateral. A few great families, not of Gaelic origin, will, however, receive briefer and less detailed mention by reason of their connection with Gaelic Scotland. Individuals and clans which cannot satisfactorily prove their descent from one or other of the above mentioned dignities, will not be treated of. In the case of a modern nobleman's holding an ancient Gaelic honour, neither the particulars nor the pedigree of his family will be given unless his original should be Gaelic. In the Preface to the work, it is intended to offer some observations touching the degrees of Rank amongst the Gaels, together with some remarks concerning the Seven Sons of Cruithne—the seven original *Mór-mhaoir* of Alba. The text of the work will be in the Gaelic language, and the illustrations to the book will be in the Gaelic manner. As the expense of so important and arduous an undertaking will necessarily be great, the author and publisher venture to appeal to the patriotism of their fellow countrymen, with a view to securing their practical support to their proposed undertaking. It is proposed to have two impressions of the work: one at £3 3s. (strictly limited to one hundred copies), and the other at £1 1s., whose number will depend upon the amount of support received. Orders for either of these impressions, which are not payable in advance of publication, can be sent at once to Mr. Eneas Mackay, Publisher, Stirling.

"The Integrative Action of the Nervous System." By Charles S. Sherrington, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Holt Professor of Physiology at the University of Liverpool, will be published in the early spring of 1906, by Messrs. Constable. The subject of this book formed ten lectures delivered at the Yale University in 1904 on the Silliman Foundation. Professor Sherrington's authority as a physiologist gives importance and distinction to this new volume of Silliman Memorial Lectures. In the multicellular animal the author holds, especially for those higher reactions which constitute its behaviour as a social unit, in the natural economy, it is nervous reaction which *par excellence* integrates it, welds it together from its components and constitutes it from a mere collection of organs an animal individual. This integrative action, in virtue of which the nervous system unifies from separate organs an animal possessing solidarity, an individual, is the problem which Professor Sherrington discusses in this book in a manner

at once luminous and authoritative. The book is fully illustrated with diagrams, curves, etc.

"The Adventures of a Born Tramp," by Bart Kennedy.—In his new book, announced by Messrs. Cassell, Mr. Bart Kennedy, forsaking politics and polemics, goes back to the reminiscences of "A Man Adrift," and gives a further series of interesting personal experiences from his adventurous and romantic life in the States. The sketch which gives the title to the book shows Mr. Kennedy as one of the leaders in a great tramp settlement. Two out-of-the-common experiences are narrated in an oyster-piracy adventure, and fishing for stones, whilst the author also describes his life as strolling player, property man and circus assistant.

"Popular Modern Artists."—In a volume by Mrs. Lionel Birch, shortly to be published by Messrs. Cassell, the story of the "discovery" of Newlyn as a painting-ground is related authoritatively, and its development as an artistic colony is traced by those who assisted materially in the process. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's own experiences in the painting of his Newlyn pictures, his difficulties and successes, his stories of models—some of whom are celebrities of Newlyn—and of the colony, constitute an interesting chapter in contemporary art-history. Mrs. Forbes—who went to Newlyn as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong—has made a reputation as an artist which is equal to that of her husband. The story of her training and subsequent successes is also fully related, for the most part autobiographically. The illustrations in colour and in monochrome have been approved by Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes.

To acquaint himself with the causes of the recent outbreaks, as well as to study the life and habits of the people, Mr. Foster Fraser last autumn made an extensive journey in the Balkans. In a volume shortly to be published by Messrs. Cassell, he recounts his experiences. The author in his journey visited Servia and Bulgaria, crossed the Balkan Mountains into Turkey, and toured the vilayet of Adrianople, where there was much fighting between the Turks and Bulgarians. He then pursued his way through Macedonia into the disturbed regions, and pushed into the fastnesses of Albania. The volume is profusely illustrated from photographs by the author.

It will be of interest to librarians and writers to know that a Biographical Bibliography of "Celebrated Women" is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., comprising a Dictionary of Women who for various reasons have made themselves remarkable at any period and in any country, with dates of birth and death, and index to portraits with names of engravers, the prices at which books, portraits and autographs have been sold at sales, etc. etc.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd., have made arrangements to issue a new illustrated copyright edition of Miss Alcott's works to comprise eight of the best stories, commencing in March with "Eight Cousins," printed from entirely new type, with new illustrations and binding. The same firm are also issuing a reprint of Miss Alcott's "Work" and "Beginning Again" (the two books in one), in their 2s. series.

A revised edition of Mrs. Frewen Lord's "Tales from St. Paul's Cathedral," at the popular price of 1s., will shortly be ready. This book, together with the Tales of Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral, is widely adopted by teachers for school use. Messrs. Sampson Low are the publishers.

Mr. John Long is on the point of publishing Maxwell Gray's new novel "The Great Refusal." The story is concerned with the conflict of character and resolution between two men of diverse temperaments; the father, a man of money, and his only son, a man of mind. The "Great Refusal" is the refusal of the son to continue in the career mapped out for him by his father, preferring rather to devote himself to the service of humanity.

Mr. Neil Munro is to repeat his experiment of two years ago, Messrs. Blackwood including in their list of



forthcoming books "The Vital Spark," by Hugh Foulis, the pseudonym by which Mr. Munro concealed his authorship of "Airchie."

"Fanny Lambert," a new story by Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, author of "The Lady Killer" and other stories, will be published by Mr. Unwin on February 12.

"My Cornish Neighbours" is the title of a volume of sketches by Mrs. Havelock Ellis to be published on Tuesday, the 13th inst., by Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### IN MEMORIAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you permit a lover of Tennyson's poetry to express disagreement with your reviewer's contention that section lxi. of *In Memoriam* is "radically obscure"?

If, in thy second state sublime

Thy ransomed reason change replies

With all the circle of the wise,

The perfect flower of human time—

Line two may cause perplexity for a moment, but a second glance shows the reader that "change" is a verb, and that "change replies" means "holds converse." The thought is now quite lucid. The poet's friend, who holds converse with the mighty dead, is conceived as realising by comparison the infirmities of his earthly comrade. And, surely, "forcible" is the very word one would choose for the poet's rejoinder:

I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

M. C. H.

### "JEWELS FIVE WORDS LONG"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—At the imminent risk of causing your correspondent "H. L. E." a severe nervous shock, I would, with peculiar diffidence, suggest that he read "all time" as a compound word, though I still plainly see an objection to "all." The last two words of the phrase "for ever"—I forbear to quote out of deference to "H. L. E.'s" heart-piercing supplication—refer to "jewels": Tennyson meaning, so I take it, jewels that would never lose their lustre, and more, that would "sparkle for ever," i.e., never yield place to lovelier gems.

"H. L. E.'s" reference to the suburban tea-table is scarcely kind—possibly your correspondent had in mind a few sweet enemies who do not read the columns of the ACADEMY. His tea-table simile hardly does Tennyson justice. I cannot see "absurdity" in the symbolism used by the great laureate. May we not conceive Time, as Tennyson probably here did, as some august presence, draped, as it were, with the abiding magnificence of the ages, standing with hand outstretched, and pointing into faint futurity to that "far-off divine event"? And is it too great a strain on an imagination, dominated by such a conception of Time, to picture the detail of the pointing finger—figuratively bright with gems cut and set by the great artificers, gems that startle with their lustrous beauty man's inward vision to-day, and that shall glisten to the spiritual eyes of centuries?

As to whether Tennyson had the "immortal" phrase in view when he wrote the lines in question is not for his readers to say. Certain it is that the sublime phrase is never attained by arduous labour alone. Such phrase, it would seem, results when the poet is least conscious of himself, when a power other and higher than the poet takes him, as it were, by surprise, and co-operates with his mind and heart to flash forth the inevitable consummate thought which is at once beauty and power.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

### THE ROKEBY VELASQUEZ

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I, as a regular reader, offer you my hearty congratulations on the reappearance of one of your best contributors, our friend "The Man in the Street." He has always something worth saying, and he always says it well. He is one of the few writers of to-day whom one feels any desire to "grasp by the hand" (to use a favourite phrase of a deceased dramatic critic).

If I were able, just now, to grasp him by the hand, I should probably look earnestly into his eyes and say: Now, my dear man, will you tell me, honestly, what is it at the bottom of your mind? Is there not just the least little suspicion of prudery? This "Venus and Cupid" (let us keep its usual title for a moment) represents a nude woman lying with her back towards the spectator. Whatever it is called, it obviously is the portrait of a real young woman, whose face, we may conclude, was not so fair as her form, and is therefore shown only in the blurred reflection in the mirror held up by a chubby nude child with wings. You, my dear Man in the Street, are sensible and agree

with Mr. Robert Ross that "subject is an important factor in a picture or drawing." The subject of this drawing is a young nude woman looking at herself in the glass and showing us what she does not look at. If the young woman had been clothed, might she not still have looked at herself in the glass and not raised your ire? Come confess!

But, if you look into it, that is not the whole subject: there is another and a higher. And that is Beauty—the beauty of the human form. No matter who the young woman was, no matter what her character or morals, her beauty, stripped of all associations with the uses to which she may have put it, remains for us to admire so long as the picture lasts, set before us simply as beauty by a painter who here brought all his matchless skill to the expression of it. The critics have not satisfied you? With the exception of one or two cranks, they have all, we believe, bowed in reverence before the exquisite beauty of the human body thus seen and thus painted. That said, there was no more they could say; for unless they are even more blind than they appear to be, they must know that sheer beauty brings its own influence for good, and is a better subject for a picture than any amount of moral anecdote or moral quality. The idea of vanity only comes when we set about seeking for a label: for most of us it is enough to let the beauty influence and uplift us, without analysing as if we were Extension Lecturers. The label is as unimportant as the title. Who cares about Venus or Cupid? Who cares if Velasquez, in deference to the classicalism of his day (which was also Rubens's day) called it so, and worked the pattern of his composition to include a chubby child and a mirror? It is not Venus and Cupid any more than a news-sheet was a "Mercury," or history a "Muse." And I would add that the mirror means something—is, indeed, of the utmost importance. Suppose the young woman's face had been altogether hidden. What should we have said? "She is ashamed of posing nude and in this position"; and we never could have looked at the picture without a feeling of pain. To omit the mirror would have been to introduce the prurient.

No, my dear Man in the Street, the sheer beauty of this picture is its own justification, and the justification of the people who have demanded and secured £50,000 for it, and the people who have bought it and are going to put it where all the world can see.

ARTIUM AMATOR.

### ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In these weeks one reads with reverence amounting to awe anything that appears over the signature C. B.; and can easily admire the simple device that by merely omitting the otherwise essential hyphen, secures a dignified and modest incognito. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and even at times to condescend to the rôle of causeur or "agreeable Rattle," as it used to be called; but it is not necessary always to subscribe one's name in plain letters.

In the circumstances one sympathises all the more keenly with poor Archdeacon Wrangham (see ACADEMY, February 3, p. 115). Original all-father of walking encyclopædias, "ornament Wrangham," correspondent of Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt and Byron, is it come to this? That in the ACADEMY, inevitable and continuous supplement to the Encyclopædia, you should be spoken of as a person, "who apparently also dabbled in the making of guide-books and verses." Dabbled, quotha! Ever witness for him the thirty-six several monuments of learning, sacred eloquence, and poetry separately published by him and duly recorded in D. N. B. (where John Cole has also a very respectable niche)—not to speak of his innumerable contributions to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Blackwood*, *Nichols's Anecdotes*, and the rest. The Archdeacon it was who supplied the familiar English thunder to the Latin lightnings of Milton's *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda*. We all nod, but C. B. shakes the spheres. Let us in conclusion hear the Rev. Sydney Smith when he says: "If I had a cause to gain, I would fee Wellbeloved to plead for me, and double-fee Wrangham to plead against me."

U. J. D.

Edinburgh, February 5.

### WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I tender my warm thanks to a fellow Wordsworthian, Mr. Stanley Hutton, for his very kind remarks concerning my former letter.

By way of replying to Mr. J. H. Ingram, let me say that in touching quite incidentally, upon "the ratio of citation" and giving Wordsworth a place next after Shakespeare and Milton in this matter, I referred of course to quotations made nowadays and since Wordsworth wrote. The totals from Pope and Butler may possibly be higher; but they were in the field a century before the great Lakist! Nor did I conclude, from this frequency of allusion, that Wordsworth is the greater genius. I threw it out only as some indication of the hold our Poet has upon the leading writers and the best thought of the age, and the vast extent of his appeal to "all sorts and conditions of men." This latter fact it was which formed one of the reasons leading to the conclusion that Wordsworth's place is before Shelley's on the Roll of our Poets.

It seems to me that "A Student of Literature" helps our case far more than he knows it: his interesting letter suggests some additional "reasons" with which we might pelt your unfortunate readers.

"The proof from parody" is of little account. Indeed, it seems to tell in Wordsworth's favour; for, speaking generally, the nobler the poetry, the more effective the parody. Some of the cleverest parodies in the language are those that are based upon some of the finest poems. Not to labour this point—though it would suggest a thesis I am fully prepared to defend—I seriously question whether, after all, Wordsworth does really head the list of great poets effectively parodied. What is the result of the reading and investigation of your readers here? In my own case, to mention only a few names, the order of merit (or demerit?) plans out roughly somewhat as follows: Longfellow, Swinburne, Shakespeare, Browning, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Southey, etc. etc.

Again, is it true that Wordsworth has left such a huge quantity of "printed trash" behind him? Personally, like so eminent a critic as Matthew Arnold, I can read almost everything he has written with both pleasure and profit. Then, again, where is a fixed standard by which we may judge? Trash to one person may not be so to another: "one man's meat is another man's poison."

In any case, the position of a writer cannot be determined by the greater or less quantity of rubbish deposited by him: possibly the more shavings, sweepings and litter about the floor of the workshop, the more work of excellent quality has been done. As regards Wordsworth, however, it is maintained, that after all reasonable deductions have been made, he has left behind him a larger body of poetry of a very high order than any other poet after Shakespeare and Milton. And this was Arnold's contention confirmed and endorsed by others, some of whom go even further.

I cannot agree with "a student" that "there is not the faintest trace of dramatic power in Wordsworth." The existence of that early and certainly miniature tragedy of "The Borderers" is alone sufficient to refute so sweeping a statement. As poetry, this drama is inferior to Shelley's *Hellas* and *The Cenci*, but it is healthier and more human than either of these; and it contains one or two dramatic situations and a sense of the dramatic proprieties. The characterisation, though rather feeble, is, I think, at any rate equal, if not superior, to Shelley's.

In Wordsworth's mind there was this vein which he did not find opportunity to work further. Still, currents of intense dramatic feeling flow strongly through scores of his later poems. "Dion" and "Laodamia"—to name two only—are really concentrated dramas. It is true that Wordsworth did not write anything quite like "Adonais" and the "Ode to the West Wind." That, however, does not prove that he *couldn't*, if he had chosen. Suppose we grant that they were "out of his reach"—as, according to your correspondent, the "Ode to Duty," the "Intimations," etc., were out of Shelley's; there remains to remark, that the latter immortal pieces and a hundred others of which they are typical, are poems of a higher order than the majority of those in which the genius of Shelley habitually sought expression. The soul of Wordsworth lived and breathed in a loftier region; and for this reason what he has given to mankind is, in all vital things, of such immensely higher value than the ineffectual "beating in the void" of Shelley.

We enjoy poems of the "Skylark" sort, and admire their exquisite felicities, not condemning too severely their wretched pessimistic tone and their moody melancholy—and this tone and temper infect nearly everything that Shelley wrote; but we know that a richer and a better bouquet is spread before us by Wordsworth. He gives us strength and inspiration in daily life, "blessed consolations in distress," insists upon joy as a "paramount duty"—"joy in widest commonality spread"—and shows *how we may attain it*, and he strives with all the might of mind and heart to elevate and exalt the whole being. His main business is with "the things that belong unto our peace," and with those mighty spiritual passions which refine and purify and ennoble.

"The gift of converting the abstract into the concrete" is one of the easiest and most obvious, and thus surely not one of the highest poetical gifts: when indulged in to excess, as is often the case with Shelley, it may only irritate the reader and impoverish the poetry, because removing it too much from actual fact and life, giving it a spice of unreality and making it more remote and intangible than ever—a distinct defect.

Yet Wordsworth possessed this gift, too: witness "Yew Trees"; but he used it wisely, and held it in strict subservience to that more excellent and more difficult task, which he so magnificently discharged, of transfiguring the concrete and the common, fixing closest attention upon the ideal elements latent in the real, and throwing the powerful light of his fervent, penetrating and spiritualising imagination upon the characters, interests, concerns and habits of ordinary men and women and upon Nature with which humanity is linked by the presence and operation of the same Divine and Beneficent Power.

Hence, Wordsworth has become not so much mere Poet as Prophet, Priest and Seer of truths and splendours never hidden from those who seek with love, sympathy, purity and "lowliness of heart."

G. E. BIDDLE.

#### BURNS'S "TAM O' SHANTER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Let me correct one mis-statement by Mr. C. S. Jerram in his second letter to you (ACADEMY, February 3, 1906). "Tam o' Shanter," he says, "appeared first in the *Edinburgh Magazine* of March 1791."

That was not the case. Mr. Jerram has taken his information from the Centenary Burns, which is in error on the point. The poem in question was first printed in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, v. 2—for which it was "expressly wrote." That work was issued in numbers (beginning 1789), and the part containing the "pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church" was out in February 1791: not later—perhaps earlier.

J. C. EWING.

Glasgow, February 6.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Potter, Mary Knight. *The Art of the Venice Academy*, containing a Brief History of the Building and of its Collection of Paintings as well as Descriptions and Criticisms of many of the principal Pictures and the Artists. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xiii, 359. Bell, 6s. net.

[A worthy companion to Miss Knight's "Art of the Vatican" and "Art of the Louvre." Lavishly illustrated with a plan of the Galleries, a Bibliography (for the use of students—not experts) and an Index.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Broadley, A. M. and Bartolot, R. G. *Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar: Thomas Masterman Hardy, Charles Bullen, Henry Digby*. 9 x 6½. Pp. xxiv, 318. Illustrated. Murray, 15s. net.

Jeyes, Samuel Henry. *The Earl of Rosebery*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 285. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[One of the series of "Prime Ministers of England," edited by Stuart J. Reid. The story is carried down to the present moment.]

### CLASSICS.

*Demosthenes against Midias*. With critical and explanatory notes and an appendix by William Watson Goodwin. 8¼ x 5¼. Pp. viii, 188. Cambridge University Press, 9s.

[Dr. Goodwin is Eliot Professor of Greek Literature Emeritus at Harvard.]

C. *Suetonii Tranquilli de vita Caesarum Libri VIII. recensuit Leo Preud'homme*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 338. Groningen: J. B. Wolters. Fl. 2.25.

[A volume in the "Bibliotheca Batava Scriptorum Græcæ et Romæ." M. Preud'homme is well known as an authority and theorist on manuscripts of Suetonius, and in this volume he gives the text, with v. l. in footnotes.]

### DRAMA.

Synge, J. M. *The Well of the Saints*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xviii, 92. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

[Vol. iv. of "Plays for an Irish Theatre." This play was seen in London last year. Mr. W. B. Yeats contributes an introduction.]

### EDUCATION.

Cambridge University Press. Pitt Press Series. *Cicero pro S. Roscio Amerino*, edited by J. C. Nicol. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxxi, 150. 2s. 6d. Burke, Edmund. *Speeches on American Taxation and Conciliation with America*, edited by Arthur D. Innes. 7 x 4½. Pp. xxxiii, 200. 3s. Cambridge University Press.

Black's School Editions. *The Abbot*, by Sir Walter Scott. With Introduction and Notes by H. Corstorphine. With extracts from Scott's own preface and notes. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxiii, 471. 2s. *Barnaby Rudge*, by Charles Dickens. With Introduction and Notes by A. A. Barber. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxiv, 654. 2s. 6d. A. & C. Black.

Forbes, Avarly H. *Essays and how to write them*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 146. Ralph, Holland, 2s.

### ETHNOLOGY.

Parker, K. Langloh. *The Euahlayi Tribe*, a study of aboriginal life in Australia. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. 9½ x 6. Pp. xxviii, 150. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

[A tribe that has hitherto been hardly mentioned by anthropologists; dwelling in north-western New South Wales. Mrs. Parker has been acquainted since childhood with the Australian natives, and Mr. Lang testifies to her close scientific observation throughout a number of years. She has had access, too, to the women and children to a degree impossible to men.]

### FICTION.

White, F. M. *The Weight of the Crown*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 319. Ward, Lock, 6s.

[A newspaper "serial" dignified by boards and a high price. The throne of the Kingdom of Asturia—two beautiful girls exactly like each other—stolen papers—a weakly king and a strong queen: these are some of the ingredients of a story that is exciting enough.]

Pearce J. H. *The Dreamer's Book*: being fantasies and drawbacks dealing mainly with the illusions and disillusion of life. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 134. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

[Imaginative and often beautiful sketches selected from "Drols from Shadowland" (1893) and "Tales of the Masque" (1894) with a few of later date. Mr. Pearce is best known, perhaps, as the author of "Esther Pentreath."]

Onions, Oliver. *The Drakestone*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 324. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Sims, George R. *For Life and After*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 344. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

[The romance of an innocent woman condemned to penal servitude for life, and her difficulties and sufferings after release. Illustrating the peril of conviction on circumstantial evidence.]

Savile, Frank; and Watson, A. E. T. *Fate's Intruder*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 295. Heinemann, 6s.

Phillipotts, Eden. *The Portreeve*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 364. Methuen, 6s. (See p. 139.)

Langbridge, Rosamond. *The Ambush of Young Days*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 344. Duckworth, 6s.

Macdonald, Ronald. *The Sea Maid*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 322. Methuen, 6s.

Drummond, Hamilton. *The Chain of Seven Lives*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 308. White, 6s.

Roberts, Morley. *The Blue Peter*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 248. Nash, 6s.

Carey, Wymond. "No. 101." 7½ x 5½. Pp. 332. Blackwood, 6s.

## HISTORY.

The Political History of England. In twelve Volumes. Edited by William Hunt and Reginald L. Poole. Hodgkin, Thomas. *The History of England from the Earliest Times to the Norman Conquest.* 9x6½. Pp. xxii, 538. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

[This, the first in historical order of Dr. Hunt and Mr. Poole's great undertaking, is not the first volume to appear. The scope is sufficiently explained by the title. There are two maps: Roman Britain and Anglo-Saxon, and a good Index. For the scope of the History as a whole see the ACADEMY, December 2, 1905, p. 1270.]

Kennedy, Pringle. *A History of the Great Moghuls, or a History of the Badshahate of Delhi from 1398 A.D. to 1739*, with an Introduction concerning the Mongols and Moghuls of Central Asia. Vol. i. 9½x6½. Pp. vi, 319. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink. London: Thacker, 15s.

[Mr. Pringle's object has been to make a work "readable by the man in the street, the person who knows but little of Indian History but has an interest in India." The sub-title more truly expresses the nature of his book than the title. This volume carries us to the death of Akbar, and the work will be complete in two volumes. A good index.]

## LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES.

Greenslet, Ferris. *James Russell Lowell. His Life and Work.* 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 309. Constable, 6s. net.

[Mr. Greenslet has attempted, as good biographers do, to let Lowell tell his own story. He has had access to Lowell's commonplace-books and note-books in the possession of Professor C. E. Norton, and other unpublished sources of information. Lowell is considered only as a man of letters, abolitionist, professor, and diplomatist; and at the end come two critical chapters on his poetry and prose.]

Naish, Ethel M. *Browning and Dogma.* Seven lectures on Browning's attitude towards dogmatic religion. 7½x5½. Pp. 210. Bell, 4s. 6d. net.

[Miss Naish's lectures were delivered last autumn in Birmingham. They form a close and careful analysis of "Caliban upon Setebos," "Cleon," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" and "La Saisiaz," with, of course, full reference to "A Death in the Desert" and other poems. Browning's Christianity seems to us very well and wisely defined in an interesting and scholarly book.]

Cary, Elizabeth Luther. *The Novels of Henry James, a Study.* 7½x5. Pp. 215. Putnam, 5s.

[Miss Cary's chapters are: Introductory: American Character: The Genius of Place: The Question of Wealth: Imagination: Philosophy. Mr. Frederick Allen King contributes a bibliography, which does not profess to include all the English editions.]

Magnus, Laurie. *How to read English Literature.* Chaucer to Milton. 6½x4½. Pp. xii, 207. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

[An attempt "first, to interest the reader . . . and, secondly, to divert his attention to the general unifying principles which govern the subject." The Board of Education recommends that the literature lesson be brought into connection with the history-teaching, and what Mr. Magnus calls the "impressionism" of his book is an attempt to fulfil this requirement.]

Publications of the S.P.C.K. *The Psalms in the Language of Taveta.* 6½x4½. Pp. 160, 1s. 6d.; *The Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Chiswina*, the language of Mashonaland. 6½x4½. Pp. 381, 1s. 4d.; *The Book of Common Prayer in Spanish* (revised edition). 5½x5½. Pp. 561, 9d.; *Hymns in the Maori Language.* 5½x3½. Pp. 159, 6d.; *Norris's Manual of the Prayer-Book in Luganda.* 6½x4½. Pp. 244; *The Second Reader: Temne and English.* 6½x4½. Pp. 38, 8d.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Tolstoy Leo. *The End of the Age* (on the approaching Revolution) preceded by *The Crisis in Russia.* Translated by V. Tchertkoff and Dr. I. F. Mayo: with a note by the latter. 9x5½. Pp. 88. Heinemann, 2s.

[*"The Crisis in Russia"* appeared in the *Times*, March 11, 1905: *"The End of the Age"* in the *Fortnightly Review* for January and February 1906.]

Holyoake, George Jacob. *The History of Co-operation.* In two volumes, each 9x6½. Pp. xviii, 691. Unwin, 21s.

[Volume I., Pioneer Period, 1812 to 1844, was published in 1875; Volume II., Constructive Period, 1845 to 1878, in 1879. To the reissue is now added a new Part III., 1876-1904. Portraits and an Index.]

Northcote, Hugh. *Christianity and Sex Problems.* 8½x6½. Pp. x, 257. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Co.

[A scientific and religious examination of sex difficulties.]

Dresser, Horatio W. *Health and the Inner Life.* An Analytical and Historical Study of Spiritual Healing Theories, with an account of the Life and Teachings of P. P. Quimby. 7½x5½. Pp. 255. The Inner Life Series. Putnam, 6s.

Miles, Eustace. *Threepence a Day for Food.* 6½x4½. Pp. 96. Constable, 1s. net.

[Mr. Eustace Miles, his chef and his secretary, shocked at their former extravagance, under which their meals cost fivepence a head for raw materials, lived for a week on meals which cost twopence a head daily. "It was not pleasant," but it taught them something. In this book Mr. Miles sets out fully and practically how to live on threepence a head daily. There are plenty of receipts given, and most of them sound delicious. But the cooking must be perfect.]

Fish, D. S. *The Book of the Winter Garden.* 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 107. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

[One of the "Handbooks of Practical Gardening," edited by Harry Roberts. Illustrated. Gives a full account of the principal winter-flowering plants and those plants valuable in the open for their fruit, foliage, or stem effect.]

The Wisdom of the East Series. *The Wisdom of Israel*, being extracts from the Babylonian Talmud and Midrash Rabbah. Translated from the Aramaic and Hebrew with an Introduction by Edwin Collins. 6½x5. Pp. 60. Murray, 1s. net.

[Few, if any, of those extracts have been translated into English before, and the little volume is packed with interest and wisdom.]

Karslake, Frank (edited by). *Book-Auction Records.* A Priced and Annotated Record of London Book Auctions. Vol. 3. Part 1. October 1, to December 31, 1905. Karslake.

[This new instalment of Mr. Karslake's invaluable and masterly work contains 4401 records, including those of the Cork, Irving, Hawley, Richards and Bacon Libraries and many others.]

The Borough of Gravesend Public Library. *Catalogue of Books in the Lending Libraries*, with descriptive notes and cross-references. Compiled by the Librarian, Alex. J. Philip. 9½x6½. Pp. xiv, 137. Gravesend Public Library, 9d.

*The Public School Year-Book, 1906.* With a general list of preparatory schools. 7½x5½. Pp. lxiv, 675. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d. net.

[This issue contains, in addition to its usual excellent features, a special article on "Military Efficiency in Public and Preparatory Schools," compiled from unique statistics obtained from Schools in reply to a series of Questions drawn up for the Editors by Lord Roberts.]

## NATURAL HISTORY.

Guppy, H. B. *Observations of a Naturalist in the Pacific between 1896 and 1899.* Vol. ii. *Plant-Dispersal.* 9½x6½. Pp. xxviii, 627. Macmillan, 21s. net.

Ralfe, P. G. *The Birds of the Isle of Man.* 9½x6½. Pp. lvi, 321. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 18s.

[Introductory Chapters: a list of Manx Birds: Detailed account of species: Bibliography: Current acts of Tynwald affecting wild birds: Addenda and Index. The book is illustrated with photographs of scenery, bird-haunts and nests, but we find none of birds. There are two good maps.]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Geikie, Sir Archibald. *The Founders of Geology.* Second Edition. 9½x6. Pp. xii, 486. Macmillan, 10s. net.

[The first edition, in the form of six lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University, was published in 1897. This edition has departed from the lecture-form, is enlarged, and includes a new account of the earlier progress of geological ideas from Ancient Greece to the starting-point of the first edition.]

Weir, Archibald. *A Student's Introduction to Critical Philosophy.* 7½x4½. Pp. 122. Oxford: Thornton. London: Simpkin Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.

[A second and re-written edition of an Introduction to the Study of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason."]

Hare, Augustus J. C. and Baddeley, St. Clair. *Days near Rome.* 6½x4½. Pp. viii, 310. Fourth Edition. Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.

[Illustrations and a Map.]

Routledge's New Universal Library. *The Life of St. Columba*, by Saint Adamnan. Newly translated from the Latin with Notes and Illustrations, by Wentworth Huyshe. 6½x4½. Pp. lxx, 255. Routledge, 1s.

[St. Columba (Columb-Kille) A.D. 521-597, was founder of the Monastery of Iona and first Christian missionary to the Pagan tribes of North Britain. Saint Adamnan, his biographer (A.D. 679-704) was ninth Abbot of the Monastery of Iona. There have been three translations of the life before, and a classic edition by Dr. William Reeves, but Mr. Huyshe's aim has been to make a version more accurate than two of them, and better literature than the third. His excellent little volume includes a Summary of the Principal Events in the life of St. Columba, and a note on St. Adamnan. Illustrations (with notes) and an Index.]

Routledge's New Universal Library. Bates, Henry Walter. *The Naturalist on the Amazons.* Pp. x, 518. Fraser, Sir William, Bart. *Words on Wellington.* The Duke-Waterloo-The Ball. Pp. 268. Each 6½x4. Routledge, 1s. each.

Humphrey, Seth K. *The Indian Dispossessed.* Revised edition. Illustrated 8x5½. Pp. 298. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50.

[A study of the United States Government's treatment of the Reservation Indians.]

The Waistcoat Pocket Classics. *Sonnets of Keats.* Pp. 49. *The Not-Browne Mayd.* Pp. 65. 2½x2½. Treherne, leather, 1s. net, cloth, 6d. net each.

[The binder of the latter volume is nervous about the antique spelling: he gives us the title as "The Nut-Brown Maid." The title-page gives it as above. We notice a very bad misprint on p. 36 of the *Keats*.]

The Cameo Classics. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* By Oliver Goldsmith. Pp. 190. *The Story of a Feather.* By Douglas Jerrold. Pp. 252. 6½x4. The Library Press, Sisleys Ltd., 6d. net each.

[The latter volume has a brief biographical introduction.]

## SPORT.

Hubach, Theodore R. *Elephant and Seladang Hunting in the Federated Malay States.* 9x6½. Pp. xiv, 289. Rowland Ward, 10s. 6d. net.

[The seladang is generally and erroneously known as the Indian bison. Mr. Hubach's handsome book is illustrated from photographs.]

## THEOLOGY.

Orr, James, D.D. *The Problem of the Old Testament*, considered with reference to recent Criticism. 9x6½. Pp. lii, 562. Nisbet, 10s. net.

[The Bross Prize, 1905. Vol. iii. of the Bross Library. The idea has been "to concentrate attention on really crucial points, and to make them the pivots on which the discussion of other questions turns." Full contents, tables, notes and indexes.]

Scott, Rev. J. J., Canon of Manchester. *The Making of the Gospels.* 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 112. Murray, 1s. net.

[Six lectures delivered in Manchester last Lent, and to a great extent an expansion of Canon Scott's introduction to his "Life of Christ" (Murray). The principle is the relation between the speculative science of Higher Criticism and the exact science of Textual Criticism, which must correct and override the conclusions of the former.]

*Christianity and the Working Classes.* Edited by George Haw. 7½x5½. Pp. viii, 257. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.

[Contributions by Dean Kitchin, Mr. Will Crooks, Dr. Horton, Canon Barnett, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Silas Hocking, Mr. Bramwell Booth, Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. Ensor Walters, Mr. T. E. Harvey and Mr. Adderley. The question is: "What exactly are the present-day relationships between the Churches and Labour?"]

Parkes, A. Katharine. *Small Lessons on Great Truths*, a Book for Children. 7x4½. Pp. x, 92. Methuen, 1s. 6d.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

*Bruges and West Flanders.* Painted by Amedee Forestier. Described by G. W. T. Omond. 9x7. Pp. x, 187. Black, 10s. net.

[One of Messrs. Black's colour books. Mr. Omond, despairing of telling the whole history of a country whose interest is mainly historical, takes a few leading incidents and describes them fully. Mr. Forestier's pictures are partly architectural and partly of modern life.]

Brassington, W. S. *Picturesque Warwickshire*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Pp. xiv, 163. Dundee: Valentine, 2s. 6d. net.  
[A "glorified guide-book" by the learned chief of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon. Very handsomely got up and illustrated, and well written by an authority who knows his subject backwards.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Church Music* (The Dolphin Press, Philadelphia, 2s. 6d.) is a spirited attempt to deal largely and effectively with the many questions opened up by the "Motu Proprio" on Church music of Pope Pius X. His Holiness has issued certain commands as to the exclusion of women from Liturgical choirs and the adoption of the use of "plain chant" and ancient polyphonic music, which it is extremely difficult for parish priests and organists to carry out. This paper, of which the first number is now before us, attempts to give both exhortation and instruction. The article "How shall the reform in Church music be effected?" by Rev. H. T. Henry puts the matter plainly and recognises that in the training of boys' voices much can be learned from the practice of "protestant" churches. Again, H. B. Gibbs's plea for congregational singing enunciates principles which outside the Roman Church are fairly widely recognised. Such papers as "The Neumatic Notation," "A Grammar of Plain Song," are full of instruction on a subject which musicians in general, whether of the Church or not, ought to study far more seriously. The paper contains liturgical notes as well as many reviews and comments which should be very useful to Church musicians. In point of style, both literary and as a publication, this paper offers a worthy example to both ecclesiastical and musical journalism. It is well printed on good paper and attractively produced, and as it has a variety of contributors, both clerical and lay, its subject should receive discussion from all points of view in due course. It displays one unfortunate tendency, that of pouring blame on organists and singers for abuses in Church music, which have been caused by carelessness and ignorance in general, not only by that of organists and singers. The reform in Roman Catholic Church music should be carried out on a principle of sympathetic co-operation between priests and musicians, in which case we may hope for important results, beneficial alike to art and religion.

*Incunabula typographica. Pars II.* (Munich: Jacques Rosenthal, 6s.)—Herr Jacques Rosenthal, the well-known Munich bookseller, has just published the second part of his splendid catalogue: *Incunabula typographica*. It contains a full description of two thousand books printed before 1500 A.D. by five hundred different printers in one hundred different towns. As in the former Part the greatest minuteness has been employed in describing the single items and the very newest literature on the subject has been referred to. This, by the bye, is the first time that we have seen an attempt to make practical use of Herr Konrad Haebler's "Typen Repertorium." Two hundred and ninety facsimiles of prints and numerous indexes make the catalogue very useful for the student as well as for the collector.

*Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management.* (Ward, Lock, 7s. 6d. net.)—It is nearly fifty years since "Mrs. Beeton" first appeared; she has been a household word ever since. Every one knows Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's remark in "A duet—with an occasional chorus": "Mrs. Beeton must have been the finest housekeeper in the world. Therefore Mr. Beeton must have been the happiest and most comfortable man." Good! But there is no reason why we should not all be, henceforth, the happiest and most comfortable men, and our wives the best housekeepers in the world, when 7s. 6d. will buy us 2004 $\frac{1}{2}$  pages packed with the soundest information, and fifty pages more of analytical index, by means of which you can turn up in half a second the latest and fullest instruction on the making of everything, from a Will to Celery Croquettes. Such a book as this is beyond praise. The new edition, as published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, has been brought right up to date; new features have been added, it is illustrated from start to finish, and the whole book is just four times as big as the first issue of the modest work of Isabella Beeton. Why is there no statue to the immortal Isabella? She deserves one better than many of the pompous nonentities who have them. And if Mrs. John Lane, in a recent amusing book, is able to heap scorn on English housekeeping, that is only because English housekeepers do not make sufficient use of the extraordinary stores of wisdom and practical advice which Messrs. Ward, Lock put within their reach.

Of all the dramatists of the seventeenth century, not one has received so little attention as Lodovick Carliell or Carliell. Till recently he was little more than a name, and biographical details were scanty. Now, thanks to an American scholar, Dr. Charles H. Gray, of Kansas University, he takes form and acquires a history. In *Lodovick Carliell, his life, a discussion of his plays and "The Deserving Favourite"* (University of Chicago Press), Dr. Gray proves that Carliell was born at Brydekirk, near Annan, in 1602, was the son of Robert Carliell, huntsman to King James I., was himself huntsman to the king and Groom of the Privy Chamber, became keeper of the deer park at Richmond (one of the walks in which was named after him), and lived in the lodge there; gave his fortune to Charles I. during the Civil War, but held his appointment under the Commonwealth, wrote one more play after the Restoration, died in 1672—probably in sore poverty—and is buried in Petersham. Dr. Gray has made a thorough study of Carliell's few plays, and in his close examination of the earliest, *The Deserving Favourite* (1629), proves it to have been inspired by Solozano's

*La duquesa de Mantua*. The text of *The Deserving Favourite* is given, and we hope that Dr. Gray will carry out his intention of following up this important and scholarly book with editions of the rest of Carliell's plays. It is long since Dr. Ward expressed a wish that Carliell should be reprinted, and we welcome the undertaking in such good hands as those of Dr. Gray.

It is good to be genial and sweet-tempered; to have a pleasant, courageous, mellow view of life; to see clearly, but kindly; to cherish a real love of letters, and to love a good joke. It is better, perhaps, to be thus than to be a great literary critic. At any rate, when men with such temperaments write, they write books that are always welcome in hours of relaxation, such books as those *Interludes* of Mr. Horace Smith, of which we have the Fourth Series (Three Essays and some verses) before us (Macmillan, 5s.) The Essays are on "Our Likes and Dislikes" (of things and persons), "In Extenuation of Poetry," and on "Discontent." All three show wide reading, sound taste, a good memory, a strong sense of humour, and a tolerant wisdom which comes in part, perhaps, from looking all day on the "seamy side" of life in a London police-court, and finding it not all seams. The verses, too, are the verses of one who is a scholar and a humorist. The hymns have a dignified simplicity that makes them welcome, by contrast with much that is forced or affected in devotional literature. Indeed, if we wished to characterise Mr. Horace Smith's work by a single word, the most appropriate would be, we believe, that word "simplicity"; a simplicity of soul that shines honestly forth in a book which, *mélange* as it is, is characteristic and charming from cover to cover.

*Notes on the Life History of British Flowering Plants.* By Lord Avebury, P.C., etc. (Macmillan, 15s. net.)—Lord Avebury points out that Bentham, Sowerby, Hooker, and his other predecessors confined themselves to technical details and such descriptions as enable the student to distinguish one plant from another. They treated flowers as if they were dead objects of science whose chief interest lay in their structural complexity. The special quality of Lord Avebury's book lies in the attention given to the economy and life history of plants; the usual descriptions, together with technical details irrelevant to this purpose, are absent. In an age when capable naturalists are ceasing to treat animals and birds as curious or merely decorative objects, it was only to be expected that a similar, though less generous, courtesy should be extended to flowers. Lord Avebury is not the man from whom we should look for anything revolutionary. But, as a reformer of the class of book to which Hooker belongs, he turns out to be excellent. We have looked with particular care at his accounts of climbing plants, and though they do not go beyond, nor even include, all that was formerly known of spirals, yet they are very significant. Thus, his five or six hundred words on the honeysuckle seem to lay down a challenge to all future readers of such books. What he has done for this and a number of other plants must in the end be done for every plant, and more also. He begins by giving the hour at which the first flowers expand and become strongly scented, and the exact attitude and expression of the flowers during their change from the virginal white and red, through a clear yellow, to a soiled orange, in the process of fertilisation. The insects most devoted to the flowers are mentioned here, as in the case of the common bryony, which is apparently honoured exclusively by the bee, *Andrena florea*. It is only just to point out, however, that, though the book is a challenge, it is also hardly more than an indication to the coming botanist, since many plants are still left quite unilluminated by any vital information.

The lighter side of a careful scientific expedition is told very vividly and well by Mr. C. William Beebe in *Two Bird-lovers in Mexico* (Constable, 10s. 6d. net). The backward development of the country, the unusual variety of soil and climate which is the result of the great differences in elevation; and, not least, the naturally enlightened attitude of the people towards bird life, all help to make the avi-fauna of the country one of great richness, and Mr. Beebe has described it in a simple, unforced and delightful narrative. The author and his wife spent four months of the Mexican winter mainly on a series of camping expeditions in varied surroundings, both on the central table-land and in the neighbourhood of the volcanoes of the Cordillera, as well as among the tropical vegetation of the Pacific coast-lands. In a final chapter, "How we did it," Mrs. Beebe describes the practical management of the trip. The spirit in which it was undertaken was that which commands enjoyment as well as success. "My theory is that all one has to do is to get on and ride," says Mrs. Beebe. "I had never ridden before, but I simply got on and rode off." But the whole tone of the book bears out the statement that the trip was "novel, delightful, and absolutely devoid of unpleasant features," while those who may feel the impulse to pitch a tent in the authors' track may be interested to see it described as, "on the whole, so responsive." It has to be remembered that the writers started from New York. The book is abundantly illustrated with good pictures of nature and Mexican life, and an appendix contains a list of the birds observed.

*The Shilling Scientific Series* (T. C. and E. C. Jack) is composed of popular works, and are written for a wide public. In *Sociology* the sections on Sex and Society are likely to ripple clerical circles, and not unlikely to increase the circulation of the book. The volume on *Psychology* deals ably with this wide subject in about a hundred pages. The works are not in any respect examination text-books, but simple presentations of scientific subjects for those who wish to have a wide general knowledge, accurate so far as it goes.



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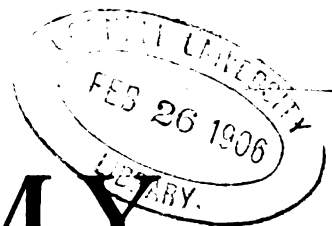
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The Professorship was founded in 1708 with the proceeds of a legacy bequeathed for that purpose by Henry Birkhead, who, though he first saw the light near St. Paul's,

is perhaps best described as a Latin poet. The Professor is elected for five years, and at the end of that period he may be elected for another five, but no one may occupy the chair for more than a decade. The first successful candidate was the Rev. Joseph Trapp, the supposed author of the epigram about the King, who sent a troop of horse to Oxford but books to Cambridge, and till 1857 all the Professors of Poetry were clergymen. In that year, however, Matthew Arnold was appointed, and it is curious to note that since then they have all been laymen. The duties are not onerous. There is a lecture to be given three times a year, the task of looking over University prize essays, and the delivery of a Latin speech biennially. Residence at Oxford is not compulsory, but on the other hand the emoluments of the Professorship are not great.

In the list of twenty-four professors there are many well-known names. Thus, for instance, among the clergymen we find Thomas Warton, Edward Copleston, Milman and Keble. Matthew Arnold, who objected to being called a Professor and to looking over the poems for the "Newdigate," abandoned the post with regret, and was anxious that Browning should take his place. But Browning, with all his virtues, had this fatal defect, that he was not an Oxford man, although the authorities gave him an honorary degree and did all they could to make him one.

So to Arnold succeeded Sir Francis Doyle, author of perhaps the best description of a horse-race that has ever been written in English verse. After Doyle came Shairp. Shairp, whose voice was weak, was by no means an ideal lecturer, but he could keep his temper, as he showed once when he was delivering his Latin speech at the Encaenia. A group of tormentors proved especially active, until the Professor turned round and shook his fist at them, whereupon they cheered him and relapsed into silence. Shairp was succeeded by Palgrave, and Palgrave by Courthope, Courthope by Bradley, and Bradley is succeeded by Mackail.

One of the Professor's duties is to suggest textual improvements to the winner of the Newdigate. The amendments proposed are usually accepted with gratitude; but there have been exceptions to the rule. Shairp suggested many improvements in Oscar Wilde's "Ravenna." Wilde listened to all the suggestions with courtesy and even took notes of them, but he went away and printed the poem without making a single alteration in it.

Two or three tiny booklets, not too large to go into the waistcoat pocket, are lying on the table before us at this moment; they are issued by Mr. George Allen, the publisher of the works of Ruskin, and are called "Ruskin Treasuries," the object apparently being to divide up the wisdom of the revered prophet into homœopathic doses. To glance over them sets the mind wondering what the real place of Ruskin is likely to be in literary history. As far as we can judge, much of what he wrote is dead already; on architecture, for instance, he would not nowadays be quoted as an authority. In literature, though he made many shrewd and piercing observations, the general trend of his thought is not in sympathy with the best thinking of our own day, and even on art he speaks to a much divided audience. Perhaps what he is most read for is the study of the exquisite, yet concealed art by which he could string words into sentences that were like pearls.

Yet those who dismiss Ruskin on these grounds are unjust to one who did a great work in his day. It cannot be forgotten that he came to manhood at a time when England, slowly recovering from the effects of a prolonged

continental war, was, it is true, full of virility and energy, but was utterly disregarding of those things concerning which it is said they are more than bread. The early Victorian men and women possessed very little taste in dress, in manner, or in anything else. They were, in the words of a mediæval writer, "a rude people," and Ruskin came to them exactly at the right time. He preached to no small purpose the folly of a continued search after money, and the innumerable beauties that lie neglected around us. The little "Treasury," for instance, dealing with women and dress, is full of the wisest advice, and even that which is devoted to wealth contains fewer paradoxes than might have been expected, though far more than the superficial observer would believe is mere paraphrase of "The Wealth of Nations." Take for instance, this passage :

Money is only the written or coined sign of the relative quantities of wealth in each person's possession. All money is a divisible title-deed, of immense importance as an expression of right to property; but absolutely valueless, as property itself.

It would be quite easy to take another side of Ruskin and show how his beliefs, carried to an extreme, lead him into the merest paradox. For example, the well-known peroration to one of the lectures included in "Sesame and Lilies," consists of a question about our young men. He says we send them to College, and teach them to hit a ball with a bat, and to row with an oar, but, he asks, can they plough, can they build, and so forth? At the time the lecture was delivered experiments were being conducted in road-making with the undergraduates, and a great deal of absurdity was being talked about manual labour. It is curious that an intellect so keen as Ruskin's was in some directions should have been so easily imposed upon in others. What earthly good would it do to teach men, whose province in life must be mainly intellectual, to perform the duties of a mason's labourer or a farm-servant?

After more than a quarter of a century, Sir Francis Burnand retires from the editorship of *Punch*, full of years, honour—and fun. In those twenty-five years he made great changes in the paper. The most important was this, that whereas under his predecessor *Punch* definitely took sides in politics, under Sir Francis it regarded all parties and persons as subject to the criticism of the little philosopher with the big nose and the hump. That is not to say that the balance was always equally held, and that there were no periods when predilections were noticeable; but, taken as a whole, *Punch* has not been under Sir Francis Burnand a political partisan. Another great reform he introduced was in the character of the famous Wednesday dinner. Under his rule it lost none of its humour, but the old Bohemianism of the days which Sir Francis himself can remember has given place to temperate jollity and hard work combined.

At the first *Punch* dinner Sir Francis ever attended—it must be more than forty years ago now—it was Thackeray who proposed the health of "The New Boy"; and his Reminiscences are full of good stories of the paper he has worthily captained for so long. In 1843 "Mokeanna" (with Sir John Gilbert's illustrations) so aptly burlesqued the popular stories in the *London Journal* that, though *Fun* made the mistake of refusing it, Mark Lemon was delighted to have it for *Punch*, and it was followed by the brilliant "Strapmore" (after "Ouida's" "Strathmore") and the "Happy Thoughts," things which may be read with as much delight to-day as when they were new. Sir Francis Burnand was writing farces and burlesques fifty years ago, and he took a large share in the composition of this year's Drury Lane Pantomime. His is truly a green old age.

He has succeeded in the chair by Mr. Owen Seaman, who has a hard task before him to follow in the footsteps of so judicious, energetic and able an editor. The new chief has had practice, however, for he has taken a large share in the conduct of the paper for some time. Mr. Seaman, as his Cambridge record testifies, is a brilliant scholar, and he has a great deal of that cold, Cambridge wit which has made Cambridge always ahead of Oxford in her parodists. He has been a schoolmaster and a Professor of Literature; has written for the *National Observer*, and been called to Bar. Of his contributions to *Punch* there is no need to speak.

The death of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, in his thirty-third year, is a real loss, because he had the gift, so rare in his race, of expressing in literary form its simple emotions and its characteristic humour. Both his parents had been slaves, and he did a good deal of work for Eastern editors before they found out that he was black. Then Mr. W. D. Howells discovered him. "Mr. Dunbar," said the great critic, "is the first black man to feel the life of the negro æsthetically and to express it lyrically." No one could call it great poetry, but it is simple and sincere, and it illustrates both the negro's narrative gift and his delight in verbal melody. Mr. Dunbar's long novel, "The Uncalled," which first appeared in *Lippincott*, exhibits a certain power of character-drawing; it is the story of a man who is compelled to become a clergyman against his will by his adoptive mother. The sadness of the story is relieved by much rich and quaint negro humour. In 1897 Mr. Dunbar was given a post in the National Library at Washington, and in the following year he married Miss Alice Ruth Moore, a school teacher of Brooklyn. He died of consumption, the scourge of his race, who have themselves the most reason to regret him, for he would undoubtedly, if he had lived, played an important, perhaps a decisive, part in interpreting the soul of the negro to the white man.

The Clarendon Press proposes to publish in the autumn the literary remains of the late Professor York Powell, prefaced by a selection from his letters and a memoir. A final appeal for biographical material, and for the loan of letters, is made by the editor, Professor Oliver Elton, to whom communications should be addressed at 35 Parkfield Road, Liverpool.

Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi. Arrangements for week ending February 24: Monday, February 19, at 8 P.M., Cantor Lectures: "Modern Warships," by Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S. (five lectures); Lecture IV. —Recent types of warships, British and Foreign—Battle-ships—Armoured and protected cruisers—Scouts—Torpedo-boats and destroyers—Submarines. Tuesday, February 20, at 8 P.M.: Applied Art Section: "Illuminated Manuscripts." By H. Yates Thompson, F.S.A. The Hon. John Fortescue, King's Librarian at Windsor Castle, will preside. Wednesday, February 21, at 8 P.M.: Ordinary meeting—"The Fisheries of the North Sea," by Walter Garstang, M.A. Edwin Ray Lankester, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., will preside.

The Musical Association. The fourth meeting will be held at 5.15 P.M., on Monday, February 19, at the King's Hall, Messrs. Broadwood and Son's, Conduit Street, W., when a paper will be read by Edward J. Dent, Esq., M.A., Mus.B., on "Leonardo Leo." Visitors can be admitted personally or by order.

The Institution of Electrical Engineers. Meeting at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W. On Thursday, February 22, Ordinary General Meeting at 8 P.M. "Crane Motors and Controllers," by Claude W. Hill, Member.

## LITERATURE

## ARCHBISHOP TEMPLE

*Memoirs of Archbishop Temple.* By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. SANDFORD. In two volumes. (Macmillan, 36s. net.)

ON the first blush it would not appear that biography by syndicate is likely to be very successful. When a great man dies it is of the utmost advantage that information concerning him should be collected from a variety of sources, so that the light may ultimately beat upon him from every side. Yet it cannot be too strongly stated that the collection of documents and evidence is not biography. After a hearing has been given to any one who has anything to say, the final portrait must, if it is to be a work of art, be done by a single pair of hands and show the figure as conceived in an individual mind. Another line of thought to which this book naturally gives rise, refers to the part in public life played by a great churchman. Within the circle of his friends it must inevitably seem greater and more important than it is to that larger public which has no intimate bonds with him but already has affixed to his character and work their historical value. The largest circle of friends (and few could have exceeded that which belonged to the late Archbishop Temple) is ever a dwindling quantity, and the new generations that arise must perforce look at a character from a distance. That detached view comes somewhat into antagonism with the very intimate view presented in this biography. The seven contributors, as well as the editor, have perhaps been too industrious. They have, no doubt, given the salient features of Archbishop Temple's life, but they have also added many that are insignificant, and the two large volumes would, if they had been boiled down into one, have presented a biography more likely to endure. Archbishop Temple's life was certainly noble and a fine one to write. Truth, honour, and integrity are stamped on every act of it, yet the final result is a somewhat surprising one, causing us to wonder less that the Church of England for the last generation or two has somewhat lagged behind the thought of the day. In an inimitable passage Thomas Carlyle has shown the worth and sterling character of her bishops, yet he felt as keenly as any one of his generation that they followed and administered rather than led, and we feel somehow that Archbishop Temple was never in the depths of the national wave. Thought, during his lifetime, in the very regions wherein he dwelt, was struggling to expand, but his own temperament prevented him from getting into full sympathy with it. This is a kind of statement that can only be established by a study of his character somewhat more judicious than could be expected from his intimate friends. Besides, they pay more attention to events in his history than to the apparently trivial but vivid details that are most eloquent of character.

The biography opens with that "ell of pedigree" which Sir Walter Scott said was essential to biography. The stock from which Temple came might very well have yielded anything. On his paternal side he came from the Temple family who figure in the annals of Berwick-on-Tweed. One of them became a friend and crony of Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson. Says the Rev. J. H. Wilson:

Over the portico of the Town Hall of Berwick-on-Tweed still appear the words, "Finished 1754, William Temple, Esq., Mayor."

These Temples had been strong Presbyterians in the eighteenth century. When it was said that Temple might be described as "granite on fire," "it is," says one of his biographers, "in his father's family that we shall find the 'fire,' and in the mother's the 'granite.'" His mother was a Miss Dorcas Carveth, a Cornish lady. She lived until 1866 and died at the schoolhouse at Rugby, a beautiful and interesting old lady if we may judge from the charming picture called "Mother and Son" which serves as a frontispiece to the biography. The marriage of Dorcas to young

Temple was not an alliance very pleasing to the Western family, who did not like soldiers. "I will have no soldiers in my family" is a saying attributed to Mr. Carveth.

Frederick Temple was born in the Ionian Isles and was the thirteenth of fifteen children, of whom eight grew up. We cannot examine all the minute details of this biography, but here and there we get a glimpse that helps us in the end to form a trustworthy picture of Frederick Temple. At the age of twelve he was sent to Blundell's school at Tiverton, where he had as companion Richard Blackmore, afterwards the author of "Lorna Doone." The various letters describing his life at this period mostly refer to him as the best of good boys, but the following passage gives a clue to a welcome element of boyishness in his character:

We get the impression of a thorough schoolboy, a delightful companion, most loyal to his school, absolutely trustworthy in all great matters, but not above, or shall we say below, getting into small scrapes. On one occasion the headmaster said to him, "Temple, I do believe you are the most impudent boy that ever lived. I really must teach you to restrain your spirits."

For the rest, the biographer of this part of his life seems too intent upon using it as a means of casting a light upon educational problems that later were to come under discussion. From school Temple passed on to Balliol College, Oxford, where he formed many early friendships, while among others was that of Jowett. In a communication from the Master of Balliol we get the following passage which helps us to picture him as an undergraduate:

I have seldom, if ever, known any one like him. He came up to Oxford a lad from the country who had very little experience of life; but he at once made his mark and won the respect of his fellows. His perseverance and self-denial were extraordinary. That he might not be a burden to his friends, he used to practise a rather severe economy. He would sit without a fire in the depth of winter. No one laughed at this; his kind and genial ways gained the good-will of us all. I remember a jest of some Balliol men, which shows what was thought of him. They made a Tripos of the men in the College who were distinguished, not for their learning, but for their good manners; your brother was unanimously voted a first-class. He was always liberal and generous, as he continued to be through life. It could not be said of him that he had not got the chill of poverty out of his bones, for he never had it in him.

Jowett can scarcely fail to be interesting under any circumstances, yet it seems to us that the following very simple account of Temple's home-coming in vacation time tells us more than almost anything else that is narrated in the volume:

In the vacations he used to come home, sometimes arriving by the coach at two o'clock in the morning, wheeling his portmanteau in a wheel-barrow. He roused us with extraordinary calls, and I can still see him sitting on his mother's bed and having some supper, and telling her all that had been done and said. It was like some one coming from an enchanted world, bringing some new book, and talk of men of interest and intellect; it was to us like a taste of Paradise. He had a little slit of a bedroom, with no fire-place, and there he used to study. I remember him swinging on the chair till he wore the carpet into holes, marching up and down the little room till he wore out a track on the carpet. We all respected the study, and heard from below the swing and the stride—a sort of exuberance of strength. He was full of life and vigour and joyousness, and came among us like a fresh breeze.

Passing on in a career that seems scarcely to have had a check, we find a little later that Temple has become a Fellow of Balliol. What sort of teacher he was may perhaps be gleaned from the following anecdote, which would seem to show, amongst other things, that in olden times examiners at Oxford were something of a fraud.

Matthew Arnold got leave, at the last moment, to take in Logic for Responsions, instead of Euclid, which he could never master. The day before the examination he went to Jowett, who was his tutor, and asked how he could learn the subject in time, as he was wholly ignorant of it. Jowett said his only chance was to go to Temple, and see if he would try to teach him in one day. Temple consented; and, starting about nine o'clock in the morning, talked continuously, allowing two pauses of half an hour each for meals, till past two o'clock the next morning. Arnold had been provided with paper, but took no notes. He lay back in his chair with the tips of his fingers together, saying, from time to time, "What wonderful fellows they were!" Soon after two o'clock A.M. Temple sent Arnold away to get some sleep; after which he satisfied the examiners in Logic. He answered every question.



After Balliol, that is to say from 1848-1857, we find Temple employed under the Committee of Council, first as an Examiner in the Education Office, then as Principal of Kneller Hall, and lastly an Inspector of training-schools. Here as elsewhere his life was fine and exemplary, and his work of the solid and useful type. A new phase of existence opened when in 1857 he was appointed Head Master of Rugby, where he was at first met by disapprobation, which was gradually overcome partly by the innate dignity of the man, and partly by his prowess as an athlete, which sometimes expressed itself in very curious acts.

Benson was very fond of taking his guests to see it [a magnificent beech-tree at Wellington College] and took an early opportunity of showing it to Temple. Temple admired it very much, and, after looking at it for some time close at hand and at a distance, cried out to Benson, "I can't resist the temptation—look out!" and before Benson could turn round, Temple had made a rush and a leap, and was scrambling up the bole of the tree. In a few seconds Temple had succeeded in reaching the first stage whence the magnificent limbs diverge in all directions, and was grinning with delight at his success.

From Rugby he passed to the See of Exeter. Gladstone offered him the See in 1869, and the very full account given of his work in the bishopric will be read with keen attention by those interested in ecclesiastical history. Our space is running so short, however, that we can do little more than extract a delicious passage giving an account of the interview between the Bishop and the Prime Minister of the day:

On May 28, 1875, Mr. Disraeli received it [a deputation]. His manner and words were gracious; but an incident which in later years Dr. Temple used to recall with amusement, showed where, for the time, the difficulty lay. The Bishop had travelled up from the neighbourhood of the Land's End, and in order to give some point to his remarks, began as follows:—

"It may give you some idea, sir, of the need for this change if I state that the extremity of my diocese is 140 miles distant from its centre, Exeter, and that, in order to have the opportunity of meeting you this morning, being at present engaged in work near Penzance, I found it necessary to travel all night."

More was to follow; but at once and with great politeness came the remark, "You must be very tired; *won't you sit down?*" It stopped the flow of the Bishop's eloquence, and, whether intentionally or not, took the wind out of the sails. "I never felt so exquisitely snubbed in my life," the Bishop used to say in telling the story.

How he passed from Exeter to London and then to Canterbury is all recent and familiar history. We think the clue to the character of Temple is given in a letter which Jowett wrote to Miss Temple:

He was quite free from vanity, and never seemed to think about himself: a little brusque perhaps, and not always understanding what a friend felt or said, because he had no similar susceptibilities himself. I remember nothing which he said or did during his undergraduate career at Oxford which was foolish or weak or wrong.

The blamelessness and beauty and purity of his life are beyond all question, yet his appears to have been a self-concentrated mind that did not readily go out to the streams of tendency of his contemporaries. He was a force in the Church, but his biography causes us to wonder whether ever again in the history of England it will be found that an Archbishop has taken such a prominent part in moulding and leading thought as did Carlyle in one region, Darwin in another, and Gladstone in politics during his lifetime.

### THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF GREECE

*Alcibiades: a Tale of the Great Athenian War.* By C. H. BROMBY. (Clifton: Baker.)

THIS remarkable book is not ornamented or defaced by any references, foot-notes, appendices or indices, but runs on from the first paragraph to the last, placid and drowsy as a summer's day. Happy is the historian who is so confident of the justice and finality of his point of view, that he can offer to the public his own opinion in a form as self-sufficient and in a style as light-hearted as if he were writing a novel of contemporary life. The author's intention was not, we presume, to appeal to scholars and

specialists, but to that portion of the reading world which derives pleasure from the perusal of "Popular Educators" and handbooks of literature—to sentimental and half-educated readers, who rejoice to see a subject for experts treated in the style of a halfpenny novelette by a writer who is not above their heads, and is not sufficiently careful to be dull. Mr. Bromby lays great stress on those incidents in the life of Alcibiades which to the historian are unimportant, to the philosopher trivial, and therefore supremely attractive to the man in the street. The figure of Alcibiades, as it has passed into history, is not that of a handsome youth with a purple robe and carefully curled locks; it is that of a leader of the people who exercised a paramount influence upon Athens at the most critical time of her existence. Yet it is precisely the purple robe, the gentility of his hero, which has made the greatest impression on our author.

We are first introduced to Alcibiades as a boy, leaning out of the window of "one of the noblest houses in Athens." Nothing really depends upon his being in this attitude; he leans out of the window that we may see him and reflect that "his earliest memory was of a high-born gentleman," his father Clinias. During his boyhood he gave abundant proof of his gentility: he was "impatient at the stupidity of other boys . . . and apt to show a proud contempt for those he held to be the meaner sort" (the sentiment deserves the "blank verse"); and we are expressly told that, as he grew up, his expression became "more disdainful." By the time he reached maturity he had contracted all the polite vices of his class to an eminent degree; but "he lived so long ago, you see"—and this side of his life is passed over in decorous haste. And that is as it should be; for one of the differences between a gentleman and a common man is that the vices of the latter are exposed in the police-court and punished by law, while those of his betters are paid for, either by the offender or by his relations, and hushed up. It was this aristocratic bearing, combined with his "prescient foresight" (probably the most useful kind of foresight) of how the course of events would run, which carried Alcibiades triumphantly through the first part of his active life, until that day on which his nobility was insulted by the unexpected arrival of the Salaminia in the harbour of Catane. His manners in the trying interview which then took place were, as usual, perfect. But although he bowed politely, "something in the Eastern fashion," when the captain "with something strange about his manner" had delivered the message from the Athenians, he was naturally not going to give himself up to a democracy which was not worthy of him. At a port of call on the homeward voyage he made his escape, in the most gentlemanly manner possible, by stealing away with his friends from a banquet at which all those who were not "in the know" had been made drunk. It now remained to be found out what state was worthy of him. The quest, though consisting largely in a series of splendid receptions, gorgeous entertainments and intellectual and warlike victories, entailed a good many hardships and ended unsatisfactorily. He tried first Sparta, then again Athens, then various tribes of Northern savages. Last of all he determined on offering himself to the Great King, and, while resting in a small village in Phrygia on his way to the Persian capital, he was ingloriously murdered. Yet to the last his gentility did not desert him; for his biographer definitely states that on his face after death "the old exceeding loveliness, the high-bred dignity remained, and was as splendidly conspicuous as ever."

### PATELIN

*The Farce of Master Pierre Patelin.* Englished by RICHARD HOLBROOK. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin; Cambridge, U.S.A.: The Riverside Press, \$2 net.)

SOME months ago we criticised a feeble translation of an early eighteenth-century adaptation—Brueys's *L'Avocat Patelin*—of the oldest and most famous farce in the world.

We have now the pleasure of calling attention to a scholarly and vigorous translation of the original farce, *Maitre Pierre Patelin*. Dr. Holbrook writes from the Department of Romance Languages, Columbia University, and his book is a fine specimen of the scholarship of his country. It is not long since Professor Tyrrell, reviewing in the ACADEMY Mr. Lowe's "*Cena Trimalchionis*," called attention to the spirited translation of Petronius's work by Professor Peek, a member of the same University as Dr. Holbrook; and a like commendation would apply to the book before us. The translation is, like the original, idiomatic and rollicking. Its author catches the lights and shades; he sees and renders all the humour. He is, at times, it is true, a little stilted. "With whom do you fancy you are playing?" says Patelin to the shepherd. . . . "By the way he mutters," says Guillemette, "one might suppose he was losing his mind:" when "Who d'you think you're playing with?" and "you'd think he was going off his head" are the phrases which Dr. Holbrook, had he drawn a little further from his first thoughts, would undoubtedly have used. He has overcome (or evaded?) the difficulty of translating Patelin's ravings in Norman, Breton, and other dialects, by leaving them untranslated, pleading with some justice that they will mean quite or very nearly as much to the modern reader as they did to the original hearers, and that the translation of them into English dialects would have necessitated the writing of the whole farce in an English setting.

The translation, as a whole, justifies us in saying that now, at last, and for the first time, English readers have an opportunity of gaining a just idea of what this famous play was like. The difficulties of the task only one who has attempted it could fairly realise. Slangy fifteenth-century French is not the easiest of tongues to translate, and often the rendering of one little sentence must have meant hours of searching among the (mainly useless) dictionaries, and among the commentators, Génin, Nyrop, Lacroix and others. For his text Dr. Holbrook has gone straight to the Le Roy edition of (?) 1486, adopting one reading from the only fifteenth-century manuscript in existence. He has studied the actuality of the play, as a play, by seeing Fournier's version performed at the Française, and he has most appropriately adorned his handsome book with reproductions of the six wood-cuts made for Levet's edition of (?) 1490.

It is usual to describe *Maitre Pierre Patelin* as the first farce; but the nomenclature is difficult. If this play is a farce at all, then it cannot be denied, we think, that Adam de la Halle's two plays are earlier farces than this. Thus, by calling it a farce, we distinguish it both from the moralities and from the satirical and political *sotties*, but we fail to mark its distinctive features. It would be better, perhaps, to drop the clumsy mediæval nomenclature and call the play boldly the first Comedy. For that is what it is. *Patelin* is the first comedy of manners, and its influence can be traced right away through such plays as *Les précieuses ridicules*, the plays of Dancourt, of Picart and of Labiche, down to the modern French comedy of manners. Farces proper in the fifteenth century were much shorter than this; they were merely anecdotal, and motive was not carefully studied; the anonymous, unprofessional author of *Patelin* threw off a play, a comedy of manners, which, with some exaggeration and some absurdity, but with the vivid verisimilitude that only genius could give, showed the people of the day their own life, and so established a type which remained unaffected by the classical revival and perseveres to the present time.

There was never, perhaps, so popular a story as this of the rogue lawyer who cheats the draper of six ells of cloth, shams ill—with a mad-scene—to avoid payment, turns up smiling to defend the draper's thieving shepherd in court, to the draper's utter bewilderment, and finally himself gets cheated of his fee by his simple client. It is a tale of rogues. Every character in it is a rogue, and the morality of the play is of the lowest. But it is a store-

house of information on the manners and customs of the day; it is packed with phrases that have become proverbial. Rabelais loved it and quoted it over and over again; but it was not Rabelais who introduced it to England. An attempt has been made to derive it from what Mr. Alfred Pollard has called the first English comedy, the story of Mak in the Towneley Mysteries ("*Secunda Pastorum*"); but the stories bear very little resemblance to each other, and sheep-stealing must have been too common in both countries for an English origin to be demanded. Early in the sixteenth century we find the story in "*A Hundred Merry Tales and Quick Answers*." Lyons's version of it, produced at the Haymarket in 1787, under the title of *The Village Lawyer* was referred to in these columns (ACADEMY, April 22, 1905) on a previous occasion; and Dr. Holbrook mentions the amusing case of an American version by Maffitt played by a "negro" minstrel troupe in New York in 1863.

Dr. Holbrook's notes are full of interesting matter elucidating the references to daily life in the play, and we offer him our congratulations on an important and difficult piece of work well done.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### DE QUINCEY AND THE "GRAND STYLE"

"If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination." I think I would rather be able to spend a day in the company of the man who wrote that sentence than in the company of any other man who ever lived; and I should want to find him in just the mood that he was in when he wrote it—to provoke him to further discussion of that "unfinished design of Thurtell's for the murder of a man with a pair of dumb-bells, which I admired greatly," that same Thurtell whose "style" (as a murderer) was "as harsh as Albert Dürer and as coarse as Fuseli"—to tempt him on to enlargement on the kind of "a murder that you can recommend to a friend"!

A contemporary biographer has left it on record that "an evening with De Quincey" was counted by each of those few who were ever admitted to that delight as "the highest possible pleasure," not the less enjoyable doubtless because of the difficulty of procuring it; for it could only be arrived at by strategy and subterfuge and carefully premeditated accident.

None the less, though the statement—even the thought—verges close on the sacrilegious, there were times at which one can imagine that he, De Quincey himself, might almost have been a bore. The mere idea is so nearly criminal that one hesitates to put it down in black and white. Let it be printed, if possible, in invisible ink; but the fact remains that De Quincey as a political economist—De Quincey lost in the mazes of speculative philosophy or so nearly lost that none but he himself could follow his trail—De Quincey elucidating and re-elucidating and elucidating again some subtle and half imaginary distinction in the shadow of a shade of difference of meaning between two words—that De Quincey, however he might compel our admiration by the flexibility of his intellect and the inexhaustible resources of his vocabulary, none the less, it is conceivable, as a companion in a *tête-à-tête*, might have palled. Like all "shy, solitary" thinkers, moreover, he had supreme confidence in his own opinions, which must at times have made him didactic in conversation. Perhaps no other writer was ever quite so cocksure. "The greatest scholar by far that this island ever produced (viz., Richard Bentley) published (as is well known) a quarto volume that in some respects is the very worst quarto volume now extant in the world." Was ever so controversial a statement—a statement controversial in

every phrase—placed so immediately and serenely, by mere cocksureness, beyond the bounds of controversy? And he was equally dogmatic, equally certain of himself, whether he laid down the law upon Paley's literary style, upon the policy of the Cæsars or upon the under-vesture of a Hebrew lady. Yet was his judgment not always infallible. "The honours of Coleridge are perennial and will annually grow more verdant; whilst from those of Goethe every generation will see something fall away, until posterity will wonder at the subverted idol whose basis, being hollow and unsound, will leave the worship of their fathers an enigma to their descendants:" a sentence which, by the way, apart from its matter, is in form, perhaps, about the worst that De Quincey ever wrote. Even when one's judgment jumps with his, it is impossible at times not to recoil from his superlatives. We all love Charles Lamb, and with something more of intimate and personal tenderness than we choose to—or perhaps than we dare—extend to any other writer: but was he in truth "the very noblest of human beings"?

And it has always seemed to me one of the incomprehensible tragedies of literature that though De Quincey felt thus towards Charles Lamb (for he undoubtedly means what he says) the two should, at least on two occasions, have failed to "hit it off." But what Ambrosian Night (and Professor Wilson was, De Quincey says, "the only very intimate male friend I have had") could have compared with the encounters between those two (and there must have been many such with none but the gentle Mary Lamb to hear) when each was in the proper vein, De Quincey brimming with whimsicality, and paradox, and lore, and Lamb "chasing syllables with the agility of a cat pursuing its own tail"?

But it is chiefly for the mere splendour of his diction that the masters of language still turn, and for many generations yet will turn, to Thomas De Quincey and call him Master. Some time ago we read not a little in the ACADEMY of "absolute simplicity" as being the one thing most essential to the grand style, "the complete absence of any apparent desire to make an effect." De Quincey stands as a perpetual disproof, not of the truth, but of the adequacy, of that doctrine. In music the very heights of grandeur may be touched by the simplest of themes treated in all simplicity; but is there not also grandeur, if not higher at least equally sublime, in music of another kind, wherein the composer consciously and deliberately in his "desire to make an effect" calls into requisition all his powers of orchestration, combining, blending, harmonising, contrasting, proclaiming with the tongue of every instrument, in every point and phrase, that it is his "desire" to do the thing that he does—to lift his hearers up to heights beyond heights, to pinnacles to which the soul of man can mount only on the wings of music and music the loftiest and most grand? So it is in literature. There are two "grand styles." De Quincey loved "our noble language," as he called it—loved it for its rugged Saxon and still more for the sonorous "dictionary words" (the phrase is his) which were grafted on it from the Norman stock. From youth, almost from infancy, he was peculiarly sensible to the beauty of mere combinations of words, and he has told us how he was affected as a child by "the crashing overture to the grand chapter of Daniel:

Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords."

It is easy to call them "purple patches;" but the purple is the true Imperial. Read that marvellous vision in the concluding movement of "The English Mail-Coach," or that page of the Opium Dreams which commences: "Then suddenly would come a dream of a far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as I now often heard in sleep—music of preparation and awakening suspense . . . The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse and labouring in some dread extremity . . . Then

like a chorus the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed . . ." but the passage is too well known, and, were it not, it were useless to quote it in fragments. The page must be taken and read. And so long as it remains to be read, I doubt if the doctrine will ever win the acceptance of the majority of good critics that "the absence of any apparent desire to make an effect" is an essential of the grand style in literature any more than it is in music or in painting.

H. PERRY ROBINSON.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be on "The Endings of Poems," by P.]

## HEINRICH HEINE

Died February 17, 1856

POESY'S Proteus and bright paradox,  
Whose soul was as the strange, chameleon sea:  
A child, a leaping faun, a Titan free,  
Dawn, day and sunset shining from thy locks;  
Illimitable smile, ruffled with shocks  
Of jarring storm, then flash of demon glee,  
The light'ning of wit's vivid archery,  
Making more black the very black it mocks:

Across thy soul incessantly there swirled  
The multitudinous tides of Life—of pain,  
Of joy, of tears and laughter, love and hate,  
Singing in unison a wild refrain,  
The sob of an unalterable fate,  
The eternal Dance of Death of the mad world.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.

## FICTION

*The Healers.* By MAARTEN MAARTENS. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS has deserted his sentimental studies for a much graver and wider subject—nothing less than the healing of mind and body. In the book before us he tells, with all his charm of style, his subtle, graceful wit and his astonishing command of our language, a story which suggests all sorts of very deep and important questions. Of the two great schools of medicine, the bacteriological and the hypnotic, the schools of Pasteur and of Charcot, which is the more likely to heal the evils of our body? Has man a soul? If he has, what is it and what relation does it bear to his body? Is there "anything in" spiritism, second sight, table-turning and planchet? Of the two leading forms of Christian faith, the Catholic and the Protestant, which brings the more comfort and support to men and women in their troubles? What is heredity? What, if anything, is hereditary madness, and how can it be affected by logical evidence? Those are some of the questions raised by this very original novel. But we must not give the impression that this is a very dull and learned work. Far from it: the "human interest" is strong, and all the characters are defined and elaborated with the author's old skill. But, after reflection, it is not the human interest that will hold the first place in the minds of readers who have ideas on the questions raised, though they will love most, or all, of Mr. Maartens's people: the learned old Professor Baron Lisse, of Leyden, a kind-hearted vivisectionist, his quaint, feckless poet of a wife, Sir James Graye, the poor idiot boy, who is restored to partial reason only to meet a terrible and pathetic end, and many another in a fine gallery of portraits. "The Healers" is a striking, interesting book, not altogether satisfactory, but one that all should read.

# THE ACADEMY

FEBRUARY 17, 1906

## ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

### FOUR CENTURIES OF ENGLISH BOOKBINDING

SINCE the exhibition of bookbindings at the Burlington Fine Arts Club fifteen years ago there has been a marked revival of interest in the study of bindings, and several finely illustrated books on the subject have appeared within the last few years. Recently a more practical interest in the subject has resulted in the valuable Report of the Committee of the Society of Arts on Leather for Book-binding (edited for the Society of Arts and the Worshipful Company of Leather-sellers by the Right Hon. Viscount Cobham, Chairman of the Committee, and Sir Henry Truman Wood, M.A., Secretary of the Society; published for the Society of Arts by George Bell and Sons), which will be essential for every craftsman who cares about the durability of his work. Moreover, Miss Maude Nathan has just translated into English M. de Récy's book on the "Decoration of Leather," and has illustrated it with some excellent specimens of old leather-work preserved at South Kensington, and with the beautiful twelfth-century English binding on the Winchester Domesday Book. It is particularly gratifying to note this demand in England for good

materials and good models, because no other country in Europe can show a finer series of stamped bindings, the most beautiful of which belong to the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries, a period remarkable for the perfection of its architecture and for the renaissance of the minor

arts. Three of the chief centres of binding were at Durham, Winchester, and London. In the Chapter Library at Durham are still preserved some of the magnificently bound manuscripts which once belonged to Hugh Pudsey, the princely baron-bishop and builder of the famous Galilee chapel. On the covers of the Winchester Domesday Book the binders of Winchester have left sufficient record of their skill, and the merit of the London work may be judged from the binding on the *Petri Lombardi Sententiae* reproduced in the first illustration. If in actual technical execution these bindings are not perfect, the designs are nevertheless nearly always beautiful, especially, as in the present example, where a circular form of decoration is introduced. But it is in the delicacy of the stamps themselves that the early bindings are really pre-eminent. All the



PETRI LOMBARDI SENTENTIAE. A LONDON LATE TWELFTH-CENTURY BINDING



stamps on the binding of the *Sententiae* will repay close study, and will not suffer even if compared with similar designs on Greek coins and gems. Some of the designs on

large cathedrals must have been well acquainted with the embroidered fabrics and precious works of art brought back from the East by the Crusaders.



AN OXFORD FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BINDING, BY THEODORIC ROOD AND THOMAS HUNT

these early book-stamps are almost certainly due to foreign influence, and Mr. Weale has supposed that a few are direct imitations of Saracenic work, which is indeed not improbable when it is remembered that workmen in the

The high standard which was reached in the late twelfth and early thirteenth centuries was not long maintained, later binders being content to use inferior copies of the beautiful dies of their predecessors. From

the middle of the thirteenth century until the fifteenth very few good stamped bindings were produced. For some reason the growth of monasticism seems, from an artistic point of view, to have been unfavourable to the craft of binding. Monastic manuscripts

generally have covers of white leather without any decoration, the plainness being relieved only by an occasional head-band worked in silks of various colours. It is not until the fifteenth century that any really interesting stamped bindings are again met with, and among the best may be placed those of Oxford binders. Mention of binders in Oxford deeds and charters is very frequent from about 1180, so, if mere names count for anything, the demand there for bindings must have been very considerable. No example of an Oxford binding prior to the fifteenth century has up to the present been identified, but the style of decoration on the later bindings is so like twelfth-century work that it is reasonable to assume it to be a direct survival of an older manner, and this view is strengthened by the reappearance of some of the twelfth-century stamps, not perhaps the actual stamps but fairly good copies. These Oxford bindings are more particularly interesting as there happens to be an easy method of identifying them. If a fifteenth-century binding appears to be English and has a number of little pellet-like marks tooled about the borders, especially if arranged in series of three, then it is almost certain that it was executed at Oxford. The three pellets are generally tooled on the leather, but sometimes they are found engraved on the stamps themselves, as on the binding of the Osney Cartulary preserved in the Public Record Office. These same characteristic marks also occurred on a small piece of tooled leather found in Oxford a few years ago by some workmen who were making excavations near the site of the old City Ditch. The fragment was discovered about twelve feet beneath the surface among a quantity of leather chips and tools, which had the appearance of being the rubbish-heap of a fifteenth-century worker in leather. The best known class of Oxford

fifteenth-century bindings is that associated with the names of Theodoric Rood and Thomas Hunt, an example of which is given in the second illustration. The stamps on these bindings are all foreign in character, and were almost certainly introduced by Rood, who describes himself as a native of Cologne, in the colophon to Alexander de Hales's Commentary on the *De Anima*, printed at Oxford in 1481. The arrangement of the stamps, however,

in parallel rows is far more English than Continental in style.

From about the year 1500 the history of bookbinding in England is largely a story of foreign influence, Nether-



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BINDING EXECUTED FOR THOMAS WOTTON: SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF GROLIER

landish, Italian, and French styles succeeding each other in turn. The most important contribution of Holland to the craft of bookbinding was the panel-stamp, a large stamp generally measuring about four inches by three, which was particularly suitable for decorating the covers of smaller books. Although panel-stamps had been in use in Holland some years before 1450, they were not common in England until the beginning of the next



century. Most of those used by English binders are extremely decorative; a frequent design being some adaptation of the Royal Arms and Tudor rose, while interesting variations are found in John Reynes's ingenious panel, with all the emblems of the Passion represented; Frederick Egmont's device of the wild man, and the Cambridge

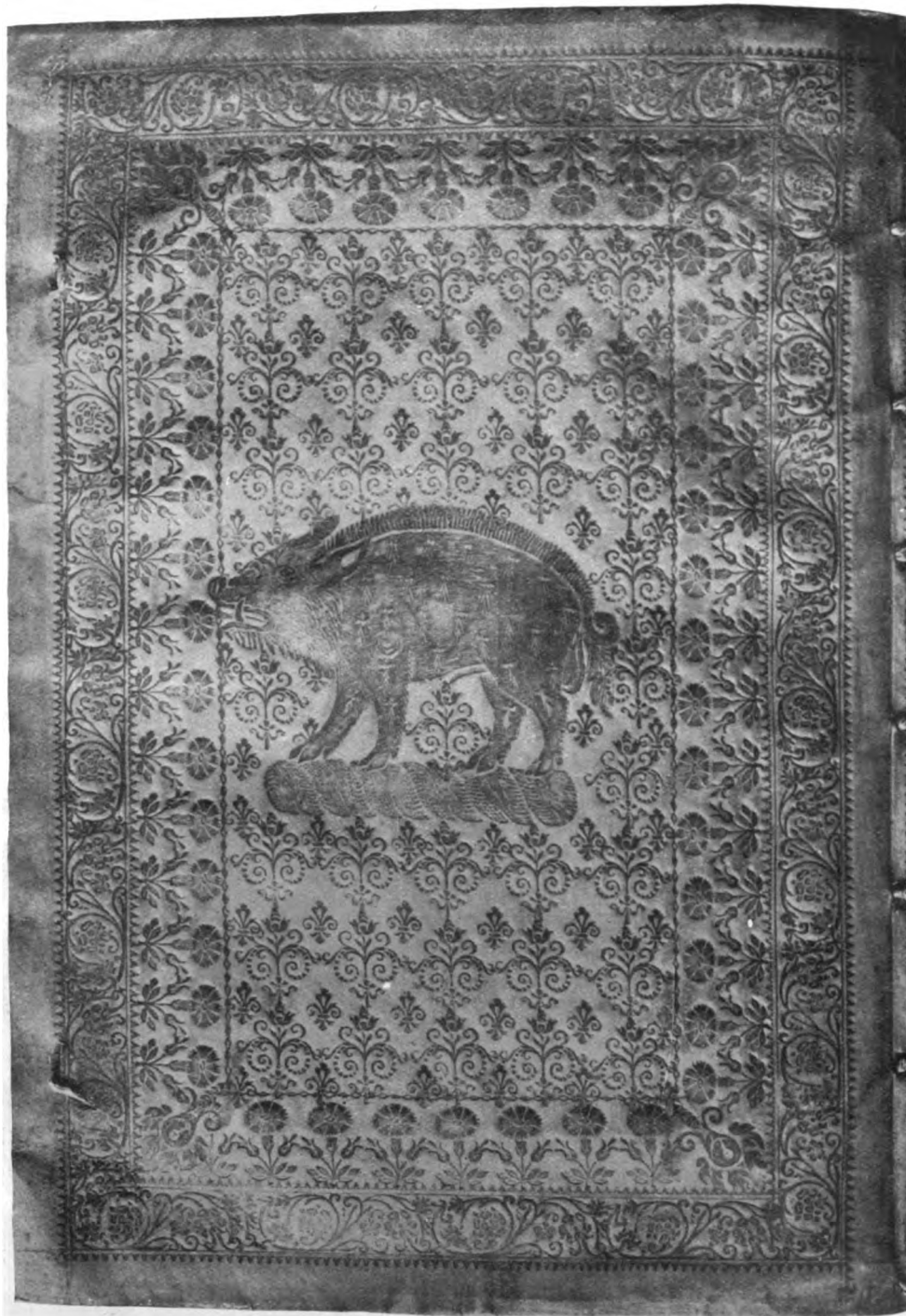
to have been introduced into England by Thomas Berthelet, who was appointed King's Printer in 1530. Most of these bindings are very Italian in character, and in one of Berthelet's accounts it is specially mentioned that certain books have been bound in the Italian and Venetian manners. On the whole the execution of the so-called "Berthelet" bind-

ings is very unequal: doubtless many are to be attributed to his workmen, some of whom may have been Frenchmen. At this period, while English binders were merely experimenting with foreign styles, bookbinding in Italy and France was in its perfection. In France were being produced for Jean Grolier, perhaps by Italian workmen, those remarkable bindings, excellent alike in design and execution, which have made Grolier's name more famous than any other in the annals of book-collecting. Such bindings naturally found many imitators, nor have they yet ceased to be an influence (and a snare) to binders of the present day. In England the counterpart of Grolier's bindings is to be found in those executed for Thomas Wotton, the father of Sir Henry Wotton, a man well known for his modesty and hospitality, as Isaak Walton tells us. Thomas Wotton probably employed foreign workmen, who showed themselves, however, far less skilful than their French contemporaries. As a matter of fact the binding here reproduced looks much better in the illustration than in the original, owing to the unequal quality of the gilding. In one class of binding, namely the embroidered variety, England was far ahead of foreign countries. Some of the finest examples are on books presented to Queen Elizabeth, notable specimens being the copy of Bishop Parker's "De antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ" in the British Museum, and the far more beautiful Bible presented to the Queen on New Year's Day 1584, now in the Bodleian Library.

Queen Elizabeth showed a marked preference for these sumptuously embroidered book-covers. There are two or three in existence which have been thought, with some probability, to be the work of her own hands. One such binding in the Bodleian, which has long been attributed to the Queen, is of black velvet decorated with a design worked in a kind of silver cord.

The last illustration carries us somewhat beyond the four centuries, but the binding is given because it shows one of the styles which finally obtained in England at the close of the sixteenth century, and also because it is one of the few known bindings which bear the crest of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This particular volume is preserved in the Selden collection at Oxford, and was probably a gift to John Selden from Bacon himself, who, in his later and troublous years, sought the great jurist's friendship and advice.

STRICKLAND GIBSON.



A LATE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BINDING IN THE SELDEN COLLECTION AT OXFORD:  
BEARING THE CREST OF LORD BACON

binder Speryng's panel with St. Nicholas raising to life the three pickled children.

The art of tooling in gold reached England rather late. By the end of the fifteenth century Italian binders had already attained considerable proficiency in this art, the style gradually spreading northwards through France to England. The earliest known English binding in gilt is on the copy of Whitinton's Epigrams presented by the author to Cardinal Wolsey, the decoration consisting of three large narrow panels entirely worked in gold. The art of decorating a book-cover in gold with small tools seems

COLOPHONS

ONE among several points for which the managers of the Doves Press deserve special praise is that they have restored the use of the Colophon without (as Morris did) reducing the title-page to a mere label. Their fine Bible ("The English Bible containing the Old Testament & the New," The Doves Press, No. 1, The Terrace, Hammersmith) —one of the very finest pieces of printing ever executed—

By this combination of title-page and colophon the reader gets all the information he needs at both ends of the book, while the colophon performs its proper function of expressing the printer's pride in his work and desire to be remembered by it. How much personal feeling can be put into a colophon (and what decorative effect, we must add, may be obtained from the use of a printer's device,

**¶ Here ben endyd the Cronycles of the Reame of Englonde with their  
apperteignances. Enprentyd in the Duchye of Braband in the towne  
of Andewarpe in the yere of our lord .M.cccc.xciij. By maistir Gerard  
de leew. a man of grete wysedom in all maner of künynge: whych nowe  
is come from lyfe vnto the deth/which is grete harme for many a poure  
man. On whos soule god almyghty for hys hygh grace haue mercy**

**H M E A**



COLOPHON TO "THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND," PRINTED BY GERARD LEEU, OF ANTWERP, 1493

bears on the front of its volumes the title-page, part of which we give below. But it also has the full colophon:

Printed by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and Emery Walker at the Doves Press No. 1 The Terrace Hammersmith from the Text of the late Dr. Scrivener's Paragraph Bible by permission of the Syndics of the University Press Cambridge. The verse has been divided into stanzas by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson and the proofs have been read by The University Press. Compositors: J. H. Mason, J. Guttridge, C. F. Greengrass. Pressmen: H. Gage-Cole, J. Ryan, T. Waller, A. Beaumont. Finished October 19 1904. Sold at the Doves Press, and by C. J. Clay and Sons, The Cambridge University Press Warehouse, London.

which the Doves Press eschews) can be seen from the end of the last of the four books printed by Gerard Leeu of Antwerp for the English market. While it was in progress Leeu was killed in a quarrel with one of his workmen. His other men finished the book, and when the last page was reached added the Colophon with Leeu's mark to it, which we give on this page:

Here ben endyd the Cronycles of the Reame of Englonde with their apperteignances. Enprentyd in the Duchye of Braband in the towne of Andewarpe in the yere of our Lord M. cccc. xciij. By Maistir



Gerard de leew, a man of grete wysedome in all maner of kunnyng : whych nowe is come from lyfe unto the deth, which is grete harme for many a poure man. On whos sowle God almyghty for hys hygh grace haue mercy. Amen.

Had such an accident happened even a hundred years later it would have left no mark on the book, save that the imprint might have run with formal correctness "Printed in the house late Gerard Leeu's" or "by the Heirs of Gerard Leeu." Had it chanced in our own day even the style of the firm would probably have remained unaltered in the single line of type, hidden away on the back of the title-page or of the last leaf, with which the modern printer, however proud of his work, has mostly to be content. In the fifteenth century, even towards the close of it, the printer was a personality, entitled by custom, and often willing, to take readers into his confidence.

The right to speak for himself in the book he had printed was derived by the fifteenth-century printer from a similar privilege of the mediæval scribes, though these availed themselves of it with no very great frequency, and, as a rule, only in the form of a line or couplet of very bad Latin verse. In his "Books in Manuscript" Mr. Falconer

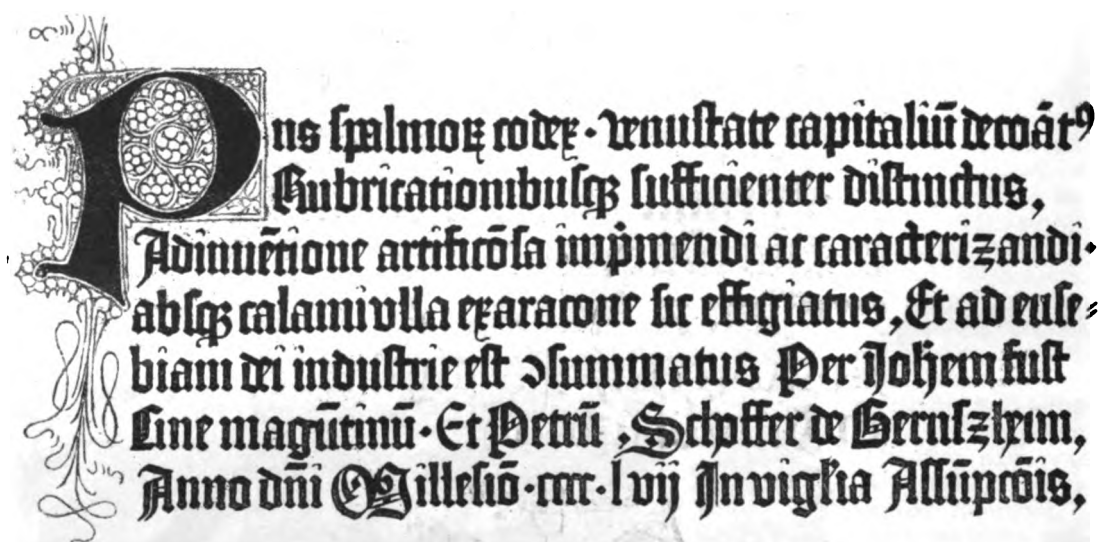
draws attention to this, as in the colophon to the Breslau missal (see plate, p. 7), which may be translated :

The present missal to the praise and honour of God, in the noble city of Mainz, inventress and first perfectress of this art of printing, by the favour of the God of glory, was printed and finished by Peter Schoeffer of Gernsheim, with his shields as a signature, in the year of the Lord 1483, on the vigil of S. James the Apostle.

In the hands of Johann Schoeffer the glorification of Mainz expands into an epitome of the invention of printing in the form which the Fust and Schoeffer tradition gave to it. It is at the end of his 1515 edition of the Chronicle of Johann Trithem that the younger Schoeffer dilates thus telling us how his grandfather, Johann Fust, in the year 1450

by his own genius began to think out and investigate the art of printing, and two years later with the help of his workman and adoptive son, Peter Schoeffer, and the many necessary developments he made, brought it to the test of practice, and rewarded Schoeffer with the hand of his daughter Christina for his aid.

Obviously this is one-sided history, since all mention of Gutenberg is sedulously suppressed, but it is history which



THE FIRST PRINTED COLOPHON. FROM THE LITURGICAL PSALTER PRINTED AT MAINZ, 1457

Madan classifies such written colophons into expressions of weariness (*Hic scriptor cesso scribendo pollice fesso*), religious feeling (*Sit laus scribenti, sit vita salusque legenti*), expectancy (*Nunc finem feci: da mihi quod merui*), and humour (*Nunc scripsi totum: pro Christo da mihi potum*), with a single, doubtfully grammatical, expression of malignancy: "*Finito libro frangamus ossa magistro*"—now the book's done, let us break his bones for the master! The feelings of the first printers, when they ventured to express them, required a much more elaborate form.

The present copy of the Psalms, adorned with the beauty of capital letters and sufficiently marked out with rubrics, has been thus fashioned by an ingenious development of printing and stamping, without any ploughing of the pen. And to the worship of God has been diligently brought to completion by Johann Fust, a citizen of Mainz, and Peter Schoeffer of Gernsheim, in the year of the Lord 1457 on the vigil of the Assumption.

This is the best translation I can give of the first printed colophon (see plate), that from the great liturgical Psalter printed at Mainz in 1457, the first book which gives us any information as to when, where and by whom it was produced. From 1457 onwards comparatively few of Schoeffer's books (Fust seems to have died in 1466) lack a colophon, to mark his pride in his work and in the share which he and his father-in-law had taken in the invention of printing.

In 1462 the partners began to add their printer's device at the end of their colophons, and Schoeffer sometimes

has to be reckoned with all the same, and much of our knowledge of the early spread of printing, more especially in Italy, is due to similar confidences on the part of the early printers. Thus when John of Speier died the year after he had introduced the art into Venice, his brother Wendelin contrived in eight hexameters not only to inform his readers that he had taken over the business, but to give the names of the books which John had printed and the size of the editions—one hundred copies. To print some Latin verses in their own praise in the first book they issued seems to have become a kind of etiquette among printers in Italy, and the praise was naturally loudest when the printer could claim that he had introduced the art into a new city, Gerard de Lisa makes this boast in the edition of the "Manuale" of S. Augustine which he printed at Treviso in 1471.

Gloria debetur Girardo maxima Lixae,  
Quem genuit campis Flandria picta suis,  
Hic Tarvisina nam primus coepit in urbe  
Artifici raros aere notare libros.  
Quoque magis faueant excelsi numina regis  
Aurelii sacrum nunc manuale dedit.

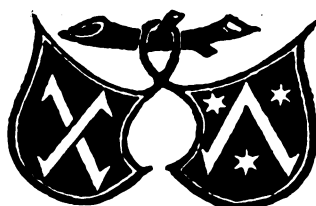
In 1472 we find Petrus Adam glorifying himself on the same ground at Mantua; in 1473 Joannes de Sidriano takes up the tale at Pavia, and the custom continued. These pioneers of printing must sometimes have had no easy time of it. In 1493 one whose very name is lost to us tried to set up a press at Acqui, and used the colophon to his first book to explain that it had been

printed "sat incommode," amid enough inconveniences, because the plague that was raging in neighbouring cities prevented him from improving his appliances. Now, however, he had obtained new type and new workmen, and his future books will possess every merit. Alas, that it should have to be recorded that (as far as we know) these future books were never issued.

Pestilence was not the only foe the early printers had to fight. Hardly less obnoxious to them must have been the Unscrupulous Competitor, more especially in the early 'seventies, when half the printers in Italy were turning out editions of the Latin classics as if they possessed a monopoly of them. In 1473 Stephanus Corallus of Lyons was at work at Parma on an edition of the Achilleis of Statius, when news that some rascals were publishing the same book caused him to finish off his text, "citius quam asparagi coquantur" (quicker than asparagus are cooked),

editions which they abuse. In a late colophon (1580) an angry musician prays connoisseurs to excuse omissions, on the ground that the first printer of the book "being made unreasonably capricious by ill-health" would not carry out his intentions. The poor man had died, like Gerard Leeu, as the work was in the press, but the composer's wrath pursues him to the grave. In a volume of law lectures, Henricus Brunonis is concerned with his own ill-health, not that of his printer. To lecture all day and compile a text-book of an evening had been too much for him, and he appeals to his readers: "cogitate quantis laboribus quantisque capitis vexationibus hoc opusculum compleuerim"—consider with how great toils and headaches I have brought my little book to an end. In a more serious vein and with deeper reason did Sir Thomas Malory end his "Morte d'Arthur," probably written in prison, with the entreaty:

**Presens missale Ad dei laudem  
et honorem per petrum schoffer de  
gernsheim In indita civita-  
te Maguntina huius artis Im-  
pressoie inuentrice atq; elima-  
trice prima glorioso deo fauen-  
te suis consignando scutis Im-  
pressum et finitum Anno dñi  
M.ccc.lxxxiii. In vigilia san-  
cti Jacobi apostoli.**



COLOPHON TO THE BRESLAU MISSAL, PRINTED BY  
SCHOEFFER AT MAINZ, 1483

a feat which he had the hardihood to offer as an excuse for misprints. Later publishers sought protection from rivalry by obtaining privileges which gave them a monopoly for a term of years, ten being, as a rule, the maximum. Some of the colophons in which these privileges are embodied parade the number of ducats payable on every piratical volume circulated; others prefer to leave the penalty vague, and refer the would-be thief to the document itself. One monopolist takes a lofty tone. "Ne in poenam non paruum imprudenter incurras, o bibliopola audissime," he begins—to save you from rashly incurring no small penalty, most greedy bookseller, I would have you know that the most wise prince of Milan has given this book a privilege for ten years!

Authors and editors often wrote colophons as well as printers and publishers. As a rule the editors were content to say nothing less for themselves than that now for the first time their author really had a fair chance, previous texts having been so incredibly mangled that he would not have recognised them. Advertisements written without any regard to facts being not entirely a modern invention, it is not surprising to find these protestations in books which are little more than reprints of the earlier

"I pray you all, gentle men and gentle women that readeth this book of Arthur and his knights from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am on live that God send me good deliverance, and when I am dead I pray you all pray for my soul."

But then Malory was one of the great authors of the fifteenth century, and it must be confessed that the writers of colophons were mostly rather little men.

Colophons, which were the expression of the printer's pride in his art, are found most frequently in learned Latin works. The printers and publishers of the fifteenth century, for all their professions, were at least as ready to save themselves trouble as those of any subsequent period, and not all journeymen printers were good enough scholars to understand the Latin which they were setting up. Hence, in using some earlier edition as copy, a printer sometimes inadvertently reprinted the colophon as well as the text, more especially if it chanced to be in verse, and thus a book which explicitly states, for instance, that it was printed by Valdarfer at Milan may really be a reprint from Strasburg or some other German town.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

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## FINE ART

### THE FRENCH PRIMITIVES

*Les Primitifs Français, 1292-1500.* By HENRI BOUCHOT. (Paris, Librairie de l'Art ancien et moderne, 1904.)

To state clearly the thesis which the author of this book sets forth to maintain, it is necessary to indicate briefly the main outlines of European art history in the middle ages. Every one knows that from the twelfth to the end of the fourteenth centuries the style of art called Gothic reigned throughout the western world, replacing more or less completely the Romanesque-Byzantine styles which had preceded it. The centre of Gothic creation was the Ile de France. The influences of that centre radiated from Assisi to Glasgow and from Trondhjem to Portugal. The governing art of the whole period was architecture, the great masters were master-builders. Local schools had their individual characteristics. English Gothic, Italian Gothic, German Gothic, differed one from another, and each had merits of its own, not necessarily borrowed from France; but the style of the Ile de France was the supreme style, and the other styles were lesser satellites.

Gothic everywhere ran through the usual stages of growth, culmination, and decline; each period producing fine works of its kind—massive and dignified in the twelfth century, splendid and logical in the thirteenth, elaborate and delicate in the fourteenth. By the end of the fourteenth century the style had run through all its stages. The ideal had been fully expressed and was outworn. The world was ready for something new; and, as always, the new ideal arose in a new country, not on the soil sterilised by the splendid crop it had been producing for three centuries. Within a decade or two of the year 1400, the new spirit began to manifest itself. In Italy, Brunelleschi, Donatello and Masaccio, at Florence, were inspired by it. North of the Alps it animated Claas Sluter, the Dutch sculptor of Dijon, the brothers van Limburg, probably Guelderlanders, working at Bourges for John, Duke of Berry, and the brothers Van Eyck, likewise in the employment of princely patrons. All these men were artists trained in the old traditions, which may be broadly called French, and owing all their technical skill to that training, but applying that skill to the expression of a wholly new ideal which was not French and which never took firm root in France. Whereas from the twelfth to the fourteenth century France led the way and French ideas ruled, from the fifteenth century till the time of Louis XIV. France fell behind and was dependent upon foreign inspiration for ideas, and largely upon foreign artists for the best craft to express them.

Such are the facts, universally accepted in all places where art history is studied, except in the study of M. Henri Bouchot. For him the great change that took place in European art about 1400 either did not happen or was as much the result of French initiative as all that had gone before. If he does not ascribe a French impulse to the art of the originating Florentines, it is probably because he forgot to do so. As for the rest, they are all Frenchmen from his point of view. The Van Eycks—artists whose position in art history is as certain as that of Masaccio or of Donatello, and on precisely similar evidence—are for him the creation of inventive historians. He doubts their signed pictures, he ignores archives that mention them, he laughs at the old writers who recorded what was known of them in their day. He has no serious arguments to raise against the universal consensus of students who have devoted their lives to the impartial investigation of art-history. He merely flouts their conclusions as legends, and declares that he is not satisfied, as though that mattered. On the other hand, when he proceeds to set up the imaginary creations of his own brain in their place, it seems to him that the statement, *j'ai lieu de croire*, ought almost to settle the matter.

It is the same with the brothers Van Limburg. The



Duke de Berry's inventory states beyond all question that the splendid manuscript, now at Chantilly, was illuminated in the first instance by them. The scribe, says M. Bouchot, may have made a mistake, written down the wrong name—who knows? Yet he bases his own shaky hypothesis on far more exiguous foundations. It is only fair to add that in all this our author does not speak as the mouth-piece of any French school of *savants*, but is as much at variance with his colleagues as with any kind of foreigners.

Shall we, then, conclude that this book is valueless? Far from it. It is an admirable and stimulating piece of writing, all the more attractive for the wrongheadedness with which it maintains an impossible thesis. From start to finish it is written with vivacity and spirit. The reader, to M. Bouchot, is a man who has already contradicted each of his pet propositions. He proceeds, therefore, to refute him. The chapters are one long series of refutations. They do not convince, but they entertain. The false thesis apart, the materials used are valuable, well stated and important, though they are seldom original. Several of the chapters seem familiar; some of them have certainly appeared before in the pages of French art magazines. Perhaps that is why the title-page bears the date 1904. Or is that date chosen to enable the writer to disregard the disembowelling of his chimera at the hands of Mr. Weale in a recent number of the *Burlington Magazine*? The author has wisely chosen not to cumber his pages with cheap reproductions of works of art already reproduced *ad nauseam* since the French Primitives Exhibition. The book, therefore, can be, and is, printed on excellent paper, pleasant to handle. It is also provided with a thorough index, an accompaniment far too seldom appended to French books on Art History.

MARTIN CONWAY.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—II

THE transformation of the crude art of the thirteenth century—depending for its harmonic unity upon hollow-sounding, perfect concords at accented points, and for its rhythmic unity upon highly artificial rules of measurement, both expressed by a clumsy notation—into the polished beauty of that of the sixteenth century, as exemplified in Palestrina, is the subject of Professor Wooldridge's second volume of this work. While popular feeling for the beauty of thirds and sixths, the imperfect concords, expressed in popular music existing outside of that acknowledged by the theorists, was the ultimate cause of the overthrow of the old system, it is interesting to note that the dynamic cause was a papal edict of Pope John XXII. in 1322, restraining the artistic efforts of church musicians, and a *ruse*, called "Faulx Bourdon," which the musicians adopted to evade the Papal law. Before we proceed to a discussion of this, however, secular influences upon the strict art of the Church are to be noted in the reintroduction of duple rhythm, that is to say the division of the "long" note into two instead of three "breves," and the use of canon or imitation, which apparently came through the Italian secular forms, the "Ballata," "Madrigale," "Cassia." The works of the French poet-musician Machault and the Italian Francesco Landini, both in secular music and in the composition of the Mass, which composers now began to attempt, is also important. It was, indeed, the composition of the liturgical service, which not only embroidered the plainsong with discant till the original was unrecognisable but even introduced secular tunes and, more surprising still, their secular words with them, which led to the above-mentioned edict which forbade all elaboration of the plainsong save the most simple "Organum."

It is not our intention to forbid, occasionally—and especially upon feast days or in the solemn celebration of the Mass and in the afore-said divine offices—the use of some consonances, for example the eighth, fifth, and fourth, which heighten the beauty of the melody; such intervals therefore may be sung above the plain *Cantus Ecclesiasticus*, yet so that the integrity of the cantus itself may remain intact, and that nothing in the authoritative music be changed.

It was not to be supposed, however, that ecclesiastical authority could really check the impulse towards artistic creation; it could only render a service to the art by bringing these erring devotees back to a consideration of first principles. Compelled to use again the old "organum," the educated musicians became aware of the crude effect, and relieved its baldness by the insertion of a part in thirds between the two notes of plainsong and organum, thus producing a series of triads. Next, the fifth was altogether avoided by the transposition of the lowest part an octave higher, when, the triads becoming first inversions, this system of "Faulx Bourdon," or False Bass, established the imperfect concords as the groundwork of the new harmonic scheme. Dr. Adler and Professor Riemann believe in the existence of a much older practice of "Faulx Bourdon" in the popular music of England, but Professor Wooldridge is unable to find sufficient evidence for this theory. With the general recognition of this new principle, together with the greater elasticity of rhythm occasioned by the use of either duple or triple measure, or, as it was called, imperfect and perfect, it will be evident that the materials for building up the great era of polyphonic music lay ready to hand.

From this time forward names of numerous composers come prominently to the front, and the formation of schools occupies the latter half of the volume. First amongst these comes the English school of the fifteenth century. The work of this school is illustrated by valuable manuscripts in the Bodleian library and that of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, near Ware, but, besides these, collections of English compositions, notably those of John Dunstable, are preserved at Vienna, Modena and Bologna. From the wide recognition of Dunstable's genius on the Continent, as well as the fact that the few specimens of his work in the English manuscripts are given anonymously, and having regard to the advanced position of his work as compared with that of his insular contemporaries, Professor Wooldridge concludes that Dunstable spent his life abroad, and that, though he was English, his music was not native, nor did it much influence native art. This will be rather disappointing to the English enthusiast, but the evidence is too strong to be neglected, the more so as Professor Wooldridge is not slow to do justice to the claims of English music when a century later it became of real importance in the school of Tye, Tallis and Byrd. But whatever facility the English people may show in assimilating and reproducing with certain characteristics of their own the artistic achievements of others, this period with many later ones shows that the pioneer work was not to be done in England. The Gallo-Belgic School of Dufay, Otrecht, Okeghem and Josquin des Prés took the initiative in the development of the resources gained in the past and especially in the possibilities of Canon and such devices. Amidst the dry technicalities of this time the efforts of Josquin towards genuine expression are refreshing, and are well illustrated in this volume by the quotation of his two motetts, "Absalon" and "Laudati Pueri."

The great Netherlandish school, which follows upon this, shows further development of the harmonic principle, and this, be it noted, was specially in connection with secular music as exemplified in the Madrigal. In the great specimens of this form by Willaert, Verdelot, Arcadelt, there is a tendency to treat the voices *en bloc*, as together representing different chords instead of individual melodies, which was to bear conspicuous fruit in the seventeenth century, but which, even during the reign of pure choral art, had a marked effect in making progressions definite, grouping the portions of a work into phrases concluded by cadences. While these methods were being pursued on the continent, English composers apparently continued to

compose in the manner of their forefathers, and it was not until Flemish principles had been introduced into England, by what means it is not clearly known, that the school of English Church music, of which Tye and Tallis were the most noteworthy exponents, could come into existence. And now, when these men had arrived at maturity, the untoward circumstance of the Reformation came to thwart, or at any rate deflect, their energies. It is true that the change was so mercifully gradual as to allow of the adaptation of the old music to the needs of the reformed Church, but there can be little doubt that the new tone towards religion was responsible for the lack of successors to the founders of the school, and for the general bending of energies towards the secular music of the Madrigal.

In his final chapter, "The Perfection of the Method," Professor Wooldridge discusses and illustrates the works of Orlando Lassus and Palestrina. With regard to the latter he shows that in any art each school presents a partial view of the possibilities of its material, but withal the highest that a partial view can attain, while it generally falls to the lot of one man of unusual talent to gather "the incomplete and personal ideals of the various members, antecedent as well as contemporary, into one supreme method, in which is displayed the actual end towards which all efforts were unconsciously directed." Palestrina did for the music of this time what Raphael had already done for painting. He selected and so summed up the best from among the resources of his predecessors that no further art drawn from those resources alone was possible to those who were to come after. With the beginning of the seventeenth century a new era begins, the story of which is recounted in the third volume of this work by Sir Hubert Parry. Professor Wooldridge's work stops here, and, in leaving it, it is necessary to pay a tribute to the accurate care and patience with which it is evident that his researches have been made and the lucid manner of his descriptions. Throughout, his attitude is that of the historian pure and simple; he rarely comments upon the developments which he describes, but the logical sequence of events is made clear. This is particularly a great achievement in dealing with a phase of art where so much must necessarily be inferred rather than known directly, and where an author given to conjecture would inevitably lead his readers into a maze of theory, from which it would be well-nigh impossible to find the path of truth.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A NEW work by Miss J. E. Harrison, of Newnham College, Cambridge, on "Primitive Athens as described by Thucydides," will be published very shortly by the Cambridge University Press. Miss Harrison does not accept the view generally held in this country of the character and limits of the ancient city, which she regards as disproved by the recent excavations of the German Archaeological Institute. In her new book she endeavours, therefore, to state as simply as may be what seems to her the ascertained truth about primitive Athens, both on the ancient literary evidence and on that added by excavation. Many plans and drawings are given to illustrate evidence and argument.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have now in the press, and hope to publish about Easter, a new edition of Evelyn's "Diary" in three volumes. The *format* will be that of the "Diary and Letters" of Madame D'Arblay recently issued by the same firm. The text, the spelling of which has been modernised, will follow Bray and Forster; but many minor rectifications have been made and some unsuspected errors corrected. The book will contain the notes of the earlier editors, carefully revised; and it will include a large number of additional notes by the present editor, Mr. Austin Dobson, who has been engaged on this task for

some months past. As in the case of the D'Arblay Diary, the new issue will be illustrated by photogravure portraits, contemporary views of localities, maps and facsimile title-pages; and there will be a Preface, Introduction and a full Index.

Next week Dr. J. Butler Burke's "The Origin of Life, its physical basis and definition," will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The same firm promise an interesting historical monograph—"A Friend of Marie Antoinette" (Lady Atkyns), by Frederick Barbey—by the end of the month; and early in March a book which will appeal to Shakespeareans: "The Shakespeare Symphony," by Harold Bayley.

Under the title "The Spurgeon Family, being an account of the Descent and Family of Charles Haddon Spurgeon," a new genealogical work will be published shortly. It will contain many portraits, facsimiles, pedigrees and extracts from parish registers; among the latter may be mentioned a facsimile of an extract from the marriage register of one Elizabeth Spurgeon at Burnham, one of the witnesses to which was Lord Nelson. The work is compiled by Mr. W. H. Higgs, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A new book, entitled "The Unlucky Number," by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, will be published immediately in Messrs. Newnes's Series of Sixpenny Novels. The series hitherto has been devoted to reprints of books published at a more expensive price. The inclusion of a new work, by an author of Mr. Phillpotts's reputation, at so moderate a price is therefore an entirely new departure, and is an interesting experiment for everybody concerned.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S CENTENARY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In response to a suggestion for a national memorial to Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in Westminster Abbey, to commemorate the centenary of her birth on March 6, I have had numerous communications from all parts of the United Kingdom; the idea has also been favourably accepted by the Press, not only in our own country, but in America, France and Italy. Unfortunately my correspondents assume that I will undertake the promotion of the movement, as I have been associated with the inception and accomplishment of numerous memorials to national and local celebrities—the last being that to the Venerable Bede, at Monkwearmouth.

A national memorial to Mrs. Browning, will, however, be much more easily and fittingly promoted in London, the centre of the intellectual life of the nation. Already Royal Academicians and sculptors have offered their services to supply allegorical designs and models of busts for memorials in bronze or marble; while the general belief has been expressed that such a movement would meet with a liberal response if a small representative executive committee were to be formed which would undertake the control of the movement.

It would be invidious at present to suggest representative names in Literature and Letters whose influence would command speedy success to a national memorial to Mrs. Browning. The committees which are arranging for local celebrations of the centenary in numerous cities and towns in Europe and America could be branches of a central executive in London, and thus connect the whole of the empire and other countries.

Personally, I shall be pleased to assist, in a humble way, in the formation of such a movement, and appeal to the numerous admirers of Mrs. Browning's great service to the literature of our English language to bring about the formation of an executive committee, with an hon. secretary whose name will carry weight in the best circles of society, and who has leisure and zeal that will enable him to approach the cultured and wealthy members of our people.

There is no need to plead the merits of Mrs. Browning as a poet, a representative Englishwoman and a humanitarian; her place in the roll of fame is acknowledged; and on the centenary of her birth, which took place at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, on March 6, 1806, it is fitting that her memory be publicly commemorated.

JOHN ROBINSON

Delaval House, Sunderland, February 10.

#### THE ROKEBY VELASQUEZ

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think that the gently quizzing writer of the letter over the signature "Artium Amator" means what he says, for if what his words imply be true, then many of our cherished ideas of the meaning of Art, with all the pleasant memories of the dawning of these ideas upon our intelligence, must be sunk in the sea of oblivion. Clearly, as one may conclude he admits, the object of the artist must

be beauty in one form or another, but it must be beauty that ennobles: that appeals to the higher faculties; for indeed when it ceases to do this, it ceases to be beauty and becomes parody. When beauty is adulterated with ignoble conditions, its only attraction is sensual. In the Rokeby Velasquez the perfect reclining form and the Cupid would in themselves make a great work of art, whatever the title, but the introduction of the mirror brings before the mind a mean human trait which not only condemns the picture as "Venus and Cupid," but causes an impression quite at variance with our conception of beauty that is ennobling. In fact what would appeal to the intellect without the mirror appeals only to the senses with it. I do not think it at all necessary that the face should be shown. It has been emphasised by German critics that Homer did not feel it necessary to describe the beauty of Helen, but allowed it to be inferred by references to its effect, and a beautiful form expressed by the painter would not be a less powerful handle to the imagination than the effect expressed by the poet.

It might be possible to support my position by referring to the smile on the face, the character of which is a flaw in the invention; but first it seems to me clear that the face has been overworked by a French artist, and secondly it is scarcely necessary to call special attention to a loose brick when the whole wall is insecure. "Artium Amator" appears to suggest that we need not consider the mirror. Possibly, observers of that remarkable picture by Whistler lately bought, would not be very much surprised if they were asked to imagine the presence of features which are absent; but it would scarcely do to request those who look at the Velasquez to imagine the absence of features which are present. The only way to withdraw the mirror from the mind is to paint it out. It is related of Protogenes, who painted the portrait of Aristotle, that he executed a picture of a Satyr leaning against the stump of a tree on which a partridge had alighted. The main object of the work was apparently to exhibit the artist's conception of a resting Satyr, but the partridge was so wonderfully well done that it formed the special feature of attraction for observers, who scarcely paid attention to the Satyr. The artist thereupon deliberately painted out the bird. Yet the partridge was less out of place than is the mirror, for while the bird only hindered the appreciation of the invention, the mirror alters its whole character.

I do not mean to suggest that the picture is likely to injure the public morals, but I certainly fail to see that it is a great and ennobling work of art such as one would expect from the expenditure for a public gallery of so large a sum as that paid for it.

MAN IN THE STREET.

Florence, February 12.

## "THE LIFE OF GREGORY THE GREAT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your review of Mr. Dudden's "Gregory the Great" recalls to my recollection the period 1875 or 1876, when John Richard Green, the historian, was in Italy, generally accompanied by his faithful friend and companion the Rev. William Halcombe, who was busy in Rome for two or three years in collecting material for a biography of the great Pope. His literary labours took him to the old Theological Library (Casanatensis), situated on one side of the Piazza della Minerva, near the Pantheon, where an obelisk stands in the centre supported by an Elephant.

Surely his long task must have resulted in many notes and memoranda, that would be useful to any future writer on the same subject. Has Mr. Dudden any knowledge of this predecessor and his efforts? or do these manuscripts lie useless and neglected?

Halcombe was with Green in Capri, and we spent much time on the island together in the Hotel Quisisana. After Green's death and burial in Mentone, Halcombe was taken ill in Florence, and carried by the *Misericordia* brethren to the railway en route to the Baths of Lucca. His doctor there (Gason) summoned me in haste on his arrival, as he said I was his only acquaintance near at hand. Presently he was able to move on to Mentone, and soon after died, and was buried close by his friend, John Richard Green. This is in brief all I remember of Mr. Halcombe, but possibly his relatives may possess the manuscripts he wrote concerning Pope Gregory.

While on the subject, let me state I am one of the few strangers who have visited the birthplace of Hildebrand—or Aldobrandino, if of that noble family—said to be Sovana, a city of the Tuscan Maremma. But I gathered from local manuscripts at the neighbouring city of Pitigliano that it seemed doubtful whether Gregory was of the noble house of Aldobrandino, or the son of a poor joiner of the same city.

Sovana is a ruined and desolate place since its siege by the Senesi two or three hundred years ago, and fever stricken; it is a serious risk indeed to pass two or three hours now within its circumference. I wrote a detailed description of it twenty years ago, but like much else of mine it is forgotten or derelict.

WILLIAM MERCER.

[Owing to pressure on our space a number of letters are held over.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ARCHÆOLOGY.

Amelung, Walther; and Holtzinger, Heinrich. *The Museums and Ruins of Rome*. English edition revised by the authors and Mrs. S. Arthur

Strong, L.L.D. 6½ × 5½. Two vols. pp. xxiv, 326 + xii, 183. Duckworth, 10s. net.

[Vol. i. *The Museums*, by Walther Amelung, with 170 illustrations: vol. ii., *The Ruins*, by Heinrich Holtzinger, with plans and 98 illustrations. The German edition of the book forms part of "The Modern Cicerone" series. Mrs. Strong, who is partly responsible for the translation, adds a short and useful bibliography to each volume. Indexes to both.]

### ART.

Jenner, Mrs. Henry. *Christ in Art*. Little Books on Art Library. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 186. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

[Mrs. Jenner's object is to try to follow the gradual development of the delineation of Christ in art, "from the faded frescoes of the catacombs to the easels of modern artists."

Cust, Robert H. Hobart. *Giovanni Antonio Bassi (hitherto usually styled "Sodoma"): The Man and the Painter, 1477-1549*. 9½ × 7. Pp. xviii, 442. Murray, 21s. net.

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

*Memoirs of Archbishop Temple*. By Seven Friends. Edited by E. G. Sandford. 2 vols. 8½ × 5½. Pp. xvi. + 1323. Macmillan, 36s. net. (See p. 157.)

*Experiences of Mack*. By Himself. 4½ × 7½. Pp. 155. Drane, 3s. 6d. [The exciting experiences in various parts of Europe, mainly in 1869 and 1870, of an engineer.]

Collins, Tom. *School and Sport: a record of work and leisure*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 267. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.

[Mainly autobiographical. Mr. Collins was well known in his University days, was a member of the Cambridge eleven, and played both the single and double matches at billiards for his University. He was for eight years Assistant Master at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and for thirty-three Headmaster of Newport (Salop) Grammar School. Sportsmen will enjoy his book.]

Hullah, Annette. *Theodor Leschetizky*. Living Masters of Music series. 7½ × 5. Pp. 85. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

### CLASSICS.

*The Æneid of Virgil*. With a translation by Charles J. Billson, M.A. 2 vols. 10½ × 7½. Pp. 644. Arnold, 30s. net.

### DRAMA.

Hardy, Thomas. *The Dynasts*. A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes. Part Second. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xiii, 302. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.

### EDUCATION.

Allbutt, T. Clifford. *On Professional Education, with special reference to medicine*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 80. Macmillan, 2s. net.

[An Address delivered at King's College Hospital, under the title "Medical Education in London," on October 3, 1905, the opening of the session.]

*Britain's Sea Story*, B.C. 55-A.D. 1805. Edited by E. E. Speight and R. Morton Nance. Illustrated from paintings by R. Morton Nance. 7½ × 5. Pp. 427. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.

[The story of British heroism in voyaging and sea-fight from the time of Alfred to the Battle of Trafalgar. With an introduction tracing the development of the structure of sailing-ships from the earliest times.]

Methuen's Junior School Books. *The Gospel according to St. Luke*. Edited with introduction and notes by William Williamson, B.A. 7 × 5. Pp. 240. Methuen, 2s.

[The text is A. V. The Introduction is sound and scholarly, and the notes and appendices full. Maps of The Holy Land, The Sea of Galilee, and Jerusalem.]

Black's *Picture Lessons in English*. Book I. With fifteen full-page illustrations in colours. 8 × 5½. Pp. 33. Black, 6d.

[For teaching composition to very young children.]

*Marchand d'Allumettes*. Par A. Gennevraye. Edited by Cloudeley Brereton. 7 × 4½. Pp. 128. Siepmann's French Series (Elementary). Macmillan, 2s. net.

Loney, S. L.; and Grenville, L. W. *A Shilling Arithmetic*. With answers. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 186, xxiv. Macmillan, 1s. 6d.

### FICTION.

Bartram, George. *Lads of the Fancy*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 310. Duckworth, 6s.

Fletcher, J. S. *The Threshing-floor*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.

Gray, Maxwell. *The Great Refusal*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 381. Long, 6s.

Maartens, Maarten. *The Healers*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 379. Constable, 6s. (See p. 160.)

Stacpoole, H. de Vere. *Fanny Lambert*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.

Eggar, Arthur. *The Hitanee*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 244. Murray, 6s. (See p. 161.)

Vance, Louis J. *Terence O'Rourke, Gentleman Adventurer*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 323. E. Grant Richards, 6s.

London, Jack. *Tales of the Fish Patrol*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 243. Heinemann, 6s.

Ellis, Mrs. Havelock. *My Cornish Neighbours*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 197. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.

Blyth, James. *The Same Clay*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 312. E. Grant Richards, 6s.

Chambers, Robert W. *A Young Man in a Hurry*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 311. Constable, 6s.

Campbell, Frances. *The Measure of Life*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 265. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Maugham, W. Somerset. *The Bishop's Apron*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 311. Chapman & Hall, 6s. (See p. 161.)

Barr, A. E. *The Belle of Bowling Green*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 314. Long, 6s.

Yorke, Curtis. *Irresponsible Kitty*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Long, 6s.

"North Country Rambler." *A Summer Nosegay*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 151. Drane, 3s. 6d.

E. V. A. *Wha-oo-oo!* 7½ × 5. Pp. 152. Drane, 3s. 6d.

Ellis, Appleton. *The Door on the Latch*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 221. Drane, 3s. 6d.

Gould, Nat. *The Lady Trainer*. 7 × 4½. Pp. 279. Long, 2s.

### HISTORY.

Hardy, E. G. *Studies in Roman History*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 349. Sonnenschein, 6s.

[A reprint of Dr. Hardy's "Christianity and the Roman Government," revised, with some additions.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Wall, Dr. A. *A Forty-six Years' Fight*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 43. "The Animals' Guardian," rs.  
 [The fight against vivisection, by the Hon. Treasurer of the London Anti-Vivisection Society.]  
 Glasgow Archaeological Society. Report by the Council for Session 1904-5, with abstract of Treasurer's accounts and list of members. 8½ x 7. Pp. 31. Glasgow: MacLehose.  
 Wisdom of the East series. *The Instruction of Ptah-Hotep and The Instruction of Kégemni*. Translated from the Egyptian, with an introduction and appendix, by Battiscombe G. Gunn. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 75. Murray, rs. net.  
 [The author claims that the two books here translated were composed respectively four thousand and three thousand five hundred and fifty years before Christ, and are therefore the oldest in existence.]  
 Armistead, J. J. *Piloted*: being a series of notes and experiences from the author's life. 7½ x 5. Pp. 208. Headley, 3s. 6d.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

- Harting, James Edmund. *Recreations of a Naturalist*. With eighty-one illustrations. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xvi. 433. Unwin, 15s. net.  
 [In the nature of a second series of the same author's "Essays on Sport and Natural History." Reprinted mainly from the *Field*. The illustrations are excellent, and there is a good index.]

## ORIENTAL.

- The Religion and Philosophy of India: *The Philosophy of the Upanishads*. By Paul Drussen. Authorised English translation by the Rev. A. S. Geden. 9½ x 6. Pp. xiv, 429. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 10s. 6d.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Everyman's Library. Edited by Ernest Rhys.—Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* (2 vols., pp. 1263); the Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* (pp. 327); Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility* (pp. 381); Macaulay's *History of England* (3 vols., pp. 2407); *The Golden Book of Coleridge* (pp. 289); Malory's *Le Morte D'Arthur* (2 vols., pp. 812); White's *Natural History of Selborne* (pp. 279); Borrow's *Wild Wales* (pp. 617); Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* (pp. 390). Each 6½ x 5½. Dent, 1s. net cloth; 2s. net leather. (See p. 165.)  
*Selections from the writings of Benjamin Franklin*. Edited by U. Waldo Cutler. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xviii, 366. Harrap, 1s. 6d. net.  
 [Mr. Cutler contributes an introduction.]  
 Ruskin Treasures: *Women and Dress*. 4½ x 2½. Pp. 47. Allen, 6d. net.  
 Sir John Suckling: *Ballads and other Poems*; Sir Charles Sedley: *Lyrics*; John Wilmot: *Poems and Songs*. In one vol. Pembroke Booklets. 7 x 4½. Pp. 64. Hull: Tutin, 6d. net.  
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 Browning's *Pippa Passes*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 83. Favourite Classics. Heinemann, 6d. net.  
 Watts-Dunton, Theodore. *The Coming of Love, Rhona Boswell's Story, and other Poems*. Seventh edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxxix, 302. Lane, 5s. net.  
 [Mr. Watts-Dunton has added to "The Coming of Love" certain matter omitted from the earlier editions, but afterwards published in the *Saturday Review* and the *Athenaeum*.]  
 Watson, E. H. Lacon. *Christopher Deane: a character-study at school and college*. Brown, Langham, 3s. 6d.  
 Newnes's Sixpenny Novels, Illustrated. Sladen, Douglas. *Trincolox* (and other stories). Illustrated by Max Cowper. Pp. 184. Marriott, Charles. *The Column*. Illustrated by A. S. Hartrick. Pp. 118. Each 8½ x 5½. Newnes, 6d. each.

## SCIENCE.

- Saleeby, C. W. *Evolution the Master-Key*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 364. Harpers.  
 [A discussion of the principle of Evolution as illustrated in atoms, stars, organic species, mind, society, and morals.]  
 Mann, Gustav. *Chemistry of the Proteids*. 9 x 6. Pp. xviii, 606. Macmillan, 15s. net.  
 [Dr. Gustav Mann, University Demonstrator of Physiology, Oxford, has based his book on Dr. Otto Cohnheim's "Chemie der Eiweisskörper." It was his original intention to publish merely a translation, but extension, and disagreements with Dr. Cohnheim, have induced the author to accept responsibility for the whole book.]

## SOCIOLOGY.

- Hall, H. Fielding. *A People at School*. 9½ x 5½. Pp. 282. Macmillan, 10s. net.  
 [In "The Soul of a People" Mr. Hall dealt with the emotions, the ideals, the inner life, of the Burmese; in "A People at School" he writes of the outer life of the Burmese as a nation—of their progress and their retrogression.]

## SPORT.

- Winans, Walter. *Practical Rifle-Shooting*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 97. Putnams, 1s. net.  
 [Designed to furnish the beginner with a series of hints, by the use of which he may be enabled to put himself through a course of continuous and graduated training, and keep himself free of the tricks which impede progress. Mr. Winans inveighs against the teaching which enables a man to hit a target, but does not help him when face to face with a charging animal.]

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*Giordano Bruno, in Memoriam of the 17th February, 1600* (Foulis) is a translation by Miss Agnes Fay from the German of Alois Riehl. The Essay was originally published in 1889, and revised for February 17, 1900, the three hundredth anniversary of Bruno's execution. We know of no account of Bruno which gives so concisely, clearly and so temperately (no bad recommendation that last in view of the nature of the subject) the facts of Bruno's life, character and teaching, as this, and Miss Agnes Fay is to be congratulated both on the work and on the way she has performed it.

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No. 1764

FEBRUARY 24, 1906

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Continued on page 170



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## THE LITERARY WEEK

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, in his reflections from the Easy Chair in the current *Harper's* on Mr. Henry Holt's recent *Atlantic Monthly* essay on the "Commercialisation of Literature," thinks that Mr. Holt has miscalled his present essay, and that he has really written on the demoralisation of the book trade. "He has written of this," characteristically avers Mr. Howells, "very knowledgeably, of course, and very justly, but, upon the whole, we feel not hopefully enough. . . . The relation of the author to his publisher is altogether of a gracefulest and sincerest friendship than the relation of patron and client in which literature lived before it was at all 'commercialised.'" Publication is, and always has been, says Mr. Howells, commercialised; but literature can be commercialised only when it aims to sell, or aims in unworthy ways to please. The corruption of literature can be wrought only through the authors of it.

Publishers' relations with the author, according to Mr. Howells, are very intimate, very tender; and "they are more so than other business relations because they (the publishers) somehow feel his helplessness, his generic haplessness." "It may be," Mr. Howells continues slyly, "that there is something peculiarly winning in the literary temperament; we would like to think so; or it may be that publishers are of exceptionally affectionate natures, or that their business is one which singularly softens and subdues the asperities of the mercantile relation." Delicious! But is it true?

The publisher of the sixteenth century was, nine times out of ten, a rogue and a thief. When we come to the eighteenth century we find bad publishers, in whom the asperities of the mercantile relation were very asperous indeed, and fatherly, benevolent publishers, who took their risks, advanced money to the dissolute, spendthrift children who worked for them (when they felt inclined), and have been unjustly handed down to execration because they took those risks into consideration, and remembered that, after all, they were men of business and not charitable institutions.

We imagine that publishers were quite at their best in the early days of the nineteenth century. There are many stories in literary history which show their paternal kindness and their long-suffering consideration for these wayward, tiresome children of genius; and if the annals of the House of Murray, for instance, or the house of Smith, Elder, were all told, we should probably find a hundred more such cases. But can we follow Mr. Howells into his delightful *aperçu* of the position of to-day?

We believe that there is no class of business men nowadays so just, so considerate, and so idealistic as the publishers. Harassed by competition that grows stronger every day, worried by a swarm of authors and robbed of much of their profits by a chaotic law of copyright, they preserve (most of them) their patience and their sense of humour. It cannot be the nature of their business that softens the asperities. No position—not even that of an Editor—can be more full of anxiety and disappointment. And the modern writer is certainly not helpless. As to his being winning, that is a personal matter; there can be no question that the publisher is too often losing.

Still, the intimate and tender relations go on. Only the other day the lions and the lambs (which class is which, let the reader decide for himself) met over the hospitable board of that energetic body, the Lyceum Club. The Literary Board of the Bureau invited Mr. Reginald Smith, President of the Publishers' Association, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Adam Black and others to meet Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Blundell, Miss Mitton and a great many more, and the talk was all of Jane Austen and the Brontës, and not at all, we understand, of rights, royalties, commission, and half-profits. Perhaps that came next day in the offices. But it looks as if one part of Mr. Howells's contention were true.

We can sympathise with *The Times* in its fall before the very strong temptation to reproduce passages from the instalment of news sent it by a Dutch news agency as an example of its work. "Netherland and the Conference in Algieras.—With an eye upon the speedily expected dividing of the attorneys in two parties, after the occasion of the French-German difference, outed the Dutch press the wish, that now is explained which standing point the Dutch attorneys will take in this." Foreign news expressed in the manner of Mr. Anstey in *Punch* would add to the gaiety of breakfast-tables, if resulting in the bewilderment of nations. But the oddest thing about it is that it is a Dutch agency from which this comes. The Dutch are exceptionally good linguists. We have heard Mr. "Maarten Maartens" declare the reason to be that his countrymen have such a distressing language of their own (readers of Mr. Lucas's "Wanderer in Holland" will remember what the Dutch for "motor-car" is) that they are forced in self-defence to learn others. Mr. Maartens himself is a fair example; and only last year we saw a Dutch actor, Mr. Henri de Vries, master English in three months. The bulb-catalogue of Mr. J. J. Thoolen used to be a yearly source of hilarity; partly from the command of our language (we remember a tulip described as "blotched, spotted, streaked, speckled and flushed"), and partly from the ignorance of it which was displayed. Then came a change for the better (or worse) in its English, and we read it now without a smile. Perhaps the same will happen to this news agency, if *The Times* will give it encouragement.

Mr. Seaman is the third Cambridge man in succession to be called to the editorship of *Punch*. Tom Taylor was a Fellow of Trinity, Sir Francis Burnand was an undergraduate of the same College, the new editor is of Clare, and a Porson University prizeman. Another Clare man on the staff is the Reverend A. C. Deane, while Mr. Anstey Guthrie is of Trinity. It is a triumph for the Universities to be able to compel the world to acknowledge that, even at wit and humour, University men do better work than others. The competition between *Punch* and *Fun*, at one time keen, was, in a way, a contest in which the Universities were matched against All England. *Fun* was, in those days, very well represented; its contributors including Tom Hood, Henry Sampson, the founder of the *Referee*, Ambrose Bierce, the author of "In the midst of Life," Mr. George R. Sims, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose

"Bab Ballads" appeared in its columns; but the result of the competition was never seriously in doubt. The *Punch* men were bound to win, because they moved on a higher plane of ideas. They might be just as frivolous as the *Fun* men, but they knew more both of books and of the world.

We have commented before on the inferiority of Oxford to Cambridge in the art in which the great names are those of Calverley, J. K. Stephen, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. Adrian Ross. The difference is one which does not show itself, as a rule, until after the undergraduate days are over. The undergraduate wits of Oxford are just as witty, and just as frivolous, as the undergraduate wits of Cambridge. The *Oxford Spectator* was quite as clever as the *Granta* and to our contemporary, *The Isis*, wittiest and jolliest of University journals, we turn with avidity every week. The parodies of Browning and Whittman which Mr. Quiller-Couch wrote for the *Oxford Magazine* were quite as good as anything of the kind ever produced at the other University. But the Oxford wit has, far more noticeably than the Cambridge wit, a tendency to grow more serious as he grows older—to turn from the quip and crank to the serious criticism of life. Of the jesters of the *Oxford Spectator* for instance, one became a Bishop and another is the present art critic of the *Times*; while Mr. Quiller-Couch, who began like Mr. Seaman, is now trying to do for Cornwall what R. D. Blackmore did for Devonshire.

No doubt the cause may be found in the curriculum. The Cambridge men study the classics as linguists, and excel in the verbal felicities. Their best writers of English verse have been, like Calverley, equally good as writers of Latin verse. They have often, also like Calverley, had nothing to say, and have said it excellently well. The Oxford man is far less of a linguist; but his mind bears the additional burden of Mill's "Logic" and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Language, therefore, bears a closer relation to thought at the older University, and the Oxonian, when he leaves Oxford, puts away what he considers childish things. One can see even Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Chesterton trying to do it week after week in the causerie columns of the *Illustrated London News*. There remains, of course, Mr. Godley on the other side; but he ought to have been at Cambridge, where he would have been discouraged from rhyming "Magrath" with "star" after the manner of the Cockneys.

We notice with some dismay a growing fancifulness in end-papers. We have a book before us in which the end-papers are imitations of the striped skin of some jungle-beast; and the design, as a stamp in the corner proves, has been registered. We sincerely hope that was an unnecessary precaution, and that no one would wish to imitate it. Some travel-works we have lately seen have shown brilliant green end-papers with maps on them—useful, no doubt, but exceedingly ugly. We have no complaint to make against such comic end-papers as may be found, for instance, in the *Westminster Gazette* Office Boy's "Political Parables," in which Mr. Francis Brown depicts the members of the late Administration swimming about in life-belts after shipwreck in a stormy sea; nor, of course, to the graceful and delicate designs that decorate the end-papers of Messrs. Dent's and Messrs. Newnes's reprints. It is, indeed, the knowledge of how beautiful end-papers can be—the recollection of the lovely things which Morleys of Oxford used to allow one to choose for oneself—that moves us to a protest against the pursuit of the *bizarre* at the expense of the beautiful.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Florence B. Low relates the result of some inquiries into the question: What girls read? One wonders if people will ever cease professing to

be shocked because such inquiries show that girls are not specially devoted to the classical writers, whether living or dead. Girls, like the rest of us, read chiefly for their amusement; and it is a poor compliment to a great writer to suggest that his work is specially suitable for the pupils of an Academy for Young Ladies. It does not follow that because Shakespeare is a greater writer than Edna Lyall, boarding-school misses will derive greater advantage from his writings. Just as it is necessary for them to study spelling books before they make any use of dictionaries, and to practise five-finger exercises before they can play sonatas, so a course of Edna Lyall may be a very proper prelude to a course of the literature which makes heavier demands on the experience and the intelligence. *Hamlet* must necessarily be "words, words, words," to the average school-girl: and she is likely to be too young even to understand Cordelia, because she is too young to understand King Lear. She may, or may not, grow up to feel the real greatness of Shakespeare; but to cry out because she does not feel it while she is at school is as unreasonable as to cry out because she does not read Hegel or John Stuart Mill.

An American lady, Miss Myrtle Reed, has made an ingenious proposal. She has dared to attack man, the novelist, on the ground that he breaks down whenever he attempts to describe a woman's dress. To remedy this defect, she suggests a course of lectures on feminine attire at the School of Journalism at the University of Columbia. Perhaps Anglo-Saxon authors are to seek in this respect; but in France, where everything that relates to woman is appreciated at its true value, the reverse is the case. M. Paul Bourget, in particular, is evidently a diligent student of the fashion plates, while M. George Ohnet pays hardly less attention to their teaching.

The three days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on February 28 and March 1 and 2, will deal with the library of the late Mr. S. George Holland of Sussex Square, Hyde Park. The collection is especially strong in first editions of nineteenth-century writers, mainly novelists and poets, illustrators such as Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Leech, H. K. Browne, and Doyle, and sporting books by Alken, Orme, Grimble, Crealock, Apperley, Scrope, works on Costume, and works on Birds.

Amongst the first editions are Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," "The Miser's Daughter," and the "Lord Mayor of London"; Matthew Arnold's "Strayed Reveller"; Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; all the works of the Brontës, the Brownings, Dickens, Thomas Hardy, Leigh Hunt, Richard Jefferies, Douglas Jerrold, Jesse, Charles Lever, Lord Lytton, Capt. Marryat, Shelley (including "Queen Mab"), R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, Tennyson and Thackeray. Among the larger books are a set of Goupil's *Illustrated Historical Monographs* and Gould's "Birds of Great Britain," five volumes, 1873, bound by Zaehnsdorf, the Duke of Buccleuch's original subscription copy. An unusual feature of the sale is a copy of Shakespeare's Works printed on vellum. All the books are in perfect condition.

The following is the dedication of Mrs. Marriott Watson's new book, "The Heart of a Garden":

TO LADY NORTHCLIFFE

Birds in your garden once again—  
(The old-time garden that you love)—  
Wake to the touch of silver rain,  
Sing while the gold sun mounts above.

So runs it still, the ancient tale,  
Through immemorial years foretold—  
The dreaming bride behind the veil,  
The conquering Prince with spurs of gold.

And those that say and those that sing  
 (As thousands dead have said and sung),  
 Do but enregister the spring,  
 But praise that world where all is young,  
 O, many a dream it fades and dies,  
 And many a hope it lives in vain,  
 But never dream of April skies,  
 And never hope of soft spring rain.  
 Then for your ancient pleasaunce' sake,  
 With all its fair sequestered ways,  
 Dear Lady of the Garden, take  
 This book of garden dreams and days.

The Literary Theatre Society, Limited, is a new body formed for the occasional performance of what for want of a better word we must call "literary" plays. The members at present are: Mr. Laurence Binyon, Miss Gwendolen Bishop, Miss Florence Farr, Mr. T. Sturge Moore, Mr. W. A. Pye, Mr. C. S. Ricketts and Mr. C. H. Shannon. The first performance will take place on Sunday, March 25, the play chosen being a somewhat enlarged and altered version of Mr. Sturge Moore's *Aphrodite against Artemis*, with scenery and costumes designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. We hope shortly to publish the terms of subscription and further details: meanwhile application should be made to the secretary of the Literary Theatre Society, Limited, at 20 St. James's Square, Holland Park, W.

On Sunday, February 25, at the New Royalty Theatre, by the courtesy of Mr. Gaston Mayer, the dramatic section of the Dramatic Debaters will produce, under the direction of Mr. Nugent Monck, the following one-act plays: *Miss Vere D'Arsay*, by F. M. Meyer; *The Death of a Soul*, by Robert Kelso; and *Treasure Trove*, by Edith A. Browne. Applications for membership will be received by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. F. D. Bone, 6 Bolingbroke Mansions, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

An open competitive examination for not fewer than twelve situations as assistant examiner in the Patent Office will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in April next. The examination will commence on the 23rd of the month, and forms of application for admission to it are now ready for issue and may be obtained on request addressed by letter to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

Society of Arts: Arrangements for week ending March 3. Monday, February 26, at 8 P.M., Cantor Lectures—"Modern Warships," by Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S. (five lectures). Lecture V.—Recent types of warships, British and foreign—Battleships—Armoured and protected cruisers—Scouts—Torpedo-boats and destroyers—Submarines. Wednesday, February 28, at 8 P.M. Ordinary Meeting: "London Traffic," by Captain G. S. C. Swinton, L.C.C. Sir John Wolfe-Barry, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., will preside.

Physical Society of London. A meeting of the Society will be held at 5 P.M. on Friday, February 23, 1906, at the Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. Agenda: (1) A Note on Talbot's Bands, by Mr. James Walker; (2) Secondary Röntgen Radiation, by Mr. Chas. G. Barkla; (3) Records of the Difference of Potential between Railway Lines, and a suggested Method for the Observation of Earth-Currents and Magnetic Variations, by Messrs. C. W. S. Crawley and F. B. O. Hawes. Council Meeting at 4.45 P.M.

Linnean Society of London. Evening meeting, Thursday, March 1, at 8 P.M., when the following papers will be read: Dr. D. H. Scott, F.R.S., F.L.S., "On a type of Stem from the Coal Measures"; Dr. H. C. Sorby, F.R.S., F.L.S., "Notes on some species of Nereis in the District of the Thames Estuary."

The usual Spring Announcements Supplement to the ACADEMY will be issued with the number of March 10.

## LITERATURE

### RICH AND POOR

*The Great Refusal.* By MAXWELL GRAY. (Long, 6s.)

It would be gross flattery if we were to say that this book is anything like so good as "The Silence of Dean Maitland," an earlier novel by the same writer. It is more garish and flamboyant; and yet there is much in it that deserves more than a passing notice. Evidently the author began with the intention of giving expression to that current of thought in our own time that rebels against the excessive luxury indulged in by some of the richer people. Very likely she would object to the use of the word "some," because, as is the way of social reformers, she makes her indictment sweeping and writes as though all were equally guilty. We can easily fancy that, in laying down the lines of this book, the writer took a careful and detailed survey of the situation. She saw that it was necessary to paint the evils against which the protest was directed. We are, therefore, presented with a lurid picture of the more or less Babylonish society of the twentieth century. The story opens at Oxford University amid athletics and gaiety and the poetry and charm which are combined in that home of "lost causes." Beneath the surface, however, there is already growing in the mind of the young student, Adrian Bassett, a belief that the supreme gift of life was not bestowed for the mere purpose of devoting it to self-gratification. He evidently begins to think even then that there must be a purpose behind it all and that there is some truth in the ancient biblical saying that one day "thy soul shall be required of thee." In other words, when the supreme test comes to be applied, it will not be asked what a man has done to push himself forward or to satisfy his own lusts and desires, but how the world has benefited by his existence. So one of the earliest incidents in this novel shows the hero of it in an act of protest. His moral earnestness, or what some would scathingly call his "yearnerness," sends him to a Settlement in the East End where he is tortured by the spectacle of the brutality and hunger and wretchedness prevalent there. Indeed, he is a little feminine and emotional through all this, and is moved, as the old books say, to the point of tears. He murmurs again and again, in something like the madness of despair: "after two thousand years, after two thousand years." Meantime society is pursuing its usual course in the wealthy quarters of the city. The fascination of Bridge, which seems to be career enough for some women of quality, the excitement of mere gambling, the still greater excitement of strong drink indulged in by some of the fashionable beauties of the day—these are all depicted in glaring colours. The author has, in fact, tried her utmost to reflect the amusements of the wealthy. A caustic reviewer would probably add that it would have been well if she had made herself more familiar with them, as the descriptions, even when they are not absolutely inaccurate, verge closely upon caricature. Polo at Ranelagh is a case in point, though the description of it is not so absolutely fatuous as that of golf at St. Andrews. The writer is evidently under the hallucination that the last drive at the last hole decides the match, for, when it is made, the hero of the moment turns proudly away and walks towards the club-house, while "Who has it?" was echoed on all hands." There is a reference to chess also which shows a profound ignorance of the first elements of the game. When describing a dinner at the Carlton Restaurant and the dresses worn there, the author is much more at home. To a fine nature all this sort of thing is naturally repugnant; and, if it had been well presented, we could easily have understood Adrian's action in refusing the wealth that ought to have been his by inheritance and choosing in preference the hard and difficult life of the unskilled labourer in the East End; but the touch of reality that would have ensured this is absent, and we are compelled to pursue the idea through



ranks of shadowy figures, which the author in vain tries to enwrap with the outward signs of humanity. In fairness, however, it must be said that this criticism applies much more to the earlier chapters of the book than to the end, where the writer's style improves and her grip and handling are more admirable. It is scarcely our business to follow these simulacra and the manœuvres which they are compelled to execute in order to bring about the predestined result, which is the establishment of a Brotherhood in East Africa. It is to be a kind of happy valley of oblivion where "falls not hail, or rain, or any snow," or, in other words, where "the still, sad music of humanity" is not heard, but where life will go on without the pangs and struggles and brutalities that deface it in this old and decadent empire. It is not a great ending to the story, nor is the moral of it as patent as the writer imagines. Adrian Bassett and his fellows must have learned what a Latin author indicated some two thousand years ago. They could change their land but not the human heart. That they carry with them, and the reader in the end feels that the hero's dream is all moonshine and his hopes a fallacy; that away in that colony he is going to found, rage and passion and licence will break out, just as they did at home. It would have been a manlier part to face the music and try to the utmost to do what could be done to remedy some of the flagrant evils of which there is so keen a consciousness.

But the author fails chiefly because she has not defined exactly what she would be at. In regard to the condition of the poor, her hero is an ignoramus. He knows nothing of that achievement in the past of which, in Tennysonian language, we may say that that which they have done is but earnest of the things that they shall do. Amid the clamour raised by the social reformers of to-day we must not allow it to be forgotten that labour during the last half-century has made a mighty advance. It is better housed, better fed, better clothed and better educated than it was in the old time. The generation of Englishmen of to-day is the healthiest and the strongest that ever existed, and the brutality which was common a hundred years ago is now a far rarer occurrence. Take such an offence as wife-beating, for instance. We know that it used to be quite usual, and nobody was alarmed at it; whereas to-day a man found guilty of it would not only be punished at law, but would be branded by public opinion. This is a great advance to have made; and, far from deterring the young enthusiast, it might have given him hope of greater achievements in the time to come. For the luxury for which he has a great distaste, it is not easy to say anything apologetic, and the author would have scored much more effectually if she had confined herself to this theme. No doubt, as is pointed out in the book, the American millionaire is a good deal to blame. He it was who started giving those luxurious banquets which previously, if not unknown, had at least been very uncommon in English society. He was followed by the self-made *nouveau riche*, and the latter, from the very nature of the case, is bound to have friends at both ends of the social scale, so that the influence swept downward till the honest and homely dinner of our ancestors has too often become a luxurious feast. This is not an argument in favour of the simple life. There is a certain want of candour on the part of those who are continually declaiming against the taste for fine things. As a matter of fact, if we speak plainly, most of us have a hearty enjoyment of them. In themselves they are not evil, and if the man who has his hard work to do in this world finds that they yield him rest and refreshment and recreation, they are justified so far as he is concerned. It is not against those who work however, that this sermon should be directed, but against those with whom the be-all and end-all of existence is luxury and amusement. The author should have concentrated her attention there; but in no circumstances would a novel written so unashamedly with a purpose "be worth dignifying with the name of art."

## DEMOSTHENES

*Demosthenes against Midias.* By WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, Ph.D., Hon. LL.D. and D.C.L. (Cambridge University Press, 9s.)

THE speech against Midias is interesting in many ways. It gives us some insight (like most of the private orations) into the social life of an Athenian citizen of the Demosthenic age. We learn how a wealthy citizen of Athens could make such large use of his influence as to enable him to pass furtive remarks to the jury while they were being sworn, and to block the passage of the chorus from their dressing-room through the proscenium to the orchestra, to both of which vexatious acts Midias resorted in his eagerness to insult and injure Demosthenes. We read with satisfaction that when the same pretentious plutocrat arrived in Euboea, where he was to serve as a cavalry officer, riding on a saddle with silver trappings, and furnished with many woollen cloaks, drinking-cups and wine jars, the customs officers seized these articles as not being a natural part of a cavalry officer's equipment. The speech, moreover, is full of interesting points in Attic procedure, and is the only extant argument in a case of *προβολή*, which was a preliminary appeal to the public Assembly, who could not try or punish the offender themselves, but could advise his dismissal or pass him on for trial by a regularly constituted court of law, just as our Grand Jury can find, or not find, a true bill against a person brought before it. The Ecclesia found a true bill against Midias for an assault on Demosthenes when officiating as choregus in the theatre of Dionysus at the great Dionysiac festival. The extant speech, like that brilliant *ignoratio elenchi*, the *pro Milone* of Cicero, was never delivered, Demosthenes having dropped the prosecution in consideration of a sum of thirty minae (three thousand drachmae, a little more than one hundred and twenty pounds sterling) paid to him by the wealthy Midias. This introduces the third and highest source of interest in the speech, as constituting valuable evidence in the question of the moral and political character of Demosthenes.

Plutarch made a hero of Demosthenes, as he did of Brutus in Roman history, and it is only in quite recent times that the high reputation of either has been impugned. Dr. Goodwin is on the side of Plutarch. Touching the bribe he writes :

There were other influences at that time which were stronger in the mind of Demosthenes than the fear of a defeat in his lawsuit. The year 349 B.C. in which the suit was dropped was an eventful period in the early public life of Demosthenes. His ambition was then set on far higher matters than avenging his private wrongs. He had recently delivered the first Philippic and the Olynthiacs were already in his mind, while the threatening movements of Philip in the North were doubtless of far greater concern to him than the assault of Midias. A defeat would have been a heavy blow to his private hopes, and even a victory would have left behind it animosities which might have seriously endangered his political success. His first and greatest struggle was to unite the people of Athens at once in opposition to Philip, and he could not afford to alienate any men of influence at this critical moment.

This is, of course, a pleasing and generous view, but it has not commended itself to the majority of German historians, and we must not forget that the Athenian State regarded the act of Demosthenes as we do misprision of felony, though the consequences in Athens were far less serious, being a trifling fine of a thousand drachmae which was not always exacted.

The amazing force of his greatest public speeches, those on *The Crown* and the *Paraprosbeia*, the *Olynthiacs* and the *Philippics*, and his unrivalled power of clear narrative must not blind us to the fact that he is often sophistical and sometimes self-contradictory. "Every great statesman must be both idealist and realist" observes a modern historian of Greece, Dr. Adolf Holms, "but Demosthenes is so within the limits of a single speech." In a Philippic oration (ii. 13) he acknowledges the right of Sparta to Messene in the year B.C. 344; in the same context he contests the right of Thebes to Orchomenos; in B.C. 338 he gives it and all Boeotia to Thebes. In

*Parapresbeia* § 78, when it is urged that the Phocians are ruined but Athens has retained the Chersonese, he exclaims: "do not for Heaven's sake let it be said that to protect your own possessions you sacrificed the interests of your allies." In § 79 he says: "you have never hurt even Lacedaemon nor the cursed Euboea, *except when the interests of Athens demanded it*." In *De Corona* § 199, he declares that Athens would have taken the field against Philip on behalf of Greece even though she knew that she was destined to succumb; in § 301 he boasts of the policy of making Euboea and Boeotia buffers (*προβάλλεσθαι*) for Athens. What would have been the result if he had propounded this view to Thebes when he sought to enlist her against Philip? In 352-350 Demosthenes spoke for Phormio against Apollodorus and for Apollodorus against Stephanus, one of Phormio's witnesses; hence defenders of Demosthenes insist that the speech against Stephanus is spurious, and certainly if it is genuine there is some ground for the sneer of the enemies of Demosthenes recorded by Plutarch. In allusion to his father's business as a sword-maker, they said that the orator supplied daggers to both combatants from the same warehouse. Professor Blass defends the action of Demosthenes in defending Apollodorus as a return for the latter's kindness in introducing a motion for the better administration of the Theoric Fund in place of Demosthenes, who feared a *γραφὴ παρανόμων*, or public impeachment for an unconstitutional act. If so, Apollodorus would be like an editor who should take on himself the consequences of a libel uttered by a contributor; but can we believe that an important public motion would be entrusted by Demosthenes to the son of the ruined money-changer Pasion? After all, Demosthenes was a *logographos* and he could not pick and choose among his briefs. Demosthenes branded as a perjurer in the *contra Stephanum* the same man whom he invoked as a witness in the *contra Apollodorum*; but it was all in the way of business and could probably be paralleled in our own courts. Contrast Cicero's view of Rome's duty to the provinces put forth in the *Verrines* with that urged in the *pro Fonteio*.

The Demosthenic epoch was one in which second-class Greek states began to assert themselves. The Thebans and Thessalians managed to get the control of the Amphictyonic Council and to induce them to impose on the Phocians a heavy fine. Athens helped Phocis by sending a fleet to the neighbourhood of Thermopylae, which prevented the Thessalians from invading Phocis. It was a success of Phocis against Thessaly which first brought Philip to interfere in the affairs of Greece at the instance of the Aleuadae, the great noble family of Thessaly. Philip defeated Onomarchus, captured Pagasae and pushed on to Thermopylae. It was then (B.C. 352) that the Athenian fleet under Eubulus checked Philip and postponed for some six years his conquest of Greece. The year before this Megalopolis asked Athens for aid against Sparta, which was eager to destroy the new city that was the sign and head of the Arcadian confederation. Demosthenes advised Athens to comply—his first appearance in a case involving an important political question. Demosthenes laid down as the condition of Athenian support of Megalopolis the latter's abandonment of Thebes, his main political principle being that both Sparta and Thebes must be kept in a weak state. But such a policy is sound only when no enemy threatens Greece from without. The mistake of Demosthenes was that he encouraged Athens to think that she could still be arbitress of Hellas, and offended Sparta so much that she would not make common cause against Philip. Moreover, as we have observed above, Demosthenes changed his mind on this very question in the second Philippic. It is not true that Hellas was threatened with servitude by Philip, who, however, certainly had Hegemony in view. The policy of Demosthenes resulted in the exploitation of Hellas by Persia. The Macedonian rule had no influence in broadening the narrow and petty life of the Greek States. A voluntary alliance with Mace-

donia would have had a salutary effect. If the Greeks had honestly thrown in their lot with Philip and Alexander in the spirit of Isocrates, they would have reaped the advantage of the conquest of Asia without the evils which Macedonian rule entailed: for in that case there would have been no occasion for Macedonian garrisons in Greek territory. The election of Philip before Chaeronea as commander-in-chief of Hellas against Persia would have secured Greek independence. Demosthenes deceived Athens in two ways: he absurdly underrated the military capacity of Philip, and he persuaded Athens that Philip desired to destroy her utterly (*δῶς ἀνελεῖν*). Had Philip been defeated at Chaeronea, the Greek republics would have continued hiring out their generals and soldiers to Persia, instead of confronting her in the field.

Though there is perhaps nowhere in Demosthenes such a splendid piece of pure eloquence as the speech of Pericles over the earliest victims of the Peloponnesian war in the second book of Thucydides, his earnestness is unsurpassed, and he is never diffuse. When Demosthenes called Phocion the *κοπὴς* of his periods he did not mean "pruner," as the phrase is usually translated. There is in Demosthenes no redundancy to prune. He meant by the term the sound, sincere, unadorned common sense of Phocion, which he likens to a cleaver or kitchen knife, which was more effective against his passionate appeals to the Athenian mob than the rapier-play of those who practised rhetoric and dialectic like his own. A mis-translation of an expression in Plutarch has fathered on Demosthenes an absurd observation which he never would have made. The story is that Demosthenes, being asked the three chief requisites of oratory, replied: "Action, action, action." This has been understood to mean gesture, and thus oratory is confounded with a graceful though not essential appanage of it. What he said was "acting" (*ὑπόκρισις* is Plutarch's word), the art of the actor, who assumes the emotions which he wishes to excite, obeying the Horatian rule:

*Si vis me flere dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi.*

It is superfluous to add that the scholarship of the notes, both critical and explanatory, is of the first order. The Appendix is full of learned and lucid explanation of Attic procedure. Whoever enjoys a nice piece of grammatical analysis should read Appendix vii., "On certain supposed Cases of the Nominative with the Infinitive."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## THE LITERATURE OF IRELAND

*Heroic Romances of Ireland*. Translated by A. H. LEAHY.  
(Nutt, vol. i. 5s. net; vol. ii. 3s. net.)

In the collection of *Heroic Romances* before us—the second and third volumes of the Irish Saga Library—Mr. Leahy has given to English readers some of the oldest romances, in literary forms which seem to him to correspond to the literary forms of the Irish; and so far as the actual rendering is concerned, we have nothing but praise for his industry and his scholarship. His translation is almost always faithful, his style is clear and free from affectation, and he has succeeded admirably in preserving the effect of the original versions. The first volume contains five stories, all of which are in the customary form of prose and verse. It has been argued by some that the prose, by others that the verse was the original form, but we need not stop to discuss the many theories which have been advanced to account for this blending, which makes its appearance in all old Irish legends. The verses occur at the points needing particular emphasis, and we think there is little doubt that the stories were told in simple, direct prose, the verses being added to arouse in the listeners the instincts of patriotism and so on. Many translations of the romances (e.g., Miss Faraday's translation of the *Leabhar na h-Uidhri* version of the Great Tain) omit

the rhetoric—exhortations, challenges, and songs of triumph—entirely, with a result similar, as Mr. Leahy remarks, to that which would be produced by the omission of all the choruses from a Greek tragedy. In the whole of the present collection there are not more than a score of rhetorical passages, but these, as well as the regular verse, Mr. Leahy has rendered with a fidelity which, in view of the difficulty which former translators have experienced, it would be hard to praise too highly.

Of the five stories in vol. i., two versions are given of the first, "The Courtship of Etain," one from the Egerton manuscript, 1782, the other from the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, the oldest Irish manuscript of romance. There are other authorities: the Yellow Book of Lecan, the Book of Leinster, and references in different copies of the "Dindshenchas" under Rath Esa, Rath Croghan, and Bri Leith; but they add little to the two versions here printed, and we think Mr. Leahy chose wisely. True, the Leabhar na h-Uidhri version is imperfect, but the translator has filled in the three gaps, and, though he has been unable to complete the description of the chess match, the ending of the tale—based on a passage in O'Curry's "Manners and Customs" in reference to a hitherto untranslated manuscript source, and on the "Dindshenchas" of Rath Esa—is adequate. The Egerton version is undoubtedly superior from a literary standpoint: it is more human, and the supernatural element is subordinate. In the Leabhar na h-Uidhri version the human interest is subordinated to the supernatural: the love interest is hurried over, while the scene in fairyland with which the story opens, and the ending, where Mider again appears, are dwelt on in a prose which is often touched by poetic imagery. So unequal is it that one is forced to the conclusion that the central part was inserted by the compiler of the manuscript, who may, as Mr. Leahy suggests, have pieced together two romances founded on the same legend by different authors, as he undoubtedly did in the "Sick-bed of Cuchulain." It is not, indeed, improbable that he condensed the version now known as the Egerton; but the poem which describes Mider's invitation to Etain makes the Leabhar na h-Uidhri rendering of the story a valuable addition to Irish literature. Mr. Leahy might, we think, have corrected an obvious mistake in the Egerton manuscript (vol. i. p. 17 of the present collection), where "Eochu Fedlech" appears instead of Eochaid Airemm.

The second story, "Mac Dathó's Boar," is from the Book of Leinster, and Mr. Leahy has inserted two verses from the Rawlinson manuscript. The third, "The Sick-bed of Cuchulain," is preserved in the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, and in a fifteenth-century manuscript in Trinity College. Mr. Leahy has translated the older version, transcribed from the lost Yellow Book of Slane by Maelmuiri mac Ceileachair in the eleventh century. It is obvious that the compiler of the Yellow Book had two very different forms of the story to draw upon, and combined them in the version transcribed into the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, with the result that we have endless repetitions, and one paragraph frequently contradicts another. Instead of selecting the better form of each incident and making a continuous whole, Mr. Leahy has translated the manuscript as it stands, and the story, as a story, is unreadable. He has, we notice, omitted the account of the election of Lugaid and the exhortation of Cuchulain to the new king: we fail to see why he did not continue his excision. The idea of giving the Leinster version of the fourth story, "The Exile of the Sons of Usnach," and following it by two snippets from the Glenn Masain manuscript of the same tale for purposes of comparison is hardly to be commended in a series which purports to consist purely of translations of particular versions of heroic romances.

In "The Combat at the Ford," an episode of the Cattle Spoil of Cualnge, Mr. Leahy is at his best. The Leabhar na h-Uidhri and Yellow Book of Lecan manuscripts betray signs of the same attempt to weld together several versions of the tale which is perceptible in the "Sick-bed of Cuchulain," and the translator has done well to select the Book

of Leinster version. The combat between Cuchulain and Ferdia at the ford was the chief incident of the foray of Queen Medb, and is perhaps the best known of the heroic romances which Mr. Leahy has collected. His reference to that part of Aubrey de Vere's "Foray of Queen Meave" which deals with Cuchulain's prowess takes us back to a delightful poem and suggests the question whether, after all, Mr. Leahy's scholarship has not been wasted. He has translated all the romances in the first book literally, and his translations will attract few beyond a limited number of Irish scholars. A free translation would have enabled him to correct many errors and conflicting statements, and the stories would have been read for their interest as stories. Fine though his rendering of the speeches of Ferdia and Cuchulain and the battle between the two friends is, he never reaches the heights of many descriptive passages in de Vere's account. There is nothing so good even as the reference to the bursting from every wound of

the life-blood of a heart athirst  
For victory or for death,

or the picture of Cuchulain after the fray.

In the second volume—consisting of five of the lesser tains which were probably recited immediately before the Great Tain, the central story of the Irish Heroic age—Mr. Leahy has adopted a different course from that followed in the first. Miss Hull gives, in her "Cuchullin Saga," fourteen of these lesser tains, eleven of which are preserved: the Tain bo Aingen, Dartada, Flidais, Fraich, Munad, Regamon, Regamna, Ros, Ruanadh, Sailin, and Erc. Only five—the Tain bo Fraich, Dartada, Regamon, Flidais and Regamna—have been edited, and Mr. Leahy gives them all, re-naming them, for no apparent reason, respectively: The Tain bo Fraich, The Raid for Dartada's Cattle, The Raid for the Cattle of Regamon, the Driving of the Cattle of Flidais, and the Apparition of the Great Queen to Cuchulain. The last four are expressly named as *remscéla*, or preludes, to the story of the great war of Cualnge, and, being designed for rapid recitation, do not, thinks Mr. Leahy, lend themselves to translation into English prose. He has, therefore, rendered them in verse, giving on opposite pages the literal translation; but whilst we admit that his second plan is more pleasing than the first, it is contrary to the aim of the series, and to our thinking robs the Irish Saga Library of the value it might have possessed for scholars. It involves departures from the text as marked as:

Then they played: sweet and sad was the playing,  
Twelve of Ailill's men died, as they heard;  
It was Boand who foretold them that slaying,  
And right well was accomplished her word;

for

They play for them then so that twelve of the people of Ailill and Medb die with weeping and sadness.

Poor though Mr. Leahy's verse introduction is, he shows himself a poet in this second volume, and he would have done well to translate all the tales as he has the *remscéla*. Our quarrel is not with his scholarship, but with his inconsistency.

### THREE DORSET SAILORS

*The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar*: Thomas Masterman Hardy, Charles Bullen, Henry Digby. By A. M. BROADLEY and R. G. BARTELOT. (Murray, 15s. net.)

There were three sailors of Dorset county,  
At Traffygar they fought these three;  
There was Digby of the *Africa*, and *Britannia's* Buller,  
And Hardy, who commanded Nelson's *Victoriee*.

THUS a local bard has celebrated in deathless doggerel the memorable fact, and now two other Dorset men have combined to pay literary homage to the memory of these Dorsetshire heroes. In the British fleet on that day



there must have been many men from Dorset, but among these none more famous than Thomas Masterman Hardy, the flag-captain of the *Victory*, the well beloved of the great Admiral; Bullen, who was flag-captain to Lord Northesk; and Digby, the most fortunate of all the fortunate frigate captains of those spacious times. Of this trio, Bullen and Digby do not, indeed, fill a large place in our naval annals. Nor do their respective biographical sketches occupy more than a small but an adequate portion of this book. Both of these officers had seen plenty of service before Trafalgar, and in their ways are characteristic specimens of the naval man of the period. Bullen, whose family is as good as any in Dorset, lived to be a G.C.B., and an Admiral of the Blue in the reign of Queen Victoria. At the battle of Trafalgar he took the *Britannia* into action in his own way, engaging three of the enemy's ships, and afterwards brought home three prizes, received the king's gold medal, and as prize-money more than £3000. It is not generally known that Bullen was a skilled draughtsman, and that some of his sketches are still in existence, although all his letters seems to have disappeared. Digby was a gallant sailor, who not only exhibited his pluck on many occasions, as well as in that crowning victory, where the *Africa* played so brilliant a part, but will be remembered for ever as one of the most remarkable prize-winners of the period. In October 1799, when captain of the *Alcmene* and in company with three other frigates, he had the good fortune to capture two Spanish vessels on their way home from Vera Cruz. These vessels were carrying three million dollars, besides valuable merchandise, and the prize-money of each of the English captains amounted to more than £40,730. This was not the only good fortune that fell to the brilliant young officer, who before he was five and thirty years of age appears to have added to his bank balance many more thousand pounds. He was commander-in-chief at the Nore when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and lived for several years after that.

It is, however, with Hardy, Nelson's closest friend, the most interesting and attractive personality among those who were associated with the immortal hero in his last and greatest triumph, that this book is chiefly concerned. The entertaining story of his life as told by his own letters has become accessible through the recent discovery of those documents, and we have now for the first time a biography worthy of the man. It is strange indeed how little has hitherto been known of the life of the captain of the *Victory*, the one man among all Nelson's professional associates with whom he was most intimate. It is an interesting, a delightful story which Messrs. Broadley and Bartelot have to tell. It not only brings out most clearly the kind and manly personality of the Dorset seaman, but it throws much greatly needed light upon the social side of naval history during the first half or more of the century which has just passed. Hardy was not, indeed, a great letter-writer, but there is that in this correspondence which enables us to understand and appreciate the affectionate friendship which existed between Nelson and his captain, while it reveals Hardy's independence of character, the largeness of his heart, and the strong ties which linked him with his native county. These letters present an interesting picture of town and county society at the period in which they were written, while the value of the book and its entertaining character have been largely augmented by the topographical notes and much delightful gossip which the writers have interwoven with the biography itself.

There is very much more in the volume than the Hardy letters. From these we get an idea of the invaluable services which the captain of the *Victory* rendered to the country during a career extending over nearly sixty years, but the writers have extended their sources of information and have been able to clear up such doubtful matters as the places of his birth and baptism, and to add much that possesses an interest quite apart from the more important subject of their labours. They have discovered the "Remark book" of Richard Francis Roberts, one of

Hardy's midshipmen on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, and they have also been able to compile a complete and accurate muster-roll of the *Victory* on October 21, 1805. Among many other curious items too, which they have unearthed, is a manuscript copy, words and music, of the song of the "Loyal volunteers of Burton Bradstock" written on a folio sheet of paper bearing the watermark 1801, which from its discovery among the papers of a midshipman of the *Victory* appears to have been a favourite with the sons of Dorset, whether they were serving the king on the land or on the ocean. The first verse and the chorus of this old-world martial song run thus:

Come my lads of courage true,  
Ripe for martial glory,  
See the standard waves for you,  
And leads the way before ye. . . .

Lives are lent for Laws and King,  
When that they may need 'em,  
Let us, then, in chorus sing,  
Give us death or freedom.

The volume is attractively produced, and its interest is not a little increased by the admirable portraits, pictures, and facsimiles it contains.

### THE HAPPY GARDEN-STATE

*The Heart of a Garden.* By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.  
(The De la More Press, 7s 6d. net.)

OF the many books breathing a love of flowers and the woodland not the least readable is Mrs. Marriott Watson's "Heart of a Garden." It has this commendable characteristic—the writer really does know something of flowers and their ways, and has certainly the gift of singing sweetly of even the most prosaic friends of the border and parterre. And how welcome this knowledge is in these days of trashy gardening books, when to recognise a pæony as a pæony a foot away, or a cowslip in the mead, is sufficient excuse for perpetrating execrable prose and vaunting ill-concealed ignorance! The descriptions of the seasons are faithful and happily expressed, and we are quite in accord with the writer in her opinion of the Star Narcissi now spearing through the grass:

Every succeeding spring makes the heart grow fonder of them, and every autumn one buys more. Apart from their frail and dream-like loveliness and their infinite variety—and I could not, for the life of me, say which kind I should choose if choice were narrowed down—they have other most admirable virtues. You may buy them mixed and not "to name," and still fare every jot as well as though you had searched the florist's price-list with all the diligence in the world: and, thus purchased, their price—which is decoratively speaking far above rubies—condescends with a rare graciousness to even the shallowest purse. Then, again, where the year before last you found, say, two or three starry blossoms, this year a whole constellation shines from the grateful grass. They have the charming habit, so rare in things desirable, of free and bounteous increase. My gardener, naturally, views them with approval so grudging as to neighbour closely on contempt.

But the Star Narcissi, although increasing abundantly in cool loamy meadows, are very refractory in lighter upland soils, where they condescend to flower well once, then fitfully, and in three years fade away.

We have contended for years that the great flower of the early summer is the tulip, which opens its chalice of crimson and gold to the sun when the last of the Star Narcissi have gleamed in mead and orchard, and rejoice that they are the pride of the author's heart. It is to be hoped that the indifference of the average gardener to their wonderful beauty of form and colour will give place to a greater appreciation of their worth in linking late spring with early summer. As the author points out:

It is but rarely that one finds them in the average garden; and yet one would think that their tall and graceful stature, their infinite and rare variety of hue, together with their genius for multiplying, should combine to give the entire May-flowering group a large and ibera space in the flower-grower's affection and borders to boot.



Scattered throughout the pages are many pretty verses and the following are very happy lines :

Poised on the summit of the deodar  
A song-thrush sings, this mid-winter day ;  
Sings of the Spring, although the Spring is far  
And far away.

So, too, are these :

You may remember how the skies were dim  
And all the air was full of floating shadows,  
Tall pine-trees stood upon the broad hill's rim  
And deep woods loomed beyond the water-meadows.

The book shows most careful preparation for press. Technical words have been naturally avoided as much as possible, but where they are used the spelling is commendably accurate. A little slip occurs on p. 110, where the name of the Pear Beurre Bosc appears as Busc. Unfortunately, we have not the same good opinion of the illustrations as of the text. They add nothing to the charm of the volume and are for the most part quite commonplace, especially "Sun and Shade" facing p. 106, and a "Bed of Tulips" facing p. 41. The author has dedicated the book to Lady Northcliffe in a prettily conceived fancy. We hope "The Heart of the Garden" will be read and re-read not only by the lover of garden literature, but for the very practical thoughts and suggestions it contains.

#### SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY

*The Letters of Warren Hastings to His Wife.* Introduced and annotated by SYDNEY C. GRIER. (Blackwood, 15s. net.)

Too much sympathy is bad for a man when he is alive and for his memory when he is dead; but to a hero-worshipper (and if ever there was one it is "Sydney C. Grier") this fact has no significance. All will agree that charges of corruption have been brought by no more incongruous trio than Burke, Fox and Sheridan, but it will not be so readily conceded that Macaulay was "in reality defending Burke" when he attacked Hastings. A "journalist in a hurry" is, after all, on a higher plane than a ruined gambler like Fox: his libel was not so gross as that on British officers from the pen of Burke in the *Annual Register*: at any rate, he acted up to his doctrines, and did not, like Sheridan, cajole his washerwoman into lending him a guinea while he raved in golden eloquence about the spoliation of Indian princesses. Even antipathy, the suppression of facts, the magnifying of petty incidents, and the other offences of Macaulay are excusable when his *doctrinaire* standpoint is understood. Sydney C. Grier is on the other side. Her introduction and notes, a mine of information, help to make out a good case for her hero, and she takes care that there shall be no reverse to the picture which she paints.

The letters themselves were written in 1780, 1781, 1784-85, and it may as well be said at once that they are for the most part wonderfully dull. In stilted phraseology, full of detail which has no interest at the present time, and of moralising which can never have had any, the letters show Hastings to have been a loving husband and an indifferent writer. Macaulay thought that they were tender but a little too ceremonious, and suggests that they remind one of Sir Charles Grandison bowing over Miss Byron's hand in the cedar parlour; but he owned that they were very characteristic. It would be easy to find letters more illustrative of a man's character than these, but in this case the letters do light up the character of a strange man in giving evidence of the tenacity with which he carried on the curious and protracted love-affair which ended only with his long life. The tenacity displayed in that love-affair was shown also in all that Hastings did; when a bold dreamer has a determined will and a superhuman power of organisation the result of his labours is sure to be remarkable. Then arises the question of the means justifying the ends in national, if not in per-

sonal morals. Our author does well to avoid so thorny a question, for, woman like, she shows more than once how illogical she can be. Macaulay thought Hastings fairly entitled to the benefit of the distinction between crimes which originate in an inordinate zeal for the commonwealth and crimes which originate in selfish cupidity; but the acquittal of Hastings does not settle the question of morals, as must have been felt by those who accepted the benefits but disliked the ways of his "too masterly activity." Sydney C. Grier, in her wrath with the offending Macaulay, would like to forget that Hastings achieved success by methods not always within the letter of the law. His action towards Cheyt Singh shows that his idea of the British rule in India was not the same as that recently expounded by Lord Curzon in his farewell speech. Hastings did not recognise that an English Government in Asia cannot be administered on the Asiatic system. To say so much is by no means to agree with the great quartette of accusers, as the editor of this book appears to think. The most unprejudiced of biographers of Hastings says that he "was undoubtedly cast in the type, so constantly recurrent in political history, of the sons of Zeruiah, and he very nearly earned their historical reward." Macaulay wrote that his principles were somewhat lax, deficient in the two great elements of all social virtue—respect for the rights of others and sympathy for the sufferings of others, but then Macaulay considered that Gladstone's "The State in its relations with the Church" would be a "capital shrove-tide cock to throw at," and dearly loved to abuse a bad book like the Army Chaplain's life of Hastings. There is a wide gap between Macaulay's estimate of Hastings and Sir Alfred Lyall's, but we doubt whether it is so great as the difference between the latter's measured judgment and the adulation bestowed upon her hero, as well by what she has published as by what she has left unsaid, by Sydney C. Grier.

#### THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE

THE long-protracted strife between the legions of Science, Philosophy and Religion shows no sign of abatement: though one at least of the contending factions is fighting with obsolete weapons and under generals who lack the training necessary to ensure even a moderate hope of final victory, even though, from time to time, succour is brought by recruits from the opposing forces.

The warfare to-day, as in the past, is largely kept alive by border raids. After every swoop the marauders return convinced that they have discovered the dispositions and weak places of the enemy, wherein breaches may be made in future.

Nor is there complete harmony within the different camps. Among the scientific combatants, for example, bickerings not seldom arise between those who fight under the banner of biology, and those who bear arms under the banners of physics and chemistry, though all three at times may join in common cause against the remaining factions.

Some years ago Professor Haeckel, a warrior of great and deserved renown in the biological camp, made, single-handed, bold sallies into the domains of the philosophers on the one side, and the religionists on the other, and returning in triumph, and much pleased with his exploits, wrote a book thereon—at the wisdom thereof many cavil. Hard words have followed him from the camp of the faithful because he sought to restore in their midst a temple which they had condemned as being unsafe, while from among his own people he has earned censure on account of his love of the ornamental and his wanderings from home, whereby he has caused himself to fall behind the times, offering us for new the things of yesterday. The latest of his assailants is a David from the ranks of the physicists, who steps forth to champion the cause of the faithful and the philosophers. He is by way of being something of both himself, but a physicist first.

This champion is Professor Sir Oliver Lodge, who enters the tilt-yard, not in his own armour, and with borrowed weapons. He commences his onslaught by crossing the frontier into the territory of the philosophers, and with the assumed air of a native thereof proceeds to harangue those of the scientific camp in general and the biological legions in particular. Those who will may read his speech at length ("Life and Matter," Williams and Norgate, 2s. 6d. net), but herewith we give a summary of his contentions.

He is good enough to admit that it is permissible for a man of science occasionally to look over into the philosophic region and survey the territory on that side also—"so far as his means permit." "And if philosophers object to this procedure it must be because they have found by experience that men of science who have once transcended or transgressed the boundary are apt to lose all sense of reasonable constraint, and to disport themselves as if they had at length escaped into a region free from scientific trammels—a region where confident assertions might be freely made, where speculative hypothesis might rank as theory, and where verification was both unnecessary and impossible."

He then proceeds to name Professor Haeckel as "the most striking instance of a scientific man who on entering philosophic territory has exhibited signs of exhilaration and emancipation." The accusing witness is, of course, Professor Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe." This work is of so dangerous a character in Sir Oliver's opinion that he has gone to the trouble of providing an antidote.

With such a task we confess we have some sympathy. There is a blatancy about the "Riddle" that is irritating, a one-sidedness that is misleading; while the tone of the argument against Christianity is offensive. That the attitude of the theologians towards Science has in the past been one of ignorant prejudice and intolerance is only too painfully evident, and, though by force of circumstances the spirit of intolerance is now less obvious, a covert hostility is no less traceable; while on occasions a note of authority is sounded for which no warranty can be found. Yet this can be no excuse for criticism and comment such as that levelled by Professor Haeckel. The man of Science, it seems to us, may deem honour satisfied and his duty to the thinking public done, if he carries the war into the enemy's country no further than is sufficient to demolish the arguments directly intended to harass him. Meanwhile the theologian might be better employed than in endeavouring to fight the scientists with weapons which, so far, he has shown but little ability to wield.

We should have felt more sympathy with Sir Oliver Lodge in his task if he had been a little less patronising, a little less arrogant, and a little less wild in his own speculations. In offering his book as an antidote he has, to our thinking, only substituted another and more subtle form of mental poison; inasmuch as, though he has not, in so many words, bidden his readers to seek a key to the mysteries of life and what may be beyond, through the divinations of the witch of Endor, he has come somewhere very near to this, as we shall show presently.

The author's knowledge of biology is superficial, notoriously so, and his views on the question of vitalism are not those which find currency among biologists, though they are by no means so universally wedded to the physico-chemical theory of the origin of life as he would seem to suppose.

The use of the word "life" in this book cannot be too strongly condemned. For him "the narrowest of its legitimate meanings" is "limited to certain metabolic processes in protoplasm." For these processes he would substitute the term "vitality," while "life" is to denominate something apart from matter. "It is neither matter nor energy, nor even a function of matter or of energy, but is something belonging to a different category." He conceives it possible that "life has an existence apart from its material manifestations as we know them at present." And these vague guesses he supports by fanciful illustrations.

The countenance which the author has given to the so-

called phenomena of spiritualism is notorious; and in this book his tender regard for these very shady shades is manifest in more places than one. Thus he asserts: "I would not too blatantly [we like the qualification "*too* blatantly"] assert that even a doll on which much affection had been lavished was wholly inert and immaterial in the inorganic sense."

I have reason [he continues] to believe that a trace of individuality can cling about terrestrial objects in a vague and almost imperceptible fashion, but to a degree sufficient to enable these traces to be detected by persons with suitable faculties. . . . There are grades of incarnation. Some of the personality of an Old Master is locked up in a painting: and whoever wilfully destroys a great picture is guilty of something akin to murder, namely, the premature and violent separation of soul and body [!]

With such stuff as this Sir Oliver Lodge hopes to counteract the materialism of Professor Haeckel!

In places Sir Oliver Lodge puzzles us: as when he speaks of portions of Haeckel's book which "are unhappily accompanied by over-confident negatives and supercilious denials of *facts* [*italics ours*] at present outside the range of orthodox science." Surely to contend that any *facts* are outside the range of Science—orthodox or otherwise—is to put Science in a strait-jacket. This attitude is rather hard on Haeckel. Sir Oliver would have him warned off the philosophical territory, and then proceeds to hamper him further in what he seems to regard as his legitimate rôle as a man of Science, by declaring certain of his counters to belong to another system of coinage. He tells us in one breath that the man of Science should confine himself to facts, and then proceeds to qualify this by fencing off some facts as beyond his sphere.

But Professor Haeckel has at least one champion! For some time past he has been disturbing our quiet with the cry: "Haeckel is great, and Mr. McCabe is his prophet!" He hastens forward, filled with consternation, to warn all whom it may concern against Sir Oliver Lodge's antidote, offering as a talisman a little work labelled "The Origin of Life" (Watts and Co., 6d.), which contains a defence of Haeckel and all his works.

In controversy Mr. McCabe shows some skill, but his knowledge of biology is evidently derived entirely at second-hand, and from his master, Haeckel, for whom he evinces a quite hysterical devotion. Thus, then, though he discusses the origin of life and many other biological problems, it is not surprising that his speculations are crude and of no value. He is a little "previous" in his reference to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer as "unfortunately since dead," and he is also aggressively dogmatic. "The first living things," he tells us, "*were, of course* [*italics ours*], of a purely vegetal character." Yet we find Dr. Ray Lankester making exactly the opposite statement, though less dogmatically.

We cannot feel that Mr. McCabe has either greatly helped the one or materially injured the other of the two scientists who form the subject of his book.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

## IN THE VAL D'ARNO

A RHYTHM of song is in the breeze;  
Out comes the Moon, and at her side,  
Upon a shadowy floor and wide  
I watch the dancing of the trees:  
Slowly they move, all hand in hand,  
Young maples, virgin mulberries;  
The shadows flow about their knees  
Obedient to the song's command:  
Were ever dancers fair as these  
Under the moonlight, garlanded  
From hill to hill together, led  
By the dim music of the breeze?

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## THE ENDINGS OF POEMS

SOMETIMES on a rainy day in the country it has been an amusement to me, when imprisoned in the library, to consider the endings of the most familiar poems and compare one with another. One result of this has been to show that a great man, like a woman, seldom knows when to stop, and it is curious that the most artistic of poets are no better than the rest. Even Tennyson erred in the way of carelessness and of going on after he ought to have finished. An apt illustration of this will be found in the poem addressed to Edward FitzGerald. It will be remembered that "old Fitz" died before receiving it, and Tennyson adds a postscript beginning with those beautiful lines, the first of which is an echo of the last line of "Tiresias," the original poem sent to FitzGerald with the letter in rhyme :

"One height and one far-shining fire"  
And while I fancied that my friend  
For this brief idyll would require  
A less diffuse and opulent end,  
And would defend his judgment well,  
If I should deem it over nice—  
The tolling of his funeral bell  
Broke on my Pagan Paradise,  
And mixt the dream of classic times  
And all the phantoms of the dream,  
With present grief, and made the rhymes,  
That miss'd his living welcome, seem  
Like would-be guests an hour too late,  
Who down the highway moving on  
With easy laughter find the gate  
Is bolted, and the master gone.

What an exquisite ending this would have been had the poet made up his mind to stop there; but, alas! tempted by some desultory demon he goes on with a considerable number of lines which never rise above mediocrity, and the fine simile which we have quoted lies buried among sand. Nor was this an exceptional case. Even in the greatest of all his idylls, "The Passing of Arthur," he does not know when to stop, though he is more successful in "Guinevere," which closes with that memorable line :

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

Often, however, his endings were pure bathos, as in "Enoch Arden."

In this disregard of the finish he somewhat resembles his predecessor in the laureateship. The end of "Peter Bell" is told in these lines :

And, after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.

The close of "Ruth" is not much happier :

And all the congregation sing  
A Christian psalm for thee.

But William Wordsworth, who strewed his purple patches without method, just as they came into his mind, has one of his most beautiful passages in the end of "The Sparrow's Nest" :

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

Probably the greatest artist among poets of any time or age was John Milton, and in him too we find astonishing examples alike of beauty and of what one can scarcely call other than carelessness. "Paradise Lost" ends with a simple majesty well worthy of the great text that had gone before :

They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

But the end of "Paradise Regained" might have come from Wordsworth at his least inspired moment.

He, unobserve  
Home to his mother's house private returned.

The end of "Lycidas" has always struck me as possessing the most beautiful unexpectedness of any ending in literature. After all the mourning and sorrow of that immortal lament the poet at the end seems to say: "Let that now be in the past. It is an act written and finished. Having given vent to grief, let us shut down the door on it"; and thus he ends with the well-worn quotation :

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Many of the most familiar lines in Milton come as the end and climax of the poem. Thus,

They also serve who only stand and wait

is the last line of the famous sonnet on his blindness. It has been said, however, that no great credit is due to a poet for rising to his best at the end of a sonnet, because that belongs to the very scheme of this kind of composition. We have an illustration of that in Wordsworth, where on Westminster Bridge on a summer morning he says :

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Some poets have deliberately attempted to finish on a strong and resonant note, often a sonorous proper name. The end of Keats's sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" will be thought of at once in this connection :

—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

But of course the most striking ending produced by Keats was one that he never intended. As George Gilfillan wrote, "Shrieking celestial the fair youth died" and few passages have produced more poetry than that ending rendered pathetic by the circumstances with which it is associated :

At length  
Apollo shriek'd; and lo! from all his limbs  
Celestial . . . . .

Perhaps the most noteworthy example of the fascination of a name is to be found in Yarrow. On looking over a book in which are collected poems written about this famous stream, it seems to me that no poet can versify about Yarrow without introducing the name into his last line. There is of course a good example of this in the old ballad :

A fairer rose did never bloom  
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow.

But, speaking of ballads, I like that ending which seems to have done duty for all those that had a tragical intent.

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,  
The tother in Marie's quair;  
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,  
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,  
The birk but and the brier;  
And by that ye may very weel ken  
They were twa lovers dear.

But the ballad often has a stern and grim ending like those relentless lines from Sir Patrick Spens :

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,  
It's fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Among modern poets I think Browning perpetrated more weak endings than any one else, though I forbear comment on such well-known lines as :

Who fished the murex up?  
What porridge had John Keats?

But even in his best poems he staggers home with a limp, as if distressed by the lingual acrobatics that he had performed on the way, and in this he betrayed his kinship with the minor poet.

[Next week's Causerie will be "The Song of the Siren," by Edward Wright.]

## FICTION

*The Gambler.* By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

OWING to the striking but yet uncertain character of her previous stories the announcement of a new book by Mrs. Thurston arouses more than ordinary expectation and curiosity. "John Chilcote" had a vogue to which the whole world of novel readers contributed, yet many of them felt uneasily, as they turned its pages, that they could not fully justify, nor even understand, the interest with which they followed that extraordinary story. "The Circle" had much of the same character, but with far less magic than the other book, and with more to confuse the reader's idea of the writer's capability as a novelist. Both stories were out of the way of real life. What Mrs. Thurston might be able to make of the more common and more proper material of the novel writer's art remained unknown: the announcement of a new story was a promise of an attempt in that direction. "The Gambler" appears, and the promise is fulfilled beyond our expectations. Though this story cannot be awarded the full compliment of "modernity" it is of the world as we have known and do know it. It is well worked out upon consistent lines, always in full tide of movement and emotion. It is a story of heredity, of the life of an Irish girl who for all her consciousness and even her passionate reprobation of the faults and failings which have ruined successive generations of her family, is herself drawn into them, and narrowly misses the common fate. As no Asshlin ever put off a debt of honour, Clodagh marries her father's oldest friend, older than herself by a generation, in requital of his generosity, with the usual results of such a marriage. After a few years of seclusion spent with the dull, good Milbanke, whose love for her is hardly more fervent than his devotion to archæology, Clodagh finds her way into a smart set whose ways of life are celebrated in the journals of to-day. Little by little they draw out the vices of gambling latent in her blood, and under their influence she drifts on from folly to folly—impulsive, incautious but always innocent. She goes far; yet has character enough to save her from absolute destruction. Clodagh's admirers and lovers include an old Lord Deerehurst, a *roué* of a type that flourished in the novels of a past time, but is now almost extinct; his nephew, a vicious decadent who devotes his energies to the eternal search after pleasure; and a distinctly conventional Sir Galahad, in Sir Walter Gore. The early chapters, descriptive of Clodagh's old home in Ireland, are by far the most praiseworthy part of the book; nowhere else does Mrs. Thurston show so much originality, or such firm and vivid powers of description. Every page brings out more clearly the fallen grandeur of the Asshlins, their hospitality, their pride, and we do not often meet a more impressive picture than the fifteen-year-old Clodagh and her sister Nance, the children of a father who, like too many of his race, is dissipated, a gambler, a spendthrift, with none but the most conventional ideas of right and wrong, yet dominating those around him by the half-barbaric superiority of the natural aristocrat. Elsewhere, as we have said, there is no originality of either observation or thought. The author throws herself too ardently into the thick of the fight to judge the relative importance of scenes and incidents. But the story is told with warm sympathy and with much insight into motive and character. From first to last we are borne along upon a swift stream of words persuasive or emphatic which is always attractive, though it often runs into an excess of purposeless detail.

*The Drakestone.* By OLIVER ONIONS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IN the far beginnings of this tale of a feud and at the root of it all lay the "Intake." In a bygone century a Drake had hardly reclaimed a breadth of barren Yorkshire moorland. Rush and bog and gorse and heather he had fought and prevailed against, and generations of Drakes

had lived and flourished in the sturdy house of Blackboys which he had builded him ere he was buried upright in the earth he had conquered. But at last one Martha Drake had left Blackboys and the Blackboys' lands to a Yewdale, who had promptly entailed it. Over the business there lingered in the eighteen-twenties a legend of a blue-bottle set buzzing in a dead woman's mouth and of a dead hand guided to scrawl a last will and testament. Be that as it might, the Yewdales had become the lords of the manors of Undercliffe and Hebden and Turle, while the Drakes had sunk to a race of shepherds and hirelings. None the less they were a watchful, tenacious breed, saying little but biding their time against the supplanting family—men who lacked stamina and stability and always died, as if under a curse, at forty, but always left a heir to the Hall, though they had well nigh forgotten the feud. When the tale opens they are represented by a shy, vague, delicate, star-gazing dreamer, an absentee and a widower with an only son, a lovable impressionable boy, on whose account (in order that he may live an outdoor life) he comes to live at Blackboys. He is unaware of an enemy in the world, least of all that a grim old religionist among his shepherds (who except for his young grandson, who tells the tale, is the only surviving Drake) has bent his whole life to the winning of power and opportunity to recover possession. The main point of attack, since Yewdale's own days appear to be numbered, is young Master Walter—gallant despite his delicacy—who after winning a horse-race becomes the spoil darling of the district; and the subtle way in which the old schemer first removes the obstacle to courses likely to prove dangerous and then edges him towards a repentance involving a breaking of the entail, reflects as much credit upon the author's powers of conception and execution as discredit upon Pongo Drake's dour "religion." The legal rights and wrongs of it all are a little vague in the hands of young John Drake (the most honest of honest Johns), and perhaps Mr. Onions occasionally allows a little too much rope to this somewhat prosaic romancist. We do not quite understand the passivity of his resistance to the schemes which result in his occupying his friend Walter's position. But at any rate a very dainty Yewdale shares it with him. Mr. Onions's canvas is crowded with well-drawn characters and the whole presents a particularly lively and clever study of Yorkshire life and manners eighty years ago.

*The Lapse of Vivien Eady.* By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Nash, 6s.)

THE reader will come away from this story with a sense of having been in Cornwall, and with a strong desire to go there again as soon as possible. No picture could give a more vivid impression of the Cornish sea-coast between Penzance and the Land's End, and no picture could tell you all that Mr. Marriott does about the Cornish people, the people who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth from their remote villages, and who entertain in the narrow streets of their coast towns men of all the nations who go down to the sea in ships. He takes you with him to breathe the mild air of a Cornish winter morning, scented by gorse and sea, gay in sunshine. You look at the little sailing-boats, like "brown butterflies" on the water; the larks are singing, and you walk in gardens where roses blow from January to June. In this delectable corner of our country Mr. Marriott places his characters, following their fortunes with a restraint and strength that harmonise with the sober beauty of his landscape. One of his "heroes" says, when he is gardening: "Can you do it easily? If anything you do is an awful bother, it is nearly certain that you are going the wrong way about it," and with this opinion Mr. Stott's creator seems to agree. But it is impossible to believe that a novel so finely held in check, so well proportioned, so sincere in all its tones, was written "easily." If it had been, Mr. Stott and Mrs. Fleming would have talked and talked in their great scene towards the end. The man hardly says a word; at the most critical moment he does not



speaking at all, but the emotion conveyed is as tense and strong as an actual experience. That is true art, and nothing will convince us that it is "easy."

*The Scholar's Daughter.* By BEATRICE HARRADEN. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE venture to think that this story would do better as a light play than as a novel. The humour in it would tell better over the footlights, and three good comedians might get good laughs out of the characters of the professor's three secretaries. We cannot help agreeing with the professor's wife, that she was quite unsuited to be the help-mate of such a learned and dry-as-dust man, although in the days when she shared his life we presume he was less forbidding. Miss Harraden leaves us in doubt at the end as to what happens to the ill-matched pair who are so strangely brought together again, but we hope for the sake of both that they do not take up their old life, even in that beautiful old house with the wonderful oak panelling in the study. She, being a successful actress, could never leave her profession: he could never leave his books and live her life. The scholar's daughter is a charming girl, fresh and delightful, and the book has a great deal of fun in it; but it lacks conviction. Miss Harraden can do better work than this, and stronger. Professor Grant's secretaries, by the way, may set their minds at rest on the derivation of "Aroynt" by turning to the ACADEMY of December 30 last, in which Professor Skeat settled it.

*The Lady Noggs, Peeress.* By EDGAR JEPSON. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. JEPSON'S latest book, "The Lady Noggs, Peeress", is a piece of excellent fooling. True, the author may not have even a bowing acquaintance with the circle of society in which it has pleased him to make his characters move—the title by itself justifies this surmise—but these stories are amusing. They depict doings of delightful children with considerable insight into their ways of thought and make-believe, and whether it be Noggs's open admiration for the sailor's stentorian rendering of a song as the hansom drove up Fleet Street, or the refusal of all three imps to take "Tiger Jake" in any way seriously at his niece's wedding, which so enrages him that he perpetrates the exact atrocity on his hat that they had been eager to see, it can hardly fail to provoke many a laugh and a wish to have assisted at some of these dramatic occurrences. Only one thing is disquieting: Are there many "frail and fair children," of an age to believe in kidnapping and ransoming here in England, careering about our country lanes in sole charge of a motor-car? We trust not.

*The Ambush of Young Days.* By ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE (Duckworth, 6s.)

THIS book is quite out of the ordinary run of novels. It is clever, and worth reading for certain good points; but the story itself is not pleasant. From the first page to the last the reader is shut in, as it were, in Mrs. Hanrahan's squalid "Select Private Temperance Hotel," somewhere in a back street in an Irish town, where the atmosphere actually and morally is stuffy and oppressive. There are incidents and confessions that call for the highest discretion in their treatment, and we hasten to add that they might have been far more disagreeable in less capable hands. Readers who find Ireland's talk on love and innocence unnatural and hysterical, can turn from it to the real strength of the book, which lies in the portraits of Mrs. Hanrahan, Miss O'Shaughnessy, and the boy Jamsie: Mrs. Hanrahan, with her typical Celtic mind, handsome, seductive, "one of them big red flowers that the bees of temptation settles on," with the wonderful flow of speech that never fails to delight the ear with its variety and richness; Miss O'Shaughnessy, the little dressmaker, content with her hard lot and the company of the Enchanted Cat, full of tact and understanding of human nature;

Jamsie, doomed to an early death, with a fierce animal desire to live, know, and experience all that a long life might give him. Myrtle, Mrs. Hanrahan's daughter, half-child, half-woman, is the only figure of no importance, vague and shadowy, useful only as an object for experiments in emotions. That Miss Langbridge is observant and has the courage of her opinions is evident; that she can also portray character with unusual freedom and boldness none can doubt who read this curious story, "The Ambush of Young Days."

## THE DRAMA

### "LE DETOUR" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

THOSE who do not consider that Mme. Simone le Bargy can act will not, of course, go to the New Royalty Theatre this week. By staying away they will deprive themselves of a great artistic treat. For Mme. le Bargy is an actress whose playing is a delight to watch, for the very reason that she does not act. So natural is she, indeed, that some of her gestures by a paradox appear theatrical, because they are so seldom seen on the stage.

In *Le Detour*, moreover, Mme. le Bargy has a part which she is eminently qualified to play. The piece is not a great work of art; it has neither the virility nor the truth to life of *La Rafale*, and the atmosphere of the play is rather German than French. Jacqueline, the heroine, without being actually neurotic, is highly strung. Her father was killed in an accident a few months before she was born, and before he had been legally married to her mother. The knowledge of this blot upon the family history is not viewed morbidly by Jacqueline, though she holds it to bar her from marriage. Her scruples are overcome by Armande Rousseau, a young provincial, of Protestant family. They are married and go to live with Armande's parents, highly estimable and by no means unbearable people; but their view of life and would-be kindness to her are so antagonistic to Jacqueline that she is soon in open rebellion and flies from the house. Her husband rejoins her and for a short time they live away from the parental roof. At last, however, Armande insists on a return to it; he refuses to permit Jacqueline any further communication with her mother, and is generally violent as only a French husband in a French play can be. Then there reappears upon the scene an old friend of Jacqueline's, Cyril, who had formerly been refused because he was poor, but who has subsequently inherited a small portion of the estate of a rich cousin. Cyril counsels flight, and Jacqueline, at the end of her resources, consents. She sits down to write a note to her husband, but can only write the word "Armande." She pulls off her wedding-ring and places it on the sheet of paper, *et c'est la fin*.

Here, again, we have one of those curiously inconclusive endings which are so characteristic of a certain school of French playwrights to-day, and which are, if we only knew it, the truest reflection of real life. There are always jagged edges and unfinished strands to our little comedies and tragedies, and we cannot get the great play of life to finish off sharp and short.

Of the acting of *Le Detour* it would be impossible to speak too highly. As Cyril, M. Pierre Magnier was courtly, polished and persuasive to the highest degree, and it is not paying Mlle. Feriel too high a compliment to say that her acting in the part of the mother was equal to that of Miss Marion Terry in *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The smaller parts were admirably filled, and it is by comparing such performances with the acting in the minor rôles at our own theatres that we get some idea of the crudeness and the inability to delineate character which mark the English actor of the second rank.

## FINE ART

## CANOSSA

I WISH that the Rokeby Velasquez now firmly secured for the British nation could have been allowed to remain in Bond Street for a short while; not to tantalise the foreign countries so eagerly competing for its acquisition nor to emphasise the patriotism of its former owners, but as a contrast to "Some Examples of the Independent art of to-day." Perhaps not as a contrast even, but as a complement. I do not mean to place all the pictures on the same level with the *Venus*, though with some I should prefer to live; yet the juxtaposition would have asserted the tradition of the younger painters and the modernity of the older master. "We are all going to—Agnew's, and Velasquez will be of the company," or something like Gainsborough's dying words would have occurred sooner or later. I am persuaded that we look at the ancient pictures with frosted magnifying glasses, and stare at the younger men from the wrong end of the binoculars. It was ever thus; it always will be so. Most of us suspect our contemporaries; Whigs in art, we are fearful of the future, as Morris says somewhere. And they—*les jeunes féroces*—are impatient of their immediate predecessors. *Nos pères ont toujours tort*, but grandpapa is sometimes quite picturesque; his waistcoat and odd buttons suit us very well. "Your Raphael is not even divine," said Velasquez when he left Rome and that wonderful p.p.c. card on the Doria. "Your Academicians are not even academic," some of the painters and their champions are saying to-day. In the ship which sailed with Professor Holmes to Dornach in search of those wonderful Blue Hills, Constable was at the prow (in the foreground) and Watts at the helm (in the background). Mr. D. S. MacColl in his beautiful little water-colour took Cotman as a point of departure; Mr. Rich, Peter de Wint, not Mrs. Allingham or William Hunt. In the lovely *Lost Path*, with its wind and sun, Mr. Tonks has found some footsteps of Claude Monet, not those of Marcus Stone. *Litera scripta monet*, or is it Manet? my Latin is a little shaky. I do not suggest that these fascinating pictures are unoriginal, but they are derivative, as Velasquez is a derivative of Caravaggio.

I find, moreover, the epithet "independent," to qualify an entertaining and significant exhibition, misleading. For many of the items here can only be so classified in the sense that they are independent of Messrs. Agnew and the Royal Academy. Mr. Tonks and Professor Brown are official instructors at the Slade School in London; Mr. C. J. Holmes is Slade Professor at Oxford; Mr. Gerald Choune is or was a professor at Liverpool. Mr. Fry is now an official at New York, and the majority of the painters belong to two distinctive and *dependent* groups, the Glasgow School and the New English Art Club. Intense individualism is not incompatible with militant collectivism. The only independent artists, if you except Mr. Nicholson, are Mr. C. H. Shannon and Mr. Charles Ricketts, who have always stood apart, being neither for the Royal Academy nor its enemies, and their choice is in their pictures. *The Betrayal* of Mr. Ricketts (there is a curious symbolism for me in the title) is a sophisticated painting with which you could compare none of the other works in the room. I can hardly imagine an embarrassed purchaser, who had suffered a sea change and wanted to buy something rich and strange, hesitating between this work and, say, *Grandmother's Stocking*, by Mr. T. Austin Brown. There would be no trembling of the balances as in the case of Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Steer and Mr. Conder, all of whom contribute two splendid examples of their art. To use a terrible American expression, Mr. Ricketts's work is the *brainiest* of the fifty-two pictures. I suppose it will appear pedantic to some people, with its echoes of Daumier, Delacroix, and the painter's painters by excellence, for Mr. Ricketts himself is a connoisseur's painter, appealing to many who have little appreciation of or interest in modern art. *The Betrayal* is a scholar's

daringly original essay, on whose author you would confer not R.A., but a University degree, D.D., D.C.L., or D.S.M. Having been rallied for my comparison of Mr. Shannon with Titian, I hesitate to express the coldest admiration for the *Mill* and *Tibullus in the House of Delia*, a composition which the artist has used before in one of his beautiful lithographs. But at least I can mention Rossetti, who, English and more familiar, has haunted many of the painters to-day for good and for evil. In the rich accessories and what Ruskin called "cramming the canvas" Mr. Shannon has much, not in common, but in rarity with the elder master, who was far the greatest English artist (I do not say painter) in the last half of the last century.

At the final spring exhibition of the old Grosvenor Gallery (where the Scotch were first seen in London), in adaptation of an old proverb, it became a sort of tradition north of the Tweed "that those who live in Glasgow must not imitate Burne-Jones." The distinguished paulo-post-Raphaelite, it will be remembered, had withdrawn his support from Sir Coutts Lindsay, who sought oblivion in the northern Thebes. The two painters I remember best were Messrs. Henry and Hornel. What has become of the *Druids* and *Among the Wild Hyacinths*? They were promises for which I have been waiting the fulfilment. Since a picture of *Shepherds*, shown at the New English during a brief *entente cordiale* between the two schools, I have heard nothing—I have seen nothing—to equal those early works. Mr. Henry's picture, now shown by Messrs. Agnew and appositely called *The Locket*, is the only item in which, as a rival dealer, I was not pleasurably disappointed. For Mr. Croal Thompson has obviously selected with tact and knowledge the best examples of each artist, and, moreover, the general effect of the exhibition (I sorrowfully admit) is particularly pleasing and stimulating, though I resent Mr. Walter Sickert being put on the staircase as if to break things gently to some of the older clients.

I feel it difficult to write of the other painters for whom I have acted as showman so long. I confess that when I heard they were going to Bond Street my pangs were akin to those of the owner of a small country circus on learning that his troupe of performing dogs has been engaged by Mr. Imre Kiralfy or the Hippodrome. A quondam dealer in ultramontanes, I become an Othello of the trade. Truly Mr. Augustus John, that Ravachol of painting, is absent. Superb anarchist, he has been the Achilles *dans le mouvement* and in painting Patroclus on the tent, or Cassandra *en plein air*, I dare not accuse him of fidelity to myself, for I would gladly have supplied Messrs. Agnew with some bombs warranted not to explode during the exhibition. Mr. William Orpen (future President of the Academy) is, however, adequately represented. And in their grander quarters (I grieve to say) he and the others look better than ever, though I would have chosen another background, the old green of Ryder and Bury Street. Yes, they all go through their hoops gracefully. With one exception I have never seen finer Wilson Steers; the *Sunset* might well be hung beside the new Turners; where the gulf between ancient and modern art would be almost imperceptible. The *Aliens* of Mr. Rothenstein in the cosmopolitan society of a public picture-gallery would hardly appear foreigners because they belong to a country where the inhabitants are racy of every one else's soil. When time has given an added dignity (if that were possible) to this magnificent work, I can realise how our descendants will laugh at our lachrymose observations on the decadence of art. For mere painting this is the picture of all others to study, not so much as a striking example of an artist, but as a type of the art so misunderstood and neglected. The background against which the stately Hebrew figures are silhouetted is in itself a liberal education for the aged and those who ask their friends what these modern fellows mean.

Among dealers, the ancient firm of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, of which Thackeray writes, is the *doyen*. That of Messrs. Agnew is the *douane*. Here it is that the official

seal must be set before modern paintings can pass onwards to the Midlands and the middle classes. You must all become Agnewstics in art before the public will believe in you. Well, I felicitate the august officials on removing a tariff of prejudice; I felicitate the young artists who, released from the bondage of the Egyptian Hall, can now enjoy the lighter air, the larger day, the pasturage and the patronage of Palestine. I compliment the fearless collectors such as Mr. C. K. Butler, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Daniel, His Honour Judge Evans, the Leylands and the Leathearts of a latter day for ignoring contemporary ridicule and anticipating, not the verdict of passing fashion but of posterity. As the servant spoke well of his master while wearing his clothes which were far too big for him, let me congratulate the Chrysostom of critics, the Origen who has scourged our heresies, Mr. D. S. MacColl; because the Greeks have entered Troy or the barbarians the senate-house. *Dissolve frigus ligna super foco large reponens*, and let us mix our metaphors. What has been Mr. MacColl's Waterloo is a Canossa for Messrs. Agnew.

ROBERT ROSS.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—III

THE problems with which Sir Hubert Parry deals in "The Music of the Seventeenth Century" are very different from those with which Professor Wooldridge grappled successfully in the first volume. There is just this much analogy between the music of the seventeenth and the thirteenth centuries, that each laid the foundations of a phase of art so entirely new as to bear but the faintest resemblance to what had gone before; but there the likeness ceases. The thirteenth century dealt with problems of one kind only, directed towards the achievement of one form of art—the combination of voices and vocal melodies so as to be at once consonant and independent; but by the seventeenth century, instruments of all sorts, organs, viols, lutes, and virginals, had arrived at such maturity as to demand special treatment, both individually and in various combinations. Consequently we have a number of different schools of composition, differing not only with the special characteristics of their members, as induced by nationality and other special circumstances, but dealing with a totally different material; such as the English School of lutenists, the German school of organists, and a little later the Italian violinists. Such a complex situation could only be successfully elucidated by one of two methods, the rigorous application of a system of division, which should present the whole period in a more or less tabulated form, or the establishment in the mind of the reader of a unity of purpose underlying the wide divergences of procedure. It is needless to say that the latter is Sir Hubert Parry's method. He cares little for formal arrangement—too little, perhaps, for the ease of the general reader—but he drives home with all the force of his own strong insight what was the real trend of this new musical chaos, which followed immediately on the death of Palestrina. Sometimes he puzzles the reader unlearned in musical history by explaining motives and tendencies in a composer's work before clearly stating what the work was, but he does not long leave him in difficulty, and the apt quotation of typical passages of composition is a great help.

First he is careful to show that the change of standpoint from that of the sixteenth century was not so sudden as at first sight appears. Instrumental art had developed unofficially, so to speak, and unrecognised by the Church, which held sway over what was deemed the serious art of music, and even in choral art itself there was a distinct tendency towards an harmonic rather than a contrapuntal view, especially in the Madrigal, as we saw in discussing volume ii. But with the dawn of the seventeenth century, music received an entirely

new impulse from a strong influence quite outside that of the Church, which affected it in common with all other artistic and literary thought all over Europe, in the movement known as the Renaissance. Its immediate effect upon music was in the direction of dramatic expression in the works of a small coterie of musicians and poets, who attempted to unite solo music with poetry after the manner of Greek drama. In this attempt may be seen a return to the music which preceded that of the early Church, with this exception—that these innovators supported the voice with a rude harmonic accompaniment for instruments. The first experiment of Vincentio Galilei, one of the foremost of this new school of composers, is reported to have been "a setting of the scene of Ugolino from Dante's 'Inferno,' which he sang to the accompaniment of a 'viol'." Doni reports that "some people were pleased and that some laughed." Indeed, cultivated musicians must have either laughed or wept at the childish appearance of this "Ars Nova"; nevertheless, from this sprang the Opera, and what is more important, the power of appropriate expression in all music. For to the cultivation of this one quality of expression all art was for the time being sacrificed, as the specimens of dramatic composers till Monteverde show. While these early efforts at expression were in the direction of solo singing of a wandering, recitative-like type, composers were not slow to perceive that the various tones of instruments might be made to serve the ends of expression and that the new principles might even be applied to choral singing. It was inevitable that with this new acquisition of untried possibilities composers should wallow in effects and impressions as wild in their way as those of certain twentieth-century composers, who have come into the new inheritance of orchestral colour as left them by Wagner; but the genius soon arrived, in the person of Monteverde, who should show the legitimate direction of these new efforts. Sir Hubert Parry's pages on the work of Monteverde are of exceptional interest, showing clearly his development of harmonic resources in his unconventional treatment of the seventh and other discords, as well as his instrumental technique in accompaniments, the incipient Overture as exemplified in his works, and his strength of dramatic expression.

But along with this movement, and exerting a parallel influence with it upon musical thought in general, went another experimental one in the direction of instrumental music pure and simple. This, as we have seen, took innumerable forms differing with the types both of the instruments and of the men who cultivated them. The English lute and virginal music of Dowland, Byrd, Bull, fascinating though it is as an antiquarian study, is of little consequence to the art, since, like so many other insular types, it led nowhere. Much more important are the great organ schools of North and South Germany, in which we see the development of the technique of the organ in the hands of such masters as Froberger, Muffat, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, from the first copying, often direct transcription, of choral works to the noble style of the last named, which was inherited by the greatest of all organists, J. S. Bach. A quotation as to the methods of development in instrumental music will be useful here.

There were three possible lines upon which music in instrumental style might be achieved. One was to continue working on the ground-work supplied by many centuries of choral writing, and to manipulate "voice parts" so as to be more suited to instruments and more conducive to instrumental effect. The second was to develop and expand the dance forms, and to find out how the various instruments could be best used to enforce the rhythmic and melodic elements in such music; and to discover how to dispose several dance movements so as to set off one another by contrasts and affinities. The third was to experiment in season and out of season in the unexplored regions of virtuosity, and to make a coherent whole out of passages of brilliant effect.

Speaking roughly, it appears that organ music was the result of a combination of the first and third methods; music for other keyed instruments, the virginal, harpsichord, etc., was arrived at through the first and second

methods, especially the second, and that for strings, sets of viols and the later violin school, through the second and third. For the last of these the Italians were mainly responsible, as the Germans were for organ music, and the growth of the great Italian school of violinists, which found maturity in Corelli, is an important feature of this period. Naturally, at this time the development of musical forms plays an important part in the history of the art, for where instruments are used without voices this is a consideration of paramount importance. In organ music the most important form is the fugue, and in Germany the various forms resulting from the treatment of the chorale; but in other departments, where these severe forms would be either not acceptable or unsuited to the technique of the instruments, forms tracing their descent from primitive dance tunes make their appearance as suites of various types, and ultimately the Sonatas of Corelli in the two forms, "Da Chiesa" and "Da Camera." All these are of almost equal importance as leading up to the instrumental works of Bach; of almost equal importance in preparing the way for Handel are the later developments of opera and oratorio of which we have noted the beginnings.

After Monteverde Italian opera sank gradually into conventional methods, and tended more and more to become a mere string of formal recitatives succeeded by even more formal arias. Fatal as it was to this particular branch of the art, this very decadence had its use in establishing certain much needed principles of form. The "Aria" form which ruined the works of Alessandro Scarlatti, was the foundation of some of the most beautiful solos of both Bach and Handel, as the tentative oratorio of Carissimi was the parent of that of Handel and afforded certain precedents to Bach. But this, though hinted at by Sir Hubert Parry, is properly matter for volume iv. French opera as represented by Lulli is another factor of great importance to later history, and is discussed at great length.

Sir Hubert Parry, as is natural, deals very fully with English music both before and after the Commonwealth. The post-Restoration period of course culminates in the works of Purcell, and is necessarily of great interest to Englishmen. It is almost pitiful, however, to be made to realise how abundant has been the effort towards musical expression in this country, and how totally without effect upon the course of the art in general it has been. In spite of a bias, which one respects, in favour of the music of his country, Sir Hubert Parry makes no attempt to disguise the facts. The spring of the "Ars Nova" was in Italy, and it communicated itself to other countries, exemplified in the opera of France and the organ music of Germany. While Englishmen shared in the general activity occasioned by the new impulse, they were not destined to surpass their fellows in other countries in any one particular, and, as we shall see, they were only too ready to abandon their own efforts, in order to worship at the shrine of the great German when he arrived.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE second volume of the Cambridge "Beaumont and Fletcher" will be ready on March 7, and two others are in the press, and will be published in April. It has now been decided to follow the ten volumes of text with an eleventh containing explanatory notes, a glossary and other material of use both to the student and the general reader. Considerable interest attaches to the volume now appearing by reason of the rediscovery by the editors of the 1625 manuscript of "The Humorous Lieutenant," or "Demetrius and Enanthe," as the manuscript names it, which Dyce purported to print "verbatim et literatim" in 1830. The manuscript itself having passed into obscurity, Dyce's reprint has hitherto been relied on, and on occasions later

editors have recorded readings from his text as manuscript readings. How far they have been justified in fact will now appear.—Mr. Waller has followed up his volume of Prior's "Poems on Several Occasions" by a second: "Prose Dialogues and other works," which will be published very shortly. It will contain the remainder of Prior's writings in prose and verse, the poems published before the folio of 1718 but not included therein, the poems published between 1718 and 1721, the date of Prior's death, and those posthumously published, together with the Prose Dialogues of Prior, hitherto unpublished, from the Longleat manuscripts.—The second volume of Cowley will also be published in April, and the second volume of Crabbe, which contains hitherto unpublished material, is promised early in the same month.

Professor J. Churton Collins has edited for the Oxford University Press Matthew Arnold's "Merope," to which is appended the "Electra" of Sophocles, translated by Mr. R. Whitelaw. In this volume, which will be ready immediately, an attempt is made to introduce and to bring home to modern readers who are not Greek scholars, Attic tragedy in its most perfect form. If the book is favourably received it is intended to follow it with a series of small volumes each containing some leading Greek tragedy in an acknowledged masterpiece of translation, edited in the same manner.—The Clarendon Press also announces a small work by Professor S. R. Driver, "The Book of Job in the Revised Version," edited with introductions and brief annotations. The aim of this volume is to make the poem intelligible to the ordinary educated reader, and the editor maintains that, if care be taken to adopt the right marginal readings, the Revised Version gives correctly the general sense of the Book of Job.

At the end of the month Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish the first of the genealogical volumes which are issued as part of the scheme of the Victoria History of the Counties of England. There will be one such volume for each county. The first deals with, and is entitled, "Northamptonshire Families," and besides dealing generally with the Landed Houses of the County, treats very fully the most important families, giving elaborate chart pedigrees, portrait illustrations, etc. There are also included lists of Members of Parliament elected for the county and the boroughs of Northampton, Peterborough, Brackley and Higham Ferrers, and a list of Sheriffs of the county. The next volume of this series will deal with Hertfordshire Families, and other volumes will appear shortly.

The centenary of Mrs. Browning's birth will bring two new books on the Brownings from Messrs. Smith, Elder: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Her Letters," by Percy Lubbock; and "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. The second volume contains an interesting correspondence between Robert Browning, Alfred Domett and Sir Joseph Arnould. Domett, subsequently the first Premier of New Zealand, was the Waring of Browning's famous poem, "What's become of Waring," and Sir Joseph Arnould was afterwards Chief Justice of Bombay.—The same publisher announces "Voltaire's Fellow-Workers," by S. G. Tallentyre—a companion volume to the "Life of Voltaire"—and four interesting novels: Mr. Percy Dearmer's "Brownjohn's," which will be published on the 26th; "If Youth But Knew," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, promised on April 2; Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fenwick's Career," some time in May; and a new book by Mr. Horace Hutchinson—"We and the Doctor"—now in the press.

Messrs. Alston Rivers announce for publication early in March, "The Heart of the Country," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer—a companion volume to "The Soul of London"—and two novels: Mr. Hueffer's "The Fifth Queen" (Catherine Howard) and "Richard Baldock," by Archibald Marshall, the author of "The House of Merrilees."

On the first of March Messrs. Methuen will publish an interesting work on "Macedonia," by H. N. Brailsford. The book is the fruit of some five journeys in the Near



East, and of a winter spent among the villages of Macedonia after the general rising of 1903. It aims at presenting a careful account of the political and social life of Macedonia, and deals with such topical subjects as the Bulgarian insurgent organisation and the little-studied Albanian national revival, and also with the daily life of the peasantry.—On the same day Messrs. Methuen will publish "The Mayor of Troy," by "Q"—a novel which has achieved a very considerable success in America—and on the 8th they will issue a new novel by Bernard Capes: "Loaves and Fishes."

Messrs. Longmans have in the press an important book, "The Art of Garden Design in Italy," illustrating the planning and arrangement, the architectural features and accessories of the old Italian gardens of the best periods, with an historical essay and descriptive and critical accounts of the principal gardens in Italy, by H. Inigo Triggs, A.R.I.B.A. The work comprises one hundred and twenty-eight plates, of which seventy-three are reproduced in collotype from photographs specially taken by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond. The remaining plates consist of complete surveys of many of the most important villa gardens in Italy, and half-tone reproductions from photographs specially taken for the work and from old engravings dealing with the subject. The text consists of an historical introduction tracing the development of garden planning, and historical and critical accounts of the subjects depicted, plentifully illustrated by plans, sketches, and measured drawings of garden detail in fountains and ponds, terraces, balustrades, stairways, vases, and all garden accessories.

On March 1 Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish Mr. Clement L. Wragge's "The Romance of the South Seas." The book is in two sections, the first comprising "The Prison of the Pacific," as New Caledonia, with its convict element, may well be called: and the second "A Trip to Tahiti *via* Rarotonga and Raiatea." Botanists, conchologists, geologists, and students of tropical fish will all find much to interest them. The numerous illustrations are from unique photographs of island scenery and native life.—On March 8 the same publishers will issue "Literary Rambles in the West of England," by Arthur L. Salmon. This book is an attempt at topography chiefly on its literary side. Mr. Salmon accompanies Borrow to Cornwall, Keats to Teignmouth, Wordsworth to the Quantocks, Coleridge and Tennyson to Clevedon. He sojourns with Herrick at Dean Prior, and with Hawker at Morwenstow; he tries to interpret the message that Richard Jefferies gave to the world from his Wiltshire home. One chapter follows the ramblings of Celtic saints about the West Country.

Of even greater interest is Messrs. Chatto and Windus's announcement, for publication early in the spring, of Mr. Henry Saxe Wyndham's "Annals of Covent Garden Theatre, 1732." There are few figures in theatrical or any other history that are more eccentric than was that of John Rich, the founder of the theatre and for almost thirty years its manager. Unfortunately, but little is known of him, in spite of the fact that he was for many years the principal theatrical magnate of his time. It is surely more than a little curious that of a man who was a friend of Pope, the patron of Gay and Garrick, an intimate of Handel and Hogarth, and, in spite of his fine country-house, a thorough Bohemian of the best type—to say nothing of being owner of the largest theatre in the kingdom—there is absolutely no personal trace to be found in the National Portrait Gallery, nor, excepting a few caricatures, in the print-room at the British Museum. His successors are many of them better remembered; John Beard the singer, George Colman the dramatist, the Kembles—John and Charles—Macready, Charles Mathews, and Madame Vestris—all these have been more immediately in the public eye, and their names will be recognised.

The announcement that the Library Supply Company will publish shortly a "Manual of Descriptive Annotation

for Library Catalogues" is a further indication of the desire of library authorities to improve their catalogues in respect of fulness and clearness. The manual will fully describe present practice in adding descriptive notes to catalogue entries, and will formulate a code of rules for the systematic analysis of the contents of books. The author is Mr. E. A. Savage, borough librarian, Bromley, Kent; Mr. E. A. Baker, M.A., author of "Guide to Best Fiction," contributes a chapter on evaluation and a historical note.

The second volume of The Chapbooks, entitled "Essays, Moral and Polite, 1660-1714," and edited by Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield, is to appear immediately. "We have given," say the editors in their Introduction, "specimens of nearly every kind of prose writing for which the age is famed"—the period between the Restoration and the death of Queen Anne, selections from such authors as Jeremy Collier and Steele being taken from their less familiar works. Among other writers represented are Evelyn, Cowley, Dryden, L'Estrange, Addison and Berkeley.

Dr. Richard Garnett has just completed a biography of W. J. Fox, and the book will be issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder. South Place Chapel, which has always had as much of a literary as a religious philosophical atmosphere, was built for Fox in 1824, and in that year he had the distinction of writing the initial article—"Men and Thought in 1824"—in the newly established *Westminster Review*. He was one of the earliest appreciators of Browning's genius, and praised "Pauline" in his *Monthly Repository*. The address to the nation in 1840 from the Anti-Corn Law League was written at Cobden's request by W. J. Fox; and he was M.P. for Oldham from 1847 till 1863, the year before his death.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are adding "The Blackmore Country" to their "Pilgrimage Series." It is written by Mr. F. J. Snell and is illustrated from photographs specially taken by C. W. Barnes Ward. The writer has been at some disadvantage compared with the authors of preceding volumes in the series owing to the fact that Mr. Blackmore left particular instructions that no life of him was to be attempted, but compensation is found in the exceptional attractions of the district itself, which embraces tracts of Devonshire and Somerset.—Wessex, that portion of the southern and south-western England which Thomas Hardy has so vividly described, is to form the subject of a colour book which Messrs. Black are about to publish. The illustrations are from a series of seventy-five water-colour drawings by Mr. Walter Tynedale, whose selection of subjects is so typical that any one not conversant with the district may obtain from them a very accurate idea of what "The fayre land of Wessex" is like. Mr. Clive Holland writes the text accompanying the pictures.

The Rev. Thomas Barns, M.A., has made a new translation of St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to the Devout Life" for Messrs. Methuen's Library of Devotion; it is from the 1619 edition as revised and corrected by M. Silvestre de Sacy, published in Paris in 1860. It has been the endeavour of the translator both to be loyal to the simplicity of the French and at the same time to preserve the rhythm of the English language.

An enlarged edition of the "Red and White" Book of Menzies, brought up to date, is almost ready for the press and will contain a wealth of historical information only now brought to light, connected with Prince Charlie and the forty-five, etc. There will be a large number of illustrations, one being a reproduction of a painting discovered by Sir Robert Menzies, representing the Clan Menzies (two hundred in number) as the Guard of Honour to Queen Victoria on her first visit to the Highlands in 1842, and an account of the great Highland funeral of the late chief of the clan is given.

Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes have in preparation "The Knights of England," a complete record from the earliest time to the present of the knights of all the Orders of Chivalry in England, Scotland and Ireland, and of knights

bachelors, by William A. Shaw, Litt.D., editor of the Calendar of Treasury Papers at H.M. Record Office, author of the History of Currency, etc., incorporating a complete list of knights bachelors dubbed in Ireland, compiled by G. B. D. Burtchaell, M.A., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law, Office of Arms, Ireland; printed and published for the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace.

A new book on the "Queen of the Blue Stockings" is promised by Mr. Murray early in April: "The Early Life of Elizabeth Montagu," by her great-grand-niece, Emily J. Climençon. Four volumes of letters to and from the Madame du Deffand of London society, as Mrs. Montagu has been called, were published by her nephew and executor, Matthew Montagu, between 1731-61, but fortunately her correspondence has been most carefully collected and preserved, and this work will consist of materials from that great store which have not hitherto been made public.

"Wenharton and Bulcamp, Suffolk," is the title of a work of local history by Rev. J. B. Clare to be published very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. It contains a list of vicars of the parish from 1217, and churchwardens from 1547, and gives a description of the recently discovered ancient painting in the church, known as "The Wenharton Doom" and an account of some of the old wills and lawsuits of the locality. A glossary of old-fashioned words still in use is also supplied.

The Gresham Publishing Co. are issuing, in fourteen volumes, a handsome new edition of the "Shakespeare" edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall; and the third volume of Professor J. Wortley Axe's work, "The Horse: its treatment in health and disease, with complete guide to breeding, training, and management"—which the same firm is issuing in nine volumes—is in the press.

It is believed in America that Mr. Carnegie is engaged on an autobiographic volume, which he intends should be a guide to young men of energy and ambition. He has intimated that he will not shield himself nor omit his mistakes in life, and he has asked each of his former partners to furnish dates and reminiscences, which he will compile.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE VALUE OF CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have seldom read words of weightier wisdom than I found in the ACADEMY of February 17, 1906, at p. 165, where it is said that—"We object, on principle, to the literary introduction [to a classical book], which dulls the direct effect of the book on the reader's mind," etc. It is well said, at the same time, that "the gain of reading a good book is doubled when the reader learns also its place in the history of literature, its derivation, its kinship, its descendants."

That is just the very point. All that we want to know about a book is a brief account of its origin and all the facts and dates regarding it that are essential and acceptable. But what I, for one, resent with my whole heart is a mass of opinions about its style, and its relation to the styles of other writers.

During a good half-century, English literature has been my delight. My plan has always been, and always will be, to buy texts, complete if possible, in an accessible and readable form; and then to read the texts themselves, from end to end if possible, but leisurely and as it has pleased me to do from time to time. Some pieces, even by reputed authors, are hardly to be read now, except in so far as they illustrate old customs or old words. Others can be read twice or thrice.

But the twaddle about style is intolerable. I do not read a book in order to form somebody else's opinion about it; I would far rather do so for myself. I am not a babe, and I detest spoon-meat. If only some of our critics could come to appreciate, even to a slight degree, that we do not want their opinions, that their standing in the author's light is often a piece of needless and offensive impertinence, and that a great deal of their talk about the beauties and defects of an author is either irrelevant, inconclusive, or peculiar to themselves, much less ink need be spilt. The only editor whom I can respect is one who faithfully serves and helps me, and who has sufficient common sense to know when he has said enough. "Parallelisms" from other writers are often lugged in, head and shoulders, merely to show

learning, and are by no means "parallel" except at a very great distance. Let all wise men read the texts themselves, and let editors learn that they are mere servants, not literary advisers.

WALTER W. SKRAT.

### MR. LANG'S "SECRET OF THE TOTEM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some readers of Mr. Lang's interesting work, "The Secret of the Totem," may yet, like myself, find a difficulty with part of his theory. Mr. Lang suggests that the animal names originally arose from "sobriquets given by group to group." The "We" did not require a name for themselves but for each of the other groups whom they collectively designated "wild blacks," "barbarians," "outsiders," etc.; and thus the animal nicknames were applied. For our benefit he compares the use of sobriquets in France, England, Orkney, etc. Without doubt these latter are true nicknames and were applied as terms of contempt, the object being to reduce the party to the level of the beast or to pour ridicule on him. But Mr. Lang tells us that "savages undeniably do not draw the line between beasts and other things on the one hand and men on the other, as we do." Now it is just *because* we draw this distinction that these animal names have been applied in Scotland and elsewhere, and they would not have been given were this not implied.

"The names were rather honour-giving than derisive," says Mr. Lang. Why then were the names given? All Mr. Lang's modern examples seem to imply the reverse. "The savage does think nobly of all animals and so has no reason for resenting but rather for glorying in his totem name." Yes, as *totem name*; but is there any proof that he would apply the name of an animal he thought nobly of to the "barbarians," "outsiders," etc.? Mr. Lang seems to want to eat his cake and have it. In the first case the savage is required to have a contempt for animals and to draw a wide distinction between the animal kingdom and man in order that the names may be applied to the hostile groups; then he is required to honour all animals and to believe in a "mystic union," etc., in order to give rise to the belief in the totem. Both can hardly be true.

Again, if "a name" implies all that Mr. Lang supposes it does to the savage, why does the latter give it to his enemy? He surely must be able to reason sufficiently to know that in his own mind this brings his enemy under the protection of the animal. If not when used by him, it would certainly do so if adopted by the enemy. This ought to put a prohibition on the use of animal names unless self-imposed.

ALFRED H. CROOK.

Hong Kong, January 16.

### IN MEMORIAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I submit a paraphrase of that passage in your review of "In Memoriam," of which it is asked how many readers could disentangle the texture?

"If, in thy second state sublime, Thy ransom'd reason	If, in heaven, Thy reason, being again where it first came from,
change replies	interchange opinion
With all the circle of the wise,	with the array of wise spirits already in heaven
The perfect flower of human time;	who were at one time humans, and the best and greatest of the world;
And if thou cast thine eyes below,	And if thou look back upon earth again and see me, having in thine eyes the glamour of these great departed ones,
How dimly character'd	how little must my form stand out from its environment, since all things appear in a mist when one has been gazing at a strong light;
and slight,	and how feeble must I appear, compared to those great ones;
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,	how like a plant that has been deprived of sunshine: small, and
How blanch'd with dark- ness	colourless (for plants become white when grown in the dark)
must I grow!	must I seem more and more to you as your vision compares me with what is before you;— "the perfect flowers."

Your reviewer says nothing about the first couplet of the third stanza; but perhaps the readers are presumed to be "equal to the intellectual pressure" of that.

F. C. TILNEY.

February 8.

## WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. G. E. Biddle, is clearly of the same opinion as Wordsworth himself, who once observed in Lamb's presence that he could write plays like Shakespeare, if he had a mind. "Then," observed Lamb drily (and the vast majority of critics will agree with him), "it's only the mind that's wanting!"

Of course Macaulay was completely in the wrong, and the power of writing masterpieces like the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" the *Prometheus Bound*, the *Bacchae*, the "Republic," the "Inferno," the "Paradise Lost," the "Faery Queen," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," is "the easiest and most obvious of gifts." What a pity that so few of us take the trouble to exercise it!

But Shelley's poetry is "infected with wretched pessimism and gloomy melancholy." Unhappily the *Agamemnon*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Medea*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Phedre*, *Wallenstein*, *Faust*, "Isabella," the "Prisoner of Chillon," the "Ring and the Book," the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Eugénie Grandet," "Romola," "Vanity Fair," Pascal's "Pensées," La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," Swift's and Juvenal's "Satires" are infected with the same baneful spirit. What a misfortune that literary students are perverse enough to study such morbid productions, instead of turning to the "better and richer banquet spread by Wordsworth," including, I presume, such inimitable poems as the "Idiot Boy," the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and the dreary pages of the "Prelude"!

Your correspondent's remarks on "trash" are amusing and unlucky. No doubt there have always been critics who have set Colley Cibber above Pope, Mrs. Hemans above Browning, and Mrs. Henry Wood above Thackeray, Codrus above Juvenal, and Bavius and Maeuius above Virgil—"Valent quantum!"

I will not trouble you and your readers by taking any further part in this discussion.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret having again to trouble you with a letter. My previous contribution—appealing only for toleration for the supreme rights of individual taste—was so severely handled, so much misconstrued that I write in fear and trembling as to the reception that will be accorded to my second letter. But Mr. Hutton has asked me a question, and no other course seems open to me but to make an attempt at replying. My great difficulty is to know how rightly to interpret his inquiry. Lest he should think me raising difficulties of my own creation I will quote his actual words. "If to be inspired with a genuine admiration for some of the noblest lines yet written by any poet since Shakespeare and Milton is to entitle one to the appellation of 'fanatical devotee,' what name shall be given to one who equally admires a poet whose words, 'Came like water and like wind (they) go,' leaving no lasting or ennobling influence on the minds and hearts of his readers?" This question seems to me open to two distinct interpretations. If he intends this extract from Omar together with the following words to represent the effect of either Shelley's or FitzGerald's verse, I have no hesitation in denying his assertion with all the strength of which I am possessed. It is utterly absurd—one might almost say ridiculous—as a comment on the greatest lyricist in our language—on Shelley who wrote the great "Ode to the West-wind"—or the "Ode to Night"; and, always assuming I have understood him aright, the relevancy or necessity of his question is by no means clear. What we are discussing is "The Immortal Phrase"—not the relative positions in the poetical hierarchy of Shelley and Wordsworth.

But perhaps he wants me to give him a description of a lover of a poet of his own selection, but not being aware of the poet he has chosen, I cannot possibly do as he wishes.

I have done what I can to satisfy Mr. Hutton's demand, and it is not for me to criticise his comparison of Shelley's verse with a rainbow, or to express my inability to appreciate his talk about the "universal heart of mankind" in this connection. And I suppose I must not do more than merely remark the eagerness with which he seizes upon a slight mistake of mine—perfectly immaterial as it is—in the omission of the word "correspondent" from the sentence of mine he quotes.

Before I close, however, I should like to point out to J. E. H. that it is the very antithesis to dogmatism to assert that each individual mind is the final arbiter on points of taste. It does not imply dogmatism, to state a thing emphatically and decisively. And I should like him to observe that all I wished to know of Coleridge's statement, which Mr. Hutton quoted, was, whether it was made under circumstances which would justify its being used as an argument in this particular controversy. Perhaps Mr. Hutton may even yet oblige me by elucidating this somewhat obscure point.

FRANK FOVARQUE.

February 7.

## PATELIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A sense of gratitude might surely have induced your reviewer to refrain from further reference to my "feeble" translation, which he tried his best to bludgeon out of existence last April. (But, as I pointed out in your columns, some of his strokes fell *à tort et à travers*, a *scintilla*

of life remained, and I believe my humble attempt will yet reach a second edition.) The recent "scholarly and vigorous translation" of the original farce must have been suggested by a revival of interest in the whole subject early in 1905. The alternative supposition would imply that the long arm of coincidence this time had extended over nearly four and a half centuries. The difficulty of translating the Breton and other dialects Dr. Holbrook, it would seem, has surmounted (or evaded, as you obligingly and obliquely suggest) by leaving unattempted; but this evasion is a very small matter compared with the whole form of this latest version. With deference, I submit that to give in prose a great classic that made its first appeal in such lively verse is *not* to present English readers, for the first time, with "an opportunity of gaining a just idea of what this famous play was like." As a poor private student, with no University training, I am not in a position to estimate to what degree Archbishop Whateley is still an authority, but I read in my copy of his "Rhetoric" that "none but a poet can be qualified to translate a poem," and further, that "a good translation in verse is read, by one well acquainted with the original, with equal or even superior pleasure to that which it affords to one ignorant of that original." Hitherto I have been given to understand that a close prose translation of poetry served the purpose merely of the harmless, necessary "crib."

SAMUEL F. G. WHITAKER.

February 20.

[Our Reviewer writes: I abstained from mentioning Mr. Whitaker's name in connection with Dr. Holbrook's *Patelin*; but, since he wishes it to appear, pray use your discretion. I have no intention of referring further to his work, but does he class Lang, Leaf and Myers's and Butcher and Lang's Homer, Lang's Theocritus, and Jebb's Sophocles among "harmless, necessary cribs" ?]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ARCHÆOLOGY.

- Bland, R. N. *Historical Tombstones of Malacca, mostly of Portuguese and Dutch Origin*. 11½ x 8½. Pp. 75. Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d.  
[With the inscriptions in detail and illustrated by numerous photographs.]  
Macdonald, George. *Coin Types: their origin and development*. The Rhind Lectures for 1904. With numerous plates. 9½ x 6. Pp. 275. MacLehose, 10s. net.

## ART.

- Miltoun, Francis. *The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 370. Brimley Johnson, 6s. net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. *Porfirio Diaz: seven times President of Mexico*. With over 100 illustrations and a map. 10 x 6½. Pp. 421. Hurst & Blackett, 21s. net.  
[After publishing "Mexico as I Saw It," Mrs. Tweedie revisited the country and stayed with President Diaz and his wife. At the beginning of her biography, the author ingenuously remarks that she considers her hero the greatest man the nineteenth century produced.]

## DRAMA.

- Fyfe, Peter. *Kedar: a Drama*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 134. Glasgow: William Hodge, 2s. 6d.

## EDUCATION.

- A Nature Reader for Senior Students*. An Anthology of the Poetry of Nature. Edited by the Hon. Sir John Cockburn and E. E. Speight. 7½ x 5. Pp. 334. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. net.

## FICTION.

- Marriott, Charles. *The Lapse of Vivien Eady*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 311. Nash, 6s. (See p. 181.)  
Thurston, Katherine Cecil. *The Gambler*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 389. Hutchinson, 6s. (See p. 181.)  
Ohnet, Georges. *The Poison-Dealer*. Translated by F. Rothwell. 7½ x 5. Pp. 293. Werner Laurie, 6s.  
Boyd, Mary Stuart. *The Misses Make-Believe*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. Chapman & Hall, 6s.  
Rickert, Edith. *Folly*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 315. Arnold, 6s.  
Elliott, Edwin. *Barr and Son*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 291. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.  
*A Time of Terror*. The Story of a Great Revenge. (A.D. 1910.) 7½ x 5½. Pp. 340. Greening, 6s.  
Thurston, E. Temple. *Traffic*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 452. Duckworth, 6s.  
Everett-Green, Evelyn. *Lady Elizabeth and The Juggernaut*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 349. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.  
Eyre, Archibald. *The Girl in Waiting*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 313. Ward, Lock, 6s. net.  
Farrer, R. J. *The House of Shadows*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 335. Arnold, 6s.  
Webbing, Peggy. *Blue Jay*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 378. Heinemann, 6s.  
Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. *In Silence*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 336. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

## GENEALOGY.

- The Scots Peerage*. Founded on Wood's edition of Sir Robert Douglas's "Peerage of Scotland." An historical and genealogical account of the nobility of Scotland. Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms. With armorial illustrations. Vol. iii. Crawford-Falkland. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 617. Edinburgh: Douglas. To subscribers 25s. net. per vol., or single vols., 30s. net.

## HISTORY.

- The Records of the City of Norwich*. Compiled and edited by the Rev. William Hudson and John Cottingham Tingey. Published in two volumes by authority of the Corporation of the City of Norwich. Vol. 1. 10½ x 6½. Pp. cxlvi. Jarrold, 25s. net.

[The Norwich Muniment Room is, perhaps, richer than that of any other City in the Kingdom in its Records, dating back to the twelfth century. These have been arranged and put into order, and some two years ago the Authorities of the City decided to place a portion of the most interesting of these Records at the disposal of the reading public by publishing them in two volumes. The first issue is limited to 500 copies, of which the Norwich Corporation have reserved 100 copies for their future use, leaving only 400 copies for subscription.]

Stubbs, William. *Lectures on Early English History*. Edited by Arthur Hassall. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 391. Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.

[Delivered at various times. The Constitution under the Early English and Norman Kings is described, and full explanations are given of the technical terms used in the laws and charters of the Norman Kings, forming a kind of commentary on the "Select Charters." Among the more important of the later lectures are an account and comparison of Early European Constitutions, and discussions on the Character of the Early Ecclesiastical Systems in Europe, on the Origins of the European Land System, and on European Law. The volume closes with a lecture on the Beginnings of English Foreign Policy.]

#### LITERATURE.

Moulton, James Hope. *A Grammar of New Testament Greek*. Vol. i.—Prolegomena. 9½ x 6. Pp. xx, 274. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 8s. net.

[Based on W. F. Moulton's edition of G. B. Winer's Grammar.]

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Acorn*. A Quarterly Magazine of Literature and Art. 9 x 7. Pp. 129. Published by the Caradoc Press, at 47 Great Russell St.

Lorimer, Adam. *The Author's Progress, or The Literary Book of the Road*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 276. Blackwood, 5s. net.

#### MUSIC.

Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. In five vols.—vol. ii. F.—L. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 794. Macmillan, 21s. net.

*Singing, or Method of Song and Speech*. By a Singer. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 112. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

[Chapters on voice-articulation, voice-nervousness, voice variation, the voice in reading and speaking, etc.]

Goddard, Joseph. *The Deeper Sources of the Beauty and Expression of Music*. With many musical examples. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 119. Reeves.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

Hight, George Ainslie. *The Unity of Will: studies of an Irrationalist*. 9½ x 6. Pp. xv, 244. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.

[The views expressed in these pages are based on those of Schopenhauer, contained in chapter xix, Pt. ii. of his "Die Welt als Vorstellung."]

#### POETRY.

*White Poppies*. By Iarfhlaith. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 190. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.

Roberts, R. Ellis. *Poems*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 100. Brimley Johnson.

#### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Watt, A. F.; and Hayes, B. J. *Matriculation Selections from Latin Authors*. University Tutorial series. Second Edition (third impression). 7 x 5. Pp. 338. University Tutorial Press, 2s. 6d.

*The Pocket George MacDonald*. A Choice of Passages. Made by Alfred H. Hyatt. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 214. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net.

#### SCIENCE.

Guenther, Conrad. *Darwinism and the Problems of Life*. A Study of Familiar Animal Life. Translated from the Third Edition by Joseph McCabe. 10 x 6½. Pp. 436. Owen, 12s. 6d. net.

#### THEOLOGY.

*Prayer-Book Commentary for Teachers and Students*. New edition, revised and partly rewritten by the Rev. F. E. Warren, B.D. 6½ x 4. Pp. 312. S.P.C.K., 2s.

[Notes on the Calendar, Services, Articles, Table of Kindred, etc., together with complete Concordances to the Prayer-Book and Psalter.]

*A Book of Angels*. Edited by L. P. With 12 plates. 8½ x 5½. Longmans, 6s. net.

[Papers and selections from sermons dealing with angels. Similar to "The Inheritance of the Saints," by the same editor.]

Devas, Charles Stanton. *The Key to the World's Progress*, being an essay on historical logic. 8 x 5½. Pp. 321. Longmans, 5s. net.

Legg, J. Wickham. *Ecclesiastical Essays*. 9 x 6½. Pp. xii, 275. The De la More Press, 7s. 6d. net.

[Vol. vii. of the Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology for English Readers, edited by Vernon Staley. Dr. Wickham Legg's essays, collected from periodicals, deal mainly with liturgical and ritual subjects, and include "Revised and shortened services" and "The Lambeth Hearing." The book is handsomely illustrated, and there is a good index.]

*Books on Egypt and Chaldaea: The Egyptian Heaven and Hell*. By E. A. Wallis Budge. 3 vols. Each 7½ x 5½. Kegan Paul, 6s. net per vol.

[Vol. i. contains the complete hieroglyphic text of the Book Am-Tuat; vol. ii. the hieroglyphic text of the summary or short form of the Book Am-Tuat, and the complete hieroglyphic text of the Book of Gates, and both volumes give translations and reproductions of all the illustrations. In vol. iii. the contents of the books of the Other World are described and compared.]

Religions, Ancient and Modern. *Animism: the Seed of Religion*, by Edward Clodd (pp. 99); *Pantheism: its Story and Significance*, by James Allanson Picton (pp. 93); *Religions of Ancient China*, by Herbert A. Giles, LL.D., Professor of Chinese at Cambridge University (pp. 68); *The Religion of Ancient Greece*, by Jane Harrison (pp. 64). Each 6½ x 4½. Constable, 1s. net per vol.

[The aim and scope of the series is to provide bird's-eye views, in separate volumes, of the religions of the world. Each volume enumerates and explains the tenets and teachings of the religion it is dealing with, and records the influence that religion has exerted, not only on its immediate

adherents and the nations which have adopted it, but also upon the sister religions and upon the world at large. The next volumes will be: "Islam," by Professor T. W. Arnold; "Magic and Fetishism," by Dr. A. C. Haddon; and "The Religion of Ancient Egypt," by Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie.]

Weinel, H. *St. Paul: the Man and his Work*. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann and edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. 9 x 5½. Pp. 399. Theological Translation Library. Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.

[The greater part of this book appeared as a series of articles in the "Christliche Welt," but these have been revised, and the two chapters "The Theologian" and "The Man" added.]

Bousset, W. *Jesus*. Translated by Janet Penrose Trevelyan. Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Crown Theological Library. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 211. Williams & Norgate, 4s.

[Book i: The Outward Course of the Life of Jesus, and the Forms of His Activity. Book ii: The Teaching of Jesus; Book iii: The Mystery of the Person.]

Edmonds, Dom Columba. *The Early Scottish Church: its doctrine and discipline*. With a preface by the Right Reverend Aeneas Chisholm, LL.D. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 306. Sands, 6s. net.

#### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Reynolds-Ball, Eustace. *Rome: a Practical Guide to Rome and its Environs*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 256. Black, 2s. 6d.

Fountain, Paul. *The Eleven Eagles of the West*. 9 x 6. Pp. x, 362. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Fountain, contrary to his expressed intention, has returned to America in this, his fourth book; but he deals here with the eleven Western states—California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Poetical Tributes in memory of the late Sir Henry Irving*. Edited by Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist. S., Honorary Dental Surgeon to the Actors' Association. (Elliot Stock, 5s. net). This volume is a further proof of the enthusiasm awakened in the breasts of his countrymen by the late Sir Henry Irving, and is interesting on that account as a document in evidence. There its interest ends. We cannot recommend any one to be at the pains of reading these tributes: it is enough to know that Sir Henry's death inspired no less than one hundred and four persons to write "poems" which found a place in one or other of the London and Provincial journals—of how many more were roused to less fortunate efforts there is no record in the volume before us. Occasions like these are festivals of the obvious. Of these one hundred and four twenty-seven quote—in various degrees of accuracy—the now famous line from *Becket*: no less than thirty-four request that the curtain may be drawn down, or rung down, or inform us that it has been drawn down, or rung down, or closed. We have not tried to count the number who talk of life as a *role* (which in this volume is consistently spelled and printed as if it were an English word), and quotations from Hamlet are as thick as blackberries. One gentleman introduces a diversion by scanning "Melpomene" as a trisyllable; another by three times in two poems crying "Elegiac," as if it were "Oyez," and scanning it as two iambs. With the exception of the fine lines of Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. W. L. Courtney (here twice spelled Courtenay), Mr. James Rhoades and Mr. Owen Seaman, we find no "tributes" in which the poetic power shown is so creditable to their authors as the honest admiration of the great man in whose honour they were written—not even that of the Alderman who brackets Shakespeare and Sir Henry Irving together as "masters of the tragic art," nor the clergyman who rhymes "Pericles" to "Mon fils." The book is carelessly edited and printed.

To all aspirants to authorship we commend Miss C. E. Heisch's little book, *The Art and Craft of the Author*, practical hints upon literary work (Elliot Stock). Miss Heisch has nothing new to say—and that is to her credit. Her advice may be boiled down into the old golden precepts: Be honest; be patient; be industrious. But it is just because, year by year, the growth of journalism offers more and more temptation to young people to be in a hurry to "turn out" articles in response to the constantly increasing demand, that we call their attention to a little book which takes the art and craft of the author seriously and points no easy royal road to success. The book is not free from faults (surely Miss Heisch might have found something better than "Jim Bludso" to quote as an example of "exceedingly powerful writing, achieved by very natural means"); but her advice is always good, and her book is well arranged and clearly written.

Students of Rossetti will be glad to have their attention called to the *Bibliography of the Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, by Mr. William Michael Rossetti (Ellis). It is reprinted, with revisions and additions, from the *Bibliographer* of New York, and contains, in addition to the bibliography proper, a list of Books illustrated by Rossetti, a supplementary list of French and Italian translations from Rossetti, and an Index.

*A Manual of Carpentry and Joinery*. By J. W. Riley (Macmillan, 6s. net). This book is designed with special reference to the syllabus of the City and Guilds of London Institute, and its object is "to develop an appreciation of general principles." The author has, on the whole, succeeded in producing a book which will prove of great service to the student, and the chapters on Geometry and Mensuration



are especially valuable, for the tyro who makes himself master of these will be well equipped when entering on the practical stage of the course. The summaries and questions appended to each section of the book will prove very useful to the lecturer, as well as to the student who desires to test his knowledge as he goes on. In the list of timbers it is stated that the wood of the chestnut is "of a brownish colour," and that "it is used for piles, and occasionally as a substitute for oak." This statement is misleading, for it applies only to the wood of the sweet or Spanish chestnut. The timber of the Horse-chestnut, which Mr. Riley does not mention at all, is almost pure white and very brittle, and is used extensively in turning and for in-laying. The American Hornbeam should also have been described, for it is a valuable timber and is largely employed in pattern-making, for wooden cog-wheels, and boot-trees, and for many other purposes where a hard, tough and very durable wood is required. The telescopic or extension ladder is so very generally used nowadays that a description of its construction would have been useful, and should be included in the next edition of the book, in which the following errors should also be corrected; on p. 159, line 9, "that" is put for "than"; p. 286, line 3, the reference should be to Fig. 542, not 539. On p. 331 we have three-fourths of a page of verbatim repetition from p. 160, which could with advantage be replaced by a reference. The book is very fully illustrated with diagrams, sketches, and photographs, all of them without fault, except the drawing of a "clout" nail, which should have a much larger head and a round point, not a flat one.

*Mariale Novum* (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net).—A few members (fourteen or fifteen) of the Society of Jesus have collected into a volume a series of sonnets on the titles of the "Litany of Loreto," or "Litany of Our Lady." The sonnets, including an introductory sonnet to St. Joseph and those on the invocations to the Trinity, are sixty-three in number, in allusion to the sixty-three years which the Virgin Mary is said by tradition to have lived. The sonnets are only signed by initial Greek letters, but the same letter stands always for the same writer. Our favourite in all is Zeta, though Alpha has a fine sonnet to St. Joseph. The making of sonnets is, after all, in most cases a gentlemanly exercise; the inspired sonnet is rarer in literature than poets and critics are willing to believe; and it is in no depreciation of the sonnets before us that we pronounce them—nearly all—the work of intelligent, cultivated and thoughtful men, rather than of poets. One and all, they are well worth study. Most of them are packed with thought, all of them have a grave restraint and dignity very far removed from the religious sensationalism that has done so much to discredit sacred poetry in the eyes of students of literature. We in England have a fine heritage of sacred poetry; and the Society of Jesus, the Society of which Robert Southwell was a member, has peculiar claims on and duties towards that heritage. Worthily conscious of their privilege, the authors of this most interesting and pleasing volume have proved themselves good stewards.

*The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy.* By the Rev. G. E. Phillips. (Sands, 10s. 6d. net.) The frescoes and inscriptions commemorating the English martyrs for the Roman Catholic Faith, which were painted in the Old English College in Rome late in the sixteenth century by Pomarancio, mainly through the activity of George Gilbert, assisted by Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Allen and others, were instrumental in securing the Beatification of those martyrs by Pope Leo XIII. Part of one of these frescoes (which survive now only in engravings) represented a prison, with this inscription beneath it: *Propter sedis Romanæ et fidei catholice confessionem undecim Rmi. episcopi catholici ex diuturna carceris molestia contabescens obierunt.* Who were these eleven Bishops who died in prison in the Elizabethan persecutions? Their names were well known in the times contiguous to their own; the record became confused and blurred before the day of the Beatification; and the task Father Phillips has set himself is the identification of the eleven and the record of their histories. A careful examination of contemporary evidence, conducted with acumen and power, has resulted in his complete success. The eleven are identified, and the book, besides the obvious interest to Roman Catholics, has claims on the student of history for the light it throws on the events of those stirring years. Incidentally, Father Phillips, following in the footsteps of Mr. James Gairdner and other Protestant historians, clears Bishop Bonner from the charge of cruelty that has clung to him too long.

*Peg Woffington.* By Charles Reade. (Moring: The King's Novels, 1s. 6d. net.)—We are glad to welcome so charming a reprint as this of so fine a novel as "Peg Woffington." The work itself is, we hope, too well known to need comment; but the value of this edition is enhanced by the introduction contributed by Dr. Richard Garnett. Dr. Garnett tells the story of how *Masks and Faces* came to be made into a novel, sets out the advantages a novel has over a play, and raises two interesting questions: Why was there so much acted and so little written fiction before Boccaccio; and which branch of the art—play or novel—will outlive the other? In answer to the first he suggests want of education, paucity of writing materials, and the fact that "literature was for many ages confined to countries where the conditions of climate encourage exhibitions and recitation in the open air." He might have added, we believe, the superior force of illusion with which a play affects people not critical enough to observe its essential exaggerations and falsities. To the second question, Dr. Garnett replies that he believes the novel will outlive the theatre. We believe him to be right, but hope that we shall not live to see the day when his prophecy is fulfilled. The present book is a welcome addition to one of the most charming series of reprints in the market.

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## The University and the Nation

The "Saturday Westminster Gazette" is publishing a series of eight articles upon Oxford, entitled "The University and the Nation." These discuss briefly the resources at the disposal of Oxford, the use which is made at present of college emoluments, and the possibility of rendering the humane education of our older Universities, their distinctive and inestimable gift, more easily accessible to the increasing number of men in all classes who are fitted alike by previous training and future responsibilities to pursue University studies.

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7. PRIZE FELLOWSHIPS AND RESEARCH.
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The first three articles appeared last week, and Nos. 4 and 5 are given in the current number.

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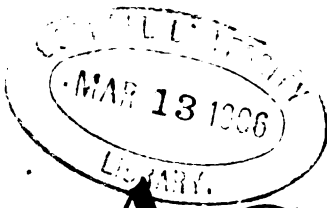
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## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1765

MARCH 3, 1906

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE remarked, the other day, that Cambridge was more prolific of comic verse than Oxford. It is also a common saying and a popular belief that all the great poets and most of the minor poets who have been at any University at all have been at Cambridge. One can only settle the point by making out a list; and as there is always room for argument as to whether certain men of letters are rightly classed as poets or not, the essential thing is to have a principle of selection which is at least fair as between the two seats of learning. We will therefore place a Scotch critic in the judgment seat, and include in our list all the Oxford and Cambridge poets who are recognised as poets in "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," and about whom the necessary educational information is there given. Most of the names will thus be those of the illustrious dead, and of the illustrious living only the seniors will be included. Such poets as Mr. Owen Seaman of Cambridge and Mr. Laurence Binyon of Oxford are omitted for that reason and for no other. Let it be added that we adopt Chambers's division into periods. And now for the lists:

## FIRST PERIOD.—The Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Daniel	Spenser
Drayton	Ben Jonson
Lodge	Phineas Fletcher
Barnfield	Nash
Sidney	Green
Wotton	Marlowe
Lyly	Beaumont
Peele	Thomas Heywood
Massinger	

## SECOND PERIOD, 1625-1689.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Wither	Herbert
Carew	Quarles
Lovelace	Suckling
Cartwright	Randolph
Strode	Crashaw
Davenant	Herrick
Denham	Cowley
Otway	Milton
	Marvell
	Dryden
	Nathaniel Lee

## THIRD PERIOD, 1689-1727.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Addison	Prior
Bramston	Garth
Tickell	Ambrose Philips

## FOURTH PERIOD, 1720-1780.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Young	John Byrom
Collins	Gray
Shenstone	Robert Lloyd
George, Lord Lyttelton	Churchill
Merrick	Mason
Samuel Johnson	Whitehead
Thomas Warton	Christopher Anstey
Joseph Warton	

## FIFTH PERIOD, 1780-1830.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
William Jones	Erasmus Darwin
William Gifford	Kirke White
Bowles	Wordsworth
Southey	Coleridge
Landor	Byron
"Monk" Lewis	W. S. Rose
Shelley	
Heber	
John Wilson ("Christopher North")	
Milman	
Thomas Haynes Bayly	
Keble	
Cary	

## SIXTH PERIOD, since 1830.

OXFORD :	CAMBRIDGE :
Hartley Coleridge	Praed
Clough	Moultrie
Matthew Arnold	Macaulay
Swinburne	Lord Houghton
Barham	Tennyson
Robert Montgomery	Lord Lytton
J. H. Newman	Trench
R. S. Hawker	Barnes
Faber	FitzGerald
Tupper	Frederick Tennyson
John Nichol	Tennyson-Turner
J. A. Symonds	Cory
Lewis Carroll	Roden Noel
Lewis Morris	F. W. H. Myers
Edwin Arnold	
William Morris	
Bridges	
Wilde	

Some poets have been omitted on the ground that they were at both Universities—Chaucer and Calverley among the number. Of the one hundred and eight names on a list composed with the strictest impartiality, fifty-nine, it will be seen, belong to Oxford and only forty-nine to Cambridge; but if we limit the competition to poets of the very highest rank Cambridge indubitably has the better of it. Suppose we imagine such a thing as a poetical Triplos. The names in the First Class would presumably be those of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, Shelley, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, and Swinburne. Cambridge, that is to say, would take seven firsts to Oxford's four; and, if Oxford should claim an additional first for Landor, Cambridge would make the same claim for FitzGerald and Gray. A comparison of the periods shows, however, that the Oxford standard is improving. The last two Oxford lists are both the longest and the strongest.

The latest stage in the negotiations with regard to copyright between Russia and France is a declaration on the part of M. Witte that he recognises the existence of literary property, and intends to adhere to the principles laid down upon the subject in the convention of Berne. In nothing perhaps is the necessity for some restrictive regulations more obvious than in matters relating to translation. On the one hand no sooner does Tolstoy, or some other well-known Russian author publish a novel, than incorrect and mutilated versions of it appear all over western Europe, while Russian publishers are often restrained from undertaking a really good translation of some important foreign work, because they have no means of discovering what inferior versions may be in process of production at the hands of some thoroughly incapable denizen of the Grub Street of St. Petersburg. Thus fourteen different versions of Zola's "Débâcle" were published in Russia—a great waste, it must be admitted, of literary energy.

Beyond the fact that two rival publishing firms have in the press editions of his Diary, little notice is likely to be taken of the two hundredth anniversary of the death of John Evelyn. He had the misfortune to be a contemporary of Pepys, and his style being cold and formal, he has suffered by comparison. Yet, if the truth were known,

later-day historians have probably owed more to him than to either Pepys or Walpole. His neglect is doubtless due as much to his lack of sympathy with his environment as to anything else. The unbridled licence of Charles II.'s Court suited Pepys: it disgusted Evelyn; and it was this alienation from the life of his contemporaries that made him a Great Londoner. He interested himself in schemes for its improvement and was largely instrumental in procuring the paving of "the Hay Market about Piquillo." Dearly as he loved his garden, he seems to have loved his London more, and he has this claim on its remembrance and affection, that he discovered Grinling Gibbons. It was a momentous discovery, and if he preens himself overmuch on his perception of the talent of the man he discovered in a wretched hovel near his own house, we can forgive him. The humour of his indignation against the French "peddling woman" at the Court who found faults in Gibbons's work, "which she understood no more than an asse or a monkey," is sufficient atonement.

Even the hardened heart of Mr. Bernard Shaw would find room for praise of at least one of the amateur acting clubs—that of the St. James's Dramatic Society, which gives occasional performances at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in Tavistock Place. Last Monday, as if to rebuke the unkindness of the great man, the members gave part of their repertory—scenes from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night* and the *Paolo and Francesca* of Mr. Stephen Phillips (by special permission of Mr. George Alexander). Among the ladies who specially distinguished themselves may be mentioned the Miss Fernheads, Miss Amy Rooker, and Miss Matilda Hayes, and among the young men Mr. Charles Gadsly, Mr. William Hayes, and Mr. Frederick Stanley Smith, who at the New Stage Club and elsewhere is in constant requisition owing to his real ability for speaking poetry, an unusual gift among amateurs. The scenes were simply and tastefully mounted: the crowded house was enthusiastic, and the gate-money was devoted to the Church of St. James, of which the incumbent, Father Barber, is no less popular among his congregation than the Major Barbara of Mr. Shaw was in the Salvation Army.

It is not generally known that Alfred Domett, whose name is to be linked with that of Robert Browning in a book shortly to appear as a memorial of a strong and enduring, a tender and classic friendship, was born in Camberwell Grove, and spent his youth in scenes familiar in later years to the boyhood of an illustrious statesman. Domett attended the same school as Browning at Peckham—that in which Goldsmith had been an usher—though he did not make the poet's acquaintance then. In his twenty-second year he published a volume of verse; and a poetical contribution of his to *Blackwood's* in 1837 was thus heralded in one of its symposia by Christopher North: "Sit down, and we shall sing thee a song—by—by—Al. D.—a new name to our old ears—but he has the prime virtue of a song-writer—a heart." In the "Christmas Hymn," which appeared in *Maga* in 1837—it was reproduced, by the way, in the *Century Magazine* last December—Christopher North alludes to its "magnificent stanzas." Every one is familiar with Browning's tribute in his poem: "What's become of Waring," published in "Bells and Pomegranates" in 1842, after Domett had gone to New Zealand; but comparatively few are aware of the intensity of the great poet's regard for the man whom he addressed on his return to England after an absence of thirty years—"How happy I am that I shall see you again.—Ever, affectionately yours."

The recent triumph of Labour at the polls has directed attention to poems and songs in glorification of toil—of work and the workers; but James Macfarlan's stirring lyric—"The Lords of Labour"—has apparently been forgotten. When Thackeray heard the ode recited by

Samuel Lover at the Garrick Club in 1859 he exclaimed: "By Jove! I don't think Burns himself could have taken the wind out of this man's sails." Here is the first of its three stanzas:

They come! they come in a glorious march!  
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh  
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,  
Or plunge mid the dancing spray.  
Their balefires blaze in the mighty forge,  
Their life-blood throbs in the mill,  
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,  
And their thunders shake the hill.  
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,  
The heroes who wield no sabre;  
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade  
That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

Macfarlan, known as the Glasgow Pedler Poet, died in 1862 in his thirty-first year. Charles Dickens accepted many of his poems for *Household Words*, and his volumes, "Poems," published by William Hardwicke, Piccadilly, in 1854, and "Lyrics of Life" issued by David Bogue in 1856, have long been out of print. In "The Poet's Prayer" and "Book World" there is an elevation of thought, a breadth of knowledge and power of imagery, combined with a mastery of rhythmic melody, that give to Macfarlan a unique place among Scottish minor bards.

At the annual dinner this evening of the London Association of Press Correctors, under the presidency of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, literature and art will be represented by, among others, Sir Richard Temple, Mr. Owen Seaman, Dr. Hermann Gollancz, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. E. F. Benson, and Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A. It is because Mr. Andrew Lang is not a diner-out that the proof-readers have never entertained a writer who has made some complimentary and many stinging remarks concerning the correctors of the press. Mr. Lang avers that when an author writes a difficult hand the proof-reader must have a genius for conjectural emendation. He may carry emendation too far, however, as in the case of the French author who, according to Mr. Lang, wrote that, "if any one would know Love, *il faut sortir de soi*." The proof-reader, seeing no sense in this, altered it to, "if any one would know Love, *il faut sortir le soir*."

The announcement of a new edition, in twenty volumes, of the works of Henry David Thoreau, brings to mind the fact that during his lifetime—he died in 1862—two volumes only were published—"A Week on the Concord" and "Walden." Out of an edition of one thousand copies of the first, seventy-five were given away, two hundred and twenty-five found purchasers, and the balance were returned to their originator as "unsaleable." The whole edition of "Walden" was disposed of in about three years. Lowell and Stevenson were severe in their characterisation of Thoreau. Stevenson looked at the hermit of Walden through his books instead of at the books through the man, and he lived, it should not be forgotten, to apologise for his immature judgment that Thoreau was without a "large unconscious geniality."

A plea for an exact and uniform system of classification in all public libraries was made by Mr. Mould of the Southwark Public Libraries, at the monthly meeting of the Library Association held on February 19 at the London School of Economics. Aristotle was described as the first instructor in Library practice, and the history of classification was lightly touched upon from the ancient Assyrians and Babylonians through the Middle Ages to the present time. But the reader of the paper and those who took part in the discussion confused, to some extent, what Jevons has called the classification of knowledge with the classification of books. Attention was drawn to the great diversity of the systems of classification even in the

libraries of a single borough or town. And a scheme was suggested having composite symbols of letters and numbers. The difference, one of great importance, between the classification of books and the class notation of the catalogue was touched upon, but might have received greater emphasis, as it is not at all necessary that the classification number should be that of the individual book.

The suggestion that the Library Association should "adopt" a system of classification was generally deprecated (Mr. Brown, Islington). But it was agreed that an exact system should be in use in every library. There can be no doubt that any system of close classification—and it is only the style of notation that differs in all exact schemes (Mr. Wyndham Hulme, Patent Office Library)—would be infinitely preferable to the plans still found in a number of libraries, of classifying by size; or in a few main classes without sub-divisions of any kind. The desideratum of all classification is a system which will allow of expansion in any direction, with the growth or alteration of any branch of literature. Following out the idea of co-operation exemplified in the adoption of a set of cataloguing rules to be used both here and in America, it was suggested that a system of classification should not only be general in this country, but universal.

One of the most interesting points elicited was the fact that at the Southwark libraries a universal catalogue was in the course of compilation; entries from every available source being gathered together and massed into a composite whole.

The idea of removing the remains of Corneille from the little church of St. Roche to the Pantheon was well received in Paris, but it has had to be abandoned because it has been found impossible to find which the remains are. They have become part of the dust of the crypt, and no one can trace the exact spot in which the coffin was laid. Parisian literary circles are now beginning to quote Chateaubriand: "Quel nomenclateur des ombres m'indiquerait la tombe effacée?" he exclaimed when seeking his mother's grave in order to raise a large mausoleum to her memory. And the historians are reminded that Louis Philippe was doubtful. In 1821, in his character of protector of arts and guardian of the nation's treasures, he had a tablet placed in the Eglise Saint-Roche on one of the pillars of the principal nave, inscribed with the day of the birth and of the death of Corneille.

Mr. F. R. Benson, than whom there is no more unselfish and public-spirited practitioner of the drama, has formed a scheme which he enunciated in a letter appearing lately in the *Times*. We cannot do better than print the objects of the society which he proposes to form:

1. (a) To facilitate and encourage amateur dramatic representations of plays in country villages by the villagers themselves.

(b) In schools by the scholars for purposes of education and recreation.

(c) Putting its members into communication with suitable professional artists, whenever their assistance might be desired.

(d) Acquiring a stock of scenery, dresses, and play-books, which it would let out on hire at a small fee to individual members and affiliated societies requiring same.

By some such means as outlined above it is hoped:

(a) To provide instructive and intellectual recreation for rural districts.

(b) To popularise among the English people the dramatic masterpieces of all times and countries.

(c) To assist in the revival and production of mystery, morality, lyrical, and poetical plays.

2. To form a central association in connection with the above, that should be able to assist where requested all amateur dramatic societies throughout the kingdom by

(a) Keeping records of all amateur dramatic societies and the performers.

(b) Collecting for its members information as to plays, acting versions, casts, scenery, dresses, music, etc.

(c) To encourage dramatic experiments of untried authors.

One guinea a year, Mr. Benson thinks, would be sufficient to defray expenses. All who have had the pleasure of seeing the Village Players at Hildenborough in Kent, or who had learned something of the work done in that village by Mr. Dagny Major and the enthusiastic residents, will have realised the valuable social and intellectual benefits that may result from such undertakings when wisely conducted. It may be questioned, however, whether the scope of his proposals be not too wide. Again, the good folk of Hildenborough, who succeed in pleasing with home-made drama, might find themselves sadly out of their depth in *Othello* or *Richelieu*. *Everyman*, admirably acted as it was, drew good houses; but in general a little of *Mystery* or *Morality* would go a long way. And as for the numerous company of the great unacted, their works would have a better chance in the hands of professional players. Nevertheless, Mr. Benson's scheme is worthy of the fullest discussion; the root-idea of it is sound and fertile, while it may prove necessary to lop superfluous branches.

Millet's study for *Les Glaneuses* and his drawing, *L'Enfant Malade*, lately on view at the Leicester Galleries, have been acquired for the nation.

On Tuesday and Wednesday next Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge will sell by auction more than three hundred original drawings by Mr. Linley Sambourne, including most of his famous cartoons which have appeared in *Punch* during the last fifteen years.

Society of Arts: Arrangements for the week ending March 10, 1906. Tuesday, March 6, at 8 p.m. Colonial Section.—"Imperial Questions in the West Indies." By Sir Nevile Lubbock, K.C.M.G. The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., High Commissioner for Canada, will preside. Wednesday, March 7, at 8 p.m.: Ordinary Meeting—"Art in Painting and Photography." By J. C. Dollman, A.R.W.S. David Murray, R.A., will preside.

The Dante Society, 38 Conduit Street, London, W.: Syllabus of Lectures: March 7, Justin Huntly McCarthy, Esq., "The Vita Nuova as a Love Story"; Commendatore Guglielmo Marconi in the chair. April 4, Professor A. J. Butler, M.A., "Dante and the German Mystics"; Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Southwark in the chair. "Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas"; Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., in the chair. June 13, Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D., "The Companionship of Dante." The date of Signora Leonora Duse's promised Recital of the Episode of Francesca da Rimini will depend on the date of her next visit to England. The Society's annual dinner will take place on June 27, at the Hotel Cecil. Members should apply for tickets (7s. 6d. each) for themselves and for their guests at their earliest convenience.

The Institution of Electrical Engineers. Meeting at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W., Thursday, March 8, 1906. Ordinary General Meeting at 8 p.m. "A New Single-Phase Commutator Motor," by V. A. Fynn, member.

Next week's number will contain the Spring Announcements Supplement.



## LITERATURE

## AN ACADEMIC BIOGRAPHY

*Henry Sidgwick.* A Memoir by A. S. and E. M. S. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a long and baffling Life of an extremely interesting man. The authors have accentuated a tendency recently displayed in writing the biographies of men connected with University life, which is to make the book no true study but a collection of papers and memoranda, some of which are interesting and others most trivial and irrelevant. This is casting no blame whatever on the late Professor Sidgwick. If a stenographer were to take down a conversation of any man, however eminent he might be, or if all the letters of a most gifted person were to be printed as they passed from his pen day by day, it is inevitable that, though here and there one might come across a suggestive phrase or an original thought, the impression produced by the whole would be one of commonplace. We are afraid that this is the only verdict which can be fairly arrived at with regard to the biography before us. It consists of over six hundred closely printed pages, and apparently the writers have thought it a duty to put in every document that came into their possession. It would take a considerable amount of space to demonstrate this, because it could only be done by quoting the dullest portions of a dull book. We may give the following as a typical example of much that may be found between its covers:

... I went by the Metropolitan Railway on Monday; it is really most impressive—more so than any other “wonder of the age” that I have ever seen. In spite of the enormous expense it ought to be a great success. There is no disagreeable smell.

A good biographer would have shorn away this wool, and certainly there was material enough here to have made a striking and interesting story. Sidgwick was a man who, during the greater part of his adult life, used to adopt a text from Scripture as a kind of motto for the period. From 1861 to 1865, for instance, it was: “After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers,” and for four years after that it was the passage beginning: “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?” From 1869 to 1875 the text was: “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,” and then it changed for fifteen years to: “But this one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind, and stretching forth unto those that are before, I press towards the mark”; and finally, as old age approached, he chose the pathetic comment: “Gather up the fragments that are left, that nothing be lost.” In connection with this it is interesting to note that, when he contemplated burial without the Church of England service, the earnest and quiet words that he wished to have said over his grave were:

Let us commend to the love of God with silent prayer the soul of a sinful man who partly tried to do his duty. It is by his wish that I say over his grave these words and no more.

Passages such as these do indeed help us to gain some vital idea of our subject. To complete the picture we cannot do better than reproduce certain descriptions of Sidgwick by men with whom he came into contact. In the course of a long communication which is just a little marred by a certain formality in the sentences, as though even on this occasion the writer could not escape his political style, Mr. Arthur Balfour says:

Of all the men I have known he was the readiest to consider every controversy and every controversialist on their merits. He never claimed authority; he never sought to impose his views; he never argued for victory; he never evaded an issue. Whether these are the qualities which best fit their possessor to found a “school” may well be doubted.

Sir Leslie Stephen gives a somewhat more illuminating account of his conversation, with the skill of one accustomed to deal with biographies:

Henry Smith, for example, who often met Sidgwick at the “Ad Eundem,” had an equal fame for good sayings; and both might be credited with unfailing urbanity, humour, quickness, and other such qualities. Their styles were nevertheless entirely different, while to point out the exact nature of the difference is beyond my powers. Smith, perhaps, excelled especially in the art of concealing a keen epigram in a voice and manner of almost excessive gentleness. Sidgwick rather startled one by sudden and unexpected combinations and arch inversions of commonplace. His skill in using his stammer was often noticed. His hearers watched and waited for the coming thought which then exploded the more effectually. Sidgwick not only conceded but eagerly promoted contributions of talk from his companions. He would wait with slightly parted lips for an answer to some inquiry, showing a keen interest which encouraged your expectation that you were about to say a good thing, and sometimes, let us hope, helped to realise the expectation. He differed from Smith—who preserved a strict reticence upon the final problems—by a readiness to discuss any question whatever, if it were welcome to his companions. He was not only perfectly frank but glad to gain enlightenment even from comparatively commonplace minds.

We need only to add a little thumb-nail sketch by Mr. A. C. Benson.

I remember once a supreme instance of his conversational powers. It was at a small dinner-party; he took in a lady whose social equipment was not great, and who was obviously ill at ease. I wondered what subject he would select. He began at once on the subject of the education of children, in the simplest way, as though he only desired information. The lady, who had a young family, became at once communicative and blithe; and what might have been a dreary business was turned into a delightful occasion.

In regard to the inner Henry Sidgwick, nothing in these pages is more eloquent than the following comment upon “*In Memoriam*”:

The thing most interesting to myself is the intensity of sympathy with which I have been reading *In Memoriam*. This is due, I think, to my final despair of obtaining—I mean my obtaining, for I do not yet despair as regards the human race—any adequate rational ground for believing the immortality of the soul. What has struck me most in this re-reading is (1) the absence of any originality in the thought, but also (2) the exquisite selection and fitting together of arguments in the best argumentative portions, so as to produce a kind of balanced, rhythmical fluctuation of moods. Perhaps a certain balancedness is the most distinctive characteristic of Tennyson’s mind among poets, which inclines him to the “*juste milieu*” in politics, and in such poems as “*Love and Duty*” to a sort of complex sympathy evenly divided between passion and principle.

It is curious to note such little points of touch as occur between Mr. Sidgwick and the outside world. Many interesting names just flicker in these pages, and then pass away. There is a reference to “the poison” of Carlyle, which is very suggestive. The late Mr. Huxley figures quite frequently in this book. The following is an interesting little sketch of him at one of the Society discussions in which Sidgwick seems to have been uninterruptedly engaged:

I remember that on one occasion when I had read to the Society an essay on the “Incoherence of Empiricism,” I looked forward with some little anxiety to his criticisms; and when they came, I felt that my anxiety had not been superfluous; he “went for” the weak points of my argument in half a dozen trenchant sentences, of which I shall not forget the impression. It was hard hitting, though perfectly courteous and fair.

There is a good deal of correspondence with the late Laureate, Lord Tennyson; and of another contemporary poet, Mr. Swinburne, we are told that Sidgwick saw in Rossetti’s sonnets the “missing link” between him and Christina Rossetti. Another reference is somewhat slighting:

Meanwhile we are not most of us in a humour to read a rhymed play by Swinburne; we feel we must leave that amusement to the happy Americans and Australians.

Probably Ruskin was even more “poisonous” than Carlyle, as his name does not occur in the index.

The general impression produced by the biography is an almost wistful one of scholasticism standing outside the glare and dust of life and wondering pathetically what it all means. We have avoided for the moment touching upon Sidgwick’s philosophy, as that is dealt with by itself on another page.

## THE AENEID IN ENGLISH VERSE

*The Aeneid of Virgil.* With translation by CHARLES J. BILLSON, M.A., Corpus Christi College, Oxford. 2 vols. (Arnold, 30s. net.)

YET another translation of the Aeneid, and this time into blank verse. The last attempt to achieve the same task in the same metre was made just twenty years ago by the late Canon Thornhill, of Dublin. It is remarkable that the very first specimen of blank verse in English is the translation of the first and second books of the Aeneid by the ill-fated Henry Howard Earl of Surrey (1517-1547). Many metres have been attempted by translators of Virgil, and each naturally maintains the superiority of his own. Dr. Symmonds, who early in the eighteenth century matched himself with poor success against Dryden in the use of the heroic couplet, calls blank verse "only a laborious and doubtful struggle to escape from the fangs of prose." On the other hand the rhymers quote "Hudibras":

Those who write in rhyme still make  
The one verse for the other's sake;  
For one for sense and one for rhyme  
They think sufficient at one time;

and point to Dryden's rendering of *tantaene animis caelestibus irae*, demanding whence came the second line in

Can heavenly minds such dire resentment show,  
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

We certainly prefer Mr. Billson's:

Can Heavenly hearts so unrelenting prove?

or Thornhill's:

In heavenly bosoms finds such hate its home?

On the whole, we think, Mr. Billson has chosen the best metre. No metre is a better counterpart for the flowing description, the pointed dialogue, the dignified narrative of the hexameter. In truly inspired hands it can be made quite as harmonious and alluring as the best couplets. The present writer knew by heart Tennyson's "Tears, idle tears" for years before it struck him that it was blank verse. But how few can make blank versing! Not one for ten who can give us musical couplets. We must own that we have not yet met a blank verse rendering of the Aeneid, which comes near to being comparable with the blank verse of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, Swinburne. Thornhill tries hard to ride a horse with wings, but the metre in his hands pins him to the earth, and this is still truer of Mr. Billson. Let us compare Juno's speech, Aen. i. 36-48, in the version of each. Thornhill's, which is spirited but exaggerated, runs thus:

Ha! baffled must I yield,  
Nor power be mine to keep from Italy  
This hated Prince of Troy? The Fates forsooth  
Say nay: but what, had Pallas power to burn  
That Argive fleet and drown the crews to boot  
All for mad Ajax' single guilt and crime?  
Yea, from the clouds her daring right hand launch'd  
Jove's volley'd bolts, scatter'd their navies wide,  
With storm up tore the main, and him, the wretch—  
His thunder-riven breast forth panting flame—  
Borne in the blast away and smitten home,  
Impaled upon a jag of splinter'd rock;  
While I who queen it through the courts of heaven,  
Sister and wife of Jove, with one poor clan  
For years sans count still wage my bootless wars.

Mr. Billson certainly does not exaggerate the tone:

Am I to own defeat?  
Not turn from Italy this Prince of Troy?  
The Fates forbid me! Could not Pallas burn  
The Argive fleets and drown them in the deep  
For one man's guilt, the madness Ajax wrought?  
She, from the clouds down-flinging Jove's own fire,  
Shatter'd their ships and blew the waters high,  
Him caught in whirlwind, and his cloven breast  
Fix'd on the pointed rock, outbreathing flames.  
Yet I, Jove's Wife and Sister, I who move  
The Queen of Gods, so many years make war  
On one poor race.

While Thornhill makes a somewhat unsuccessful attempt to soar, Mr. Billson contentedly creeps. But "queen it" is very good for *incedo regina*—far better too than Sir C. Bowen's:

I, who in high heaven move as a queen,

or Conington's:

I, who through heaven its mistress move,

or Morris's:

I, who go for the queen of the Gods.

We will now give a fine passage, iv. 590-629 (omitting 607-620), in Mr. Billson's version, then in two rhyming renderings, and in Thornhill's blank verse:

Dear God! she cries,  
And shall he go and flout my kingdom thus?  
No arms leap out, not all my city chase  
And drag the ships from dock? Go! Fetch me quick  
Firebrands; bring arms! ply oars!—What words are these?  
Where am I? O, what madness turns my wit?  
Unhappy Dido, now thy guilt comes home  
Too late, thy crown once shared. So loyal proved  
This famous saviour of his country's gods!  
This famous son who bore his age-worn sire!  
O, might I not have torn him limb from limb,  
To strew the sea, and slain his friends, aye, slain  
His son, and served him for the father's meat?  
Such strife had doubtful issue? Yea, but who  
Could daunt me dying? Brands I should have borne,  
And fill'd his decks with flame, burn'd son and sire,  
With all their kin, and slain myself the last!

So be it! This last word with my blood I shed.  
Thenceforth, O Tyrians, all his seed pursue  
With hatred! To my ashes grant this boon!  
No love, no league between you. From my bones,  
Avenger, rise; and chase with fire and sword  
The intruding Dardans, now, hereafter, yea,  
Whenever power is thine! May shore to shore  
Be adverse, sea to sea, and sword to sword,  
For fathers and for children endless war.

Here we have a great many marks of interjection but very little real elevation when compared with the sublime original. Yet it must be owned that it is very literal, quite correct, and gives line for line. It is, we suppose, to emphasise this linear fidelity that Mr. Billson has gone to the expense of printing the whole of the Latin poem on the opposite page, in his two very handsome and well brought out volumes. We now present Morris:

Ah, Jove! and is he gone?  
And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?  
Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town in chase?  
Ho ye! Why run ye not the ships down from their standing place?  
Quick, bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars to sea!  
What words are these? Or where am I? What madness changeth  
me?  
Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.  
Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord—lo whereunto are come  
His faith and troth who erst, they say, his country's house-gods held,  
The while he took upon his back his father spent with eld?  
Why! might not I have shred him up and scattered him piecemeal  
About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with steel,  
Ascanius on his father's board for dainty meat to lay?  
But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle? Yea, O yea!  
What might I fear, who was to die—if I had borne the fire  
Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son and sire  
Quenched with their whole folk, and myself had cast upon it all!

Lo this I pray, this last of words forth with my blood I pour,  
And ye, O Tyrians, 'gainst his race that is, and is to be,  
Feed full your hate! When I am dead send down this gift to me:  
No love betwixt the peoples twain, no troth for anything!  
And thou, Avenger of my wrongs, from my dead bones outspring,  
To bear the fire and the sword o'er Dardan-peopled earth  
Now or hereafter; whensoever the day brings might to birth.  
I pray the shore against the shore, the sea against the sea,  
The sword 'gainst sword—fight ye that are, and ye that are to be!

Put beside this the version of Sir C. Bowen, which, in its plain, manly, straightforward vigour, affords a strong contrast to the artificial simplicity of Morris's verses, and would, indeed, be in many respects adequate, except for the metre:

Father of Earth and of Heaven! and shall this stranger, she cries,  
Wend on his treacherous way, flout Dido's realm as he flies?  
Leaps no sword from the scabbard? Is Tyre not yet on his trail?  
None of ye warping the ships from the dockyards, hoisting the sail?  
Forth with the flame and the arrow! To sea and belabour the main!  
Ah, wild words! Is it Dido? Has madness troubled her brain?  
Ah, too late, poor Dido! The sin comes home to thee now!  
Then was the hour to consider, when thou wast crowning his brow.  
Look ye! The faith and honour of him who still, as they say,  
Carries on shipboard with him his Trojan gods on the way!  
Bore on his shoulders his aged sire! Ah, had I not force  
Limb from limb to have torn him, and piecemeal scattered his corse  
Over the seas? His crews to have slain, and, banquet of joy,  
Served on the father's table the flesh of Iulus the boy?  
Even were chance in the battle unequal—death was at hand.  
Whom had Dido to fear? I had borne to his vessels the brand,  
Filled with flames each deck, each hold—child, people, and sire  
Whelmed in a blazing ruin, and flung myself on the pyre!

This last prayer as my life ebbs forth I pour with my blood;  
Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucric brood:  
Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this!  
Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!  
Rise! thou Nameless Avenger from Dido's ashes to come,  
Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!  
Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages yet unexplored,  
Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!  
Sea upon sea wage battle forever! Shore upon shore,  
Spear upon spear! To the sires and children strife evermore!

The same passage as translated by Canon Thornhill well illustrates the extreme vigour of his work, whilst it labours under the characteristic defect of diffuseness:

Shall he then go? Go, and our kingdom left  
Insulted, mocked, to point a rover's scoff!  
What, lieges, ho!—Will they not arm and out,  
All Carthage, quick? Not chase the faithless foe?  
Nor pluck those laggard vessels from the docks?  
Away! forth fire and sword! ply sail and oar!  
Yet hold; what words are these? where, what this place?  
What madness whirls my brain? Ah, wretched queen,  
Needs guilty deed to touch thy dainty sense?  
Late wail'd what's done; wise hadst thou rued in time,  
When heart and sceptre at thy giving lay.  
Mirror of knighthood's truth! and this is he,  
The world-famed prince that ever with him bears  
His country's gods about! the model son,  
Who on his back did safe from foes bear off  
The helpless burden of his aged sire!  
Might not this hand—fool, to forbear the deed!—  
Have shred his mangled carcase to the waves,  
Slain friends and followers, yea, done to death  
Ascanius' self, and at the father's board  
Have served him up his murdered boy to boot?  
True, 't were to fight at risk; but what of that?  
Self-doom'd to death, whom—what—had I to fear?  
No; I had fired their fleet, each gangway filled,  
And, smothering deck with flame, slain sire and son,  
With all the cursed brood extinct, and crowned  
The blazing ruin with myself and mine!

Such wish take he from me, this parting curse  
Here with my streaming blood to Heaven I pour,  
Then, Tyrians, you with endless feud still vex  
His seed, breed, kind—yea, all shall ever trace  
His caitiff line; with this meet tribute still  
Present your Dido's tomb. Be love nor league  
Your hostile realms betwixt! O from our dust—  
Hear, righteous Heaven, the prayer!—some Champion start,  
Some bold Avenger, doomed with fire and sword  
To hunt those Trojan vagrants through the world,  
Be it to-day, to-morrow, or whene'er;  
No time unmeet shall will and means supply;  
Fight shore with shore opposed, wave fight with wave,  
Fight all—who—what—or are, or e'er shall be!

It will be noticed that while the Latin, Morris and Mr. Billson have twenty-five lines, Bowen has twenty-eight, Thornhill no less than forty-one. We will take one more passage from the fourth book, Dido's denunciation of Æneas, 365-380, and then compare Thornhill and Conington:

No Goddess bore thee! Thine no Dardan stock!  
Traitor! The flinty peaks of Caucasus  
Got thee, Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!  
Why should I mask myself? Why wait for more?  
When hath he sighed, or look'd upon my tears?  
When hath he wept, or pitied her who loved?  
Where should my charge begin? Not Juno now,  
Not Father Jove now looks with righteous eyes.

No faith is sure! Wreck'd, starved, I bade him hail,  
Madly with him I shared my realm; I found  
His missing ships; I saved his friends from death.  
Ah, Furies burn me! Now Apollo calls,  
Now Lycia bids! Now, sent by Jove himself,  
Comes the Gods' Herald with his mandate harsh.  
What work for Gods! What care to vex their calm!  
I hold thee not; I answer not. Away!

Thornhill is far more vigorous in Dido's fierce denunciation of her faithless lover:

Nor goddess gave thee birth, false-hearted wretch,  
Nor Dardanus thy miscreant kind begot,  
But thou from flinty Caucasus wast hewn,  
Congenial grain! and tigers gave thee suck.  
Yes, why mince words, and wait for baser wrong?  
What! see me weep, nor heave one kindly sigh!  
Moved he those eyes? shed he one answering tear?  
Yea, was e'en pity to my pangs denied?  
But why note this or that, or how award  
The palm for worst where barbarous all alike?  
Ay me! not man alone—not Juno now,  
Nor Jove himself, hath ruth of wretches' wrong!  
Yes, yes; no trusting more of Earth or Heaven.  
This ingrate I, what time our angry waves  
Flung out the needy waif upon these shores,  
Not housed alone and fed, but bade him share—  
Ah, fool!—my throne and state, and snatched withal  
His shattered barks and starving crews from death.  
Ha! that way madness lies—my brain's afire!  
'Tis Phoebus now—'tis now some Lycian seer—  
Anon—and special sent of Jove himself—  
E'en Heaven's own herald cleaves his airy way  
To bear the dread command. Yes, fitting task,  
Belike, for god's employ! such cares—'tis apt!—  
Must ruffle Heaven's repose! But I, good sooth,  
Nor court thy stay nor deign thy lies refute.

This very spirited rendering of the Dublin scholar is, it must be owned, affluent to diffuseness, containing ten lines more than the Latin, and it will be noticed that there is a heightening of the tone which almost amounts to exaggeration. "Wretch," "miscreant," "barbarous," are not in the Latin, and *dicta* is not *lies*; on the other hand, "that way madness lies" is very happily adopted from *King Lear*. Conington, with his shorter measure, uses one line less. I quote his rendering to show that, with all his skill, in a really impassioned passage his ambling metre drags him down:

No goddess bore thee, traitorous man:  
No Dardanus your race began;  
No; 'twas from Caucasus you sprung,  
And tigers nursed you with their young.  
Why longer wear the mask, as though  
I waited for some heavier blow?  
Heaved he one sigh at tears of mine?  
Moved he those hard impassive eyes?  
Did one kind drop of pity fall  
At thought of her who gave him all?  
What first, what last? Now, now I know  
Queen Juno's self has turned my foe:  
Not e'en Saturnian Jove is just:  
No faith on earth, in heaven no trust.  
A shipwrecked wanderer up and down,  
I made him share my home, my crown:  
His shattered fleet, his needy crew  
From fire and famine's jaws I drew.  
Ah, Furies whirl me! now divine  
Apollo, now the Lycian shrine,  
Now Heaven's own herald comes, to bear  
His grisly mandate through the air!  
Aye, gods above ply tasks like these;  
Such cares disturb their life of ease.—  
I loathe your person, scorn your pleas.

An absolutely literal rendering is certainly helped by rhyme. Compare, for instance, Mr. Billson, i. 128, 129:

*Disiectam Æneae toto videt æquore classem,  
Fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,*

Strewn o'er the sea he saw Æneas' fleet  
He saw the Trojans spent with wind and wave,

with Bowen's:

Far on the watery waste he beheld Troy's company driven,  
Trojans crush'd by the waves and the wrack and ruin of heaven.

Again, in ii, 353, 354, compare:

To death! And charge with me on serried arms! :  
One chance the conquer'd have, to hope for none,

and

Come let us perish, and charge to the heart of the enemies' line,  
One hope only remains for the conquer'd—hope to resign.

We think we have shown sufficiently that Mr. Billson's muse is not such as can dispense with the embellishment of rhyme. A translator who aims only at reproducing the literal meaning of the words may quite fail to reproduce the spirit, and may not bring the reader at all as near to the original as the prose translations of Conington and Mackail. The late Archbishop Trench well said:

Words are enclosures from the great outfield of meaning; but different languages have enclosed on different schemes, and words in different languages which are precisely coextensive with one another are much rarer than we incuriously assume.

Hence paraphrase, expansion, compression (even to some slight extent omission and interpolation), are sometimes requisite to give a more real and faithful impression of a great original than could be obtained from literal reproduction of the very words, clause by clause, and line by line. Our last chance of a really great blank verse Aeneid disappeared when Tennyson died.

For one thing Mr. Billson is to be commended. While all other translators elaborately defend the metre they have employed, he has not a syllable of foreword save "Dedicated to my daughter Camilla."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

### JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*James Russell Lowell, his Life and Work.* By FERRIS GREENSLET. With illustrations. (Constable, 6s. net.)

No consistent Tariff Reformer ought to admit this book to his house, for it is a clear case of "dumping." Not only are both writer and subject Americans, but the printing and spelling, and for aught we know the binding, are American too. Now, we do not complain of this; indeed, it is really appropriate, for Lowell himself was never more of a citizen of the world than a good American has any business to be, patriotically considered. What we do complain of, and that very strongly, is Mr. Ferris Greenslet's patriotically American style. Some of Lowell certainly belongs to us—"What? Lowell an alien! Fiddlededee!" as *Punch* sang on a famous occasion—and he should not be celebrated in a manner of writing which must make Englishmen "stare and gasp," and can hardly, one would suppose, really please Mr. Greenslet's compatriots.

It is dreadful to picture to oneself Lowell's own feelings if he were to return to earth and were to employ his time, or some of it, in reading this curious production. How would he like to read of the things that "elemented" his his own personality: to learn that "in a small circle of congenial friends he was a perfect master of the conversational instrument"; that he "could talk in paragraphs, patiently endeavoring to thread the difficult needle of truth"; that "the one irreducible factor in his equation was an irrepressible whimsicality of a kind more often found in low-voltage men than in men of Lowell's grade of power"; that Oliver Wendell Holmes expressed his view of him "with an almost lapidary concision"; and, what is perhaps most horrifying of all, how would he like to read of his "excursions into the field of what may be called *applied poetry*"? "Applied poetry"! Neither "The Biglow Papers" nor anything else "may" be called by a name so detestable. Shall all-conquering science be allowed to annex with her metaphors the fair kingdom of literature? Her own sons, we believe, will gladly join in our protest against such phrases as "applied poetry," for Mr. Greenslet is not nowadays a solitary offender.

There is this to be urged in our author's defence, though it may to some minds only enhance his enormities,

namely that he does not behave in this way always, or even very often. You may read several pages of him which, if marked by no distinction of style, are nevertheless full of interesting and well-delivered information; and then suddenly you are stricken down by such a passage as this:

*Savory* is perhaps the best word wherewith to describe the quality of Lowell's prose style. . . . The defect of this quality was that Lowell lacked quite the "choiceful sense" to make it constantly effective. He was capricious in this as in everything else. Sometimes the breezy vocabular was too breezy, and blew the decent draperies of convention about too wantonly, sometimes the prodigious sesquipedalian was too obviously dragged in by its inky heels.

Can it be that Mr. Greenslet is a low-voltage man, and that his "thusness" is due to an irrepressible whimsicality? In any case, we are very sure that he would do well to have his voltage raised by some skilled literary electrician, or perhaps we should say electric *littérateur*; for his peculiar style is like to lose him many readers, and that he does not fairly deserve. Yet who could be blamed for throwing the book away, or giving it to a Carnegie library, on encountering, before a seventh part of the work has been read, such a sentence as this, descriptive of the Transcendental period in America: "No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes"? The image is disgusting and the conceit is unscientific, for wise persons have no monopoly of large-sized brains.

We are sorry to write in this strain, for the idea with which Mr. Greenslet started is a good one. He proposed to make Lowell, as far as possible, tell his own story by fashioning, so to speak, a mosaic of extracts from his letters and other writings, as well as the recorded impressions and reminiscences of others. He has carried out this plan with care and intelligence, and an evident affection for his subject; it is the more surprising, therefore, that a man who is steeped in Lowell should on occasion himself write so vilely. A book on these lines—a kind of sublimated essence of Charles Eliot Norton, Horace Scudder, and F. H. Underwood, varied with dashes of Howells, Henry James, Dr. E. E. Hale, and other friends—would be read in this country. Whether, as Mr. Greenslet confidently announces, Lowell was "the first true American Man of Letters," he will always be read in America; but on this side he has already begun to be neglected, even by people who, if they did read him, would be astonished to discover him so "full of quotations." Such people will often read and re-read a little book when they will not go to the originals, and it is better to know Lowell out of a little book than not at all. That is why we particularly regret Mr. Greenslet's unfortunate lapses in style. We do thank him cordially for a very good index. He gives no bibliography of Lowell because an exhaustive one is being prepared by Mr. George Willis Cooke. There is a little new "material," including two letters to Mr. F. J. Garrison about corrections in "Endymion," which show Lowell to have been curiously fastidious and even meticulous in his old age, together with—most interesting of all from a literary standpoint—a portion of a fine poem addressed by Emerson to Lowell on the celebration of the latter's fortieth birthday by the Saturday Club. We may fitly conclude by quoting a few lines:

Man of marrow, man of mark,  
Virtue lodged in sinew stark

Most at home in mounting fun,  
Broadest joke and luckiest pun,  
Masking in the mantling tones  
Of a rich laughter-loving voice  
In speeding troops of social joys,  
And in volleys of wild mirth,  
Purer metal, rarest worth,  
Logic, passion, cordial zeal  
Such as bard and martyr feel.

But, if another temper come,  
If on the sun shall creep a gloom,

A time and tide more exigent,  
When the old mounds are torn  
and rent,  
More proud, more stormy competitors  
Marshal the list for emperors—  
Then the pleasant bard will know  
To put the frolic masque behind him  
Like an old familiar cloak,  
And in sky-born mail to bind him,  
And single-handed cope with Time,  
And parry and deal the Thunder-stroke.



## THE FAILURE OF METAPHYSICS

*The Philosophy of Kant and other Lectures.* By the late HENRY SIDGWICK, Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

It is said to have been Henry Sidgwick who taught Mr. Balfour to doubt philosophically. He was capable of teaching it to any man who did not prefer to doubt unphilosophically; and one may truthfully say of him—what Whewell said of Edward FitzGerald—that he passed his life as “a prisoner in Doubting Castle.” The doubts expressed in these posthumous essays relate chiefly to the philosophical systems of Kant, T. H. Green, and Herbert Spencer; Sidgwick assailing each of them in turn in a style which suggests Sir Edward Clarke cross-examining a difficult witness. Like Sir Edward, he always seems to get the best of it, though he has an advantage over the great advocate in the fact that the difficult witness is not actually present to spring awkward surprises upon his cross-examiner. A critical scrutiny of the destructive arguments which he employs is impossible within the limits of our space. It must suffice to say that most of them seem deadly enough to leave any student of metaphysics, whose standpoint is that not of a master but of a disciple, wondering: If he cannot lean upon any of these three great teachers, on whom will it be possible for him to lean? In Sidgwick's own writings, at any rate, there is nothing to lean upon. He knows it, and makes no pretences, seeming to be a metaphysician by accident rather than by inclination. He pulls down, but does not build anything on the space he clears. We are not surprised to learn, as we do from a chapter in the *Memoirs* of the late F. W. H. Myers, that, when he sought knowledge of matters beyond the ordinary ken of the scientific observer, he knew no better way of pursuing it than to apply experimental methods to phantasmological research.

Perhaps, however, there is one positive conclusion deducible from Sidgwick's Lectures, though it is nowhere formally drawn by the lecturer. It is nothing less than the conclusion expressed in the familiar and vulgar saying that “when one fellow talks about what he doesn't understand to another fellow who doesn't understand him, that is metaphysics.” To put it more properly and precisely: Metaphysics fails, and must fail, to progress because there exists no language in which any metaphysical philosopher can so state his propositions that any other metaphysical philosopher can be absolutely certain of his meaning. That is the difference between the easiest metaphysics and the most difficult science. When Sir Oliver Lodge talks about radium or electrons, he may seem obscure to the average reader of the newspapers, but there is no danger of his being misinterpreted by Sir William Ramsay. An electron is an electron to a physicist, as surely as a primrose was a primrose to Peter Bell. The technical language of metaphysics is much more vague and indefinite. You cannot even trust two metaphysicians to use simple words like “objectivity” or “externality” in precisely the same sense. Their attitude towards each other's systems too frequently recalls the Duke of Devonshire's famous exclamation at the beginning of the Home Rule Question: “Mr. Gladstone does not mean what I mean.” It was, as is well known, on these grounds that Herbert Spencer neglected to reply to certain neo-Hegelian attacks on his philosophy. He did not reply to them, he said, because he could not understand them. Sidgwick, now as always, approaches all the systems, including that of Spencer, in a somewhat similar spirit, though he carries analysis further. His method is to select a sentence which apparently contains the clue to a system, and show that it is capable of conveying at least two or three different meanings, and that, even to the writer of it, it evidently meant different things at different times. Under the steady application of the process, one certainty after another seems to melt away. It is admirably done, and furnishes excellent reading to those who delight in

dialectics; but to those who thought that they had firm ground under their feet because, for instance, Green had bridged the gulf between ethics and metaphysics, it must be terribly disconcerting. A few of them may continue to cling vaguely to some vague metaphysics of their own, while admitting their inability to express their conceptions in any form of words capable of withstanding Sidgwick's Old Bailey methods. We can picture others, unable to endure the pain of a suspended judgment, feeling that there is nothing for it but to fly for refuge to the confident dogmas of Catholicism or the persuasive visions of Theosophy; while Mr. Balfour, as all the world knows, finds his way out in the argument that, as there is no certainty anywhere, there can be nothing unreasonable in the assumption of the truth of the doctrines of the Church of England as by law established.

## THACKERAY AS JOURNALIST

*The New Sketch Book.* By W. M. THACKERAY. Edited, with an Introduction, by ROBERT S. GARNETT. (Alston Rivers, 7s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the petty maxims that one constantly hears repeated in literary circles, few are more untrue than the statement that journalism is fatal to literature. The recourse of the indolent has always been to vague generalisations of this kind, but it is surprising that the example of Thackeray has not been more frequently quoted to show the fallacy of this deliverance. Thackeray was the journalist *par excellence*. No one who has read the inimitable picture of him drawn by Edward FitzGerald is likely to forget the busy and buoyant Thackeray writing to some half-dozen journals at one and the same time and finding stimulation in the very act, and that was probably the happiest time of Thackeray's life. Later, when he became editor of the *Cornhill*, the everlasting reading of manuscripts soon began to age him before his time, and the delight of composing his books was considerably reduced by the heart-breaking labour and thought that were entailed. For it must be remembered that Thackeray was never a glib and fluent writer. Whether doing articles for the press or composing a chapter in his novel like that in “Vanity Fair” after which he came down and, slapping his thigh with his hand, said: “By God! that's genius,” he was always slow and painstaking with his pen. Probably to that fact is due the excellence of the literary style to which he attained. His work too, even when fished out of the most unexpected quarters, is always interesting. In a general way we have very little sympathy with those who rummage about in the files of magazines and newspapers in order to obtain stuff that the author in his life-time did not care to preserve. As a rule, this objection applies with particular force in the case of one who was a journalist, as it is probable that the necessities of his occupation forced him to turn out a great amount of work that had not and was never meant to have any permanent value. But Thackeray is so good that to him the general rule does not apply. Every student of his work will find much to delight him in these sketches, most of which appeared in *The Foreign Quarterly Review* at a time when the new editor had come to the conclusion that it required to be conducted on more popular lines. The book consists of essays on Victor Hugo's book on the Rhine, the German in England, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Sue and other writers whose works were appearing at the time. That the stuff is genuine Thackeray is best proved by sampling it. Take this from the delightful little essay called “The German in England”:

Sir, a glass of wine! Will you *drink* a glass of wine? Will you *take* a glass of wine? Will you do me the honour to take *some* wine? —Noble variety of phrase! We know that Socrates and Plato were not averse to a cup, and can see in imagination Dr. Whewell and Dr. Buckland hobnobbing together. His Very Reverence Herr Peacock aus Ely calls on the Naturforscher to try a glass of the real Metternich Johannisberger; round about pass noiselessly “*dienstbarer geister in*

*scharlachenen kurzen Beinkleidern*"; and in the midst of the sages, Sir Robert, like a gallant Alcibiades urging Socrates to a bumper of champagne, or Plato to improve the sweet flow of his eloquence by a draught of the honeyed Constantia. "*Portwein und Bordeaux, Madera, und Champagner, Rhein-wein und Constantia alles wird untereinander hineingetränken*"; and properly grateful is our philosopher for the chance which the English custom gives him of mixing these delightful liquors—"of course in moderate glasses and not in pint-tumblers"—no, no, there is no philosophy, however deep, that can bear to be drunk out of *schoppengläser*.

Thackeray really was more of the essayist than the critic. He is extremely interesting when touching off the characteristics and peculiarities of individual persons, but, when he comes to criticism pure and simple, one feels that he does not enter into it with the same zest and gusto. A natural, born critic would have felt no attraction to many of the themes which Thackeray discusses with un-failing charm and brightness. We see his satire, his irony and his unlimited chaff in the brightness of their hey-day. A piece quoted in the introduction is as absolutely Thackerayan as that which we have reprinted above:

It will be seen, then, that contrast and action are the merits of this novel. It is a work indeed of no slight muscular force. Murder and innocence have each other by the throat incessantly, and are plunging, and shrieking and writhing, through the numberless volumes. Now crime is throttling virtue, and now again virtue has the uppermost, and points her bright dagger at the heart of crime. It is that exciting contest between the white-robed angel of good and the black principle of evil, which, as children, we have seen awfully delineated in the galanty-show, under the personifications of the devil and the baker. And the subject is interesting, let us say what we will: if galanty-shows are now what they were some scores of years since, that is: still is it a stirring and exciting theme. Sometimes it is the devil who disappears conquered, out of the shining disk, leaving the baker victorious: sometimes it is the baker, who is hurled vanquished into the universal blackness, leaving the fiend to shout his hideous song of triumph. Last Christmas, no doubt, many hundred children sat in dark drawing-rooms, and witnessed that allegorical combat, and clapped hands for the baker, their favourite: and looked wistfully at each other when the fight was over, and the whole room was awful and dark.

We must congratulate Mr. Robert Garnett on a discovery which it is surprising that no one had made before, and on the sound critical introduction which he prefixes to these delightful essays.

#### NAPOLÉON ON ENGLISH HISTORY

*Napoleon's Notes on English History.* Made on the eve of the French Revolution. Illustrated from contemporary historians, and refreshed from the findings of later research. By HENRY FOLJAMBE HALL, F.R.Hist.S. (Dent, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN a memorial note prefixed to this book, Mr. J. M. Dent pays a touching tribute to his friend the author, who died while it was passing through the press. He tells us that in his forty years of life Mr. Hall accomplished an immense amount of work, but that Napoleon "had become the romance of his life, nay, one may almost say its passion," and that he had resolved to clear from the rubbish and mud-throwing of a hundred years the character of his hero.

M. Frédéric Masson, to whom Mr. Hall very properly dedicated this book, first gave to the world these notes by Napoleon on the history of England. They were written in 1788, on the eve of the Revolution, at the little town of Auxonne, near Dijon, where Napoleon's regiment was quartered. The future Emperor was then plunged in the most sordid poverty, and he starved himself to buy books, taking only one meal a day, chiefly milk. The literary merit of these notes is of the smallest; their true interest lies in the fact that Napoleon all through forms his own opinions, which were generally quite different from those of the authorities then available. With extraordinary industry Mr. Hall has illuminated Napoleon's text with voluminous notes of his own, striving to surround them with the precise atmosphere—if we may so express it—of contemporary historical research. He has digged especially in the histories of Rapin, John Barrow and Samuel Carte;

but his style is his own. Such a phrase as "the bovril of biography" is unfortunately no isolated slip; we have also, for example, "writers who quaff the Pierian spring of history are apt to end in mental typhoid."

The very first sentence of Napoleon's notes, "It is probable that the British Isles were peopled by Gallic colonists," illustrates his early Corsican hatred of France. He had already twice endeavoured to stir up discontent in Corsica, and at this time it was England which seized his imagination as the land of liberty. A natural corollary of this is his anticipation of Captain Mahan and his school in realising the importance of sea-power. It is impossible to divine why he omits all mention of Joan of Arc, though later, as First Consul, he was to utilise the patriotic associations of her name for his contemplated invasion of England. He anticipates Kingsley in appreciating "Hereward de Wake," as he calls him; he perceives the greatness of Simon de Montfort and the importance of Magna Carta. The notes end with the accession of William and Mary. We can only find space for Napoleon's most interesting summary of Cromwell, in whom perhaps he saw a kindred spirit:

"Cromwell was in early days a libertine; religion took possession of him, and he became a prophet. Courageous, clever, deceitful, dissimulating, his early principles of lofty republicanism yielded to the devouring flames of his ambition, and having tasted the sweets of power he aspired to the pleasure of reigning alone. He possessed a strong constitution, and had manly but brusque manners. From the most austere religious functions he passed to the most frivolous amusements, and made himself ridiculous by his buffoonery. He was naturally just and temperate."

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE

##### THE SONG OF THE SIREN

NATURAL history is a delightful borderland between the province of science and the province of poetry; science there takes on sometimes the colour of poetry, and poetry the form of science. A sense of the loveliness of the scenes amid which one has watched the ways of life of some wild creature often remains vivid in the mind when the thing one set oneself to observe has grown indistinct. In one object of natural history, especially, my interest has been wholly sustained by a keen recollection of the beauty of the spot where I first tried to study it. On reading a tale on the subject in M. Jules Lemaitre's new book, "*En Marge des Vieux Livres*," there revives within me the feeling of the strange fascination of the sea which I once felt when a boy. Whether it was really the white shoulder of a mermaid that I saw listening far out in the Baie de Douarnenez that night, or only the flash of moonshine on a breaking wave, I cannot now recall. Of course, I may have caught just a glimpse of Princess Ahez: Renan avers that the sound of the bells of her sunken city of Ys still floats up through the waters of the enchanted gulf. But all that survives in my memory is an impression of the mysterious charm of moonlit seas murmuring on a ghostly headland.

Somewhat of this charm attaches to all the literature on the subject. And how varied and abundant that literature is! The singers of every adventurous race that has seen the wonders of the deep and been touched by the glamour of unknown lands, have contributed to it. Few English poets, however, save the author of "*The Ancient Mariner*," seem to have had their imaginations deeply stirred by the mystery of the sea. An old sailor once remarked of "*Enoch Arden*" that it was written by a man who had only seen the ocean from the top of a cliff. Certainly, the "*Sea-Fairies*" in Tennyson's verses, who sing:

O hither, come hither and furl your sails,  
Come hither to me and to me:  
Hither, come hither and frolic and play . . .  
Hither, come hither and see;  
And the rainbow hangs on the poisoning wave,  
And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,  
And sweet shall your welcome be:

are merely the innocent elves of the greenwood. These gentle spirits are sometimes mistaken for mermaids, as they so delight in the society of women that they follow them to their homes on shores and islands, and there acquire a certain amphibiousness. It was for Miranda, I am sure, that such nimble-footed fays danced and sang on the yellow sands by her father's house. How passionately they can love the fair daughters of men is told by Matthew Arnold in his "Forsaken Merman." A story of a similar nature is related by the girls of Ushant. Some time ago a fishermaid of that island, Mona Kerbeli, married a fairy who had saved her from death. They lived together very happily beneath the sea until Mona went on a visit to her own people. She was warned that if she kissed a man she would forget her fairy husband and children, but in the excitement of meeting her brother she did not remember the warning. Night after night her elfin lover came to the shore and looked for her in vain. One evening Mona heard a voice singing outside her window: "Have you forgotten, Mona, so soon, the fairy who loved you and saved you from death? You promised to return at sunset, but I wait very long and I am unhappy." The song touched the girl's heart, and her past life came back to her mind. Opening the door she found there her lover, and with him she returned to her palace beneath the sea-shore, and was never seen again.

But these charming elves of Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Arnold's poems are not sirens. They inspire neither the terror of the water-sprites of Northern Europe, nor the awe of the wise divinities of the sea of the Southern races. The mermaid that our mariners fear is a dreadful spirit that haunts strange reefs and tempestuous waters. A sailor's chanty runs:

'Twas a Friday morn when we set sail,  
And our ship not far from land,  
When there we espied a fair mermaid,  
With a glass and a comb in her hand.

Out and spoke the captain of our ship,  
And a brave, young man was he:  
I've married a wife in fair London town,  
And a widow this night she'll be . . .

Out and spoke the little cabin boy,  
And a brave, little boy was he:  
I've a mother in old Portsmouth town,  
And to-night she'll weep for me.

Then three times round went our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she:  
The moon shone bright and the stars gave their light,  
And she went to the bottom of the sea.

The mermaids of modern poetry who raise their shining bodies above the waves, and make gestures of invitation with their beautiful arms were never seen by a seafarer. The spell of the siren is never a sensuous one. It is to the adventurer's desire after new knowledge that she appeals in her song. The merman Ea, the oldest god of the Chaldeans, was revered as "the lord of deep wisdom," and the founder of civilisation; and somewhat of his renown was transmitted to Dagan, the sea goddess of the Babylonians and the Phœnicians. From the Phœnicians the tradition seems to have been handed down to the Greek mariners:

Stay your ship, and hear our song. No one ever passes our isle without listening to it, and then he departs joyfully, having gathered much wisdom. For all things are known to us, and we know all that shall happen hereafter upon the fruitful earth.

That was the song with which the sirens tempted Ulysses, that daring spirit,

yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

The subtle Greek, as we know, eluded the sirens. Forewarned by Circe, he stopped up the ears of his companions with wax, and had himself bound to the mast. But according to M. Lemaître there was one sailor in the Argive ship whose daring was equal to his curiosity. As the tale runs in "La Sirène," Euphorion, observing how wildly Ulysses struggled to get free, said to himself that it must

be worth hearing, even at the price of one's life, the song that troubled so strangely the wisest man of Greece. He took the wax from his ears and listened: then, leaping overboard, he swam with all his strength to the enchanted island. There he was like to have suffered a worse fate than befell Eve in her pursuit of hidden knowledge. The sirens dragged him into a cave heaped up with dead men's bones. But the Greek was a man of infinite resource. Turning to Leucosia, the fairest of the sirens, he said: "I am well content to die after having heard the song of the daughters of the sea, but I should die more happy if I met my death at your hands alone." The siren looked at him in surprise. It was the first time that she had seen a desire or a thought illumine a man's face: the features of drowning men usually expressed the emotion of terror, or, when the struggle had been a severe one, no emotion whatever. Leucosia fell in love with Euphorion. "Well," said the curious Greek, when he had won her confidence, "what is the secret wisdom that you promised to reveal?" Leucosia explained that the sirens had no strange knowledge. Their song was intended merely to excite the curiosity of adventurous men, and lure them to destruction. All that they were able to feel was the grace of the morning skies and the splendour of the sunset, the sweetness of the air, and the beauty of the infinite expanse of the sea; and this was what they sang of.

That is M. Lemaître's story. It rather provokes suspicion. The two mermaids in the "Odyssey," for instance, have increased to seven in "La Sirène." Leucosia and her companions seem, indeed, to be only the graceful nereids of the Greeks masquerading as the wise and terrible divinities of the sea, from whom the Phœnicians had learned the arts of civilisation. One has but to compare Leucosia with the Sea Lady of Mr. H. G. Wells's tale to perceive the distinction between a charming sea-nymph and a fierce and subtle siren. Miss Waters was a mermaid who came to Folkestone a few years ago, and carried away the handsome young Liberal candidate for Hythe. She, at least, was not one of those innocent creatures of the summer sea, taken with pretty trinkets and pretty compliments, who become mortal women and placidly live the life of their human lovers. Beautiful she was in spite of her cold, strange eyes; but her power of fascination lay in her alluring, eerie and cruel wisdom. It was she against whom Circe had warned Ulysses: "He who hears the sound of the siren's voice, shall never see his wife and children stand by him on his return, and rejoice in his coming."

"The little things you must do, the little cares, the extraordinary little duties," said Miss Waters, "all these things are a fancy that has taken hold of you . . . You are in a dream, a fantastic, unwholesome little dream. This life of yours is not everything. It is not to be taken too seriously. *Because there are better dreams.*"

The song of the Sirens was in her voice. "This life of yours! Not even for Love would I face it. No. But then you know"—her voice sunk to a low whisper—"there are better dreams. . . ."

They went down through the soft moonlight, tall and white and splendid, interlocked, with his arms about her, her brow on his shoulder, and her hair about his face. . . . They swam together for a little while, the man and the sea-goddess who had come for him, and of the end I can only guess and dream. Did there come a sudden horror upon him? . . . Or was she tender and wonderful to the last; and did she wrap her arms about him, and draw him down, down until the soft waters closed above him, down into a gentle ecstasy of death?

That is the worst of all true stories of the sirens; they end badly. With a little of the power of infinite imagination and infinite curiosity of these ancient divinities of the sea, men may build up great civilisations; too much of it takes away from human life its force and its savour. We must work within our limitations. Renan in his later years, I fancy, listened too lightly with open ear to the song of Princess Ahez, the destroyer of cities. Somewhat of her bitter, intoxicating wisdom is certainly reflected in his last plays and dialogues.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Development of Chaucer's Genius," by Alfred W. Pollard.]

## FICTION

*Hyacinth.* By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Arnold, 6s.)

ON a first reading of "Hyacinth" it appeared to us that Mr. Birmingham had visited Ireland, talked with a number of Protestants, jumped to several wholly erroneous conclusions, hit by accident on a few truths, and decided to make a book on the strength of it. A second and third reading of certain portions confirms our premiss. "Hyacinth" is a novel without a backbone: lacking a plot, lacking an ending, and lacking a purpose. Mr. Birmingham has little knowledge of Irish history (he speaks of Castlereagh, evidently confused by a tourist's recollection of Lough Rea), and less of Irish people and Ireland as it is. His book deals with the fortunes of the son of the rector of a small fishing-village in Connemara. The mother dies, and Hyacinth grows up among the peasantry and—acquires a knowledge of Gaelic! We may admit, for the sake of argument, that it would have been possible for him to acquire a speaking acquaintance with a degenerate language far removed from the Gaelic of to-day: it would not have been possible for a Dublin man to understand him. When he goes to Trinity College, Professor Henry remarks on his Galway brogue: throughout the book he speaks irreproachable English, as does every rabid Gaelic Leaguer and every Irishman. The brogue apparently baffled the tourist: does he, we wonder, know the difference between the brogue and the brogues? Oddly enough no one at T.C.D. remarked on Hyacinth's. Mr. Birmingham gives a detailed—and not very accurate—description of the Silent Sister, fails entirely to suggest the atmosphere and makes no reference to the library. He tries to describe a typical Connaught town, and makes no fewer than five glaring misstatements. His characters are as un-Irish as Ainos or Andamanese. Connaught has two other spellings—Connaucht and Connacht—of which, if we must have either, we prefer the latter. (But perhaps we owe the disappearance of the "u" to the fact that the printer was cramped for room.) Sometimes Mr. Birmingham attempts picturesque writing: then we are inclined to say, with the author of the "Bab Ballads," that:

His gentle spirit rolls  
In the melody of souls—  
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

*The Sea Maid.* By RONALD MACDONALD. (Methuen, 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Macdonald thought of losing a very reverend Dean and his very respectable wife on an uninhabited island of the South Seas for twenty years until the Dean was forced by the laws of wear and tear to compromise his gaiters and back bebuttoned waistcoat for scant but serviceable pig-skin and his wife to discard her skirts and equivocate with the draperies of hand-woven grass-matting, and their daughter was nineteen years old and adorable and of course loved by all the party of men and women who eventually arrive upon the scene, he hit upon a happy if not quite original, idea, and he developed and wrote his idea in a mood as happy as the idea, and as happy as every one will inevitably be, who is wise enough or fortunate enough to read his book. There is something deliciously attractive in the serious manner in which he handles the subject. We seem to hear every now and then a faint sigh, half of regret, half of apology, as he hints with all tender delicacy at the full horror of his dear Dean's plight. *Hinc illae lacrimae*—of laughter. And though the Dean and his wife are as ludicrous in their costume as we should wish any Dean and his lady to appear, yet Polynesia their daughter is never anything but charming, and we love her as fondly as any of the men to whom the mutiny on board the *Aurungabad* gave the opportunity of loving her, except perhaps Lord Ormsrood, who wins her for his wife. But that is another matter, and, we may add, no matter. Perhaps the most pregnant moment is when the respectable wife of that dear Dean's bosom retires into her cave with many parcels (the Dean is their porter), containing a kind

young actor's purchases in Paris for his wife's trousseau, and reappears in the smartest Parisian pair of cycling—*exactement le dernier cri*—of cycling bloomers.

*The Bending of a Twig.* By DESMOND F. T. COKE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

*Dick.* By G. F. BRADBY. (Smith, Elder, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. COKE has written a little preface to explain his aim and to expound a theory. His aim is "to level destructive satire at the conventional school story and on its ruins to erect a structure rather nearer to real life," and his theory is that "no story which is consistently gay or doggedly grave throughout can possibly describe school-life." Here Mr. Coke states his case, and here he shows exactly the flaw in his book, which only serves to strengthen our original opinion that destructive satire and serious creative work are absolutely incompatible. "No man can serve two masters" is as true in matters of art as in matters of morality. Satire is a ticklish weapon to handle: and the fact that Lycidas Marsh tries at first to shape his conduct at Shrewsbury on the conduct of boys in "Eric" and "The Hill," and "Jack Joker" and "Stalky and Co." does not so much fill us with contempt for those books as with amazement at the boy's ridiculous ignorance and the still more ridiculous ignorance of the boy's mother, who encouraged him. The situations that arise are fairly amusing, and would be much more so if they were treated merely as the mistakes of a very imaginative, singular boy; but they are not. They are treated as damning proofs of the worthlessness of the books which this singular boy has read: a manner of criticism which is so exasperating in its unfairness that we are inclined almost to welcome the "pi"-ness of "Eric," to reconsider our verdict of "The Hill," and at once to return with increased avidity to that fascinating and monstrous "Stalky." But this element of satire, which we could not find gay, fades away at last, and when we are able to forget the strange attitude which says: "All other books but mine are unreal, that is not how boys behave; but *this* is the real thing, *these* are real boys," and which arouses antipathy in the saying, we come to a careful and well-written study of an exceptional and interesting boy, and we are shown the inside of another public school—and that, too, is always interesting. The character of Lycidas Marsh is extraordinarily well thought out: he is a morbid, self-conscious boy, who never quite forgives Providence for his inability to play games; and, a little bitter in consequence, is for ever trying to win popularity in his house, and always thinking that he has failed. And very clever is the way in which Mr. Coke makes us see all the other boys and the school life generally through the critical eyes of this strange self-conscious boy without ever making us dislike him.

Mr. Bradby's novel, "Dick," is so far original that it tells of the doings of a boy of fourteen during the summer holidays. In the form of a diary written by middle-aged men whose summer rest Dick is sharing, Mr. Bradby, who is a house-master at Rugby, manages to throw much light on boy-nature in its most amiable aspect and makes some very sound remarks upon education and the management of boys. All the humour and lightness of touch, in which lay the charm of his other books, are apparent and associate so pleasantly with the more serious moments that never for an instant do we feel a trace of the pedagogue, but only realise that the man who is writing knows thoroughly what he is writing about, and loves his subject—boy. "Dick" is a good antidote or perhaps complement to Mr. Coke's designing boys; for the enthusiasm and lightheartedness of boyhood, a side which is left untouched in "The Bending of a Twig," are continually present in "Dick"; and that continual keenness on the thing of the moment, whether it be the search for worms, or stump cricket, or the composition of a passionate letter of remorse to a sad mother in Peru or any "hairy old rag," is one of the vital elements of the normal boy, and carries him over his morbid moments, which are far rarer



and of less importance than we should gather to be the case from Mr. Coke's study of Lycidas Marsh. It is exactly this irresponsible enthusiasm which Mr. Bradby would see nurtured and developed: and the old curriculum of Latin grammar and verbs in  $\mu$  he condemns bitterly because they tend only to suppress this enthusiasm and leave a kind of stupid weariness in its place. What he says in the book is as interesting and delightful as the manner in which he says it.

*Lads of the Fancy.* By GEORGE BARTRAM. (Duckworth, 6s.)

It is a delight to read such a stirring story of real men and women, of a time when "every English gentleman was expected to be master of a pair of hands, the power of staring blenchlessly into the eyes of an enemy, and the gift of enduring." In these days, when our England is too much given over to effeminate men, motor-cars, and the unemployed, it is a relief to read again of men who could use their fists as well as their brains, of women who were beautiful and courageous without trying to step into men's shoes, of elopements and Gretna Green, prize-fights that were worth talking about, and all the doings of the country side in the year 1811. Redmond Shenstone and Dick Poynings, his friend, are a pair of as fine fellows as ever followed the hounds, and fell into the clutches of villains in London town. If it had not been for the friendly offices of Grainger, the detective, they might not have come out of their troubles so well, but our sympathies go with them all the way, and we cannot feel anything but pleasure when they accomplish their destinies. There are several other charming and healthy-minded young people, whose fortunes we follow with great pleasure after seeing too much of the latest evolution of hero and heroine in the modern novel, who pass their time in morbid self-questionings and in emotional outbursts, which our friends in Mr. Bartram's book would feel to be most indelicate and unnecessary. We cannot do better than conclude with the following sentence:

At the time of our story it was just possible to meet here and there in lane and country road the Englishman, not as a futile human budget of axioms and inane little facts, but as something blent of demigod and viking. Also one might view the most beautiful country on earth as God intended it to be, not as a century of pismirism has made it.

*Brownjohn's.* By MABEL DEARMER. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE reality of a storm in a tea-cup depends, as Mrs. Dearmer suggests on the fly-leaf of this little story, upon whether you happen to be in the tea-cup yourself. It may also depend upon how many of you there are in it. If there are too many the storm will quite possibly spill over and lose itself outside, and this, we fancy, is what has happened to "Brownjohn's." Regarded as a tea-cup it was, of course, necessary that old Mrs. Brownjohn's little country-village post office should be full to overflowing; yet even at the sacrifice of a room or two we should have ruthlessly excluded Robin and Toby Kitchen from the list of temporary inmates. Their elimination would have left Bab and Sue Drummond in sole possession, while the card setting forth that the place was a "Cyclist's Rest," at sight of which Hubert Leycester (a young artist in search of beauty) marched innocently in and occupied the bedroom of "Fräulein," absent on a visit to a sick sister, would have had to be affixed to the gate in some other manner. This simplification would have been all to the good. As it is, the little plot at which we hint is overcharged with machinery, and the author is kept so busy looking after her two imps in the car (who are after all not more than colourable imitations of the real human boy) that she half loses sight of her first conception of her two girls. Sue, indeed, just touched in as a foil to her sister, is a negligible quantity. But Bab as heroine may be something of a disappointment to those who are acquainted with Mrs. Dearmer's more finished studies of character. It is not merely that, like many another pretty girl of eighteen, she is full of little "tantrums" and jealousies; it is rather that Mrs. Dearmer has omitted to suggest such inner subtleties and charms as might engage an unbiassed reader's sympathy.

## THE DRAMA

### A CLOSE TIME FOR THE PEASANTS

*The Dynasts.* By THOMAS HARDY. Part Second. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

ANY one who has ever ascended Vesuvius will remember that on leaving the little railway (admirably managed by Messrs. Cook) you are seized by a couple of ruffians who demand money or press bad change upon you. Like "Good Deeds" in the morality play of *Everyman*, Messrs. Cook accompany you to the pit's mouth and then you are handed over to the Italian Government, represented by retired brigands. This image presents itself vividly on reading or even writing a review of any remarkable work by some great writer. The author and publisher (Good Deeds or Messrs. Cook) have brought out a book, and the public with a taste for literary phenomena experiences the laudable curiosity to look inside; but it is not allowed to do so in the ordinary course. A reviewer seizes you by the throat in the morning or weekly paper: presses his own ideas in the form of papal francs and Helvetia seated, both on you and the volcano, insists upon your looking at everything from his own coign of disadvantage. That is why some people are disappointed with Vesuvius.

Since Mr. Hardy wrote "Under the Greenwood Tree," and has been slowly recognised as a great novelist, it was as the delineator of peasant-life that he first struck our cockney imaginations; so that everything by him in the general view, must be about peasants. Yet the "Group of Noble Dames" contains hardly a smock; the flora suggest the gardens of Boccaccio and Brantôme rather than the cottage annuals of Wessex and Mr. Hardy's other *cereals*, if I may call them so, in the *Illustrated London News*. To tell the truth, the author is much more various than reviewers suppose. He has always had plenty of life's little ironies in the fire; and the great drama of *The Dynasts*, the second part of which has just been issued, proves him not merely a great novelist but an essayist, a poet and a dramatist and, I might add, an acute historical critic.

Of course it is rather startling, almost discouraging, to commence reading a drama in three parts, nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. You wonder if there will be time for a cigarette; or, as at Oberammergau, when lunch will be served. You recall M. Jules Claretie's refusal to place one of M. Sar Peladan's works on the stage of the Odéon—*The Prince of Byzantium*, a Wagnerian drama in forty-eight acts and seventy-six tableaux.

"The charge brought against the Queen Mother in Act 17," wrote M. Claretie with his usual courtesy, "and the terrible (*funeste*) suggestion cast on the Prince's character in Act 46 would render it unsuitable for production at a National State theatre. French dramatic art does not yet ride on the back of a swan."

I can fancy Mr. Tree refusing *The Dynasts* for quite different reasons, and I can imagine it being accepted by the Stage Society *because of them*; and played by that admirable institution to the bitter end some bitter Sunday night. The author has described the work as a panorama; I should call it a cinematograph, in which the figures and even the scenery, actual though they are, move just a little too fast. It is a trifle bewildering. At first all seems amorphous, and you come to the exquisite prose rubrics—you can hardly call them stage-directions—with a sense of relief, as of sunshine after rain, to use one of Pater's happy expressions. After a time, at all events, a portion of the author's purpose is revealed to you, but only a portion. I frankly do not understand all the elaborate scaffolding, though it must have its reason, because the author, it should be remembered, is an architect. When you have lost the sense of the theatre, and are thrilled only by the dramatic tenseness of dialogue, you get a real stage-direction: "A long silence in the room. Another rider is

heard approaching," etc. Then I seem to hear some one beating up an egg "off" in order to produce the sound of horses' hoofs. The illusion has gone. Again, the supernatural characters, besides uttering most beautiful poetry, like the Beryl spirits of Rossetti, are often unintelligible as they. Is this Mr. Hardy's mordant humour, so often employed throughout the drama in a more obvious way? A Scotch paper once complained that English newspapers were uncomfortable to read because you never knew which portions were intended to be serious, whereas in the Northern press the humorous portions were all put in one column and headed *Facetiae*. I am Scotch myself and I am sure the fault is mine. Just following some ringing, almost Elizabethan lines from the mouth of Napoleon, we have:

SPRIT SINISTER: I spell herein that our excellently high coloured drama is not played out yet.

The view of "Spirit Sinister" is too plainly some dismal resolution at the old Playgoers' Club, the Deaf and Dumb Playgoers' League, or one of those useful societies designed to make our Sundays brighter.

Just as Marlowe and Webster wound you by their incongruities, Mr. Hardy stabs you with his wilful discords. In Act ii. scene vi., however, he has consented to leave himself alone; it is the most beautiful and moving in the whole drama, though the motive (that of Napoleon's resolve to divorce Josephine) has often been treated before, but never with such direct simplicity. The scene following is rubric; in admirable contrast the battle of Vimiero is painted like an illuminated letter by that exquisite miniaturist and master-builder who sometimes carves you grotesques for the *miserere* seats of his auditorium. Particularly grim and *macabre* is the final scene, where the "Spirit of the Years" becomes materialised and is mistaken by the Prince Regent and his vulgar court for one of the suite of the French princes. It recalls Rethel's print, or Poe's "Masque of the Red Death"; but it is more striking than either of them.

Is *The Dynasts* a success? I would rather not answer the question until it has reached another edition, and I can be on the safe side. I would call it a great imperfect work of art; imperfect in the sense that the Sixtine Chapel is imperfect as a scheme of decoration. You must return to it very often before you can absorb its spaces. It is the spectator who is out of proportion, not the giants nor the mind which conceived them.

ROBERT ROSS.

#### "MEASURE FOR MEASURE" BY THE O.U.D.S.

IF the production of *Measure for Measure* at Oxford showed nothing else, it showed that this play can be acted without offence. And why not? What is the subject on which *Othello* turns? What is the aim of Falstaff in the *Merry Wives*? What the *crux* of *Much Ado* and of the human part of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? and *The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*? All these plays are acted without protest; and it only remained for Mr. G. R. Foss, with sound sense and good taste, to show that *Measure for Measure* could be acted too. His version was, on the whole, very good. He was a little drastic, perhaps, in his alteration of the text, and he certainly—by transposing a scene from Act II. to Act I.—relieved the horror of the impending doom too soon by showing us the Duke practising his mission of mercy before we had begun to feel that the case was desperate.

The play itself will never be a popular play: it is too gloomy, too little relieved by comedy. In the weakness of our hearts we were almost grateful to Barnardine (Mr. J. L. Philipps) for his outrageous but amusing attack of *delirium tremens*. What made the play so popular in the eighteenth century (and we shall always believe it to have been more popular with the actors than with their audiences) was its two or three superb acting scenes: the two between Angelo and Isabella, the scene between

Isabella and Claudio in prison, with its splendid outbursts of rhetoric and rage, and some others. *Measure for Measure* contains as many passages of beautiful language as any play of Shakespeare's—perhaps more; but alas! beautiful language is not much appreciated in the English theatre nowadays—nor always (it must be admitted) are the players ready to do it justice. We hazard a suggestion, which we are quite prepared to hear violently controverted, that a little more concession should be made to the Elizabethan manner of acting; that Claudio, for instance, should not be too anxious, in speaking those famous lines on death, to preserve *character*, and should allow more to the claims of mere rhetoric. Still, Mr. F. C. Meyer played the part consistently, if a little feebly, and sincerity marked every performance. Mr. G. S. C. Rentoul's Angelo, for instance, was wholly sincere, carefully worked out on a reasoned view of the character and rendered with no small power. We should have liked the Duke of Mr. R. Gorell Barnes much better if we had heard more of his lines; amid a cast that suffered all round from indistinctness of speech, he suffered most. Miss Maud Hoffmann made a fine, passionate Isabella, and among other good performances we remember Mr. W. J. H. Curwen in the very difficult part of Lucio, Mr. L. Gartside as Elbow, Mr. H. G. Tanner as Pompey, Mr. G. A. E. Williams as the Provost, and Miss Edith Coleman as Mariana. On the whole, the Society is to be congratulated on a sound rendering of an interesting, if unequal play, to which the music composed and conducted by Mr. Robert Cox lent considerable attraction.

#### MR. HEWLETT'S "PASTORAL" AT THE COURT THEATRE

WHEN *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, first appeared in print, people said it would never act. They were wrong. Cut down and adapted for the stage, it acts fairly well—very largely, we suspect, because it had Mr. Granville Barker to stage and rehearse it. Is there anything that Mr. Barker *couldn't* stage? It is not a play for those who care to see on the stage only pictures of real and modern life. To like it at all, you must be a neo-Pagan with a dash of the mediæval Christian in you: it would be well, too, to add an appreciation of the young Irish School, with something of Fiona Macleod and a little of the Elizabethan—you must offer, in fact, a great many facets to interests striking in from all directions. For Mr. Maurice Hewlett is here one of those neo-Renaissance people who gather from here and from there, selecting thoughts, figures and images from all art and from all time, and weaving them together into beautiful, shot, rich fabrics which do not wear very well but are very nice to look at. The young shepherd who goes for a bride to the "daughters of the earth," soulless creatures who are gay without care, and chooses one whom Pan has struck dumb and cold because she alone of the seven sisters has denied herself to him—he is a Christian and a man altogether of the earth. Then, when he has brought her home, Pan calls her back, and only the sacrifice of a mortal maiden to his desires can save her and restore her to her husband. The mortal maiden is Merla, a strapping wench who catches the goat-god's fancy; and, loving Neanias, the young Shepherd, to distraction, she has learnt the first lesson of love—self-sacrifice. To save him and his bride, Aglaë, she will give herself to Pan. It is not—well, not very nice, somehow, to think of Neanias singing carols to Aglaë on Epiphany Eve, while Merla, who loves him, has bought his happiness at such a price. But there are no laws of propriety in this strange world. Suffice it that we have some beautiful scenes, some beautiful language (we can trust Mr. Hewlett for that!), some ripe Shakespearean peasant humour, and some good acting, notably from Mr. Ainley as Neanias, Miss Suzanne Sheldon as Merla, and Miss Grace Lane, who played the very difficult part of the dumb girl with fine expression. The scenery was perfect,

and Mr. H. W. Hewlett's music very Parsifalian and appropriate. In future performances Miss Alice Crawford and the other (very handsome) Daughters of the Earth should be allowed to recite their lines to music and not encouraged to sing.

*The Youngest of the Angels*, which followed, is a one-act play, adapted by Maurice Hewlett from his last novel. It shows a version of the scene in which Francis Hastings is hidden in the cupboard of Professor Tolfino Tron's room, while the Professor supps with his wife. It makes a dull little play of no distinction. Mr. Barnes, Mr. Harcourt Williams, Miss Lillah McCarthy and Miss Agnes Thomas acted it well.

## FINE ART

### THE PAINTER-ETCHERS

It would be insincere and no true sign of friendship on the part of a well-wisher of the Society to pretend that this is one of its good years. Taking it collectively, one cannot fail to notice certain omissions and shortcomings, and to regret especially the absence of one of the most interesting features of some past exhibitions, the representation of a group of old masters or some single classic of the etcher's art by a selection of works which have stood the test of time. This is a feature which the Council, if it so chooses, may easily restore another year. It will not so easily combat the tendency, so strongly marked at the present day, among black-and-white artists as well as painters, for the younger men of marked originality and talent to be drawn away from the large and long-established societies to smaller and more intimate groups. The progress of English etching can no more be studied on the walls of the Royal Society of Painter-Engravers alone than that of English painting at the Royal Academy. That is obviously a matter largely beyond the Society's control; it can hardly be said, however, to derive much lustre from the new associates of this year. Among the older members, too, we miss the contributions of several distinguished original etchers whose work is always looked for eagerly by the regular *habitues* of the exhibitions. What has Mr. Short been doing, whose recent election, with that of Mr. Strang, to the honours of an Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy has been received with such general satisfaction? It is a great pity if his other duties as a teacher or as the translator, unrivalled in his generation, of Turner, Dewint and Watts, have left him no time for original work. We miss Mr. Burridge and Mr. Gascoyne, and, among the foreign associates, two to whom we have looked especially for entertainment and the stimulus of novelty, M. Jeannot and M. Chahine.

Then it must strike a visitor who reflects on the choice of subject that there is too much architecture and too much landscape in the room. There are few members who even attempt an imaginative or historical composition and fewer still who succeed. What has become of the art of portrait-etching in England since Mr. Strang abandoned it, let us hope for a time only? Apart from Professor Legros's dry-point portrait of himself (from a drawing which has already been seen, treated more successfully, as a lithograph), the only portraits in this exhibition are those of two bishops by a Norwegian, Mr. Nordhagen, and of Israels and Segantini by a German, Mr. Hermann Struck.

Few of the individual contributors, again, are seen at their best this year. Let us mention some of those who are. In the first place, Professor Legros himself, whose *Les Oraisons de Noël* might almost be dated thirty years back, if a certain indecision and softness in the figure and hands of the elder woman, partly due (I suspect) to the printing of the plate, did not assimilate it to the latest phase of his etching. The profile of the girl behind her is as firmly drawn as ever, yet tender and charming in its *na veté*. *La Petite Mare* is a delicate landscape in the pale and silvery tone to which the etcher has restricted himself

in all his recent work, and it is one of the most charming plates of the kind that he has done. Mr. Brangwyn's work is very strong again: it may be called ambitious, but it must also be called successful. He exhibits two large etchings, *Breaking up the "Hannibal"* and *A Butcher's Shop*. The latter is very imperfectly described by its unromantic title. It is not the kind of shop that disfigures our English streets, but a picturesque roadside stall in some southern or eastern clime, consisting chiefly of a beam slung between two huge trees, to which two pigs' heads are attached, while a carcass hangs in shadow and the "purveyor" serves a customer as pleasingly attired as himself. The description may not sound attractive, but the print is admirable. Sir Charles Holroyd has been working again in two congenial regions, at Venice and among the English lakes. From both he has brought back good and interesting compositions. *The Salute Steps*, drawn from a wholly new and original point of view, and "*Rio San Gregorio, No. 223*" are the two that please me most of the first group; of the second only one example is shown, *Langdale Pikes*, an excellent study of rugged hills, work suited to the firm, strongly bitten line in which the artist habitually expresses himself. *Le Pont Neuf*, by M. Eugène Béjot, is one of the best architectural etchings; the treatment of the water is much in the manner of M. Lepère. Mr. Axel Haig's work appeals to those who delight in high finish, and they will find good examples of his style in subjects chosen from Spain, Portugal and France. Mr. Sydney Lee exhibits some good architectural plates of moderate size, especially *Notre Dame, Bruges* and *House at Fuenterrabia*, which are more impressive in their well-designed pattern of light and dark than the more ambitious, big plate, *The Cathedral Precincts*, printed in an unpleasantly hot, reddish tint. Mr. Waterson has made a fine mezzotint plate of *The Strath*, with its great stretch of sky over bleak, snow-covered hills; when he attempts to give the atmosphere of woods he is much less successful, and his experiment of dividing a mezzotint plate into a triptych (No. 244) is not at all to be commended. Just above *The Strath* hangs an aquatint by Mr. Hubert Schröder, *Evening, near Pilsey*, which deserves a position more nearly on the level of the eye; it is a clear and luminous rendering of an expanse of water and a cloudy sky, and seems, at a distance, to be of great technical merit. Mr. Hartley has found a charming subject in *Stokesay Castle, Shropshire*, and his plate of *The Straw Waggon* is one of the best of the small things in the room. Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch has done a number of good landscape plates this year. *Barges unloading on the Deben, Suffolk*, may be specially mentioned among them. Miss Ethel Stewart, a new contributor, shows some good etchings of Somerset landscape, and her *Groote Kerke, Veere*, shows more taste and selection than many of the more ambitious architectural plates in the gallery. Mr. Oliver Hall and Mr. C. J. Watson are good, if not quite at their best. Mr. East's contributions are disappointing; both his trees and his human beings are distorted. Mr. Spence's etchings are quaint and dramatic, as ever. Colonel Goff is not so successful with Nile scenery as with Fiesole or Viareggio: his dry-point plates of *Nespole, Blackthorn* and *Pine* are good studies from nature done in a painter-like way, in contrast to the neat and realistic draughtsmanship of Mr. G. Woolliscraft Rhead, whose *Toadflax* and *Carnations* show a scrupulous observation which would have delighted Ruskin. Most of the exhibitors call for no remark; it is not a great year. C. D.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—IV

It is no ill compliment to the work of Mr. Fuller Maitland to regret that the Oxford History of Music changes hands at this point so as to separate Bach and Handel from their predecessors. That their work should be treated in a

separate volume from the music of the seventeenth century was inevitable, but, as the chief usefulness of such a work as this, and indeed its object as stated by the editor, is to show the relation of these great ones, who too often appear in majestic isolation, to the work of their predecessors and contemporaries, this could only have been completely achieved in a volume continuing the standpoint of volume iii., and having such constant textual reference to it as only the same author could give. This is, of course, the weak point of the divided authorship system altogether, but this one is the most awkward joining-place of the four, and in reading these two volumes one cannot help feeling that Sir Hubert Parry's work was hampered by the knowledge that he was not to trace the new movements of the seventeenth century to their ultimate fruition, as was that of Mr. Fuller Maitland by having to build upon another's foundation. Apart from this initial disadvantage the picture presented of the time is remarkably clear. The author never forgets that his subject is "The Age of Bach and Handel," not Bach and Handel themselves, and he is largely successful in placing them in their surroundings, so that one sees them and their contemporaries somewhat from the point of view of their time, and this is especially helped by his quotation of the comments of Burney, Addison and Steele, Mattheson the German critic, and others. Even Johnson, with his inimitable power of hitting the nail on the head in conversation on topics of which he was wholly ignorant, comes in with the remark that opera is an "exotic and irrational entertainment," and Mr. Fuller Maitland makes it very clear that he was right.

The first chapters deal with special forms of musical composition. The Chorale, the Cantata, Passion Music, belong exclusively to Germany, and are in this period chiefly illustrated by the works of Bach. The birth and growth of these highly characteristic forms have been already traced, and their treatment here is somewhat slight; the author confines himself almost entirely to showing and illustrating their derivation from the chorale, and hence the essentially devotional character of such music. He illustrates this mainly from those Cantatas which are together known as the Christmas Oratorio, and a comparison of the two "Passions" of Bach. The author's wisdom is shown in his omissions. Detailed information on the numerous works of this kind by Bach would, of course, be disproportioned, but it is tantalising to be refused it by one so qualified to give it. The chapter on Latin Church Music discusses the curious anomalies and inconsistencies of Italian writers such as Durante, Leo, Caldara, Pergolesi and Astorga, in which choral writing of a massive and noble type is continually marred by the trivialities and obvious devices of Opera, and the childish device of placing two soprano voices to sing in an endless succession of thirds. How far Bach's great Mass was removed above these efforts, by bringing all the sincerity and earnestness of German protestantism to bear upon the grand traditions of Catholic Church music, is one of the most interesting features of the period. With the discussion of Oratorio we are taken away from music of which devotional impulse of any sort was an inspiring force. Handel's Oratorios are to this day so much represented in the public mind by the "Messiah," that it is still difficult to realise how far removed from religious worship they are. They came into existence as Biblical Drama without action and scenery, the place of which was taken by the extensive use of the chorus and a general improvement of workmanship, which, purging them from the banalities of his operas, transformed his work, so as to show the master as he really was. Handel's works of this kind are enumerated with short notes upon them, and in this connection it was inevitable that the author should have a word to say on his famous plagiarisms. He admits that it is impossible to maintain the plea that these were unconscious, but suggests the original theory that :

it is at least possible that his illness of 1737, while it had not permanently affected his mental well-being in the least, may have caused him to forget the source of some of the manuscripts in his possession, and

he may have mistaken the unnamed copy of Erba's Magnificat for a work of his own, when he wanted materials for his "Israel."

It seems better frankly to accept the situation and allow that Handel was unprincipled in this matter, than to weave these theories, always remembering in extenuation that he regarded himself more as a provider of fashionable entertainments than as an original and creative artist.

The kind of musical instruments in use and the technique of performers exercised at this time a most potent influence upon the development of the art of composition. The chapters on "The Keyed Instruments," "The Orchestra," "The Growth of Form," and "The Rise of Virtuosity" are, therefore, the most important contribution to the history of music which this volume makes. Of the keyed instruments, the only one capable of what we now call expressive light and shade was the clavichord, Bach's favourite instrument, since the gradations of the harpsichord, like those of the organ, were controlled by stops, and consequently consisted in the mere contrast of tone-colours, and it was therefore the instrument for the display of virtuosity. This fact may well be taken in conjunction with Mr. Fuller Maitland's comment on the words of Naumann, that fugue form was "transmitted to Bach in a state so perfect that he had but to put the finishing touch to it." What, asks Mr. Fuller Maitland, was this "finishing touch"? Having examined the "Art of Fugue," with its immense intellectual output, he comes back to the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues," and says :

It was not in these mighty intellectual efforts [*i.e.*, The Art of Fugue] that Bach put the finishing touch to the fugue form of his day; it is by the emotional quality and the expressive power of his fugues that he stands far above all composers of any age who have attempted fugal writing.

How Bach saturated his works with every kind of expressive power we can only fully realise when we compare them with those of his contemporaries and even with those of Handel. The broad effects of the latter are apparent and easily grasped, while the intimate expression, the detailed care with which Bach expresses emotion by the special use of a certain ornament at a given point, or the employment of a certain colour of harmony or tone, often escape the notice of a careless listener.

The state of the orchestra at this time is very difficult to grasp without an intimate knowledge of the scores of composers and the records of historians. With the exception of the clarinet, almost every component of the modern orchestra was available, but the idea of the interweaving of tone-colours as in modern orchestration had scarcely occurred to composers. Bach made some tentative experiments, but as a rule he conformed to the system of writing obligato parts throughout a whole movement for one or two special instruments. Mr. Fuller Maitland by an apt analogy describes each movement as "a picture in monochrome, in which variety and interest could only be got by the management of outlines or the opposition of lights and darks." One may say that the orchestra in the modern sense of the term did not exist, though the materials for its construction had been collected together. But the builders did not begin to work at it until after the death of Bach and Handel. It dominates the course of the next volume of the present work. In "The Rise of Virtuosity," however, is to be found an important element which contributed much to the resources of the next generation, and by its development especially of the technique of the stringed instruments, helped towards the building up of the orchestra. Mr. Fuller Maitland shows that the impulse towards virtuosity has come in special periods or waves, rather than in a steady flow, and that from each of these waves the art has come out with increased resources, however regrettable individual manifestation of this tendency may appear.

The largest wave of virtuosity from which the art has suffered overspread the age of Bach and Handel, and swamped with its evil traditions the immature efforts of innumerable good composers of opera and instrumental music, either directly, or indirectly by vitiating public



taste; Bach stood aloof from it and was alone, unvalued in his generation and almost unknown; Handel grappled with some of its worst manifestations in opera, bullying his singers, cajoling his audience, ruining his own work. The picture is a dismal one, relieved only by the presence of these two mighty men, and the very faithfulness with which it is presented makes one willingly turn away to see the dawn of truer and wider ideals in the close of the century.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge University Press has in preparation two new volumes in the Cambridge Type Series—Milton's "Comus" and other Poems; and Bacon's Essays. They will be uniform, of course, with the Cambridge Type edition of Earle's "Microcosmographie," Dekker's "Seven Deadly Sinnes," Ben Jonson's "Underwoods," etc. A book on Spitzbergen by Sir Martin Conway is also announced, under the title "No Man's Land," by the Cambridge Press, and it has in the press a school edition of the text of Jebb's "Bacchylides."

Dr. Paget Toynbee has written a book on "Dante in English Literature" which he is publishing, we understand, with Messrs. Methuen. It traces the references to Dante in English writings from the date of Chaucer's second visit to Italy in 1380 down to the death of Henry Francis Cary in 1844. The book will contain brief biographies of each of the writers represented and will be furnished with full indices.—Messrs. Methuen have in preparation a new edition of "The Poems of William Wordsworth," in four volumes, with introduction and notes by Mr. Nowell C. Smith, who edited "Wordsworth's Literary Criticism" for the Oxford University Press.

Mr. A. C. Benson is writing "The Life of Walter Pater," which Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly in their English Men of Letters series. "If one attempts to depict Pater in the purely critical spirit," writes Mr. Benson in his introduction, "one never comes near to his inner seriousness, his mildness, his simple tenderness, his essential meekness of spirit. . . . And thus one is driven to his books, not only to criticise them, but to divine his character: and so again one falls under the spell, and depicts him, almost inevitably, in his own chosen manner."

Messrs. J. M. Dent have in the press an edition of the work of Alexandre Dumas in forty-eight volumes, unabridged, which are to be issued at the rate of two volumes a month.—The same firm have almost ready a book on Morocco, translated from the French of Eugène Aubin under the title "Morocco of To-day"; and they will begin the publication shortly of a new series—The Temple Greek and Latin Classics—the first four volumes of which will be "The Medea and Hippolytus of Euripides," translated and edited, with an introduction and notes, by Sidney Waterlow; "The Euthyphro, Crito, and Apology of Socrates," translated and edited, with an introduction and notes, by F. M. Stawell; "The Æneid of Virgil," translated by E. Fairfax Taylor, and edited, with an introduction, by E. M. Forster (2 vols.); and "The Satires of Juvenal," edited, with an introduction and notes, by A. F. Cole. In every case the original text will appear opposite the English rendering.

Messrs. Constable will publish next week a volume entitled "The Chief American Poets." Selections are given from Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, etc.—The same publishers promise "A Short History of Italy, 476–1900," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, early this month; the fifth volume of Professor G. Santayana's "The Life of Reason" immediately; and they have in preparation a popular edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, in six volumes, edited by Augustine Birrell.

Messrs. Constable have in the press and will issue shortly an important book on "Tunnel Shields, and the Use of

Compressed Air in Subaqueous Works," by William Charles Copperthwaite. Although the employment of a shield, with or without the aid of compressed air, in tunnelling operations, is of English origin, and there are probably more tunnels so constructed in this country than anywhere else, save in Simms's "Practical Tunnelling" and in Prelini and Hills's "Tunnelling" the subject has not been dealt with in English engineering text-books. The two authorities we have quoted only touch on the shield slightly as part of the general history of tunnelling; and so far as we are aware there have been only two French books which dealt with it any length: Legouez's "L'Emploi du Bouclier dans la Construction des Souterrains," and Phillippes's "Le Bouclier." Mr. Copperthwaite's book should therefore be of value.—Messrs. Constable will also issue shortly another book by Mr. John Fyvie, entitled "Some Literary Eccentrics." The "eccentrics" in question are Thomas Amory, Thomas Day, William Beckford, Walter Savage Landor, William Hazlitt, Henry Crabb Robinson, Charles Babbage, Douglas Jerrold, George Wither, James I., and Sir John Mandeville.—The same publishers are preparing a work on "Early Victorian Novelists" from the pen of Mr. Lewis Melville, the author of a Life of Thackeray. Mr. Melville deals with Bulwer Lytton, Benjamin Disraeli, Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Lover, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Whyte-Melville, Mrs. Gaskell, Sheridan Le Fanu, Henry Kingsley, Mrs. Oliphant, James Payn, Sir Walter Besant, and William Black.

In celebration of the tercentenary of the birth of Rembrandt, Mr. Heinemann announces a memorial of the artist which is to be published simultaneously in England, France, Germany, and Holland. It will contain forty "Rembrandt" photogravure reproductions of the finest pictures of Rembrandt, and there will be in addition facsimile reproductions of a number of his drawings with accompanying text by Emile Michel. The present publication will appear in fortnightly parts at 2s. 6d., starting on March 9, so as to be complete by July.

Among the books announced for publication this spring by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., are a novel by a new writer called "The Separatist," a volume of "Moving Memories" by a late King's messenger, under the title of "On the Queen's Errands"; a book of Art criticism by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, which he has named "Whistler and Others"; and a volume of new extracts from the sermons and manuscripts of Mr. Stopford Brooke, entitled "The Life Superlative."

Among Mr. Fisher Unwin's announcements for this month is "Haeckel: His Life and Work," by Wilhelm Bölsche, with an introduction and supplementary chapter by the translator, Joseph McCabe. Professor Bölsche is well known in Germany both as scientist and poet. The translator has added a full account of Haeckel's experiences and achievements during the past ten years, and the book should prove an adequate study of the work and character of the "Darwin of Germany."—Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's biography of Sir Henry Irving is promised at an early date, and Mr. Unwin will publish during the month "Aristotle's Theory of Conduct" by Thomas Marshall. The book is intended to bring Aristotle's Ethics to the notice of English readers. It contains a general introduction, separate introductions to the several chapters, followed by explanatory remarks and a paraphrase of the greater part of the text. As an adjunct to more elaborate commentaries, it will be useful to students of the Ethics, giving as it does within a reasonable compass a somewhat full conspectus of Aristotle's theory. References, definitions, and important passages are given or transcribed in the notes at the foot of each page. The exposition of the scope of the Ethics in the introduction will enable the general reader to appreciate Aristotle's celebrated treatise.—The same publisher has almost ready a novel by Mr. Archibald Little, "A Millionaire's Courtship," which is frankly farcical.

Messrs. Blackwood have in preparation, and will publish

some time in March a new book on Fontenoy: "Fontenoy, and Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession." It is written by Mr. Francis Henry Skrine, the author of "The Expansion of Russia."—Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch is writing the "George Eliot," in Messrs. Blackwood's Modern English Writers series. The book will be published some time in the spring.

Mr. Andrew Lang has just completed a Life of Joan of Arc to be included in a new series entitled "The Children's Heroes," which Messrs. Jack are about to publish. The volumes, of which fifteen are already in active preparation, are on similar lines to their "Told to the Children" Series, several new volumes of which are on the eve of issue.

On March 15, Messrs. Methuen will publish a new Life of Sir Walter Scott by G. le G. Norgate. The book treats of Sir Walter both as man and as author and is in many respects different from former biographies. Whilst Lockhart's great work, the "Letters" and the "Journal" have been freely utilised, particulars have been drawn not merely from contemporary writers, but from memorials and recollections only given to the world in recent years. Abbotsford and the Scott country have been specially visited, and interesting details are given as to their condition at the present time. The aim has been to produce a thoroughly popular, readable book, and thus, although due place has been given to critical commentary, this has not been done at the expense of other phases. In the volume, the publishers claim, are collected fresh facts about Scott not to be found elsewhere. Particular attention has been paid to the illustrations, and there is to be a monograph on Scott as a lawyer by Francis Watt.

Mr. John Lane will publish on March 6 "Hauntings": fantastic stories by Vernon Lee, the author of "The Enchanted Woods," "Hortus Vitae" and "The Spirit of Rome."—On the same day Mr. Lane will publish "The Boyhood and Youth of Napoleon I," by Oscar Browning, in The Crown Library.

A new volume in the Memorials of the Counties of England Series—"Hampshire"—will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Bemrose. It is edited by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, and among the contributors are Mrs. Willingham Rawsley, Lady Cope, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and other writers.

Mr. C. F. A. Voysey has nearly ready for publication with Mr. Elkin Mathews "Reason as a Basis of Art." This slim little brochure is written with an endeavour to show that the only enduring formation of art must be the reason, conscience and love of man, and that sensuous feeling alone is untrustworthy, because, ignoring the reason, it leads to narrowness of sympathy and understanding. Art being an expression of thought and feeling, it must follow that the human character is the most important factor in its composition.

Mr. E. Marston has in the press a new volume to be called "Fishing for Pleasure, and Catching It." The book will contain an account of his various angling excursions in different parts of the country, described in fourteen chapters, to which are added two chapters on "Salmon and Trout Fishing in North Wales," by R. B. Marston; it will be published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

"Some Reminiscences" by William M. Rossetti, will be published in two volumes early in the autumn. The book contains a complete record of the Rossetti family and of the pre-Raphaelite movement, with many interesting facts and illustrations hitherto unpublished.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### TOTEM NAMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am much obliged to Mr. Crook for suggesting objections to my theory of the origin of Totemism. To make objections is to collaborate in the search for truth. Of course I cannot tell whether or not savages held their present high opinion of animals and all other objects in nature, when, on my theory, they "blazoned" neighbouring

groups with names derived from such objects. Nor do I know at all when the European or ancient Israelite village sobriquets were given: I only learned that they "were very old, and people seemed not to like to talk about them" in Cornwall. Mr. Spencer tells us that the blacks are also shy of talking about their totems, and very averse to telling all. Thus I cannot say whether the animal names of groups, in early Israel, Cornwall or Australia, were originally regarded as derisive or not. I do know that the names of Siouan groups (non-Totemic) were often derisive, yet were accepted. I gave my evidence to the facts, evidence as old as 1850 (Grinnell: "Blackfoot Lodge Tales," pp. 208, 225). I also gave such derisive clan-names as "wry nose," "wry mouth" (Cameron, Campbell). These names were not complimentary, but is any one ashamed of being a Cameron or a Campbell? The totem names I suppose to have been originally distinctive, but even if they were also derisive in intention, after being accepted they ceased to be derisive among savages, for they were universal. I prove that among the Bakwena tribes, tribal names which the natives assert to have been given in derision, are now honourable (Bleek MSS. 120, "Secret of the Totem," pp. 25, 26). The natives see no difficulty in the matter. It is enough for my argument that names, even when certainly derisive, have been accepted and glorified in by their bearers.

I specially guarded against being supposed to hold that, in pristine days, the superstitions about names were already developed, so that to give to a man or group the name of an animal was to put him under that animal's protection. I said: "It would appear that this superstition as to names is later than the first giving of animal names to groups" (p. 122). Even savages do not think all round a subject, so that, even if to give a group an animal name was to give it an animal ally (which, at so remote an age, is unlikely), the name might be given.

St. Andrews, February 26.

ANDREW LANG.

## HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the kind notice that appears of "Heroic Romances of Ireland" in this week's ACADEMY your reviewer quarrels with my inconsistency shown by translating some tales in a non-Irish form, while refusing to make small alterations in others. May I be allowed to make my object clearer than I seem to have done in the preface to the volume?

The intention of the translations was to reproduce the stories and the ideas of the authors exactly; and, so far as another language would permit it, to reproduce the literary effects aimed at by the old Irish forms. The works are of very different characters, and it seemed to me that these effects could in the case of some tales be reproduced in English by adherence to the original forms, and in others they could not be so reproduced. Short prose pieces appear to be of the latter character, and for this reason they were reproduced in the ballad form; those which are given in vol. i. seemed to be more capable of reproduction, but these, although in the Irish form of prose and verse, are not literal translations, the difference can be seen by comparing vol. ii. pp. 151-161 with vol. i. pp. 27-32. The Irish metres have been kept, where they seemed to give to an English ear the effect intended by the sense; but in other cases, especially in songs of triumph, non-Irish metres were thought to be more suitable. Similarly in the prose, strings of sharply contrasting substantives have been replaced by adjectives, and occasionally by verbs; but it was intended to insert and to omit no idea which the original did not convey or imply.

Such insertions as I have made were meant to bring out a meaning that the occasionally elliptical style of the original writer left vague: the insertion mentioned by your reviewer is a case of this; and in this I admit that, as your reviewer plainly thinks, I may have gone too far. In the Irish, twelve men are represented as dying at the sound of the music of fairy harpers. An account of the birth of these harpers is then given, ending with a prophecy (thirty lines farther on) that men would die at the sound of the music that they played. I think that the author intended the deaths and the prophecy to be connected, though he does not say so; and in order to bring out the connection I inserted the prophecy twice, once when it was given, once when it was fulfilled. I have made a few similar insertions, but in each case the insertion is to make the author's meaning clear, not to introduce new ideas.

The object of the series is, as stated in the preface to the first volume of the Irish Saga Library, "not to prepare literal versions for the use of scholars, but to reproduce Irish tales in such English forms as might interest English readers, keeping, however, as near as possible to the sense and form of the Irish" (page xxi.). I hope that this explanation may absolve the book from the charge of inconsistency.

A. H. LEAHY.

February 27.

May I take this opportunity to ask such readers of the ACADEMY as may possess a copy of "Heroic Romances" to note the following corrections, which Professor Kuno Meyer has been good enough to send to me. I fear that, judging from the lack of general interest in previously published Irish works, there will be no opportunity of inserting the corrections in a second edition:

Vol. ii. page 154, line 23, *allá sin* should be "on that very day," not "in that very place" (which is *alla sin*). The error came from the omission of the accent in the transcript as first made.

Page 155, line 15, is *barr sobarche folt and*, "hair there is the topmost bloom of the primrose," *barr* is summit of anything, not only top of head.

Page 155, line 17, *co ind* "to finger-tips," not "to head"; *ind* is an extremity. In this case the finger-tips, not the head, seem to be indicated.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Whilst thanking the friendly reviewer of Professor Leahy's "Heroic Romances of Ireland," I should like to enter a plea against some of his judgments. He considers that the plan adopted in vol. ii. of rendering into verse stories which in the original are in prose "robs the Irish Saga Library of the value it might have possessed for scholars." Seeing that he himself notes the fact that Professor Leahy has also printed a "literal translation" of these stories, it is difficult to understand your reviewer's position. What the scholar *does* want is the "literal translation," but surely if a book contains this it is not deprived of value for him because it contains something else which he may or may not want. Since when has supererogation been deemed equivalent to deprivation?

Professor Leahy has duly noted (p. 164) the Egerton MS. substitution of Eocho Fedlech for Eochaid Airemm. Both Professor Leahy and I held it would be inadvisable to tacitly make the change. I think most Celtic scholars will be of our opinion.

I venture to dissent from your reviewer's suggestion, thrown out in reference to Aubrey de Vere's "Foray of Queen Meave," whether Professor Leahy's scholarship "has not been wasted." Fine prose as the "Foray" is, it fails utterly in my opinion in producing anything like the effect of the original. I don't think Aubrey de Vere had any such intention—if he had he certainly failed. What the student of literature, who is not an Irish philologist, requires, and what he is entitled to require, is a version faithful as far as possible to the spirit as well as to the form of the original. He wants to know what Irish literature of the 8th-12th centuries is, not what it may possibly suggest to men of the nineteenth century. He does not require a crib, nor a text translated on the principle of *qu'est ce que c'est que cela*—what is that which that is what that—a principle upon which some versions from the Irish have been made. But he does want the form of the original, however imperfect that form may be. Professor Leahy has essayed to meet the requirements alike of the student of subject-matter (which includes the literary form) and of the language. It is hardly fair to suggest that the latter alone will be attracted by his labours.

May I refer to another matter which is essentially as well as superficially cognate to the study of Irish literature. Most of the latter is anonymous, and its study has to proceed largely upon lines laid down by the "higher criticism" of the last sixty years. An excellent opportunity now offers of testing the methods and validity of this method of investigation. The late Mr. William Sharp has left a not inconsiderable body of work to which he signed his own name; he is also stated to have written the works issued under the name of "Fiona Macleod." With the latter I am fairly familiar, with the former slightly so. My knowledge certainly would not warrant any dogmatism on my part. Yet I am bound to say that if six months ago I had been asked my opinion, I should have rejected Mr. Sharp's authorship of the "Fiona Macleod" works on the ground of fundamental dissimilarity of form and style, using these two terms in their widest acceptance. I should not have claimed for my opinion that it was the result of special critical research, but simply of that instinct which is generally acquired by the practice of critical study generally. One gets to "feel" whether a thing is possible or not, though it by no means follows that this feeling is invariably justified by subsequent investigation.

I should like to see an exhaustive examination of both bodies of work undertaken by some one thoroughly familiar with the methods of modern philological criticism and thoroughly competent to apply them. The result could not fail to throw light upon a method of investigation which is being freely applied to archaic, classical, and mediæval literature and used to sustain the very far-reaching consequences.

ALFRED NUTT.

#### BERNARD SHAW—PLAGIARIST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some few days ago a sister of mine went with some friends to the Court Theatre to see Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, *Major Barbara*. My sister told me it was "very fine and very clever," but that she and her party "nearly exploded" when one of the characters said, "You call yourself a gentleman," and the other answered, "I never called myself a gentleman!" I was hitherto unaware that this passage occurs in Mr. Shaw's play. I have never seen it; in fact, I have not visited a theatre for years. But I am not a little indignant with Mr. Bernard Shaw for coolly cribbing an excellent joke from another person, and incorporating it into one of his plays, thus leading people to suppose that the jest is his own. Or will Mr. Shaw pretend that this is merely a coincidence, and that he was ignorant of the existence of my recently published volume of letters to the Press, entitled "Truth, Wit, and Wisdom," where, in Letter 303, I relate an instance of the rudeness of a London cabman, who, without the slightest provocation, once bawled out to me, "And you call yourself a gentleman?" upon which I instantly replied, "I never called myself a gentleman!"? Imitation is certainly the sincerest form of flattery, but I am really surprised at Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is considered to be a man of some

originality and imagination, but yet does not scruple to pick up his jokes from other sources.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

[We publish this letter in the hope that Mr. Shaw will reply to the serious allegation it contains.—ED.]

#### "SIX-SHILLING" NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I draw attention to what seems to me to be an unfair method, apparently on the increase with some publishers? That is the issuing of novels at a uniform price of 6s., irrespective of quality or contents. I have before me an example of this in three books just issued:

- (a) Beatrice Harraden, "Scholar's Daughter," ordinary cloth, cut edges, 284 pp., about 6532 lines;
- (b) Maxwell Gray, "The Great Refusal," ordinary cloth, cut edges, 381 pp., about 13,716 lines;
- (c) Eden Phillpotts, "The Portreeve," ordinary cloth, cut edges, 364 pp., about 14,560 lines.

To assume that the first-named writer is equal to either of the others is a proposition that few would affirm—but the publishers practically go much further, as they ask the public to pay the same price for 6000 lines of Miss Harraden's writing as for 14,000 lines of Mr. Eden Phillpotts's.

If books like "The Portreeve" and "The Great Refusal" can be sold at 6s., then 3s. 6d. is the outside charge that should be made for books like the "Scholar's Daughter."

H. J.

#### SHELLEY AND EASTERN POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been reading with great interest the discussion going on about Shelley in the ACADEMY. It is true no doubt that perfect phrases which linger in the memory of the reader for ever and ever may not be found abundantly in Shelley's poetry. He was not an artist in the sense in which Shakespeare or Wordsworth or Tennyson were artists. His poetry "was not an art but an inspiration." He never desired to be a phrase-monger or a platitude-polisher like most poets. He was possessed with divine frenzy and his poetry flowed out of him with spontaneous melody. Obedient to the will of the Spirit of Beauty, he sang as no western poet has sung with the unconscious fervour of a bard.

It is not phrase-coining but a sustained continuity of impassioned utterance that makes the true poet. Has any English poet written lines where so many exquisite images half-bursting from their shells are seen together in such suggestive groups?

"My soul is an enchanted boat

Which like a sleeping swan doth float

Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."

Has any European poet expressed the thrilling influence of beauty on human soul in such words?

"And in the soul a wild odour is felt."

Shelley lived in an atmosphere of rarefied ecstasy like Hafiz and Jelaludin Rumi, the great Sufi poets of Persia, whose doctrines of love and beauty bore a close resemblance to his own doctrines. It is only in this atmosphere that the highest poetry is born out of the harmonious commingling of soul and senses. It is this life of his in regions of perpetual rapture, the spontaneity of his verse, the fervour of his imagination, the melody of his thoughts, the originality of his symbols that entitle him to be ranked as one of the greatest poets, not of England or of Europe, but of the whole world.

V. B. MEHTA.

Bombay, February 10.

#### A CONSENSUS OF OPINION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I again trespass on your space respecting the resumed Wordsworth and Shelley correspondence in present issue? The claim to be a "Student of Literature" is so all-inclusive, that one feels sorry there should be a limitation in your correspondent's studies, excluding Wordsworth. In impartial and exhaustive study, one realises the necessary inclusion of many barren names; but that against Wordsworth should be made the sweeping accusation of the *dreary pages* of the "Prelude," must be due to the prejudice of non-acquaintance. Innumerable are the lovers of Wordsworth who, like George Eliot, have made him also a sort of inspired text-book, as witness her frequent quotations and one memorable allusion to that "immortal phrase" in the "Prelude":

There is

One great society alone on earth:

The noble living and the noble dead.

Not only Coleridge (as referred to by Mr. Fovargue) but many other acknowledged critics, including Hazlitt and Lamb—who only laughed at Wordsworth because they loved him—attribute the inspiration of genius to his many "unforgettable lines" of which the "Prelude" is as "a sky, sown thick with stars." Hazlitt says of Wordsworth's poetry: "It has to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring." Coleridge: "That his [Wordsworth's] soul seems to inhabit the

universe like a palace and to discover truth by intuition." The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" confesses that she always carries the "Prelude" in her pocket for recreative reading during a holiday, though she admits, with laughing toleration, that some parts of it are stodgy. So, also, are too many parts of the "Ring and the Book," "The Revolt of Islam," and even occasional parts of the "Fairy Queen" and "Paradise Lost." But the fascination of discovering hidden gold in poetic deserts even, is reward enough to any prospecting student, and what an admirable foil are the stodgy parts to those luminous passages throughout the "Prelude," and notably, amongst many notable, those which describe "Childhood and School-time," beginning,

Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!

The "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" are perhaps as mistaken an elongation as is that persistent reiteration of a sordid police report, called "The Ring and the Book"; but they are, at any rate, coherent and contain some purple patches and many "unforgettable lines," as in "Canute," "Mutability," "Cathedrals," "Ejaculation." I have refrained from a wealth of quotation, because I dare not further trespass.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

February 24.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Caffin, Charles H. *How to study Pictures*. 9x6½. Pp. 16, 513. Hodder & Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

[By an American critic and lecturer. The system of study is "by means of a series of comparisons of paintings and painters from Cimabue to Monet, with historical and biographical summaries and appreciations of the painters' motives and methods." So far as we have examined it, it seems to be an admirable book for beginners. Mr. Caffin takes fifty-six principal painters of different countries, treats them chronologically and side by side and pays full attention to the historical point of view. There is a full-page illustration of one work by each artist. There is a very full and valuable index.]

Giovanni Bellini. 9½x7. Pp. xxii, 64. Newnes's Art Library, 3s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Everard Meynell contributes a sound and interesting biographical note on the great Venetian religious artist. Then follows a list of the principal of his undoubted works, in chronological order based mainly on the evidence of development of style. Then come sixty-four of the beautiful full-page reproductions in black and white which have all the excellence of selection and execution for which we never look to this admirable series in vain. They include the *Peter Martyr* in the National Gallery, the *Portrait of the Artist* in the Uffizi, and the *Portrait of a Man* in the Naples Museum, three pictures of which the ascription is not absolutely certain. The frontispiece is a fine photogravure of the *Madonna with the Sleeping Child* in the Venice Academy.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Keene, H. G. *Here and There*. Memories Indian and other. 9x6. Pp. xiv, 215. Brown, Langham, 10s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Keene, who was educated at John Company's College at Haileybury, gives reminiscences of life then, in London and Oxford in the middle of the last century, and of his life in India before, during and after the Mutiny. The second part of his book deals with life at home as seen after his return.]

Berthe, Austin. *Life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori*, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Edited in English by Harold Castle. Illustrated. In two vols. Each 10½x6½. Pp. xlv, 1685. Dublin: Duffy.

[Father Berthe is himself a Redemptorist. His Life of St. Alphonsus is already well known and highly valued abroad, and we welcome the book in its handsome British dress. Father Castle, also a Redemptorist, has made an excellent translation.]

Henry Sidgwick: a memoir. By Arthur Sidgwick and Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick. 9x5½. Pp. 633. Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 198.)

### DRAMA.

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Hewlett, Maurice. *Pan and the Young Shepherd*; A Pastoral in two Acts. 7x5. Pp. viii, 101. Heinemann. Paper 1s. 6d., cloth 2s. 6d. (See p. 207.)

### EDUCATION.

Purser, Frederick. *Elementary Geometry based on Euclid's Elements*. 6½x4½. Pp. vii, 118. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis.

[Professor Purser's design is not to furnish a new edition of Euclid as such but to present Euclid's subject-matter as a coherent system of geometrical truth in which the student may recognise at once the cogency and the natural sequence of the propositions, and be fitted to frame geometrical demonstrations for himself.]

Atherton, R. P., assisted by Gal-Ladevèze, F. *Bell's First French Reader*. With illustrations by French artists. 7½x5. Pp. viii, 78. Bell, 1s. [Intermediary between the First and Second Parts of Bell's French Course.]

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Sabatini, Rafael. *Bardelys the Magnificent*. 7½x5½. Pp. 307. Nash, 6s. [“Being an account of the strange wooing pursued by the Sieur Marcel de St. Pol, Marquis of Bardelys, and of the things that in the course of it befell him in Languedoc, in the year of the Rebellion.”]

Pryce, Gwendolen. *A Son of Arvon*. 7½x5½. Pp. 320. Unwin, 6s.

Herring, Henry A. *The Burglars' Club*. A Romance in Twelve Chronicles. With sixteen illustrations by F. H. Townsend. 7½x5½. Pp. 280. Cassell, 3s. 6d.

Bradly, G. F. *Dick*, a story without a plot. 7½x5½. Pp. 191. Smith, Elder. (See p. 203.)

### HISTORY.

Ancient Records of Egypt. *Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest*, collected, edited and translated with commentary by James Henry Breasted. Vol. i. *The First to the Seventeenth Dynasties*. 9½x6½. Pp. xlii, 344. Chicago: the University of Chicago Press. London: Luzac. \$3.00 net.

[This is a volume in the University of Chicago's admirable Ancient Records Series, under the general editorship of Professor W. R. Harper. In the volume before us Professor Breasted gives essays on the documentary courses of Egyptian History and on Chronology with a Chronological Table, and then translates, with footnotes, the documents themselves.

*Archivio per lo studio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, Rivista Trimestrale, diretta da G. Pitrè e S. Salomone-Marino. Vol. xxii. Fasc. iv. 9½x6½. Pp. 130. Turin: Clausen.

### MILITARY.

M'Cullagh, Francis. *With the Cossacks*. 9x6½. Pp. xiv, 392. Nash, 7s. 6d. net.

[Letters reprinted from the *New York Herald*, describing the experiences of "an Irishman who rode with the Cossacks throughout the Russo-Japanese War."]

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Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *The Play-Time of the Poor*. 8x5½. Pp. 28. Smith, Elder, 2d.

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### THEOLOGY.

Maclaren, Alexander. *Expositions of Holy Scripture. The Books of Isaiah and Jeremiah* (Isaiah, chaps. xlix to lxxv). Pp. 403. *The Gospel according to St. Matthew*: chaps. xviii to xxviii. Pp. 379. Each, 9½x6½. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net each.

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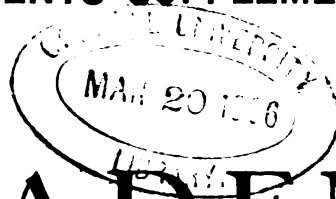
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

OUR census of Oxford and Cambridge poets may suggest a similar census of Oxford and Cambridge novelists. A few of the poets re-appear in the fiction lists, but that cannot be helped. Here are our parallel columns:

## OXFORD:

Samuel Johnson  
Thomas Day  
"Monk" Lewis  
Theodore Hook  
J. G. Lockhart  
Charles Reade  
T. A. Trollope  
Henry Kingsley  
Thomas Hughes  
Walter Pater  
R. D. Blackmore  
G. A. Lawrence ("Guy  
Livingstone")  
C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis  
Carroll")  
Andrew Lang  
W. H. Mallock  
Anthony Hope  
A. E. W. Mason  
Sir Herbert Maxwell  
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James Payn  
E. F. Benson  
R. C. Lehmann  
Egerton Castle  
Barry Pain  
E. H. Lacom Watson  
Robert Machray  
Cutcliffe Hyne

The score is Oxford 23: Cambridge 18. In the fiction Tripos, as in the Poetical Tripos, Oxford has the numerical superiority. The names worthy to be placed in the first class are, we should say, those of Sterne, Thackeray, Reade, and Blackmore, perhaps in the order given, so that Cambridge takes the first and second and Oxford the third and fourth places. Our readers may classify the other names for themselves. We shall not be so invidious as to do so, as too many of them are the names of our contemporaries. It is to be noted, however, that other Universities have also brought forth novelists. The Edinburgh and Dublin lists may be set side by side:

## EDINBURGH:

Henry Mackenzie  
R. L. Stevenson  
J. M. Barrie  
Conan Doyle

## DUBLIN:

Jonathan Swift  
Oliver Goldsmith  
Charles Robert Maturin  
Charles Lever  
Sheridan Le Fanu

The Dublin list is the longer and stronger of the two. Swift and Goldsmith must certainly be awarded firsts. It is doubtful whether, south of the Tweed, the same distinction will be felt to be due to any of the Scotsmen enumerated. On the Glasgow list there are three names: those of Dr. John Moore, Michael Scott (author of "Tom Cringle's Log"), and "Benjamin Swift." Aberdeen can boast of George MacDonald, and Durham of Edward Bradley ("Cuthbert Bede"). Some of the Oxford and Cambridge men also have their names on the books of some Scottish University, but that fact has been ignored

in the compilation of the lists on the ground that the greater contains the less.

A list of non-University novelists would probably be more distinguished than all the other lists put together. It would, at any rate, include Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Scott, Dickens, Disraeli, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Kipling, as well as Mesdames Jane Austen, George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë; and the question naturally arises whether irregular methods of education are not, for novelists, the best. The University man certainly has a good deal to live down before he is likely to be very successful, for broad humanity is not a characteristic of the academic point of view. As a consequence it is the non-University novelist who makes his mark in early youth. Dickens, Disraeli, and Mr. Zangwill are examples. But the University novelist, though he arrives later, often comes to stay; and his work generally has good qualities of its own for which his University training is to be thanked.

This point is usually made by a comparison of Dickens and Thackeray; the University man here has admittedly more sense of style, more distinction, and more restraint. A more instructive comparison might, however, be that between Dickens and Besant. There never were two writers who, fundamentally, had more in common. They both inclined to humour and pathos of the broader and more obvious sort; they both delighted in writing with a philanthropic purpose; they both had a keen eye for the observation of external oddities. It may almost be said that Besant modelled himself on Dickens and learnt characterisation from him. But, the University having intervened, he observes different things, and observes them from a different standpoint; and the fact that his natural genius was less does not affect the argument. The reproach is constantly levelled at Dickens that he could not draw a gentleman or a lady. At any rate he seems to regard them as purely comic characters, and generally gives them comic names—Sir Mulberry Hawk, for instance. Even when their hearts are in the right place, they are eccentric—we are thinking of the brothers Cheeryble. They are either observed from a distance, or else they are invented. But where Dickens invented Besant knew. His gentlemen are the sort of gentlemen whom one meets. They are educated gentlemen. Even when they have their little eccentricities, they are gentlemen first and eccentric afterwards, as is the case with Humphrey and Cornelius Jaxenal.

From Besant one always gets the impression, not indeed that one is moving in a fashionable world, but that, whatever the world may be through which one is conducted, one's guide is an educated man. Besant knew Latin and Greek and French—to say nothing of mathematics. He had read widely, and he had travelled. He does not by any means thrust his knowledge down his reader's throat; but it colours his point of view, and gives him a much wider outlook than Dickens ever had. Allowance must be made, of course, as we have said, for the fact that Dickens was the man of greater genius; but when that allowance has been made, this may reasonably be said: To read Besant is to see what Cambridge might have done for Dickens; to read Dickens is to see what would have been Besant's additional limitations if he had been brought up in a blacking factory instead of being sent to the University.

What is a Gallantee-Show? was a question we heard asked on all sides when the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers issued invitations (now unfortunately withdrawn) for the entertainment of that name to be given last Wednesday. There are a great many people in the world not old enough to remember the men who used to go about the streets in pairs with a



lantern, pipes and a drum. Invited into the hall or nursery, they had a white sheet stretched, and showed from behind, by shadows, a story, which went as follows: Scene i. The baker has a dispute with the constable over his scales, which are false: the constable tries to arrest the baker. Scene ii. The Devil comes and runs off with a loaf out of the baker's basket; the baker catches him by the tail. Then comes "Pull Devil, Pull Baker!" a proverb many people use without knowing its origin. Scene iii. The devil puts the baker on his back and walks off. Scene iv. and last: The Mouth of Hell: a huge head with goggle eyes and a vast mouth, into which the baker is carried by the Devil.

There are things in the story that incline one to believe that it is really a survival of some mediæval French farce, or Italian *commedia dell' arte*, but we have been unable to trace its origin, and are not aware that it ever has been traced. Certainly the mouth of Hell in the last scene is exactly what the mouth of Hell used to be in the French miracle-plays; possibly, too, in the English. Old stories about a tussle on the edge of the crater of Stromboli between the Devil and a fraudulent contractor in ship's biscuit may be safely disregarded.

What the derivation of the word *gallantee* is, no one knows for certain. Dr. Murray connects it, we believe, with *gallant*; an older philologist recommended that it be spelt *galantee* and suggested that some foreign showman of the name of Galanti was the inventor or principal exponent of the show. The word was not in use, apparently, before 1821, and is rarely heard now, save in metaphorical usage. An interesting passage on the show may be found in Thackeray's review of Sue's "Mysteries of Paris," recently reprinted by Mr. Robert S. Garnett in his "New Sketch-Book" (p. 190).

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, in her tribute to the memory of William Sharp in a letter contributed by her to the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, mentions that William Sharp praised her youthful effusions as warmly as her own countrymen had berated them, and, while alive to their faults, promised her a definite future if she would persist. "A most interesting fact in connection with Sharp was that he possessed," Miss Gertrude Atherton asserts, "the knowledge of his exact term of life. When I first knew him—in 1890 I think it was—he told me that his father and all his paternal grandfathers had died suddenly of heart disease on or about their forty-ninth birthday, and that he expected the same meagre shrift and no more. During my last visit to London, in the winter and spring of 1904, I asked him, jestingly, being under the impression that thirty-nine was the fatal birthday, how it was that he was still alive. 'Oh, it is forty-nine,' he said, laughing; and he was in the best of health and spirits. 'I still have nearly two years.' And so he had; he died almost upon entering his fiftieth year."

Lord Rosebery's valuable collection of Burnsiana, which we are happy to hear has *not* been purchased for 60,000 dollars by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, has been brought together throughout a period extending to nearly thirty years. At the Whitefoord Mackenzie sale in Edinburgh twenty years ago Lord Rosebery enriched his collections by the addition of some valuable manuscripts, some of which, though purchased as original compositions of Burns, were discovered to be only copies in his handwriting from certain numbers of the *Scots Magazine*; and he made more valuable additions from the A. C. Lamb library sale in 1898 and from the Craibe Angus sale in 1902.

In connection with the assertion that "Auld Lang Syne" is included among Lord Rosebery's Burns manuscripts, it may be stated that there are several holograph copies of this song. A copy was enclosed by Burns with a letter to Mrs. Dunlop of date 17th December, 1788, and

he alludes to it thus: "Is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs." Though modelled on one or other of two older songs attributed to both Sir Robert Aytoun and Francis Sempill, the whole is to all intents and purposes, as Dr. William Wallace states, Burns's own, and its finest stanzas, the third and fourth, are entirely original.

A sale of exceptionally interesting manuscripts is due at Messrs. Sotheby's on March 27 and following days. It includes the manuscript of "Rab and his Friends," Burns's song "To Mary in Heaven," part of "Masterman Ready," letters of Pope, and a unique lot of manuscripts concerned with Joanna Southcott. Then there are Bolingbroke's secret and official despatches to the Lords Plenipotentiary at Utrecht, 1711-1713, and a great deal of Napoleoniana. At Messrs. Hodgson's this month there will be sold a proof-sheet, corrected by Browning, of poems by T. Powell; letters of Bernard Barton; a thirteenth-century manuscript of Justinian, and other good things. Messrs. Christie will offer on Wednesday next a letter from Dickens to Behnes, the sculptor, a prompt-copy of *The School for Scandal*, and Nelson's "general memorandum" for the attack at Trafalgar, which has lately been discussed in *The Times*.

The Metropolitan Police. Suggested County Council Control.—At a meeting of the Street Noise Abatement Committee, held on Saturday, it was stated by the Hon. Secretary that the Government would, in all probability, transfer the control of the Metropolitan Police to the London County Council. In this case there were good reasons for believing that the police would have conferred upon them the requisite powers to deal with the nuisance of unnecessary and objectionable street noises instead of, as at present, the aggrieved householder having to put the law in force. At the same meeting it was stated that the Committee had nearly one hundred petitions in hand respecting the abatement of organ-grinding and other objectionable street noises in various districts of the Metropolis.

At a meeting of the Japan Society in the Hall, 20 Hanover Square, W., on Wednesday next at 8.30 p.m., Mr. J. Morris will read a paper on Pilgrims to Isé, illustrated by lantern-slides shown through the Epidiascope.

On Sunday evening (March 11) at 8 p.m., the English Drama Society will give a performance of Ibsen's *Ghosts* in the King's Hall (National Sporting Club), Covent Garden. Seats cannot be obtained at the door, but only on application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Nugent Monck, 20 Regent Street, S.W.

Society of Arts. Arrangements for week ending March 17, 1906.—Monday, March 12, at 8 p.m., Cantor Lectures: "Fire, Fire Risks, and Fire Extinction." By Professor Vivian B. Lewes. Lecture I. Wednesday, March 14, at 8 p.m., Ordinary Meeting: "Imperial Organisation from a Business Point of View." By Geoffrey Drage. Thursday, March 15, at 4.30 p.m., Indian Section: "The Languages of India and the Linguistic Survey." By Dr. George A. Grierson.

Royal Institution.—A General Monthly Meeting of the Members of the Royal Institution was held on Monday afternoon (the 5th instant), the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., President, in the Chair. Mr. Frank Green, Mr. A. W. Oke, Mr. N. M. Ogle, Mr. H. F. Pooley, Mr. H. Taverner, and Mr. A. B. Thomas were elected Members.

Linnean Society of London. Evening Meeting, Thursday March 15, 1906, at 8 p.m. Discussion on the "Origin of Gymnosperms," to be opened by Professor F. W. Oliver, F.R.S., F.L.S.

## LITERATURE

## NERO IN DRAMA

*Nero.* By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

It is to be feared that Mr. Stephen Phillips will add little to his reputation by the latest of his dramatic poems. He has chosen to conceive of Nero as being something of an artist, using that word with the hackneyed meaning which it has in third-rate literary circles. The result fails altogether to be convincing. We read of a monster who is addicted to every lust of the flesh that can be imagined or described, but he is not sufficiently human to create the illusion that he is a man. Even in his stage directions Mr. Phillips has not succeeded in being quite sincere and unaffected. Indeed, some of those rubrics, which we imagined should be written down in the tersest and most businesslike language conceivable, read like a novel of the Anna Matilda type. For example, at the end of the first act we read: "Nero is led by her a little way, then hesitates, still gazing after the procession of Emperors. Gradually he loses Acte's hand, and she leaves him, gazing." The scene is one that would be dear to a sentimental housemaid. In the opening of the second act: "Acte is reclining on a couch. The time is broad noon. A faint exotic odour pervades the palace." If we do not forget, it was Henrik Ibsen who introduced the habit of writing stage directions in a sentimental manner, and we can scarcely think the innovation is an improvement. If we cannot imagine the scene in which a dramatic poem is being enacted, no amount of description will help us.

In style, it seems to us that Mr. Phillips has throughout strained too much at the leash. Nero himself speaks like one of those literary persons who have got the word artist into their mouths and cannot refrain from using it. It occurs in Seneca's forecast of what the Emperor is going to be, and Nero himself loses no opportunity of asking:

Have I not toiled for art, forsworn food, sleep,  
And laboured day and night to win the crown?

and to justify his artistic tastes scenes like the following are introduced. Lucan refers to the words of the poet: "When I am dead, let fire devour the world." The stage direction here is: "Nero starts at these words and comes among them," and thus he speaks:

Nay, while I live! The sight! A burning world!  
And to be dead and miss it! There's an end  
Of all satiety: such fire imagine!  
Born in some obscure alley of the poor,  
Then leaping to embrace a splendid street,  
Palaces, temples, morsels that but whet  
Her appetite: the eating of huge forests:  
Then with redoubled fury rushing high,  
Smacking her lips over a continent,  
And licking old civilisations up!  
Then in tremendous battle fire and sea  
Joined: and the ending of the mighty sea:  
Then heaven in conflagration, stars like cinders  
Falling in tempest: then the reeling poles  
Crash: and the smouldering firmament subsides,  
And last, this universe a single flame!

As an artist, too, he is bound to be a *gourmet*. So he talks of eating dormice with poppies and milk honey, and of the appropriate music for each course, until he reaches:

And at last the tongues  
Of nightingales—the tongues of nightingales?  
O, silence with the tongues of nightingales.

Even when he comes to plan the murder of the boy Britannicus it is, to hackney a word once more, as an artist.

It shall be  
Performed to-night at supper: get you seats;  
It shall be something new and wonderful,  
Done after wine, and under falling roses;  
And there shall be suspense in it, and thrill:  
It shall be very sudden, very silent,  
And terrible in silence—I the while,  
Creator and arranger of the scene,  
Reclining with a jewel in my eye:

And Agrippina shall be close to me,  
Aware, yet motionless: Octavia,  
Though but a child, yet too discreet for tears.  
This you may deem as yet a little crude,  
But other details I will add ere supper.

We have but one more quotation to give, and we give it, because Mr. Phillips was following precedent in putting into the mouth of one of his characters a description of Britain.

ANICETUS: To Britain send her. There for Claudius  
I fought; a melancholy isle, alone,  
Sundered from all the world; and banned by God  
With separating, cold, religious wave,  
And haunted with the ghost of a dead sun  
Rising as from a grave, or all in blood  
Returning wounded heavily through mist.  
Her rotting peoples amid forests cower,  
Or mad for colour paint their bodies blue.

We are sorry to be unable to do more than repeat our judgment, that as a tragedy in drama the work entirely fails to interest or convince.

## MR. R. H. HUTTON'S LITERARY CRITICISMS

*Brief Literary Criticisms.* By the late RICHARD HOLT HUTTON. (Macmillan, 4s. net.)

ONE of the first reflections aroused by a glance over this volume of short literary essays is: How did the late Mr. R. H. Hutton rise to that eminence which he attained? The only explanation that occurs to us is that it was due to character. Mr. Hutton appears to have been a man of the highest principles, and in all his writings he conscientiously adhered to views that had been deliberately and intelligently adopted; and so in process of years the journal over whose fortunes he presided came to be regarded with confidence by the sober English middle classes. It was taken as guide by those whose instincts inclined to the grandmotherly. But, of course, when one thinks the matter over, it never had much reputation as a literary organ. That statement, however, needs qualification. The *Spectator* has always possessed that fine reputation which is built on honesty, and fairness, and justice; but it never was clever, and Mr. Hutton himself was never more than a second-rate intellect. It would be easy to substantiate this statement by references to almost any chapter in the book before us. But let one speak for many. In his inquiry, "What is a lyric?" Mr. Hutton was exposing himself to one of the finest tests conceivable. Of all things literary, the lyric is at once the most graceful, the most touching, the most beautiful, the most exquisite product, and whoever would discuss its formation must have an innate love for that gossamer and ethereal beauty which it is much easier to recognise than to describe. One would think that the very act of writing upon it would incite the critic to the use of the most delicate language of which he was capable. Yet in the course of the first few lines we have a sentence in which he speaks of "a predominantly narrative poem, however saturated with imagination it may be." A fastidious reader might well be forgiven if on meeting with the phrase "saturated with imagination" he closed the book as one that was not meant for him. Mr. Hutton quotes several pieces of verse which he calls lyric, but, so far as we can see, he does not bring forward a single couplet deserving of the word. If we go back to the ancient and simple definitions of poetry, we know that the dramatic poem was one meant for men and women to act, that the epic poem was the narrative poem which in the days of jongleur and minstrel was sung to the harp or, as often as not, recited in a sing-song without accompaniment, while the lyric is the little poem which is sung. Probably in its simplest state it took the form of a lullaby that primeval woman sung to her baby, a lullaby that we can easily imagine was made up mostly of nonsense words and mere sounds uttered for the purpose of soothing. It was

also the natural expression of the lover who made sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow as spontaneously as the bird sings to his mate.

The most perfect examples of lyric song in the English language stand out with such absolute distinction from other literature that there is really very little room for discussion in regard to them. Of its kind Ariel's song :

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands ;  
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feathery here and there ;  
And, sweet Sprites, the burthen bear,

is unapproached. There is no dirge in any language equal to

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust ;

but he who has such standards as this before him must feel simply amazed when told that the description of the harper playing in Scott's "Lay" was lyrical in the truest sense, a notion which Mr. Hutton seems to have adopted from William Pitt. Another example is from a piece dear to the penny-reading reciters :

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land !

At the best it is only a piece of vigorous declamation. Yet any one with a really literary taste could have found in Scott a great deal that was much more lyrical. For instance, take two verses out of L'envoy to "The Lady of the Lake" :

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp !  
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.  
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,  
And bitter was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string !  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress fare thee well !

The touch of personal pathos is thoroughly in place here. Purely lyric, too, in our opinion, is :

The herring loves the merry moon-light,  
The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,  
For they come of a gentle kind.

Scott, however, was not really a great lyric poet. "Oddly enough," to quote a phrase from Mr. Hutton, he finds the truest lyric Wordsworth ever wrote to be :

From town to town, from tower to tower  
The red rose is a glad some flower.  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last ;  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming :  
Both roses flourish, red and white :  
In love and sisterly delight  
The two that were at strife are blended,  
And all old troubles now are ended.—  
Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her  
Who is the flower of Lancaster !

Could Mr. Hutton have forgotten : "Will no one tell me what she sings ?" Here we have the true melody of words, and without that the word lyric would be a

contradiction in terms. As Mr. Swinburne has pointed out, harmony and imagination are the requisites of a great poem.

No ; Mr. Hutton is not to be altogether trusted when he swears that we have the true lyric fervour and the right beat of the lyric pulse in the "Feast of Brougham Castle." Shelley, we are told, is the greatest lyrical poet in our century ; and Mr. Hutton was quite entitled to hold this opinion, even though, as we believe, those critics who possess the finest taste would be inclined to disagree with it. The essay ends with the choice remark that "a recent satirist has described Mr. Watson as, 'Wordsworth and water.' 'Wordsworth and music' or a lyrical Wordsworth, would have been a truer description." We can only echo the phrase : "Would it ?"

To turn to another side of Mr. Hutton's writing, he was a kind of authorised exponent of the virtues of George Eliot. To him she was "the greatest writer among Englishwomen of this or any other age," and amongst the articles of faith with him which lie secure from any touch of doubt is that George Eliot "touched the highest point which, in a woman, has been reached in our literature." Just before the essay from which we quote comes a paper on Jane Austen, and, if Mr. Hutton had been alive, he would probably have been surprised to hear any one saying that so immeasurably greater as a woman of letters was Jane Austen than George Eliot that it is idle to institute any comparison between them. Looking backward, however, we can see how forced and strained was the work of George Eliot, while with every new reading "Pride and Prejudice" unfolds new charms. If the adjectives that Mr. Hutton applies to the one had been transferred to the other, his statement would have gained, as we think, in judgment and truth. But it is much more profitable to argue with Mr. Hutton on points of doctrine than on his judgment of men and women. There are various little excursions into the domain of theory that invite criticism, as for example his question : "Is Irony a Form of the Ludicrous ?" He writes a paper that leaves us in great doubt as to whether he really knew the meaning of that attribute which Mrs. Slip-slop called "ironing." The very mention of that lady's name reminds us that Mr. Hutton is able to write a whole paper on "ironing" without a single reference to the name of Fielding, the most perfect master of it in the English tongue. Of course, where he misses the point is in his laborious search for the earnest. He is like a man in a dark cellar seeking tenpenny nails with a lantern, and is so concentrated upon these tenpenny nails that he tramples over gold and pearls without seeing them. The tenpenny nails in this case consist of the irony that appeals to the very serious nature of the seeker's character, while the gold and jewels are the treasures strewed over the length and breadth of English literature which might have been his for the asking. Another of his chapters is headed with the original question : "What is humour ?" In point of fact, wit may be possessed by anybody and is as likely to be found in the head of a fool as in that of a wise man. Humour is the gift of seeing things all round us with laughter and tears, pathos and the lack of it all combined into one melting vision. The quotation that Mr. Hutton gives from Lamb is not really worthy of the name of humour. That is to say, it is simply funny. A High-gate omnibus conductor put his head in at the door to ask "All full inside ?" when Lamb, who was half asleep in the corner, immediately replied : "I really cannot answer for the other ladies and gentlemen, but that last piece of pudding at Mrs. Gilman's did the business for me." That is really only the laughter-provoking retort of a mountebank. It has wit and cleverness in plenty, but no vision. The question is propounded with special regard to Charles Dickens, and people are still going on asking and answering it. Perhaps the truest comment upon the matter is that Charles Dickens suffered little from the lack of a sense of humour and a sense of pathos, but, to use an expressive Americanism, he "went for them too bald-headed."

## GYPSY AND GENTILE IDYLLS

*The Coming of Love.* Rhona Boswell's Story and other Poems.  
By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. Seventh edition, enlarged  
and revised. (Lane, 5s. net.)

THE Gypsy race, as some hopefully hold, is dying out, carrying with it its ancient custom, code, and language. Yet somehow one still meets here and there, encamped in English lanes, bands of Stanleys or Lovells who, by their looks, might have landed only yesterday from Hindustan. Nor is it a thing of the past to find by the banks of a Welsh trout stream, or trudging from inn to inn with his triple harp slung over his shoulder, some scion of the family of Abraham Wood who, despite his "gorgified" dress and appearance and his command of Welsh and English, speaks in his own home a tongue many shades nearer to Sanskrit than any of the seven vernaculars of India described by John Beames. A threatened race lives long. Gypsies and scholar Gypsies are still among us; and, regarding the day when these enliveners of our country-side are merged with those who take a staid view of life, we devoutly say *procul esto*! Yet even should Gypsydom disappear, the hope might be cherished that the extinction of the race need not necessarily involve the disappearance of the cult. The "merry race of Romany Rye" (that pet phrase of the penny-a-liner which, as Mr. F. H. Groome once remarked, is "not without a certain misapprehended truth") might still as of yore make the Gypsy speech a passport to good-fellowship, and follow the Gypsy life while summer hold, resting them merry in tent or caravan.

This fond belief is suggested by the appearance of the seventh edition of Mr. Watts-Dunton's "Coming of Love." A master of magic of the white variety, the author of this poem makes an irresistible appeal to the spirit of romance which is hidden in the heart of the most confirmed *kairengro*. He may not, it is true, like the "lad in the University of Oxford" of whom Glanvil tells us, "leave his studies to join himself to a company of vagabond Gypsies," yet even sitting before the fire in his easy chair and reading this Romany idyll, it will be strange if he does not feel himself one of the children of the open air, and, for the time at least, a scholar Gypsy.

The freshness of this poem is amazing, almost as amazing as its audacity and simplicity; a glance through its pages is like a breath from the heath, or a morning plunge in a river pool. Poor indeed must be the spirit of the youth who, opening this book for the first time, does not wander away into a new world. Though he may never possibly become an actual "tzigologue"—which we understand is the repellent name applied to the few erudite scholars, chiefly German professors, who devote their lives to the study of Gypsy philology and ethnology—yet in sympathy at least he has become one of the "merry race," perhaps all the better Romany Rye because unspoiled by any taint of pedantry. Gypsyism is a sort of religion, and if Pott or Paspati be the breviary of its priesthood, "Aylwin" or "The Coming of Love" may not inaptly be described as its Book of Hours, or lay folk's service book, which Mr. Watts-Dunton like a skilful illuminator has enriched with his delicate and delightful decorations.

For this poem is a triumph of artistry. Carried along by its rush and power, few will be able at first to appraise sufficiently the literary skill with which the poet has fashioned the finest of his lyrics out of the poor debased dialect of the English Gypsies, or the unerring judgment with which he introduces just the right degree of tent idiom and no more. Rightly to estimate this success, we need to recall the failures of pioneers in the same path, who have sought to commemorate Gypsy life in song. These experiments vary from the sham sentiment of such lines as:

And how should a poor Gypsy maiden like me  
Ever hope the rich bride of a noble to be?

which we ourselves have heard sung by a poor Gypsy

maiden with a diabolical jeer which greatly enhanced its effect—to poems written in that pseudo deep dialect of Romany which never was on field or moor. But the happy mean has never before been struck. The difference between the manner of Mr. Watts-Dunton and that of his predecessors is as great as between that of Scott and the author of "Queenhoo Hall." We have already referred to what we esteem Mr. Watts-Dunton's greatest triumph in this sort, the beautiful and pathetic love-letters of Rhona Boswell, which few can read unmoved. Rhona herself is a real being, and the absolute fidelity of these letters of hers to the Gypsy character and mode of expression almost compel the belief that we have here unaltered, save for a little metrical arrangement, genuine historical documents rather than a creation of the poet's mind.

Yet Gypsies, though delightful talkers, are not, as a rule, good letter-writers. Their familiar epistles are mostly confined to postal addresses and pious remembrances, dictated by them to rustic scribes, who form each character with an effort which seems to bring every muscle into play. "Why, my rye," said an admiring Gypsy to a gentleman who acted as his amanuensis, "you does it as easy as woosering kraafnies to a groovny" (throwing turnips to a cow). Nor is mastery of the art of reading held in less esteem. Some years ago on one of our Gypsy rambles we fell in with a young Romany chal, who, among other questions, inquired whether we could read, and, on receiving a modest affirmative, was encouraged to boast of his own progress. Ascertaining that his learning had been acquired while messenger for a certain West India packet company, and anxious to gratify him, we wrote on the ground in large capital letters the word "west" and invited him to display his skill by reading it. With a surpassing frown, like a prize-fighter in the wrong corner with the sun in his eyes, the Gypsy stared at the inscription as though to terrorise it into yielding up its secret. In vain! The writing was full of science, and would not be caught off its guard. Minutes passed without apparent advantage on either side; our friend getting at closer and closer quarters until at last he was bent almost at right angles over his foe. Seeing that only the fall of night could put an end to this obstinate contest, we intervened at the end of several rounds by inquiring what he made of it so far. "Well, I wouldn't like to be exactly certain," was the answer, "but I rather think it's something like Bess."

But, though neither Lamb nor FitzGerald are Romany names, the reader must not rashly assume that no interesting Gypsy letters exist, for there is at least one signal exception in the correspondence *penes nos* of John Roberts with the late Mr. Groome. How pleasantly, for example, the old Welsh harper begins a letter dated May 27, 1880:

Siting around a large Family Table at breakfast, and as usual some little remarks by some one saying, "I wonder how is such a person," and "I wonder this," and "I wonder that"—when presently a lowed nock at the Door brings it open, and a letter announced for John Roberts by the Post Man. The reciver, knowing the well known hand-writing, cries out, "a letter from Edinburgh! a letter from Edinburgh!" when a beam of Joy was in every one's face and the Letter flung on the Table, when a general scramble took place to see who would read it first. Me seeing it very big and well pact, by reaching over nockt my Teacup over (and had the water been a little hotter I should have scalded myself) which cosed a rood laugh aroun the board.

Or read this, dated March 23, 1880, in which Roberts refers to the death of a Gypsy boy who was drowned at Aberdovey:

With regard to my poor cousin William Wood, which died one of these last days, and was berrid quite respectable in a Town called Amlwch in the county of Anglesea, I can only give you a little account, and that is one time (before the picture was moved out of the Dining room) there used to be in the Dining Room at Kinnell Park (a very large gentleman's house where I inginerly play at) a very large pictur with two or three different plates upon it of our Blessed Savour, how he was served by the crewel Jews. One of the forms was with his hand on his Face, and his Fingers extended, and his hair all over his Forehead, looking very pityfull, and as much as to say "look what I've come to!" And my poor Cousin Billy looked the very same when sitting down on the grass, and his wife oppersite him and his



poor drowned Boy in some kind of an old building behind him, and did not know what to do. It struck me there and then how very much he looked like that picture: I am sorry that I can't explain it to you so well as I felt it. Mary his wife is a catholic and she is a very good little woman. And him poor fellow, he could not read nor write, but between servis times on Sundays he use to oppen his Bible, and look at it for the space of a half an hour, without taking his eyes off it, thinking that would be some good for him.

Partly, no doubt, through personal predilection, we have dwelt chiefly on the Romany muse of Mr. Watts-Dunton, but it would be scarcely fair to neglect a patteran directing the gorgio reader to the poems in this volume which deal with other topics than those of Egypt. There as elsewhere we find ample illustration of the author's gift of embalming in verse some pregnant thought, saying or incident, and of presenting his poetic fancies in a style which, though entirely his own, recalls the manner of the masters of English verse.

J. S.

### THE FATE OF THE MANOR ROLLS

*The Manor and Manorial Records.* By NATHANIEL J. HONE. (Methuen, 7s 6d. net.)

Now that inquests, fines and assize rolls have their safe harbour in the Public Record Office, where they lie clean and accessible, and seeing that we are come to enlightened days in which the most reckless parson will hesitate before making over the parchment leaves of his ancient register to kitchen or household use, the rolls of English manors ask in their turn for the national consideration which has been denied them.

These manor-rolls are of the nearest interest to us English folk. We are becoming a nation of dwellers in streets, of landless men, and the rolls will remind us that we come of a nation of land-holders. Were the rolls but complete and at hand, we might read how our ancestor was admitted to his land by the steward and by what rents and services he held it, of his plough gear and oxen, of his chickens and bees, of what befell him when he brewed beer illegally or drew blood on his neighbour, of his share in the never-ceasing quarrel of metes and bounds until the day when he is returned as dead since the last court held. Priceless matter for the topographer is in these manorial rolls and bailiffs' accounts, for the history of the parish is chronicled field by field and toft by toft. The economist may learn here concerning work and wages and of the prices of produce. The genealogist, above all, is rejoiced at the sight of a court roll, for in the court rolls are the pedigrees of most Englishmen.

England is deeply marked with the traces of the manorial system. In many a village we may still see the manor house in its demesne lands, the line of copyholders' tenements with their backs upon what were the common fields, the manorial pinfold, the site of stocks and ducking-stool, the waste and the wood, and the lord's water-mill or wind-mill. Within the memory of living men the dividing hedges have sprung up which cut in pieces the last of the common fields of the manor.

Mr. Hone's treatise on the manor offers itself rather as a popular introduction to its history and customs than as an original study of a subject on which much good ink has been spent. He has been able to avail himself of the labours of Maitland and Vinogradoff, of Round and Elton, and of the collections of such topographers as Massingberd and Baildon. The result is a book which may be commended especially to those who are entering upon the study of English topography.

Half Mr. Hone's book is devoted to a reasonably short account of the history of the manor, no undue space being given to the dispute concerning its evolution. With this we have the story of the lord and his tenants and officers and of their daily life and work as a community, the illustrations being for the most part already familiar. Nothing more to the purpose could, indeed, be found than Jewitt's wood-engravings of manor houses, and the calendar-blocks of the month's work in the fields are

welcome; but the view of a prince's hall from a Bodleian manuscript and a picture of a merchant reckoning his gains, both from foreign sources, might have been excused further service in a book on the English manor.

The second half of the book shortly explains the procedure of the manorial courts, and then gives a very well chosen series of examples of court rolls, accounts and extents. With these to aid, the amateur of topography may take in hand his first manor roll with a good understanding of what he may look to find on the parchment skin. Specimens of rolls are illustrated by photography, and the beginner who will approach this clipped Latin and unfamiliar handwriting with patience and courage will soon surprise himself by his feats in deciphering the record. Mr. Hone's own translations are adequate, although the Bishop of Lincoln's messenger tipped with twenty pence by the Prior of Bicester need not appear as "the Nuncio of the lord Bishop." And to render the ancient capital F as "ff" is ignorant and amateurish.

The manor as an institution is fast vanishing away as copyholds are enfranchised. It rests with the nation to say at once and to say quickly whether the priceless records of its past are to be scattered and destroyed or saved for our descendants, who will in any case curse the apathy which has already allowed the manufacturer of jellies or glues to buy the raw material of English history at twopence a pound. Our manor rolls rot in stable lofts and decay in the cellars of country solicitors, and the nation has as yet no better home to offer them.

A central depository for the records of the manor, with an office for public research, should be our first demand. Given such a depository under the control of the officers of the Public Record Office, we might then appeal to those who find themselves the unwilling and uninterested custodians of manorial documents to surrender them to the safer keeping of the skilled archivist. In any case we must remember that such records have the sibylline character; to-day we may buy many cheaply, but to-morrow we must buy few at a high price.

OSWALD BARRON.

### THE TINY COSMETIC

*Richard Cosway, R.A.* By GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. (Bell, 10s. 6d. net.)

ACCORDING to something more than tradition, when Mrs. Fitzherbert died it was found that clasped within her hand lay the portrait in miniature of her disputed husband and, for the time, undoubted lover—King George IV. When, some years before, that monarch's life was ended, a locket with his first wife's likeness was found on his breast, where he had always worn it. We have no doubt that both these pictures, whose sentimental adventures were extensive and remarkable, had been painted by the hyperfashionable and gifted Richard Cosway; can a miniaturist's fame reach to further heights? In the days of his vanity he was the intimate friend and neighbour of both the Prince and the lady. He had, indeed, painted His Royal Highness from infancy upward with a charm and consistent flattery which should have grappled him to his sitter with hoops of steel. But the Regent did not care for the familiar friends of the Prince of Wales (although he did not greatly improve on them), and Cosway was among those who suffered neglect. The patronage of the Prince, however, had made his art immensely popular, and Cosway, in his turn, had endowed the painting of miniatures with new life, which recalls, although rather faintly, the great time when Peter Oliver, Samuel Cooper, John Hoskins and Nathaniel Dixon painted the Stuarts and the decorative people of that day. Like the reign of Charles II., the reigns of the last two Georges were periods, sociologically, of some brutality, masked by pleasing sentiment. The miniature was its outward and visible symbol.

The lavish and impecunious King of Westphalia sent Bourrienne his miniature immediately on his

obtaining a loan from the purse-bearer of Napoleon; earlier, Catharine the Great, of Russia, decorated with her portrait set in diamonds each new lover—there were thirty, were there not?—and Mr. Gunning wore the painting of one of his beautiful daughters in his buttonhole. In fact the whole of late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century society delighted to honour an art that has almost always been a rather alluring lie. One must accept the conventions of all or any form of artistic expression, but the miniature especially demands a large acquiescence; in the days of Cosway this was readily given. The personality of a painter in miniature should show in his work, and, judged by the biography which Dr. Williamson now puts before us, "the tiny cosmetic," as one of his many satirists called Cosway, was the man his portraits suggest. There is the politeness, the lack of truth, the connoisseurship, the exquisite finish and the kindliness in his work which is found in his life. There is no place in his art, however, for his absurdities, and, later, his startling eccentricities and illusions.

The biography of Cosway (born about 1742 and died 1821) is one of the most attractive, characteristic and, in a sense, amusing, eighteenth-century romances of artistic life. Although this was a period rich in the rise of genius and the victories of gifted painters over the common-places of life, no one among the men of his age and attributes is quite so attractive, *posé*, bizarre and agreeable as the accomplished collector and miniaturist who proudly signed himself on most of his considerable work "Primarius Pictor Serenissimi Walliæ Principis." This signature helps one to understand the man, for he was one of the many gifted people whom the Prince made fashionable, and then more or less marred by neglect. At a period of some mental trouble in 1816, Cosway signed a portrait as by "the greatest miniature painter in the world." It is highly probable that he was fully entitled to this style at that period, for his art, although changed in character, did not wane in power and beauty. Some ten years ago Dr. Williamson published a book on Cosway which, largely owing to the popularity of the illustrations, passed rapidly out of print. The present work, with the exception of the reproductions of the portraits, which are on a less sumptuous scale, gives us all the essentials of the larger work. The letterpress has been re-written, and, we consider, greatly improved. New facts are added, and, as the writer says, the biography is made authoritative in every possible way.

Perhaps a more accomplished stylist, and one with a keener sense of humour, might have produced a volume of fuller entertainment; but no writer of to-day could have conscientiously gathered more interesting facts nor more completely understood the skill of the artist. The part which Mrs. Cosway plays in the biography, in the early days at the grand house in Pall Mall—now the War Office—and later carrying on her education work at Lodi, is very fully and interestingly set forth. There are glimpses, too, of many delightful people, who graced the half-century during which Cosway worked and was famous and earned a reputation which the last decade has very greatly enhanced. We know what Hazlitt thought of his work: he put it on a level with the articles of bigotry and virtue which he went to see at "Vathek" Beckford's palace at Fonthill. We are less impatient of prettiness than Hazlitt, and have taken Cosway to our hearts.

And yet, is he so well known outside a narrow circle? Recently an accredited author, saturated in eighteenth-century things, published a book decorated with miniatures by an artist he calls, a dozen times, George Cosway, R.A., and not long ago a daily paper thus mis-named for its millions of readers the "greatest miniature painter in the world." Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil, but we think Cosway would have liked to read his biography written nearly a hundred years after his death and to have heard the prices which Mr. Morgan's agents bid for his graceful work—for he loved an auction and high prices.

## THE LAST MESSAGE

WHAT shall I say to him  
Whose heart thou hast "broken"?  
—Say that I never thought  
And give for a token

The slippers I danced in then,  
The web-silk mittens,  
The coal-black mask and the fan  
Whose taps were "a kitten's."

—Will to remind him he said so  
Not seem too cruel?  
—Though he remember, his pain  
Shall have no renewal;

It has broken his heart, and the world  
Admires him greatly  
For his terrible thoughts and his air  
Correct and stately.

—Then shall I say nought of thy heart's  
Remorse and repentance?  
—Yes, yes, but leave unfinished  
The half of each sentence;

Say that I thumbed his old letters;  
But don't add "weeping":  
Tell how I'd murmur his name,  
Yet say not "when sleeping."

—But hast thou no hope to send  
Of death's re-awaking?  
—Nay, for his heart has given  
And mine is breaking;

And death seems more welcome to me  
Than forgiveness—profounder  
Than a heaven remembrance would mar,  
Like sleep, only sounder.

T. STURGE MOORE.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHAUCER'S GENIUS

IN a recent number of the ACADEMY I was allowed to call attention to the remarkable new light thrown by two American scholars, Mr. Kittredge and Mr. Livingston Lowes, on Chaucer's "Legende of Good Women." Thanks to their discoveries we now know that the Prologue to the "Legende" grew out of a pleasant interchange of courtesies between the English poet and some of his French friends, more especially Eustache Deschamps, whose *Lai de Franchise*, written in connection with the celebration of May-day at the French court in 1385, provided Chaucer with some ideas which he used in his Prologue. Mr. Lowes followed up his first paper, published in December 1904, with which I was mainly concerned in my previous article, by a second, dated a year later,\* in which he considers the Prologue in its chronological relations, and draws conclusions, of considerable importance if they can be sustained, as to the order in which some of Chaucer's most interesting poems were composed. In some very just remarks Mr. Lowes points out that, while the exact date at which any poem was written, when considered in and by itself, is a very trifling matter, any re-arrangement of the order of the poet's works must affect our conception of his growth and development. Encouraged by his success in proving that the order of the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legende" has hitherto been misconceived, Mr. Lowes now proposes to alter in some

\* "The Prologue to the Legend of Good Women considered in its chronological relations." By John Livingston Lowes. Modern Language Association of America, 1905.

important particulars the sequence of Chaucer's works which has stood almost unchallenged for twenty years or more; and one need not be a Dry-as-dust to be interested in considering what can be said in favour of the old order and what for the new.

One of the first of Mr. Lowes's contentions (in which he reinforces an old theory of ten Brink's) is a good example of the effect a change of date may have upon our estimate, not merely of a poet's work, but even of his honour. In the version of the Prologue which we now know to be the earlier, Love bids the poet:

And when this book is made give it the queene  
On my behalle, at Eltham, or at Shene.

In the later version this couplet is omitted. How are we to explain the omission? According to Mr. Lowes and ten Brink, by placing the date of the revision later than June 7, 1394, the day of the Queen's death. Only one serious argument can be adduced for this contention. As is well known, Richard II. was so afflicted at the loss of his queen, that he pulled down the palace at Sheen at which she died. If the prologue to the "Legende" were re-written after her death, Chaucer might have thought the allusion to presenting the poem to her at Sheen likely to pain the king, or at least to be considered infelicitous, and the couplet might for this reason have been expunged. The theory is, of course, possible, if only because, when the king set so childish an example, the poet may have behaved equally childishly. But to get over a difficulty in the form of an allusion to a dead patroness by suppressing it altogether would certainly be no ideal course, and the suggestion that this may have been the way that Chaucer chose is far from making me anxious to believe that the Prologue was re-written so late as 1394. On the other hand, Mr. Lowes is even more horrified at the suggestion that Chaucer may have omitted the lines because he was angry with the queen for having failed to come to his rescue when he lost his office in December 1386, the very time when, according to Mr. Lowes's own theory, he was engaged with the "Legende."

That an English gentleman [he writes] should deliberately recall a dedication to his queen because he did not stand so high in royal favour as in earlier days would be hard in any instance to believe; the possibility that Chaucer himself should commit so gross a breach of courtesy one may dismiss without hesitation.

It is ungrateful work to gainsay this chivalrous pronouncement, but Mr. Lowes's certainty hardly accords with what we know of the history of patronage. The quarrels of poets with their patrons and patronesses might well be adduced as illustrating the "sordid influence" of the "cash nexus" which some people consider the best promoter of friendship. In any case, I would as lief think that Chaucer struck out the couplet while smarting under the loss of office which he may well have thought that the queen could have retained for him, as that he omitted it after her death. As an intermediate theory it may be suggested that the couplet hardly amounts to a dedication to the queen, any more than the pleasant courtesies to his French friends constituted a dedication to them. Chaucer may have regarded both allusions as only temporarily appropriate, and have omitted the one, as he modified the other, merely on artistic grounds. If so, the chronological argument falls to the ground, and we are once more free to believe that from the time when he began work on the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer would naturally have given himself wholly up to them, until weariness or regard for his soul made him forego poetry altogether. That seven or eight years after he had given over working on the "Legende" out of disgust at the monotony of the theme he should have busied himself with revising his Prologue to it, is to me incredible. Just as we now know that the two recensions of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" in which he does honour respectively to Richard II. and to his adversary, Henry, Earl of Derby, afterwards Henry IV.,\*

\* I cannot see why this substitution of praise of Henry from respect to Richard offers, as Mr. Lowes contends, no parallel to what Chaucer appears to have done when he had a grievance against the queen. To my thinking, it was much worse.

were separated by little more than a year, so I believe that the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legende" were separated by no great interval, and that both were written before Chaucer abandoned work at the separate stories.

While Mr. Lowes thus represents Chaucer as working upon the "Legende" as late as 1394, he would have us believe that some of the individual stories in it were written several years before 1386. With our knowledge that Chaucer incorporated quite early work into his "Canterbury Tales" there is no *a priori* difficulty in believing that the idea of the "Legende of Good Women" as a whole may have grown up after one or more individual stories had already been composed. But the evidence which Mr. Lowes advances for his supposition is far from conclusive. He thinks that the story of Ariadne shows so little mastery of the heroic couplet that it must be an early instance of Chaucer's use of it, and that specifically it is earlier than the story of "Palamon and Arcyte," now known to us as "The Knightes Tale." The lack of any special facility in the "Ariadne," ascribed by Mr. Lowes to Chaucer's inexperience in the use of the metre, may equally well be due to haste and carelessness. As for the terrible number of lines he adduces which begin with "And" (twenty-one out of forty-two in lines 2136-2178), this is surely a common trick of Chaucer's in rapid narration, especially when he is compressing. Nor does the ingenious point which Mr. Lowes makes (quite conclusively) as to the use of a passage of the "Teseide" convince me that the "Ariadne" must on this account be earlier than the "Palamon." In the latter poem Chaucer had quite rightly seen that better sport could be obtained if Emily were kept ignorant of the love she had inspired in the two cousins. He therefore refused to follow Boccaccio in making her overhear their complaints in prison. But in this, as in other cases, it pained his economical soul to leave the passage unused, and, when it became convenient to let Ariadne overhear the plaint of Theseus, back to the "Teseide" he went to use the passage he had previously rejected. If Mr. Lowes can prove by external evidence that the order was the other way about, his proof shall be accepted, but æsthetic considerations surely tell as much on one side as on the other. There is more to appeal to us in his suggestion that after drawing Theseus so attractively in "Palamon and Arcyte" Chaucer would have hesitated to rake up the misdeeds of his youth in "Ariadne." But how could Ariadne be omitted from a Lectionary of Cupid's Saints, and, if Ariadne had to be celebrated, how could Theseus be spared? Chaucer did his best, by telling the story with less than his usual gusto.

We seem to have been dealing with rather small points, but this putting back the "Ariadne" to about 1380 and pushing on the revision of the Prologue to 1394 carries with it unwelcome consequences in Mr. Lowes's theory that the "Hous of Fame" and "Palamon and Arcyte" were both written before "Troilus and Criseyde." As has been said, it seems so inconsistent with Chaucer's temper as to be incredible that he could have kept the "Legende" on hand for some fourteen years; and any theory that minimises the importance of the "Troilus" as the crisis of his poetical development reduces my own conception of that development to chaos. The very length of the "Troilus" by itself seems to prove its position as the first great poem of what may roughly be called Chaucer's Italian period, for no poet could write a poem of over eight thousand lines without having his art profoundly modified in the process. Now the "Troilus" is a far greater poem than the "Palamon," and yet the art of the latter conveys the impression of being distinctly later, older, more experienced. In the "Palamon" Chaucer has nothing more to learn; it is well proportioned; save for the one pause for the description of the temples in the lists, there is no interruption to the action; neither speeches nor philosophisings are of excessive length. But in the "Troilus" Chaucer is still making experiments, and, more especially in the third book, he expands so recklessly as compared with Boccaccio that he

imperils the success of his story just when it should have been strongest and most rapid. In a word, he introduces here prolixities of the very kind which in the "Palamon" we find him clearing away; and to believe that the "Troilus" was the later of the two cuts away our confidence in the poet as a conscious artist. Mr. Lowes emphasises the other side of the shield, and claims that Chaucer improves on Boccaccio's characterisation much more signally in the "Troilus" than in the "Palamon." It is, perhaps, a fair answer to this that Chaucer heightens the characters in the "Palamon" to the utmost extent that the plot will bear without becoming, like the "Troilus," professedly a "tragedie," whereas the tragic note in it is not only never touched, but never even attempted. In my edition of the "Knights Tale" I have had the hardihood to suggest that this may even be the "som comedie" which Chaucer at the end of the "Troilus" expressed his hope that he might live to write. The generally accepted opinion fixes the allusion on to the "Hous of Fame," which might pass for a comedy on the ground of its distant resemblance to Dante's "Divina Commedia," while the "Palamon" stands the better of the two the test of the simple mediæval requirement that a comedy should begin with bad fortune and end in good. In any case Mr. Lowes has ruled both these candidates for the comedy-ship out of court by one decision, and he must either suppose that Chaucer left his promise unfulfilled or strain his ingenuity to find a proof that it was redeemed by the very lamentable tales of Cupid's Saints!

There are many more arguments in Mr. Lowes's essay than it has been possible here to notice,\* and after his brilliant success in establishing the true order of the two versions of the Prologue to the "Legende," any suggestions he offers as to Chaucer chronology must command careful attention. But the arguments which he brings forward in this second essay are much more matters of opinion and interpretation than those of the first, and, when this is so, if the æsthetic consequences of a theory are bad, this is a good reason for hesitating to receive it. Now to me the æsthetic consequences of Mr. Lowes's theory are very bad indeed. No theory of Chaucer's development can be found which will enable us to arrange his works in a steadily ascending order of merit. There were different elements in his nature which pulled him different ways, and in a poet so dependent on a touch of external inspiration, the question of the books to which he had access in any given year is of crucial importance. But the "Troilus" and the "Palamon" are derived from the same source, and my own belief is strong that when the riches of Boccaccio were revealed to the poet of the tales of St. Cecyll, of Grisilde and Constance, it was to the heights of the "Troilus" that they raised him, and that the firm tread with which he walks on the lesser elevation of the "Palamon" represents a later stage.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Novel of Manners," by P.]

## FICTION

*Uncle Peaceable.* By REGINALD TURNER. (Greening, 6s.)

QUITE a short while since there were two ways of making a book successful—to have it repudiated by Mudie or recommended by a popular ecclesiastic. The all-embracing *Times* Book Club with its catholic inclusiveness has rather

\* One "curious piece of independent evidence" which he adduces for the priority of the "Palamon" to the "Troilus" is that the decisive action of both begins on May 3, and that since we can see more reason for this carefully specified date in the "Palamon" it was probably borrowed from it for the "Troilus." But there must be something about May 3 which the commentators have as yet failed to fathom, for Mr. Lowes has forgotten that in the "Nun's Priest's Tale," it is on May 3 that Reynard ran away with Chauntecleer! It seems dangerous to build theories on this date till we get some explanation of Chaucer's fondness for it.

taken away the *cachet* from the English equivalent to the Index Expurgatorius; though none of Mr. Turner's novels could have fallen under that reputable ban. If, however, they are ever fortunate enough to catch the episcopal eye, the Bishop of London might do worse than recommend "Uncle Peaceable" from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, where Canon Beeching is also known to indulge sometimes in severe and arbitrary criticism. Mr. Turner's latest book offers no solution for Renan's doubts, raises no problem, and cannot be classified in the schools of Henry James, Thomas Hardy or George Meredith. In originality and humour Mr. Turner is alone. In irresponsibility he comes near to Mr. Anstey, our greatest English humorist; but there is no touch of the supernatural which the reader must accept as a postulate; nor are the inevitable laws of improbability so ruthlessly preserved in order to carry things to their cruel, mathematical conclusion, as you see in the author of "Vice Versa." Somewhere between Anstey and Stevenson, under the monument of Charles Dickens, is where Mr. Turner has pitched his tent. And really a pleasanter slope on the precipice of literature could hardly be found. In two of his former works he climbed higher with varied success, and now, refreshed for the mountain air he is more at home than ever in making his characters (and his readers) live and laugh and have their being. "Uncle Peaceable" is the study of a selfish man and his environment, with a charming love motive dexterously interwoven round the egoist's hearth. Every page provokes a smile, and some of them may even appear farcical to those who find life rather a solemn affair. Dickens, indeed, would have made a grievance or a didactic story out of the tempting material, but Mr. Turner, like Isaak Walton, treats his bait tenderly as though he loved it. The man with a "codicil smile" who lives on society and is found to have invested all his money in an annuity, the lonely bachelor, Phil Hemmings, who keeps a wax figure of a lady in his room for company, Miss Mawksley, Mrs. Crutchberry, are more Christian, more Hans Christian Andersen than Dickens; for the satire is never vociferous, and there is no propaganda except as fuel for laughter. Uncle Jacob Bridger is a type with which every one is familiar at the present day, an autochthonous growth of the last twenty years, the self-deceived and deceiving philanthropist of armchairs and clubs. But, whereas he is a character who might serve as relief to more lifeless and romantic types, Mr. Turner makes him the centre-piece of other life-like and delightful beings. For the many readers who will enjoy the humour and seemingly grotesque situations there may appear something facile in this novel; but the art of bringing a crowded composition even into comic relation is extremely difficult, and here is the art of the book. One, or even two grotesque people are easy enough to handle, to invent, to describe; four or five are more difficult to manipulate, as novelists certainly know and novel-readers realise too often. A power to excel in this direction is a dramatic power. "Uncle Peaceable," besides being the most amusing novel of the year, would make a capital play after the style of *Dandy Dick* or *Ernest*. One of Mr. Turner's novels has already been cribbed for the stage. Why should he not become his own plagiarist on this occasion?

*The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary.* By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Pitman, 3s. 6d.)

"THE KING'S ACHIEVEMENT" was a fine historical novel, but in reading it we felt that Father Benson was not so much expressing himself as his sense of duty. In "The Light Invisible," and now again in the novel before us, he is writing from his heart as well as his head. Of "The History of Richard Raynal" we can only say that those who will like it will like it very much indeed. It is not a book for everybody. Those for whom the faith of the Middle Ages is a dream or a morbid delusion, and mysticism a thing for mockery, to whom St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross are "hysterical" subjects of hallucination, had better not attempt the story of Richard Raynal, an English mystic of the fifteenth century, who was sent



by Heaven on a mission to King Henry VI., and after many trials died a martyr to his devotion. The first trial was the leaving of his hermit's hut by the wood, where the wild boar, the deer and the rabbits were his friends; and where he had tramped to London, seen the hermit of Westminster in his cell and delivered his message to the king, then came the three great trials, the scourging, the temptation to doubt that his mission was from Heaven, and, last and worst of all, "the dark night of the soul." In and out of the external story, so to speak, runs the inner story, the mystical story; and yet perhaps we have wilfully narrowed the class of readers to whom the book will appeal. Those who know anything of mysticism, who have approached it never so distantly in the lives of others, will read with double pleasure; those who have not, the external story, the charm of the solitary as mere man, cannot fail to delight. The serene and careful beauty of the language may be enjoyed again and again; and, if we find that there is a thought too much insistence on the physical attractions of the solitary, on the other hand the pleasant fiction that the work is translated (with omissions) from an early manuscript version of the story written by a good parish priest who dealt with the mystic side of it at tedious length and with incomplete understanding, not only introduces us to a very delightful character but gives room for a good deal of quiet humour. The rare qualities of Father Benson's mind find here their perfect expression.

*The Misses Make-Believe.* By MARY STUART BOYD. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

MRS. BOYD has not made a happy choice of a title for her new book; it reveals too much, and is reminiscent of little moral tales not beloved of childhood. This, too, in its way, is a story with a moral, and the sugar-plums of fortune reward Belle's and Eileen's return to the paths of prudence. These girls, daughters of an eminent physician, Sir James Fleming, by secret pinching and scraping, by resorting to shabby and vulgar expedients, keep up appearances far beyond their means. When ruin confronts them they retire to a sleepy Devon village to retrench and repent, and eventually to marry, each according to her heart's desire. There are scores of women like Belle and Eileen Fleming, and the author's photographs of them are lifelike, if unflattering; they are never for one moment attractive or agreeable characters. Their story is often entertaining, however; Mrs. Boyd possesses a keen sense of humour, and clearly hits off the meanness and folly of a certain order of feminine mind; but the interest rarely rises above domestic details and the sayings and doings of a set of dull, commonplace people. Still, details of the pantry and the toilet have a fascination of their own for many novel-readers, and with those who enjoy a simple, cheerful story on these lines, the "Misses Make-Believe" should be popular.

*The Threshing Floor.* By J. S. FLETCHER. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. FLETCHER has forsaken the green of rustic comedy, where he sported so pleasantly with his *Grand Relations*, and has passed—though not out of his Yorkshire—to a broader field, to heights, we might say, well-nigh Wuthering. The house of Challenger has lain under a curse ever since an ancestor slew the last monk who was loth to see his monastery turned into a manor. Their men become drunkards: their women worse than women should be. Brigit Challenger, her brother and her father are no exceptions: her conduct is the talk of the neighbourhood, and the opening chapters show with what fatal justice. She has her father's iron will and physical endurance, unlike her brother, who sinks under the weight of his own wickedness. But a spark of good remains in her, preserved by the faithful retainer Jacob Garthen, and that spark is blown into a flame by the love of a strong, true man. She defies the curse. Even when Marriott, her lover, hears certain proof of her infamy, and leaves her, when ruin falls on her father, her defiance never weakens. She becomes a nurse, and, at last, through her bravery and devotion, she

recovers her good name, and wins back Marriott. The story fails to be as powerful as it ought to be, because Mr. Fletcher, in his anxiety for rapidity of action, has overcrowded his canvas with incidents that serve no other purpose than to excite horror—a quite insufficient *raison d'être*—and so has distracted attention from what is essential, namely the characters of Brigit and of Marriott. About them we know far too little. This overcrowding is the main fault of a powerful book, which certainly should be read.

*A Young Man in a Hurry.* By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Constable, 6s.)

THE title of this book so completely suggests the Americans, that we are not surprised to find that it is written by a native of that country. America is always young, and it hides its old age out of sight, as a rule. This book of short stories is as clever and as full of life as the nation who fathered the author. There is some delightful comedy in the first story, and after that Mr. Chambers goes deeper and shows us the primal emotions, which are the same in the American as in the Englishman, save that the woman queens it more in America than she does in our own land. In the "Fire Warden" we are shown that America has very much the same difficulties as we have in preserving game, only with a great deal more depending upon the unfortunate purchaser of the supposed rights to the game in question. The office of fire warden is new to England, but it has an attractive sound. The love interest runs through the story, and we learn how charming can be the daughter of the important man, and that in emergencies she can represent her father as deputy fire warden. There are other quaint names in the book—the path master, the game warden, the market hunter—and the stories that belong to them are very different from anything English. Most of the tales are full of the life of the forests and of wide untrodden spaces, of a new country and her children. There are one or two which treat of cities and civilisation, in the ordinary sense, and these are as delicately told as many American short stories are. They have a freshness, a vigour, and a refinement which should commend them to all readers who appreciate good, original work, which seldom takes them over the old ground either of plot or treatment.

*For Life and After.* By G. R. SIMS. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. SIMS has had acquaintance with many sides of criminal life in London and elsewhere, and he turns his knowledge to good use in the life-story of Mrs. Richard Grey, who, by a miscarriage of justice, was condemned to imprisonment for life, and released at the end of fifteen years. The reader knows at the beginning who the real murderer was, and the interest of the book lies, therefore, more in the history of the unfortunate woman and her efforts to prove her innocence than in any wild chase after various clues. Mr. Sims has treated his subject with restraint, and the subsidiary characters are well drawn and necessary to the plot. It is, of course, a story with a moral, but a sensible and interesting work.

## FINE ART

### THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY AT THE NEW GALLERY

THE second section of the exhibition of the International Society is now open, containing, besides the sculpture which has remained from the first section, examples of drawings, etchings, lithographs, water-colours and colour-prints. The society is to be congratulated on this division into two sections, which has enabled it to give a really representative show of international art, especially interesting in the department of coloured methods of repro-

duction. There is no doubt, I think, that the most interesting and probably the most lucrative form of art will lie in these developments, which have been pursued much more keenly abroad than they have here.

Some of the coloured etchings, lithographs and monotypes, especially of the Germans, have got beyond the experimental stage; and, if they can be brought within the reach of a moderate outlay, great hopes may be entertained of their future.

The president has some cryptic utterances in water-colour; pre-historic maps of nude figures decorated with bars of colour, which appear to represent isothermal curves, such as are to be seen in the daily issue of the *Tribune*.

The tendency of the artists of each nation is curiously brought out. Thus the French artists nearly all run to ugliness—consciously—sometimes with a kind of zest and appetite, as in Degas, Louis Legrand, Edgar Chahine; sometimes with fury and disgust, as in Forain, Léandre, Lautrec, Georges Rouault. The last presents quite a type in his *macabre* studies of *Pitres*, *Têtes à Massacre*, the frightful “knock ‘em down” dummies in a fair. The French ugliness arises from excess of refinement; it is the taste of a jaded and over-wrought civilisation, whilst the German ugliness is *bourgeois* and *naïf*. This unconsciousness of theirs, combined with an extremely able workmanship, gives the oddest effect, as of Caliban writing verses to Miranda. But the German Caliban has all the virtues. He is “*tuechtig, erhaben, tugendhaft, gediegen*”; sometimes merely showing his plentiful lack of wit, sometimes proving himself the worthy descendant of Albrecht Dürer and compatriot of Brahms. Otto Greiner is a typical instance. His lithographs are tremendously thorough, and in the *Dancers* Düreresque in learning as well as in ugliness. But this sort of technique applied to modern subjects, such as the *Shooting Diploma*, leads to a *bourgeois* ungainliness which must be seen to be believed. The *bourgeois* is very strong in Arnold Böcklin and in Max Klinger, but with them he is pretentious and “*grossartig*.” The fuss that has been made about Böcklin and Hans Thoma seems unjustified to most English critics, and we feel inclined to attribute it to the feverish desire in Germany to applaud *le dernier cri*, which accounts for the popularity of Nietzsche and Richard Strauss.

On the other hand, no broad-minded critic can grudge the applause that was Menzel's portion throughout his long career. He was *bourgeois* too, but a *bourgeois* of such mental stature that all our fine gentlemen seem a little thin and poor-blooded in comparison. A fair idea of his immense powers and many-sided interests can be obtained from the collection here brought together. The grip of character in such a drawing as the portrait of General von Olfers is unsurpassable. Among a mass of excellent work one ought not to pass by a beautiful drawing in pastel of the *Cathedral at Überlingen* by Gotthard Kuehl.

When English artists exhibit with foreigners one feels a little conscious of the amateurish and the pretty-pretty; but the personal gift of Mr. Conder and of Mr. Brabazon carries us lightly over any such misgivings. Mr. Conder is to be welcomed back in his old field of the decorative water-colour on silk. His large arrangement of coral and blue is a glorious dream of colour.

The exhibits in the North Room are by American and English artists, among which should be noticed the pastels of Mr. Muhrman, the brilliantly realistic studies of Mr. George Hallowell, especially that entitled *Rapide des Femmes*, the water-colours by Mr. Livens of Richmond and Kew Bridges and the beautiful studies of leopards and lions by Mr. Swan.

The balcony should on no account be missed, as some of the most remarkable work is to be seen there: the able but a little mechanical etchings of Anders Zorn, the delicate dry-points of Miss Cassatt in the line she has made her speciality, besides works by Sir Charles Holroyd, Mr. Pennell and others. The etchings of Mr. MacLaughlan are absolutely first-rate; his sincere and personal vision is remarkable in *Tivoli*, the *Certosa*, and *Melencello*: views of

Italian scenery in which a certain staleness and archaism is usually a source of irritation. It is pleasant to be reassured that no subject can be pronounced stale, since an original artist can make the most hackneyed interesting.

Some of the processes of reproduction in colour are excellent. Coloured etching is apparently very popular, but the glassy, watery quality is unpleasing. Coloured monotype, on the other hand, lends itself to beautiful qualities as in the *Moonlit Night* of Carl Langhammer. Coloured lithograph is, of course, an old method, of which there are good German and French examples. The beautiful workmanship of Mr. Allan Seaby's colour-prints should encourage artists to pursue their experiments in Japanese colour-printing. Some of Emil Orlik's prints are also of merit, but the best are more imitative of Japanese style, in which there is no salvation.

B. S.

### ROUND THE GALLERIES

THERE are many private art galleries in London, and few of them content themselves with one exhibition per month. At the Leicester Galleries, for example, there are now being exhibited, in addition to the Staats Forbes collection of drawings by Millet, a collection of pictures by “Deceased English Painters, chiefly of the Norwich School,” and Mr. Charles Sims's pictures in oils and water-colour. The Millet drawings tempt one to discourse on his greatness as a draughtsman apart from his emotional appeal in such a work as the pastel version of *The Angelus*. On the other hand, some delicious little cloud studies by Constable in the Early British section prompt one to compare their freshness with the faded splendour of those works of the painter which are “finished” in more than one sense of the word. Again, Cotman's *Cottages at St. Albans*, as sweet in colour and gentle in handling as an early Monet or a Whistler, provokes one to proclaim the superiority of this painter over the other members of his school, while Bonington's *The Waggon* starts one reflecting what this genius might not have achieved if an unkind fate had not cut him down at the age of twenty-six. But with the younger generation imperiously knocking at the door we have no time to muse over the might-have-beens of the past, and we hurry on to the twentieth century and Mr. Charles Sims. Very sweet in colour are Mr. Sims's paintings too, very charming and decorative in composition, very expressive in drawing. Look at the whirl of air and movement in *The Moth Catchers*. We wonder how it is that Mr. Sims's work has escaped the attention of the Chantrey Trustees, especially when we learn that he is already represented at the Luxembourg. And then we remember that works by Constable and Bonington were secured by the French Government while their painters were without honour in their own country. So there is excellent precedent for the neglect of Mr. Sims.

At the Fine Art Society's are water-colours, *From the Alps to the Apennines* by Miss Evelyn J. Whyley, bronzes by Charles Van Wijk, and water-colours by living Dutch artists. The last section forms an interesting complement to the exhibition of Sir John Day's fine collection of modern Dutch water-colours, by Mauve, Israels, Neuhuys, the Marises, etc., a little lower down the street at Messrs. Obach's. The soft, sunny scenes of Bernard Schregel, the Brangwynesque market scenes of F. Arntzenius, Mr. Haverman's *The Young Mother* and the little landscapes and brilliant still-lives of Willem E. Roelofs, jun., are sufficient to prove that the youth of Holland are ably carrying on the torch they received from their fathers; while the bronzes of Van Wijk show that Meunier is not without a worthy successor in his own Netherlands.

But our pilgrimage is not yet ended, for a little below Obach's Mr. Heyman waylays us with an invitation to view “an important Turner,” a large seascape painted in 1838, with great waves curling over a rocky coast, the

whole subdued in tone but rich in colour, the lights caked on thickly and the shadows thinly painted. Mr. Heyman has other Turners to show us, a quaint water-colour said to have been executed by the artist at the age of fifteen, and a *Sunset in the Tropics* which belongs to a much later period. But we are getting a little weary of pictures, and are scarcely to be detained by a deftly handled head by Lawrence, and a masterly portrait group of two young anglers by the great Raeburn. Already we have seen more than we can hope to chronicle.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

AN announcement of great importance is made by the Cambridge University Press. The Syndics have arranged to publish a comprehensive History of English Literature, on a scale and plan more or less resembling that of the Cambridge Modern History. The work will be published in about twelve royal octavo volumes of about four hundred pages each, and will cover the whole course of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian Age. The action of foreign influences and the part taken by secondary writers in successive literary movements will receive a larger share of attention than is possible in shorter histories, in which lesser writers are apt to be overshadowed by a few great names. Each volume will contain a sufficient bibliography. The Cambridge History of English Literature will be edited by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and Mr. A. R. Waller.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am afraid Mr. Leahy's explanation hardly absolves him from the charge of inconsistency. I wrote in no carping spirit, but I considered it my duty to my editor to point out the defects of the translations. The inconsistencies to which I drew attention were: (1) The translations in the first volume followed the form of the original, while in the second a literal rendering was given and also a verse translation; (2) Mr. Leahy gave the Leabhar na h'Uidhri version of "The Sick-bed of Cuchulainn," where two very different forms of the story have been combined, with the result, as I remarked, that "we have endless repetitions, and one paragraph frequently contradicts another. Instead of selecting the better form of each incident and making a continuous whole, Mr. Leahy has translated the manuscript as it stands, and the story, as a story, is unreadable. He has, we notice, omitted the account of the election of Lugaid and the exhortation of Cuchulainn to the new king: we fail to see why he did not continue his excision"; (3) Despite these omissions he did not correct an obvious mistake. The inconsistency is apparent.

For my own part, I think Mr. Leahy's verse in his second volume remarkably good on the whole, and I did not hesitate to say so; but, *me judice*, the tales lent themselves to prose translation as much as those in the first volume. It would, perhaps, have been better if both volumes had been rendered in verse, with a literal translation on the opposite page. Mr. Leahy, however, reminds me that the object of the series is "not to prepare literal versions for the use of scholars, but to reproduce Irish tales in such English forms as might interest English readers, keeping, however, as near as possible to the sense and form of the Irish." Then why was the literal translation given?

YOUR REVIEWER.

#### MR. A. ASHTON AND DISCLAIM OF GENTILITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. A. Ashton was not the first modest man to disclaim gentility, as the following story will show. I had the tale from an old friend, who died full of years in the eighties of the last century. He told me that in the year 1836, strolling through a country fair in the county Wicklow, where he held a public appointment, he saw a gambler, who with board, three thimbles and a pea, offered to the crowd the chance of making a fortune. He ventured a shilling and found the pea. Putting the money he had won into his pocket he was walking away, when the gambler, who, I suspect, had allowed him to win the first stake, shouted after him: "Are you not going to play any more?" My friend replied, "No." "Well," said the irate croupier, "you are no gentleman." My friend answered, "I never said I was," and secured the laugh.

EDWARD T. QUINN.

Dublin, March 5

### "SIX-SHILLING" NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent H. J. complaining of having to pay six shillings alike for the works of Maxwell Gray, Beatrice Harraden, and Eden Phillpotts only goes to prove how relative is a sense of "quality" in literature. Personally Maxwell Gray's turgid prose makes the reading of "The Great Refusal" an impossibility to me, while any book of Beatrice Harraden's, however slight, is made readable by her pleasant style.

Perish the thought of naming Maxwell Gray and Eden Phillpotts in the same breath! The former belongs to the class of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, while, to my mind, the latter is in, or almost in, the first rank of novelists. How wisely, then, do the publishers cater at once and at the same cost for my perverted taste and H. J.'s! Then think of the heart-burnings that would follow upon the publishers' decision as to what books should be published at six shillings and what at three shillings and sixpence. Your novels, Mr. Editor, would be issued at six shillings, mine at three shillings and sixpence. How invidious! As things are at present no one but our publishers and ourselves need know that your book was bought by them for a great sum and mine printed at my own cost.

For the comfort of our vanity let us hope no publisher sees H. J.'s letter.

D. F. G.

### WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is perfectly useless continuing this discussion with Mr. Fovargue, whose somewhat irrelevant letter appeared on February 24, for the simple reason he is so blinded by his enthusiasm for the "greatest lyricist in our language" that sound and sense appear from his point of view to be synonymous terms.

Taking him at his word and harking back to the real crux of this controversy, viz., the "immortal phrase," and applying that test to Shelley's verse, in spite of his "haunting melody," he is simply nowhere in comparison with Wordsworth. And I will be bold enough to go a step further and say "it is utterly ridiculous" to attempt to compare them from that aspect. Indeed, it would not be difficult to find in one piece of Wordsworth's verse more immortal phrases than could be culled from the whole of Shelley's works.

The circumstances that gave birth to Coleridge's famous eulogy of Wordsworth's work are, to me, in spite of Mr. Fovargue's insistence, utterly beside the question. Few, I venture to say, will dispute its justice, and still fewer are so well qualified to utter such a eulogy, for not only was Coleridge a great poet, but he was also a great critic, and a singularly acute thinker. However, for Mr. Fovargue's benefit I will give the origin of the quotation, viz., Wordsworth's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. page 74.

In closing, I would advise Mr. Fovargue in entering on his next controversy to use more courteous terms than that of "fanatical devotee" as applied to one who differs from him.

STANLEY HUTTON.

March 5.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Probably I should not have bothered you again but for the necessity of introducing a few words of reply to "A Student of Literature," who has read into my last letter what it did not contain, setting up a target of his own to aim at! He has brought up very heavy artillery and trained it carefully upon a position which I did not and could not occupy. There is a big display, but his practice is quite harmless so far as my former remarks are concerned. To watch the bombardment has been diverting and possibly amusing. It has served these purposes well—that is all that can be said with truth—and your correspondent is to be thanked accordingly.

Let me briefly touch upon the two or three points raised in his letter:

(1) Most certainly I do not hold the opinion attributed to Wordsworth, that he could have written plays like Shakespeare had he wished. The notion is absurd and cannot surely be entertained by any sane critic. What I did submit was simply this: that the *mere fact* that Wordsworth did not write dramas does not prove that he couldn't. We know from the single work of this kind left by him that he had some dramatic power; but we are also quite safe in concluding, from a sound estimate of his genius based upon his entire output, that his mind was not essentially dramatic, and that whatever he might have done in that department would hardly have stood comparison for a moment with even the lesser plays of Shakespeare.

(2) Macaulay's gifts were many and varied, but acute critical insight into literature was not one of them. The expression of abstract conceptions in concrete terms—in fact, all that may be roughly included under allegory and personification—is doubtless a gift, though of a facile kind—lying on the surface, so to speak. The nine masterpieces mentioned by "A Student" are not supremely great because of the examples they furnish of the exercise of this gift, but rather because of the vastness and truth of their conceptions of life, their profound spiritual beauty; and that amazing imaginative power whereby they reveal and interpret, justify and reconcile, unify and clarify, and bring into rational relation the realities of character and being underlying outward appearances.

This gift for which your correspondent appears so highly to esteem these works is by no manner of means the reason of their greatness: it is seen and felt to be altogether subordinate by discerning readers. More than this: artistic creations like "The Faery Queen" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are immortally great quite apart from allegory, etc.—perhaps one may say in spite of it!

(3) My critic next proceeds to fire off at me a long list of books which he says are infected with pessimism and melancholy, presumably to show that these objectionable qualities in a book need not in themselves necessarily disqualify it from occupying a distinguished position in the realm of letters. I must first remind him that *this* is not the question in dispute between us at all. My contention was, and is, simply that the prevalence in Shelley's poetry of unhealthy and morbid elements, and the sombre pessimism colouring so much of it places it, *in these respects*, considerably below that of Wordsworth, a poet who points us to the permanent sources of happiness in life and in experience, leads us ever to the "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation," and blesses and strengthens us with the quiet joy which he himself had gained by love and reflection. In this important matter he is, therefore, by far the nobler poet. And, other things being equal, the writer who does this for us will *always* be the greater. It is a shallow philosophy that issues in Schopenhauerism!

But in glancing carefully through "A Student's" list I find, first of all, that several of the works named by him have *most decidedly not* won acceptance as belonging to the first or even second rank, e.g., "The Prisoner of Chillon," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Isabella," "Romola," "Eugénie Grandet," and the "Satires" of Swift and Juvenal. These being sorted out, I very emphatically deny that, *in any large view of the case*, the remaining masterpieces are really fruits of the spirit of pessimism, or produce in us those baneful, depressing and paralysing feelings flowing from that radically false view of life. There is contained in them certainly the most serious and earnest contemplations of life, and there is frank (ideal) representation of all sides thereof; but in those of them even that are fullest of sadness and solemnity and pitifulness, by the operation of the principle of Katharsis, our emotions are purged and freed, so that we can rise from the perusal of *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Agamemnon*, *Edipus Rex* and the rest of them with minds fortified with courage and hearts consoled and calmed—yea, and lightened and cheered:

"By force of sorrows high  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed humanity."

(4) I can pass over "A Student's" further note concerning "trash." His remarks unfortunately do not bear upon my contentions, but go off completely at a tangent. Still I think it is in order to suggest to him that there exist in all literatures *multitudes* of poems of mediocre merit, of inferior quality, much below the line of high achievement, but yet good and worthy of their kind and in their class, and not at all deserving the epithet "trash" bestowed so freely by some people who do not like them, or cannot understand that there is good in them.

G. E. BIDDLE.

#### ST. WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, YORK

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—The restoration of the beautiful old building known as St. William's College, lying under the shadow of York Minster, which is to serve as a much-needed Convocation and Church House for the North, proceeds apace.

The large chamber for the House of Laymen will soon be completed, and that for the House of Bishops also very shortly. Electric light, ventilation shafts and fans, and warming apparatus are now being laid down.

But through lack of funds we have been unable hitherto to commence the work on the chamber for the Lower House, the committee rooms, and caretaker's rooms.

The handsome offer of £500 towards the chamber for the Lower House has just been made to us on condition of a like sum being raised at once to meet it. This may be done by one sum of £500, or by five of £100, or by fifty of £10 or one hundred of £5. Will you kindly help us to make this offer widely known in the hope that those who are able will come forward to secure it?

A most interesting account of this ancient religious house, where also the mint and printing press of King Charles found a home in troublous times, is to be seen in the *Treasury* for February; and papers giving further details may be obtained from the Secretary.

Contributions may be sent to Becketts Bank, York, or to the Secretary.

G. R. WAKEFIELD, Chairman,  
Bishop of Wakefield.  
C. N. GRAY, Secretary,  
Helmsley, R.S.O.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Bemrose, William. *Longton Hall Porcelain*: being further information relating to this interesting fabrique. 11½ x 8. Pp. xxi, 72. Illustrated. Bemrose, 42s. net.

[Starting from Mr. Nightingale's work. 1881, Mr. Bemrose set himself to find out all that he could about William Littler and his early attempt to make

porcelain in Staffordshire, *circa* 1745. The result has been to give meaning to much that is vague, and to establish the characteristics of this interesting work (which Mr. Bemrose himself does not always admire). The volume is lavishly and sumptuously illustrated with beautiful reproductions in colour.]

Finberg, A. J. *The English Water Colour Painters*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxi, 190. Duckworth: Popular Library of Art. Cloth, 2s. net; leather 2s. 6d. net. [It is surprising how much information and criticism Mr. Finberg manages to get into his small space. Bare historical fact is not to his taste, but he uses history as a clue to interpretation and understanding. He has his point of view, which, right or not, he explains ably. The 40 and odd illustrations are well chosen and serviceably reproduced.]

*Drawings of David Cox*. 11½ x 8½. Modern Master Draughtsmen. Newnes, 7s. 6d. net.

[Thirteen pages of biographical and critical introduction by Mr. A. J. Finberg. Coloured frontispiece, and 44 plates, 3 of which are in colour.] Board of Education, South Kensington. *Catalogue of Prints, II*. Modern Etchings and Aquatints of the British and American schools in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 364. H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.

[Compiled by Mr. Martin Hardie: Original works only, not Reproductions of pictures or drawings.]

### CLASSICS.

*The Philoctetes of Sophocles*. With a commentary abridged from the larger edition of Sir R. C. Jebb by E. S. Shuckburgh. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xlv, 228. Cambridge University Press, 4s.

[Intended for "ordinary or youthful students," and carried out on the principle which guided Dr. Shuckburgh in his admirable edition of the *Antigone* and *Edipus Coloneus*. Certain additions rendered necessary by the fact that this edition does not contain the English translation.]

*Euripides: Medea and Hippolytus*. With Introduction, Translations and Notes by Sydney Waterlow. 7 x 4½. Pp. xviii, 206. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[This is the first volume of the new "Temple Greek and Latin Classics." The Greek is given on one page, the English prose translation opposite. The Introduction is critical; the notes explanatory, critical and sometimes textual. An Appendix of the most important differences between the readings of "the MSS." and that adopted by the editor, who frequently follows Verrall. The book is very well printed and bound, and there is a frontispiece showing the Naples bust of the poet. This promises to be a delightful series for the general reader.]

*Plato: Theaetetus and Philebus*. Translated and explained by H. F. Carllill. 7½ x 5. Pp. xxv, 202. Sonnenschein, cloth, 3s. 6d. net; leather, 4s. 6d. net.

[This is also the first volume of a new series, "The New Classical Library," edited by Dr. Emil Reich, for readers who have no Latin or Greek. The Introduction sets forth the disagreements of the commentators, and gives Mr. Carllill's own view of the Platonic philosophy. Then comes his translation of the *Theaetetus*; then an excursus on it which is also an introduction to the *Philebus*; Concluding Essay on the Theory of Man in the *Philebus* and its place in science; short bibliography and index.]

### DRAMA.

Phillips, Stephen. *Nero*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 127. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net. (See p. 221.) Hale, Edward Everett, jr. *Dramatists of To-day*: Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Shaw, Phillips, Maeterlinck. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 236. Bell, 6s. net.

[An informal discussion of the significant work of these dramatists. By an American critic: Partly reprinted from *The Dial*. A useful appendix giving date and plan of first productions of plays, with occasional notice of performance in countries and languages other than the author's. Index.]

### EDUCATION.

Pitt Press Series. *Tales from Shakespeare*. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Second Selection, edited by J. H. Flather. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xvi, 160. Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.

[*Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Winter's Tale*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Macbeth*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Othello*. Introduction; glossary; short extracts from the plays.]

Donington, G. C. *Practical Exercises in Chemistry*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. x, 251. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.

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Regnas, C. *The Land of Nison*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 310. Daniel, 6s.

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- its idea of "vril," and has written a novel of a subterranean land, through a visit to which the hero acquires wealth and the power of living to 200 years.]
- Morse, Margaret. *The Spirit of the Pines*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 159. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.00
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## HISTORY.

- Mackinnon, James. *A History of Modern Liberty*. Vols. I. and II. 9 x 6. Pp. xxxiii, 888. Longmans, 30s. net.
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- Colvin, Sir Auckland. *The Making of Modern Egypt*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xv, 428. With Portraits and Maps. Seeley, 18s. net.
- [The object of these pages is to tell, in popular terms, the story of the making of modern Egypt under British influence. The story begins with the arrival of Lord Dufferin in Egypt, 1882 (the history of earlier years being briefly sketched), and is carried down to 1904. Index.]

## LITERATURE.

- Monahan, Michael. *Benigna Vena*. Essays, Literary and Personal. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 187. New York: The Alban Publishing Co.
- [Mr. Monahan is the editor and main author—or at any rate the soul—of that interesting publication *The Papyrus, a Magazine of Individuality*.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Heape, Walter. *The Breeding Industry*: its value to the Country and its Needs. 7½ x 5. Pp. xii, 154. National Problems. Cambridge University Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- [The application of Science to the Breeding Industry, "the greatest industry to which Science has never yet been applied." Mr. Heape's desire is to draw close together the Practical Breeder and the Scientific Biologist.]
- Abrahams, Israel. *Festival Studies*, being Thoughts on the Jewish Year. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 185. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- [Papers mainly written to "provide momentary entertainment or to provoke passing thought on the festivals of the Jewish year occurred." Reprinted, many of them, from the *Jewish Chronicle*.]
- The English Catalogue of Works for 1905*. 10 x 6½. Pp. 302. The Publishers' Circular, Ltd.
- [The 69th yearly issue of this invaluable publication, which gives "in one Alphabet, under author, title and subject, the size, price, month of publication, and publisher of books issued in the United Kingdom and of some of those issued in the United States," and is a continuation of the "London" and "British" Catalogues. Appendix of Transactions of Learned Societies, and Directory of Publishers.]
- Inkster, Lawrence. *Library Grouping*. 10½ x 6½. Pp. 7. Aberdeen University Press, 8vo.
- [Reprinted from the *Library Association Record*, February 1906.]
- Corporation of Wigan Free Public Library. *Catalogue of Books*. By H. T. Folkard, Librarian. Part VII. P-Pizz. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 353. Wigan: Starr.
- Dod's Peerage, Baronage and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland*. Supplement. February, 1906. 7 x 4½. Pp. 40. Whittaker, 1s. net.
- [Brought up-to-date. With a note on "The Choice of Peerage Titles."]
- Morris, George Le, and Wood, Esther. *The Country Cottage*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xvi, 152. Lane. The Country Handbooks, 3s. net.
- [All about building a country cottage, from drains to decoration. Diagrams and illustrations. Index. Thoroughly practical.]
- Young, Filson. *The Happy Motorist*: an introduction to the use and enjoyment of a motor-car. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 230. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.
- Hints on the Cure of Stammering*. By one who has suffered. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 16. Edinburgh: Elliot, 6d. net.
- Hardy, E. J. *What Men Like in Women and What Women Like in Men*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 149. Werner Laurie, 1s. net.
- [By the author of "How to be happy though married." Sometimes homely, but not nearly so vulgar as the title.]

## PHILOSOPHY.

- Westermarck, Edward. *The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*. In 2 volumes. Vol. I. 9 x 6½. Pp. xxi, 716. Macmillan, 14s. net.
- [The first of Dr. Westermarck's work comprises a study of the moral concepts; right, wrong, duty, justice, etc., an examination into the moral emotions, their nature and origin, and their relations to moral concepts. These will cause a discussion of the subjects of moral judgments and an answer to the question why some things are matters of moral concern and others are not. Finally the most important of these subjects will be classified, and the moral ideas relating to each class will be stated and explained.]
- Höfding, Harold. *The Philosophy of Religion*. Translated from the German edition by B. E. Meyer. 9 x 6. Pp. viii, 410. Macmillan, 12s. net.
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- [A re-issue in a single volume of the six little brown paper volumes published by Messrs. Duckworth.]
- Rice, Cale Young. *Plays and Lyrics*. 8½ x 7½. Pp. 317. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.

- [By an American author. The plays, in verse, *Yolanda* and *David*, are good. As a lyric poet Mr. Rice seems scarcely worthy of the beautiful paper, print and binding his publishers have provided for him.]
- Ware, Joseph. *The Divine Man*. A new Epic. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 278. The True Light Publishing Co.

["The Theme of the Iliad," says the author, "is the contention of gods and of heroes for the destruction of Troy; the Aeneid, its re-establishment; Paradise Lost, the fall of man; The Divine Man, a New Epic, the progress of man to final perfection in the kingdom of Heaven." The scene of the New Epic is the Transfiguration; and one of the episodes is the revelation by an Angel to St. James of the flag of the United States, of which an illustration is given. We believe the book to be written in all simplicity and earnestness.]

- Sharply, Hugo. *A Realist of the Aegean*, being a verse-translation of the Mimes of Herodas. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 57. Nutt, 2s. 6d. net.
- Marks, Mary A. M. *The Tree of Knowledge*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 173. Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.

[About half of these 173 Sonnets were privately printed in 1896. They start with Eden and the fall of Man, and go on to the New Earth. There is much thought and devotion in Mrs. Marks's work, and not a little sincere and grave poetry.]

## POLITICAL.

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- Munro, A. (of Johannesburg). *The Transvaal (Chinese) Labour Problem*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxvii, 64. Drane, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Dr. Munro is a whole-hearted supporter of Chinese Labour.]
- Brailsford, H. N. *Macedonia: its races and their future*. 9 x 6. Pp. xx, 340. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Brailsford's main object is to explain, with what detail is necessary, the nature of Turkish rule as it affects the peasantry of Macedonia. He has spent much time in five journeys to the Near East, and passed the winter of 1903-4 in Monastir on behalf of the British relief fund; and sees no hope in an arrangement in which the rulers' creed is one of resignation and the ruled of freedom. Fully illustrated. 2 Maps. Index.]

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- Lever, Charles. *Arthur O'Leary: his wanderings and ponderings in many lands*. With 10 illustrations by George Cruikshank. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 388. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

## SCIENCE.

- Burke, John Butler. *The Origin of Life: its physical basis and definition*. 9 x 6½. Pp. xvi, 351. Chapman & Hall, 16s. net.

## THEOLOGY.

- Patrick, William. *James the Lord's Brother*. 8½ x 6. Pp. xii, 366. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 6s. net.
- [By the Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Dr. Patrick's aim is to show "the James of history," rather than "the James of Legend and romance." He believes James to have been the son of Joseph and Mary. He finds his Christianity in essence identical with that of Paul, and believes the relations between the two to have been frank and cordial.]
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- [A few sermons chosen at random, and reproduced from memory on paper. The theme of the book is the close tie between work and adoration, the Gospel and daily life.]
- Barry, William. *The Tradition of Scripture: its origin, authority and interpretation*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xxv, 278. Longmans, 3s. 6d. net.
- [This is the first volume of "The Westminster Library," a series of manuals edited by Mr. Bernard Ward and the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J., for the use of Catholic Priests and students, embracing fields of professional knowledge (other than Dogmatic and Moral Theology) which is in danger of being crowded out in the years before ordination, and the practical utility of which may not be fully realised until some experience of the ministry has been gained.]

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- Edwards, A. Herbage. *Kakemono: Japanese Sketches*. 8½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 300. Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Edwards divides his book into sections: The Faith of Japan; Lord Fuji, which describes an ascent of that mountain; The Art of the Nation; Scenes in Rain and Sunshine; The Land of the Gods; the Heart of the People.]
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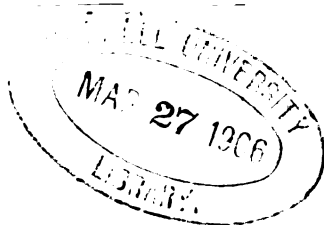
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE appeal of Bodley's Librarian for £1700 to complete the purchase of the Turbutt Shakespeare is one that Oxford men must not allow to pass unsatisfied; and here *bis dat qui cito dat*, for on March 31 the chance is gone and the book sails for America, unless a total of £3000 is forthcoming. A full account of the volume and its history may be found in the ACADEMY of July 15 last, or in the illustrated monograph which Bodley's Librarian will send on demand to any one "who might possibly make a contribution of importance."

It is not a case of securing an unique book for the Bodleian, but of restoring to the Bodleian a book that once belonged to it. "But the Bodleian got rid of it." True; but two and a half centuries ago, before it came to be of value. Now help is asked to buy it back again, and the appeal is one that should be supported, first and foremost by those who owe what some of us owe to the Bodleian; and then by all English people who wish to keep English treasures in England. No help is asked of the Government—rightly or not we are not concerned to say; but a subscription list has been opened at Messrs. Barclay's Old Bank, Oxford, and we would urge on all Oxford men the duty of sending what they can, however little. We may mention that £3000 is not the sum fixed by Mr. Turbutt; it is the sum he has been offered—and is perfectly justified in accepting; though it is true that Mr. Edmund Gosse wants to know (merely in the Rosa Dartle manner, of course) who it is that has offered it.

The poverty of the Bodleian is a standing but a genuine cause of complaint. All Souls College, in stating that it will contribute this year £1000, issues a warning that it "may not always be possible for us to keep an annual contribution up to this level." And munificence alone has enabled the Curators to do the valuable work now in progress in preserving the pictures in its picture-gallery. Will no millionaire be so obliging as to die and leave his fortune to the Bodleian?

"Venus—At Home" was the title commonly given to the reception held last Tuesday at the New Gallery by the National Art Collections Fund. The Rokeby lady was there—and it was a full-dress occasion. Now she has been handed over to the Nation: she ought to have been taken to Trafalgar Square in a kind of Cimabue procession; with Lord Balcarres and his coadjutors in the van and in the rear a corps of American millionaires with Stars-and-Stripes reversed. Amid the general pæan there would have been one voice—not so much dissentient as interrogatory—the voice, again, of Mr. Edmund Gosse, asking, with complete justification, who? why? what? Meanwhile there is a rumour that the "Nelson Memorandum" sold to Mr.

Sabin at Christie's on Wednesday will go to America, unless the Trustees of the British Museum will give him the £3600 he paid for it.

After nearly three centuries of existence in one spot the Old Central Library, King Street, Bristol, is now passing to a more palatial home in the new building next to the Cathedral, the splendid gift of an omnivorous reader—the late Vincent Stuckey Lean, who bequeathed £50,000 to the City for that purpose. In the year 1613 Mr. Robert Redwood, a wealthy citizen, gave his "lodge near the Marsh" for a library for the citizens. One of the first to supplement his generous gift was an old Bristolian, Dr. Tobias Matthew, Archbishop of York.

With varying fortunes the library survived the storm and stress of the Stuart and Puritan times until 1773, when an important event occurred in its history, its amalgamation with the newly started Library Society, the first of whose patrons was Edmund Burke; he gave twenty guineas to its funds and next year was elected to represent "the second city in the kingdom." Nearly a quarter of a century later two young men were to be seen almost daily ascending the old oak staircase (still existing) to slake their thirst for knowledge—S. T. Coleridge and Robert Southey. The unique registers are still carefully preserved wherein are recorded the books they borrowed and signed for in their own autograph.

There, too, at a later period came their friend Humphry Davy the chemist, who arrived in 1798 to superintend the Pneumatic Institution at the Hotwells, founded by the celebrated Dr. Beddoes; whilst Joseph Cottle, the publisher of the "Lyrical Ballads," John Tobin of "Honeymoon" fame, and Richard Champion, the Bristol potter, were also borrowers. So, too, was Landor, a tangible proof of whose constant borrowing exists in a copy of his "Pericles and Aspasia" bearing the inscription in his autograph that it was presented to the Library by reason of the courtesy shown him. Maria Edgeworth, who lived in Clifton during the closing years of the eighteenth century, mentions in one of her letters that her father has been making use of the Library.

We have before us as good a specimen of library cataloguing, on a comparatively small scale, as we have ever seen—the catalogue of the books in the lending library of the public library at Gravesend, compiled by the Librarian, Mr. Alex. J. Philip. The library is composed of between six and seven thousand volumes, and the printed catalogue runs to about a hundred and thirty pages. It is at once an index of authors and titles and a subject index, and having tested it in various ways we are able to pronounce it admirably lucid, helpful and accurate. In certain cases brief descriptive notes of books with obscure and misleading titles are given—a very useful plan, which, we gather, would have been followed more completely had space and cost permitted. Under certain authors (*e.g.*, Shakespeare) we find a list of the books about him and his works, preceding the list of his own writings. A reader of ordinary intelligence who had only a hazy idea of what he wanted, or had no idea at all, could tell at a glance what there was in the library on his subject, or what was the particular book he required; and the whole catalogue speaks highly for the thoroughness and ardour which characterise the work of borough librarians.

There is incontrovertible evidence that the centralisation of public libraries, which was first mooted some years ago, is nearing either its realisation, or its rejection for many years to come. The matter is the subject of the next meeting of the Library Association, and, no doubt, this will result in



some definite action for legislation; in fact, an omnibus library bill is already foreshadowed. The proposal, which is very ably sketched out in a *brochure* before us ("Library Grouping," by Lawrence Inkster, Borough Librarian of Battersea, published by the Aberdeen University Press), suggests that the County Councils shall be the library authorities for villages and the rural districts, while the control of the whole of the libraries of London would be centred in the London County Council. The writer draws attention to the many and vexatious anomalies existing in London, to the large rural districts in the counties where books are rare, and to the want of co-operation with the schools. But he is scarcely fair when he states that "the place of the public library in the system of national education . . . is not yet recognised even by those who are directly interested." What is required to promote efficient combination with the educational system is not one administrative authority for both schools and libraries, although County Councils might well be the representative authorities, but the alteration of the Education Act making it possible for Education Committees to contribute to the funds of public libraries for the purpose of school libraries without acquiring exclusive property in any of the books. It must not be forgotten that the public library cannot become a school adjunct and still fulfil its mission, which, although we agree with the writer in describing it as primarily an educational one, is not only that but much more.

Copyrights will expire, we know, and in these days of eager reprinting it is natural and creditable that all haste should be made in reproducing good books. But we cannot commend the reproduction of inferior versions of books that are still easily accessible, and in a particular case under our notice we are strongly of opinion that the issue of a reprint will not redound to the credit of the publisher. We have before us a reprint of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of English lyrics*. The first edition of that work was published in 1861; Palgrave himself lived to bring out the second edition in 1891, and the book was again revised and enlarged in 1904. The publisher of the reprint before us had to go back to the edition of 1861. He had the sense to engage a clever editor to do the work for him; and the volume contains a well-chosen selection from the works of poets who were living when Palgrave made his compilation. But what is the total result?

We have examined the first two "Books" in each volume, and find that the *Golden Treasury*, 1904, contains no less than thirty-five numbers that do not appear in the reprint; while the reprint contains eighteen that are not in the *Golden Treasury*, 1904. So that, even on numerical strength, the older publication is the better in just that portion of our literature where lyrics are less easily accessible. We can all read the songs of Rossetti, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold in our Rossetti, our Tennyson, or our Arnold. It is less easy to get at Elizabethans and Carolines.

In point of quality there can be no comparison. The editor of the reprint has given in the first part of an Appendix some few poems not known in 1861, or for some reason not included, and his Books I. and II. contain things that were omitted from later editions of the *Golden Treasury*. Thus, under one heading or another, we have Spenser's *Epithalamion*, Constable's *Diaphenia*, Bacon's "The world's a bubble," and other good things. But there is nothing among them all to compare with the poems which the *Golden Treasury*, 1904, includes and the reprint does not: the Vaughans, the Marvell, Waller's "Go, lovely rose"; Cowley's "Death of Mr. William Hervey"; Greene's "Weep not, my wanton"; Lodge's "Rosalind's Madrigall"; Herrick's "Corinna's Maying," and, best of all, Ariel's song, and "Come unto these yellow sands," from *The Tempest*. The

reprint lacks, too, Palgrave's preface, notes, and list of authors. From every point of view it is inferior to its original. From no point of view is it the kind of publication which we should have expected or can welcome from those responsible for it.

It was not (as we shrewdly suspected) Mr. A. E. W. Mason, of Coventry, who asked the question in the House about Mr. William Le Queux's new story. There were obvious reasons why Mr. Mason's mouth should be closed on such a topic; but it was (we are glad to see) another man of letters, though not a novelist, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, who took upon himself at the earliest possible moment a delicate and unpleasant duty. It is upon men of letters, artists, and other apostles of agreement between nations that the duty falls first and foremost of doing all in their power to check the production of inflammatory material; and we are happy in having in so high a place so ardent a supporter of peace as the member of Parliament who will call attention to a story which he has not yet read.

Our sympathies and convictions are entirely on the side, in this matter, of Mr. Lehmann and the Prime Minister. We should be glad to see strong measures taken to repress the publication of jingoistic stories about wars and battles, which, instead of gloating over, we should shrink from with horror. The good sense and good taste of British people, to which the Premier looks for relief, are agents that, as yet, have not proved their efficiency. But, of course, all this may have nothing to do with Mr. Le Queux and his story. We have not read it, and are quite prepared to hear that the Peace Society has secured the rights of bringing it out in pamphlet form.

We have discovered in a (foreign) publisher's "puff" of a forthcoming book a new version of *cacoethes scribendi*. The power of the attack on the Conventionalism of the Church, we read, will "make the pens of opponents itch." The pen we are writing with scratches, but —

Gravesend appears to be on the verge of an interesting Dickens discovery. In the little village of Chalk, some two miles distant, on the main road to Rochester, lies the house in which, in 1836, Dickens spent his honeymoon. On the authority of Laman Blanchard, who, at the time of Dickens's residence at Gadshill, was stopping at Rosherville, on the other side of Gravesend, Kitton in "Dickens Country" gives an illustration of a comparatively large house, known as "The Manor House," at the corner of Thong Lane, on the south side of the main road, which, he says, is the one at which the novelist stopped. Blanchard is quite clear upon the subject. "Here," he says, "the brisk walk of Charles Dickens was always slackened, and he never failed to glance meditatively for a few moments at the window of a corner house on the southern side of the road. . . . It was in that house he lived immediately after his marriage, and there many of the earlier chapters of *Pickwick* were written."

It appears, however, that the house in question was at that time, in the occupation of a well-to-do French surgeon, M. Lereaux, who was not under any necessity of "taking in" boarders, and who had, besides, several daughters. Perhaps the most conclusive proof, however, is that, in the memory of several of the inhabitants of Chalk, a newly married couple spent their honeymoon at a cottage on the northern side of the road in April 1836, the exact date at which Dickens spent his honeymoon there. A further piece of circumstantial evidence, if possible more convincing still, is that the then landlady of the old-fashioned cottage was named Craddock, and Mr. *Pickwick*, when visiting Bath, lodged with a woman of the same name.

It is announced that Mr. Granville Bantock has undertaken to write for the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival a choral work, the subject of which is FitzGerald's Omar. We wish that he had not. Not that we doubt his making a very beautiful piece of music, but because FitzGerald's work has its own rhythms which sing themselves in the mind; and it will be inevitable that, once the music has been heard, the recollection of it will come between the mind and the rhythms of the poetry. Already there are parts of the poem which we cannot say over to ourselves without the intrusion of a tune. A "song-cycle" has been made of it; and now whenever we think, for instance, of "O Moon of my delight," we catch ourselves putting it thus: "Ooooo Mooon of my-y-y-y delight that knooo-owst no wane"—in the rhythms not of the poem, but of the music.

Happy are those who do not "get tunes in their heads" and can hear music and forget it. Some of us cannot, and for that reason would rather avoid even such beautiful things as Sir Hubert Parry's "Blest pair of Sirens" and Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." There are very few settings of poetry to music, which, like the popular versions of Herrick's "To Anthea," and some old hymns, notably "O God, our help in ages past," preserve almost exactly the rhythms and inflections of the poem. And while lovers of music may rejoice, lovers of poetry are sad when the musician comes between them and the more delicate art of the poet.

All the Heine stories are recalled by the public commemoration, in Paris, of the fiftieth anniversary of his death. The most pathetic is that of his meeting with Augustin Thierry at a time when the historian was blind and the poet, on his "mattress grave," was nearly paralysed. "In order that he might the better converse with Heine," says M. Jules Claretie, who had the details from an eye-witness, "the great historian of ancient France bent over him without seeing him, while Heine, in order that he might be able to see Thierry, lifted a fallen eyelid with an emaciated finger."

Heine was so bad a German that the proposal to erect a monument to him in Germany was, quite lately, forbidden by the Government. He had called himself "a liberated Prussian," and had spoken of Prussia as "the Tartuffe of nations," and that sufficed to get him put on the black list. What the Emperor William would not do, however, was done by the late Empress of Austria, by birth a Bavarian. In her splendid castle at Corfu a statue of Heine stands, overlooking the sea of which he sang so magnificently.

Though Heine loved France, his adopted country gave him a very bad wife in Mathilde Mirat, a typical Parisian *grisette*. A single *trait* suffices to depict that lady. Her husband, suffering agonies of pain, expressed the wish that he might die. "No, no, Henri," she pleaded, "you must not do that; you must not die. Only this morning my sweet parrot died, and if you were to die too I could not bear it." Heine himself used to tell the story. "You see," he said, "I have continued to live in obedience to orders. One must when so good a reason is given."

We have not yet read *The Faithless Favourite, a mixed Tragedy*, by Mr. Edwin Sauter, of which a copy has been sent to us by the author from Saint Louis, U.S.A.; but two things in what looks like either a very original or a very imitative volume have interested us. One is the very amusing "Catalogue of Flaws and Objections; or a handy syllabus for Zoilus," which he appends to his play. Here we find no less than 102 objections, set out in columns: we cull one or two: "The ha-ha-has are probably the most intelligible parts of the dialogue"; "The author . . . knows nothing of drama"; "He knows

nothing of poetry"; "He knows nothing of history"; "Anile decrepitude"; "He might at least have ended happily—by stopping at the first scene!" This is much better than the usual apologetic preface: it must make the critics silent through sheer envy of the author's own destructive power. The other notable point in the book is the little bundle of "Schediasm." How many people could say, without looking at their Liddell and Scott what "Schediasm" is? It means—and we write with no desire to appear superior persons—"things written off-hand."

On Thursday, April 5, at 9 P.M., and Saturday, April 7, at 3.30 P.M., the New Stage Club will give, at the Bijou Theatre, Victoria Hall, Archer Street, Bayswater, performances of Villiers de L'Isle Adam's *La Révolte* (an English translation by Lady Barclay, published by Messrs. Duckworth) and *The Fool of the World*, a new Morality play by Mr. Arthur Symons. *La Révolte* is a play we have long been anxious to see acted. It was written in 1870, nine years before Ibsen's *The Doll's House*, and bears a strong resemblance to it. This was the play that contained a scene during which the clock struck all the hours and half-hours between one and four in the morning. Tickets may be obtained at the Box Office, Bijou Hall.

A suggestion was made in our columns some time ago to the effect that interpretive readings from the poets with illustrations and comments would be much better for an appreciative public than mere lectures upon them. We are able to announce that an experiment in this direction will be made by Professor Knight, who will give "Readings from Browning" in the Chelsea Town Hall on Monday next at three o'clock, and from Tennyson on Friday, March 23, at the same place. Tickets from Messrs. Truslove and Hanson, Sloane Street, or at the door.

At the last council meeting of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers the following were elected Associates: S. Nicholson Babb, Paul W. Bartlett, W. L. Bruckman, A. S. Hartrick, Raven Hill, Sir Charles Holroyd, Gaston Latouche, Louis Legrand, Bertram Mackennel, A. D. Peppercorn, R. F. Wells, and I. Zuloaga. Mr. Timothy Cole was elected an honorary member.

The Musical Association.—The fifth meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 20, at the King's Hall, Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, Conduit Street, W., when a paper will be read by the Rev. G. R. Woodward, M.A., on "German Hymnody, from the Twelfth Century to the middle of the Seventeenth."

Royal Meteorological Society.—An ordinary meeting will be held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, March 21, at 7.30 P.M., when a lecture will be delivered on "South Africa as seen by a Meteorologist," by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc., illustrated by slides from photographs taken during the tour of the British Association in 1905.

Royal Microscopical Society.—The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 21st inst, at eight P.M., when the following papers will be read: Mr. C. F. Rousselet, "A Contribution to our Knowledge of the Rotifera of South Africa"; Mr. E. M. Nelson, "On the Resolving Limits for the Telescope and the Microscope."

Royal Statistical Society.—The fifth ordinary meeting will be held on Tuesday, March 20, at 5 P.M., at the Society's rooms, 9 Adelphi Terrace, Strand, Paper to be read: "Statistics of Population and Pauperism in England and Wales, 1861-1901," by Professor C. S. Loch.

Royal Geographical Society.—Evening meeting, Monday, March 19, 8.30 P.M., at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens. Paper to be read: "The Economic Geography of Australia," by Professor J. W. Gregory, F.R.S.

## LITERATURE

## A NEW LIFE OF SIR WALTER

*The Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By G. LE GRYS NORGATE.  
(Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IT might be thought that a new Life of Sir Walter Scott was superfluous, but that written by Mr. Le Grys Norgate has a special feature which will render it of value to readers of the great novelist. The book might be described, in a phrase, as a collection of literary gossip about Sir Walter Scott. Opinions, no doubt, will differ as to its value, because the process of creation in the mind of the imaginative writer is one not clearly understood. The material on which a romancer works is the experience garnered by himself in the course of a life-time. Out of nothing, nothing is or can be made, but only the very poorest of the tribe attempt to paint their characters direct from Nature, that is, to make photographic copies of people they have known. The creation of a man like Dandie Dinmont, for instance, must be the result of much observation of the class to which he belongs. In his wanderings in search of material for his Border Minstrelsy, Scott was continually meeting such characters, and out of the features of many of them was constructed the sturdy Dandie. In the course of his narrative Mr. Norgate makes many references to characters in the Scott novels wherein the author seems to have portrayed himself. All those romantic and slightly moony youths with a dislike for practical affairs, a love of literature and a knack of turning verses, were, no doubt, drawn from one side of his character. He was to some extent, Waverley, and Alan Fairford; he was also Colonel Mantering. As Hogg said, the last was "just Walter Scott painted by himself." We are told with equal truth that he was Jonathan Oldbuck in "The Antiquary," but, as Mr. Norgate points out, Jonathan was also the "old friend of my youth," George Constable. Lockhart, however, held that here Scott was the half-conscious delineator of himself, and no one was in a better position to judge. Of course, such guess-work is futile. Sir Walter picked up a hint here and a hint there, and to complete his picture, working with the unconsciousness of the highest art, wove into his tissue such personal traits of his own as were suitable to complete the individuality. If we take the well-known character of Edie Ochiltree in the same novel, it may be quite true that the germ of the character was Andrew Gemmels, the splendid old military-looking beggar with whom Scott had often conversed in his youth, but it could only have been a germ. The filling-out and development of the gaberlunzie was due to the novelist's imaginative genius alone. In the same way the gypsy, Meg Merrilies, could only have been vaguely suggested by Jean Gordon, "the gigantic gipsy-queen who was ducked to death as a Jacobite at Carlisle by the mob, crying, 'Charlie yet!' with her last breath." The very incident itself shows that the character of Meg as it is developed in "Guy Mannering" must have been very different indeed from that of Jean Gordon. If it were desirable to carry the proof further, it would be an easy thing to do so by reference to the historical novels, where Scott had nothing but his reading to depend upon. Here, by the bye, our author's criticism is singularly weak. It is a matter of no consequence whatever that the Richard Cœur-de-Lion of "Ivanhoe" is not the historical Richard King of England. He is an authentic human being, and as such has a more vital existence in our minds than the actual personage who, even to the historical student, is little more than a name, or at any rate is like one of those vague figures seen in a distant landscape.

We do not know to what nationality Mr. Norgate belongs, but whatever be his place of birth he is patriotically, or rather provincially, Scottish in his predilections and will have it that Sir Walter Scott is never at his

best except when depicting the scenery and characters of his native land. We do not think that this is so. Scott's strength as a novelist did not lie in his local colour, exquisitely as he uses it, but in a knowledge of human life that was as extensive, though not so profound, as Shakespeare's. Wherever he may locate his romance we always find that the characters in it are recognisable human beings with their weaknesses as well as their strength. Mr. Norgate is not quite just to "Ivanhoe."

If an Englishman naturally places *Ivanhoe* in the first rank, it is because he gets more pleasure from its perusal. The Scottish dialect, the Scottish character, must always present some difficulty to him, and obstruct that perfect sympathy and ease of apprehension necessary to full enjoyment in reading. Again, Scott had not that intimate acquaintance with and keen perception of the remote past of England that he had of the remote past of Scotland. Thus his touch is uncertain and his pictures vague and superficial. In a word *Ivanhoe* is a rollicking good story, but it is little more, and all modern critics will agree with Lockhart that as a work of genius it is inferior to *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*.

Those of us who remember our first reading of the famous encounter in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch and the inimitable scenes between King Richard and the hermit will not readily endorse this opinion. The truth is that "Ivanhoe" is the most perfect of the romances that Scott wrote, and yet, like almost every other work of his, it is to some extent spoiled by haste. Athelstan, the hero himself, Rowena, and even Cedric the Saxon are too little individualised, while the Templar and the other knights of the period lean to the side of the melodramatic. But in the best of his Scottish novels similar faults are to be found. In "Guy Mannering" we see Dirk Hatteraick, Glossop, the Gypsy and several other characters that are not well and truly drawn. In "The Heart of Midlothian" Madge Wildfire and her mother, Effie Deans and her lover, lack the vividness with which Jeannie Deans and the Laird of Dumbiedykes are thrown on the canvas. In "The Antiquary" Oldbuck himself and Edie Ochiltree are rendered inimitably, but the hero Lovel is a colourless personality. The German charlatan would have done for the transpontine theatre, and there is much that is more dead than alive in the novel, which, nevertheless, is of its kind unsurpassed. In "Rob Roy" Baillie Nicol Jarvie is inimitable, and we do not agree with our author's fault-finding in regard to Rob himself; but Rashleigh is the villain of the sensational romance, and there is much in the book that might have been improved by stern revision. Mr. Norgate thinks that "Peveril of the Peak" was a failure; yet it is curious how people like to read this novel, which has bulk and space in which to wander. Many good novelists also have held that "St. Ronan's Well" was a better novel than the ordinary reader gave it credit for being.

Another feature of this book to which attention may be directed is its topography. The author seems either to have followed in Scott's footsteps or to know the country very accurately. Probably he is mistaken when he assumes that few people know Orkney and Shetland, as these islands have become very popular resorts since Scott's time. If, however, the poems and novels were to be examined under the microscope, there would be found defects in them which our author has not noticed. Scott was in the habit of drawing a landscape with broad sweeps of the brush and of neglecting detail. Nothing could be better than his rendering of the salient features of the scene of "Marmion," but it would be difficult to fight the battle over again with no other help than "Marmion"; and we say that while recognising that the description of the fight is one of the greatest battle-pieces in all literature and it has a spirit and energy that would have done no discredit to Homer. Nor do we blame Scott because he did not seek to be as accurate as a geographer. A work of fiction is a work of art, and natural scenery, like human beings, is only the suggestion on which the writer works. His business in the end is to make a world of dream and to people it with dream figures, and the final test of his excellence lies in the fidelity with which, while giving imagination rein, he holds the mirror up to nature.

## A REALIST OF THE AEGEAN

*A Realist of the Aegean.* Being a verse translation of the Mimes of Herodas. By HUGO SHARPLEY, M.A., late Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. (Nutt.)

THE discovery of the Mimes of Herodas in an Egyptian *papyrus* in 1891 was a piece of good fortune hardly less than that which had just given us that ancient and valuable tract on "The Constitution of Athens" ascribed by most critics (but wrongly in our opinion) to the sage of Stagira. The mime seems to have been invented by Sophron from whom Herodas (probably 300-250 B.C.) and his slightly older contemporary, Theocritus, borrowed largely. The editors and translators of Herodas—Kenyon, Rutherford, Nairn, Headlam—speak in high terms of his genius, but we own that we find his work, in the form in which it is presented to us, decidedly second-rate. We are so much accustomed to associate Hellenic art with supreme success in everything attempted by it, that we can hardly bear to open our eyes to vulgarity and dull grossness. The mimes are as full of proverbs as Petronius and of bawdry as Aristophanes, but are unredeemed by the light touch of the Roman and the Athenian. The sixth mime is as dull as it is foul, and is hardly made palatable by a bit of clever realism at the beginning and another at the end. It takes the form—which seems to have been conventional when two housewives met—of detailing and bewailing the shortcomings of servants, and threatening them with punishment:

KORITTO.

Pray sit down, Metro. [*To the servant*] Now then, up you spring. And put a chair for the lady! Everything I've got to tell you: nothing will you do Of your own self, you good-for-nothing, you! You're not a slave, you're just a stone about The house; but, mind you, when the corn's dealt out, You count each crumb, and if but *that* much tumbles, Such a commotion all day long, *such* grumbles, The very walls can't stand it! Now, look there! You needs must scrub and polish up that chair Now when it's wanted, robber! You may bless This lady; but for her being here I'd dress You down most soundly!

METRO.

Ah, then you appear To be in the boat with me, Koritto dear, I grind my teeth all day and night, like you, At these vile creatures, aye and bark at 'em too Like any dog. Now for my special mission— Outside, you pests, you models of discretion— Ears and tongues only, all else holiday.

And at the end:

KORITTO.

Fasten the door securely, You poultry girl, and count the fowls up quick, To see we have not lost a single chick Throw them some corn. The bird-stealer will clap Hands on 'em though you nurse 'em in your lap.

The above extracts afford an average sample of the work of the poet and his translator, who is correct and literal, but by no means easy or fluent. The fact is, the mimes are not yet in a fit state for the exercise of the translator's art. The absence of *Scholía* is deeply felt in a work of this kind. In the extraordinary *úyíeia* passage (iv. *fin.*) it would be hard indeed to find this in the Greek:—

Please, just a little of the "healthy bread"! I'd always rather have a taste of it, Than get my proper portion. Just a bit!

In spite of some evidences of favourable appreciation by the ancient world, may we not venture to say that Herodas is but second-rate? Compare the conventional mistress-and-servant passage in the beginning of the Theocritean *Adoniazusae*, and observe the subtler characterisation of the elder poet, not to mention the superiority of the noble Doric hexameters over the creaking Ionic scazons disfigured in every line by prodelision and syniziesis and crasis. We learn from Aristophanes that there were poetasters in his time, and a recent discovery of a dithyramb by Timotheus of

Miletus (which appears to have formed part of a *libretto*) shows us that Hellas had not only her Alfred Tennysons but her Alfred Bunnys. Timotheus calls oars "the long-necked hilly feet of the ship," that is "the long instruments of wood (growing on hills) which serve as means of motion to the ship." Jebb in the introduction to his Bacchylides translates part of this nome (the *Persae*), in which a drowning Persian upbraids the sea:—

Bold as thou art, ere now hadst thou thy boisterous throat bound fast in hempen bonds [alluding to the bridge over the Hellespont]. And now my king—aye mine—will plough thee with hill-born pines, and will encompass thy navigable plains with his far-roaming rays [*i.e.*, the Persian king's power, radiant as the sun, will close round the Aegean on all its coasts]. O thou frenzied thing, hated from of old, that treacherously embracest me, while the breeze sweeps o'er thy surges.

Thus Timotheus in the end of the fifth century B.C. missed the mark. He was one of those who cannot see that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones" fails to assume a dignity in

Let those in vitreous tenements who dwell  
Forbear the flinty missile to propel.

So in the beginning of the fourth century Herodas falls very short of the successful characterisation which we expect from a Greek writer. In the first mime a grass-widow, being advised by her friend to console herself with a lover in her husband's absence, declines, but dismisses her visitor with a friendly glass of wine. And was there ever a mother like Metrotime in mime iii., who takes her son to the schoolmaster to be flogged and after he has been beaten black and blue will not let him off?

KOTTALOS (*the boy*).

Oh! Oh! How many more? It's agony.

SCHOOLMASTER.

How many! Ask your mother, don't ask me.

KOTTALOS.

Mamma, Mamma! How many? I declare—

METROTIME.

As many as your wretched hide will bear.

The scene is undramatic, unnatural, and very disagreeable. In the same mime, l. 61, τῇ Ἀκίσεω σεληναίῃ δείξοντες has never been explained. An ingenious suggestion is to read τὴν . . . σεληναίην, "the full moon," in the sense of *pueriles*. We now and then meet an interesting phrase or expression such as *τριηκὰς ἡ μικρὴ*, "Black Monday," the first day of school after vacation; *σύμποδα πηδῦντα*, "dancing in fetters"; *πρόσω πιεῦσα*, "drinking deep"; *ρύγχος*, "gob" (vulgarism for *στόμα*).

The passage ii. 44, 45, is as dark as the *úyíeia crux*. Mr. Sharpley seems on the whole to be nearest to a possible sense in following Dalmeida's rendering, "de peur que, comme dit le proverbe, on ne nous arrache à la fois cul et chemise":

[*To the Usher.*] And you, good sir, bung up the water-clock  
Until he's finish'd. Thales must not dock  
Poor Battaros of "his last suit of clo'es  
And what's beneath 'em," as the proverb goes.

Two good conjectures may be noticed unrecorded by (perhaps subsequent to) Mr. Nairn's edition. In iv. 47, Crusius' *πανταχὴ λίθος κείσαι* is condemned by the lack of an adversative particle, yet *ἴσ' ἐγκείσαι* will not do. Dr. Starkie's *πανταχὴ δ' εἰκὸς κείσαι* is abundantly defensible from Herodas himself; *εἰκὸς*, "a personified holiday," is a characteristic phrase for a lazy servant; *ἐοπρὴ* and *ἑβδομή*, "Sunday," are used in the same way. In vii. 54, for Crusius' *ἰνηθείσας*, "emptied," Professor Beare, of Trinity College, Dublin, suggests *ἰανθείσας*, "pleased." It is much more natural that a shopkeeper should express (whatever his real feelings might be) his desire that his lady customers should leave the shop "pleased, satisfied" (with their bargains) rather than "with empty pockets." It would be a great convenience if the number of the mime were printed at the top of the page, and this remark applies also to Mr. Nairn's edition.

R. Y. TYRRELL.



## RABELAIS

*Les Navigations de Pantagruel.* Par ABEL LEFRANC. (Paris: Librairie Henri Leclerc, 12 fr.)

*Hours with Rabelais.* Edited by F. G. STOKES. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.)

IF anything were needed to prove the vitality of Rabelais's masterpiece, we might look for it in the tireless curiosity of scholars. Not even our own Shakespeare has suggested a vaster literature than the author of Gargantua. Not merely does there exist a *Société des Etudes Rabelaisiennes*, which during the last few years has performed an excellent task in comment and illustration, but serious studies follow one another from the press, whose sole aim is to throw fresh light upon the works of the Master. From all this it is clear that Rabelais is still a living influence, that he tempts the scholar as he entrances the man of letters, and that he belongs as intimately to the life of France as does Shakespeare to the life of England.

Here, for instance, is Professor Abel Lefranc devoting his acute intelligence and his profound erudition to the voyages of Pantagruel, and discussing the geography of Rabelais as though it were a matter of science rather than of romance. And an intensely interesting subject it is. It will be remembered that Rabelais, following the practice of Lucian and many others, sends his hero upon more than one imaginary voyage. In this voyage there is no little satire, no lack of reflection upon men and things, and the exploits of Pantagruel may easily be assumed to represent the enterprise and discovery of the sixteenth century. As Professor Lefranc says, Rabelais "was associated with all the fluctuations of the national life. Far more than has been supposed, his work is a reflection of contemporary history." That is perfectly true. Rabelais wrote under the impulse of a sincere scorn, inspired by what he saw around him, as well as with a serene hopefulness of a re-awakened spirit and energy. As he hated the monk, so he loved the traveller, and he regarded the heroes who crossed the seas as the saviours of his country. But, when we have said so much, we have said all that need be said, and we cannot but think that Professor Lefranc, in attempting to mark out the route followed by Pantagruel and to define the goal of his voyage, is taking his author all too seriously and is confusing what is really a collection of "flim-flam" stories with a weighty geographical treatise.

A few examples will make our meaning plain. Professor Lefranc identifies *Dipsodie* with Scythia, which, by an obvious play upon the Latin word, *silis*, may be translated as "the land of thirst." This ingenuity seems wholly alien from the method of Rabelais. He called his imaginary country *Dipsodie*, or the land of thirst, because his heroes were "noble and illustrious drinkers," to whom thirst was the first essential of life, provided only it might be satisfied. Again, Professor Lefranc is certain that Pantagruel's voyage was undertaken in search of the North-West Passage.

Thus Rabelais [says he] interested himself in the great question of polar circumnavigation; he gave it a place in his work, and this place he wished to be neither limited nor fortuitous. He adopted the perilous, passionately, jealously sought by the nations of Europe, and boldly made his hero realise it.

Surely this is not the spirit in which to approach the work of Rabelais? You cannot convert the author of Pantagruel into a stern historian without impairing his humour or dulling the echo of his whole-hearted laughter.

And Professor Lefranc carries this process a step further. He has no doubt whatever as to the identification of Xenomanes, who attended Pantagruel on his voyage. He was, says he, none other than Jean Fonteneau, called Alfonse le Saintongeais. Others have detected signs of Jean Bouchet in the same personage, and, if once we begin to discuss Pantagruel as a *roman à clef*, there will be no end to scholarly ingenuity. We prefer to remember the advice which Rabelais gives us in the epilogue of his second book, and to read his stories to

make ourselves merry, "as in manner of pastime he wrote them."

Rabelais, then, represents, as none other represents, the wisdom and intelligence of contemporary France. He summed up in a single work the triumph of the Renaissance over monkish superstition. The new learning was as precious to him as the discovery of new lands. As America was an unknown continent of wealth and curiosity, so Greek was an unknown continent of learning. In "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" you may find narrated all the aspirations and enterprises of the sixteenth century. But if you attempt to search for minute resemblances and literal interpretations, you will miss the true meaning and purpose of the Rabelaisian humour. However, if Professor Lefranc is disposed now and again to push his ingenuity too far, the value of his treatise is indisputable. In every chapter there are proofs of a unique erudition and of a rare sympathy. His discussion of the fifth book is a model of wisdom, and he detects in Rabelais a striking resemblance to Sir Thomas More, which has escaped the commentators. And while we would point out our disagreement with some of the Professor's conclusions, at the same time we commend his book to all students of Rabelais with perfect confidence.

If Professor Lefranc takes the text of Rabelais too seriously, Mr. Stokes errs on the other side. He treats the author and his text with a careless lack of restraint. He has made another attempt to bowdlerise a book which must always elude the attention of puritans. Not to read Rabelais is an achievement within the reach of all. To read him in snippets is to make a pretence, which can bring us neither pleasure nor profit. You may spend as many "hours" as you like with Rabelais under the auspices of Mr. Stokes, but you will learn little or nothing of the author or his meaning from these neatly purged pages. Now, Mr. Stokes deplores the grossness, which he says "sullies much of the work of the great Frenchman." Well, if it be grossness, it is both characteristic and essential, and there is one course only to follow, if grossness you think it, and that is to leave Rabelais alone. But is it grossness? According to the arbitrary convention of to-day, perhaps it is. To a stronger age it appeared nothing of the sort, and it seems to us the last act of absurdity to judge Rabelais by the timid standard of the twentieth century. It is our amiable practice to turn our faces away from the facts of life, and to pretend that the facts do not exist. Rabelais took a more wholesome view. He neither deceived himself nor others. Moreover, what Mr. Stokes calls "grossness" was necessary to the work which he set himself to accomplish. There were certain evils in the world, which he was determined to hold up to ridicule, and he could not accomplish this task, if he restricted his vocabulary, so that he might bring it into harmony with the traditions of a young ladies' academy. But the purpose of Rabelais appears to be immaterial, in Mr. Stokes's view. He has not only corrected the manners of Rabelais, and castigated the extravagant style of Urquhart and Motteux; he has also omitted and curtailed, wherever he thought fit. We are unable to detect any guiding principle in the process. We look in vain for many famous chapters, in which we had never detected the smallest rock of offence to puritanism. Why, for instance, should the chapter be omitted, in which is described the stable at the top of the castle? Why are we told nothing of Gargantua's games? Why may all men read "how Gargantua did eat up six Pilgrims in a salad," or "how the monk was feasted by Gargantua, and of the jovial discourse they had at supper"? And why may we not be told "why monks are the biggest outcasts of the world: and wherefore some have bigger noses than others?"

There are few more famous passages in the works of Rabelais than the passage in the prologue to Book iii, in which the author indites a panegyric to the bottle:

Ennais drinking wrote, and writing drank. Aeschylus, Plutarch in his Symposiacs merit any faith, drank composing, and drinking composed. Homer never wrote fasting, and Cato never wrote till after he had drunk.

Why is all this omitted? Is it that Rabelais must be proved to the world a teetotaler as well as a prude? We know as little as we know why Mr. Stokes has industriously pruned his author's redundancies. Rabelais delighted in expansions and repetitions. Such was his temperament, such was his humour. Mr. Stokes takes another view of literature, and we conclude he is resolved that nobody else shall be bored by what bores him. But in all this he forgets Rabelais, who, after all, had some purpose and some plan in writing his book. He did not sit down to cover paper with gibberish, which might just as well be away. And a grave injustice is done to the great man's memory by the timidity of a critic who thinks he can soften the asperities of Rabelais by ruthless omissions. The masterpieces of the past are not ours to hack at as we will, and Mr. Stokes would have been wiser had he refrained his hand from the masterpiece of Rabelais. Nor was he without a warning.

If you desire to be good Pantagruelists, that is to say, to live in peace, joy, health, making yourself always merry, never trust those men that always peep out at one hole.

Those are the men whom Mr. Stokes has trusted, and we reflect with a certain pleasure that when they have finished reading his "Hours with Rabelais" they will know no more of the master than when they first took up the book.

### A NEW MYTHOLOGY

*The Gods of Pegāna.* By Lord DUNSANY. Illustrations by S. H. SIME. (Elkin Mathews, 5s. net.)

THE theme of this book is explained in the preface, which we quote entire:

There be islands in the Central Sea, whose waters are bounded by no shore and where no ships come—this is the faith of their people.

Lord Dunsany's original mythology is purely artistic in its aim. It must not be read as philosophy, for it does not seek to explain anything; it is not Utopian, for it contains no theory or practical suggestion; and it is unlike a fable, because it has no moral. Its structural ideas are formed deductively rather than derivatively: that is to say, they are the outcome not so much of an acquaintance with previous mythologies and theologies, as of an understanding of the human mind and an appreciation of the effect which certain unexplained phenomena have on many races of mankind at an early stage of civilisation. The author has placed himself in the position of one of these early thinkers, men who were seekers, not after God, nor, had they been analytical enough to realise it, after a reasonable explanation of the mysteries, but after some tale of beauty, whose constant repetition might make it easier for men to feel reconciled to the scheme of things. For everyday facts and ever-present conditions, which in their nakedness seemed cruel or meaningless, they invented mystical causes and marvellous origins; so that the natural fear and repulsion which many of the facts of life inspired might be partly overcome by the romantic charm of their explanations. Lord Dunsany's work, then, is infinitely more archaic in its essence than the "Contes Drolatiques," the "Imaginary Conversations," or the work of the modern German polyphonic revivalists in church music. On that account it is interesting. It is also remarkable intrinsically for simple and beautiful language, effective imagery and the poetical invention of the "belle menzogne," with here and there a spice of the most good-humoured satire. Schoolmasters might consider us dangerous reactionaries if we were to suggest that this would be a good book to read aloud to children: but be this as it may, great pleasure can be derived from its perusal by a grown man, who will read it as a little child, forgetful of Zeus, Odin and Jehovah, letting his fancy be stirred by the story of the elemental beings who compose the hierarchy of Pegāna, the dwelling-place of the gods.

Of these the chief is Mana-Yood-Sushai, who is inactive

and hears no prayers; for, having made the small gods and the worlds, he rested and fell asleep. Before his feet sits Skarl, beating upon his drum; and if Skarl should cease to drum, then would Mana awake, and the worlds and gods which he had made would be no more. Among the gods of Pegāna it was Kib who created Life, and Mung who out of jealousy created Death. So the gods are still playing their game with Suns and Worlds and Men and Life and Death. Of the sayings of Kib the giver of Life, we must report the first and the last:

Kib said: I am Kib. I am none other than Kib. . . . Because this is written, *believe!* For is it not written, or are you greater than Kib? Kib is Kib.

This we may regard for the moment as the boast of Life, and set against it one of the sayings of Mung:

Mung said: Many turnings hath the road that Kib hath given every man to tread upon the Earth. Behind one of these turnings sitteth Mung.

One of the most sympathetic of the minor deities in Pegāna is the god of Mirth and Melodious Minstrels, who finds that the ways of the gods with men are strange and cannot understand them. He sent jests and a little mirth into the worlds. He bids men dance with him on clear nights or offer up a jest to him, but not to pray to him in their sorrow, for sorrow, although "it may be very clever of the gods," he does not understand.

There are many other gods in Pegāna, but it is time now to glance briefly at the second half of the book, which tells of the doings of certain mortals. Of these the most interesting are the various prophets which were upon the earth. Yonath, the first prophet, would not tell the people what they wanted to hear, as his gospel was: "Seek not to know." After his death men still desired knowledge, so they said to Yug:

Be thou our prophet, and know all things, and tell us concerning the wherefore of It All.

And Yug said: "I know all things." And men were pleased. And Yug said of the Beginning that it was in Yug's own garden, and of the End that it was in the sight of Yug.

And men forgot Yonath.

But the fate of this prophet was like that of many of his successors. He saw Mung making the sign of Mung, and became among the Things that Were. One among the prophets is remarkable because, instead of praying and expounding in the usual manner, he built a tower, on the top of which he used to curse Mung every day. But Mung revenged himself by refusing to make his Sign against him, and still from a heap of bones at the foot of a ruined tower goes up the voice of the prophet crying in the wind for the mercy of Mung. Another prophet, the greatest that had yet existed, dared to speak of death to the King, with the result which may be imagined. "And there arose prophets in Aradec who spoke not of death to Kings."

A word must be said for the excellent grotesques of Mr. S. H. Sime, who has entered admirably into the spirit of the text. We like especially the picture of "Slid, whose soul is in the sea" and that of the "Thing that is neither god nor beast."

### THE FIGHTER

WHEN from the ranks of battle I drop out  
Into the dark and silence, shall I rest  
In placid cold oblivion, or my breast  
Yearn for the exultation of hot strife,  
And my lips long to give the rallying shout  
Among the shades for one last desperate bout  
With the o'erwhelming force that ruthless life—  
The unconquerable, beloved antagonist—  
Doth range against all men who dare resist  
His iron law, and flaunt the rebel crest?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## THE NOVEL OF MANNERS

So far as I am aware, the phrase at the head of this article was first used by Gibbon to describe the work of Henry Fielding. It has never come into general use as part of the critic's outfit, and yet is so descriptive of a certain class of novel that it would be a pity to let it slip out of the language. Apart from all that, a question that must often have suggested itself to the minds of those who think about the development of English literature is to what extent the novel of manners has been of recent years neglected. But first let us try to come to a clear understanding of what is meant by the term. In a sense, the phrase might be applied to all works of fiction, because it is simply impossible to tell a story without in one way or another indicating the manners and customs of those who are the actors in it. In a very broad sense, Richardson as well as Fielding wrote the novel of manners, and yet the name, properly speaking, is not applicable to his work. He did not rest his chief interest on manners, but on the problems that arise out of the play and interplay of emotions in the female heart. As we talk of the problem play, so we may also talk of the problem novel. Far be it from me to say which is the higher form of art. We know, however, that Richardson suited the French taste, and that many novels were written on the same principles that had guided his composition. On the other hand, Fielding took a broader, and perhaps a sunnier view of the task that lay before him. As he was never tired of telling his readers, his desire was to paint human nature as he saw it. No doubt, problems were bound to arise and be discussed in his work too. Human nature is so constituted that, whenever it is given free play, the emotions and passions, the ambitions and pursuits of different people will bring them into positions out of which character and intellect have to find an outlet. Such a puzzle is presented when Tom Jones is placed in this dilemma—that he must either forsake Sophia Western or, as he thinks, play a dastardly part to the gamekeeper's daughter. A French writer, especially one of the modern school, could easily have elaborated this situation, touched up the girl's character, introduced complications, and emphasised the sacrifice of Sophia Western. We all remember the solution, more laughable than delicate, which Fielding found for the difficulty. It was not his way to linger over a dilemma of this kind; he brushed it aside as small troubles disappear under the influence of a breezy, sunshiny day in spring. The career of Tom Jones is one in which fate plays a very great part. He is giddy and thoughtless, it is true, but the wind of ill-fortune seems to drift him hither and thither. That we believe to be more true to life than the formation of a problem that has to be rightly or wrongly solved by the chief actor in the novel.

For a long time the Fielding tradition was the dominant one in the world of English fiction. It gave a cue to Sir Walter Scott, to Dickens, to George Eliot, to Thackeray, to every one who aimed at writing in the grand style. But when the last of these great writers had passed away, a new spirit seemed to take possession of their successors. Perhaps the most influential of modern writers was George Eliot, each of whose works came to be a kind of treatise on a question of the day. Charles Reade carried the practice a good deal further and made of each of his novels an avowed sermon. Anthony Trollope, on the other hand, followed much more closely in the footsteps of him who has been rightly called the father of the English novel, but he scarcely had power enough to gain the position in which he would have wielded a great influence. Just after he had passed his meridian the cloak and rapier school took possession of the field and for a long time we were deluged with romances, formed more or less on the model of "The Three Musketeers." Attention to character was altogether

neglected. It was sufficient to have an amiable Quentin Durward sort of a hero and a heroine sufficiently attractive to interest the reader. Add a duel or two, plenty of desperate adventures and a few delicate situations, and there was the novel or romance. Many thousands of them were printed between the years 1880 and 1900. Of course, they formed as well as fed the public taste, with the result that scarcely any recent writer has evolved a character that lives on its own account. We have had in galore sex problems set before us, problems of wealth and poverty, problems of town and country, problems of simple and complicated life, and problems of morality. But the intentness of the writers on bringing about the crucial situation that is meant to illustrate the doctrine they advance seems to prevent them from giving that tranquil and urbane presentation of character that the elder novelists delighted in. It seems to me, too, to militate against the quality of their work. It is a commonplace to say that the novel of to-day will not stand a second reading. It generally has a fairly interesting fable, as the critics called the plot, and one or two telling situations, but at a single glance one gets out of it everything that can be got. Librarians say that even a popular work of fiction has a life that can be measured by months. It is quite otherwise with those novels in which character and manners are really studied. One may pant through them hurriedly the first time for the sake of the story they contain (and there is no reason whatever why the novel of manners should not also be an enthralling narrative), but just as in real life it requires continual contact to become really familiar with any one and a character seems to disclose itself very gradually, so in reading again a novel in which a character is presented with insight and subtlety we discover new charms at each perusal. One of the most eminent men of my acquaintance reads the Waverley novels from beginning to end once every year, and he tells me that the charm, far from palling, grows on him. To take one well-known example, I think that this is the case especially with Jane Austen's masterpiece, "Pride and Prejudice." It is very curious, by the bye, that, although this story was written when the author was a girl scarcely out of her teens, it is by no means very attractive to young people. I remember myself reading it as a youth when I had a capacity for reading anything and everything that came in my way, but the beauty of it did not dawn on me until a great number of years had passed and riper judgment was brought to the understanding of the exquisite charm that is found on every page of this work. It seems to me that what Jane Austen wrote afterwards, though abundant in cleverness, never had the fine and exquisite freshness of the first novel. I know that opinions differ upon this point and must do; but the impression I give is my own.

Looking at the subject from another point of view, one is led at times to wonder what proportion of the reading public prefers old books to new. Publishers say that the excellent reprints of standard authors have a steady and extensive sale, and this would go to imply that there is a reading public which prefers the novel of manners both to the problem novel and to the productions of the school of Dumas. The books that seem to me to be most assiduously reprinted are Thackeray's "Esmond" and Scott's "Ivanhoe," but when one looks over the list of reprints a feeling of surprise is experienced at the others which are selected. Each series claims to be a library of masterpieces, and yet there is scarcely one which does not include several works of only third- or fourth-rate merit. It would be extremely interesting to see what the effect would be if some publisher would start a series called the novel of manners, and include in it only those works of the very highest rank. I imagine that a considerable section of the public would become purchasers.

P.

[Next week's Causerie will be "New Ideas for Old," by T. Sturge Moore.]

## FICTION

*The Fifth Queen.* By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

WE have rarely read an historical novel which gives so clear and forcible a picture of its period as Mr. Hueffer's. The period is towards the end of the reign of Great Harry the Eighth, that prodigious creature who seems to embody in his huge bulk and immense attainments and power all the turbulent raw elements of the turbulent Tudor time. "If the lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him," were the words in which Sir Thomas More summed up his experience of Henry VIII. to Thomas Cromwell, that mysterious, potent figure of English history. The story opens about the year 1539, when Cromwell was arranging the alliance with Lutheran powers and seeking to strengthen it by the king's marriage with his fourth Queen, Anne of Cleves, "the great Flanders mare." Even as her state arrival is hourly expected, Katherine Howard comes to the palace at Greenwich from the country, escorted by her boisterous cousin and lover, Culpepper, and meets the king dramatically as he is pacing the terrace; she is riding a stubborn mule, her dress is torn and muddy, her arm is wounded by the brawlers at the gate, and the king in compassion orders her to wait upon his daughter, the Lady Mary. So ends the first part. Thereafter, we see Katherine caught up in the intrigues of the court. She falls into the power of Throckmorton, the infamous spy; but he respects her, for he has seen how the king admires her. She moves blindly in his hand, but his game is deep and subtle. Cromwell's power is really at an end, though the king, according to his tigerish habit, is loading the doomed man with favours; and at the end Katherine learns, in an exceedingly powerful scene, that she has been serving the king and that he loves her. There the book ends; we do not hear of the marriage, nor of Cromwell's execution, which took place in July 1540, the very year in which he was created Earl of Essex. Thus, the action of the story is confined to the space of one year, a very crucial year in the history of England, and that without any effort or overcrowding. Mr. Hueffer has managed to suggest very clearly the way of life, both in town and country, of the early sixteenth century. It was an age, to quote Brewer, "instinct with vast animal life, robust health and muscular energy, terrible in its rude and unrefined appetites, its fiery virtues and fierce passions." There are types of all these in the book, from old Nicholas Udall, whom Mr. Hueffer has drawn out of his own mouth, up to the king himself.

*The Measure of Life.* By FRANCES CAMPBELL. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

IN her dedication Mrs. Campbell alludes to these tales and dreams as her "spiritual adventures," and that is perhaps the clearest description that can be given of them. Dreams, legends, and visions have each a golden thread of spiritual meaning woven into them. All the author's eloquence is upon the side of right and goodness; her pages are full of counsels of perfection, of the wisdom of endurance, of the salutary effect of patience under pain, suffering and loss, of the value of self-sacrifice and tribulation in the discipline of life. Throughout she glorifies those bracing qualities which ordinary human nature is least inclined to go out of its way to cultivate. Some of the tales are charming in their tenderness and gaiety; several of them we have read and admired in another place, and welcome in more permanent form. Others, of dreams and second sight, are curious and interesting, yet more so for the manner in which they are told than for their subject. Mrs. Campbell is a facile writer, with a vivid imagination. Ideas flow easily and find expression in a wealth of imagery that transforms familiar truths into something new and strange. The two best examples of her remarkable descriptive powers, as well as of her prodigious use of superlatives, are

to be found in "A Sarong of Trenggam," and "Blown from the Infinite," with its unexpected and beautiful ending. Here and elsewhere it is when Mrs. Campbell tells us about flesh-and-blood men and children that she delights us most; we would not exchange one of her human stories for a dozen such visions as "The Lock of the Little Souls." Yet those who love to speculate upon the mysteries of the unseen world should read Mrs. Campbell's spiritual adventures, which are all, as she might express it, "shot with gold and crossed with silver" thoughts and aspirations.

*The Master of Pinsmead.* By ALGERNON GISSING. (Long, 6s.)

"THE MASTER OF PINSMEAD" gives the title to a collection of twenty short stories, any one of which may be read in about as many minutes. Brightly written by an experienced hand, they embrace a variety of interests, romantic or tragic, but avoid the humorous aspects of life. Some half-dozen of the miniature plots are too condensed, and leave much to the reader's imagination. One story, even after a third reading, left a doubt as to what really happened. In "The Parson's Text" the part played by the "gentleman in spectacles" is not at all clear, nor do we understand why the haughty lady promised him all her fortune in such contemptuous terms. And what was the end of "Lonesome Jane"? On one point the author treats his readers handsomely; he always gives them a story, a romantic episode, or a dramatic situation, and not merely an anecdote spun out to cover a certain space.

*The Burglars' Club.* By HENRY A. HERRING. (Cassell, 3s. 6d.)

"*Mor, je ne cherche pas mes emotions à me casser le cou,*" said the Frenchman anent foxhunting, and, so far as appreciation of what sport really means, he might be own brother to the principal characters in this book, who have "all been in the army or the navy, all of whom are sportsmen," and who, despairing of any other whip to their jaded craving for excitement, form a Club, admission to and continuation in which rest on the ability to break the law of the land by stealing any article of value or interest—the more renowned at the moment the better—which the ingenuity of the rest of the club may demand. No scruples as to the violation of friends' houses, confidence or hospitality are allowed to interfere with the obtaining of trophies such as the Great Seal of England, a bishop's crozier, an ounce of radium—the talk of the scientific world and valued at £56,000—a Bunyan manuscript, and the last-given V.C. Their burglaries in most cases are utterly amateurish, and it needed not a Sherlock Holmes, but merely an ordinary Scotland Yard detective, to shatter these excitement-seekers' house of cards and bring them to the conclusion (with which most people would start the first page), "that the club has no connection with sport . . . and that it be disbanded." This book has no doubt fulfilled its function in giving employment to the printing trade, and with this remark we may leave it.

*The Poison of Tongues.* By M. E. CARR. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE problem in this pleasantly told story is a pretty one. Handled with subtlety it should have been moving; handled with force, dramatic. But the author's touch is too light, her imbroglia too loosely knit for the situation she presents. The hero could not clear himself of a heinous charge without accusing the real criminal, who was dead and had been his friend and the brother of the girl he loves. What is a man to do in such a case? Refuse all explanations, turn confused and, stammering, slink out of the house next day, leaving his reputation behind him, or speak out and tell the three women concerned that the dead man had been faithless and a forger? Perhaps it was impossible for Captain Thursby to speak; but he might very well have thought it impossible that a houseful of English people should have believed such a story on the word of an emotional Eurasian musician who had a grudge



against him. The Eurasian said that the Englishman was a forger: the Englishman denied it but retreated. So the other English people in the house went back to London and spread the story as the Eurasian had told it. They were not clever or they would have foreseen that the Indian mail and the Captain's brother officers would soon set things right. The heroine is original enough to get engaged to a man she does not love because she thought she ought to "share in the suffering." This seems hard on the man.

## THE DRAMA

### EN REVENANTS DE LA REVUE

How strange that social phrases retain their form and change their meaning—or, perhaps, it is not strange at all. A lady the other day at dinner, where conversation flagged, asked me if I believed in "Ghosts." I thought she referred to spiritual phenomena: but it was Ibsen's play. I have observed a similar mistake about the ACADEMY. "Have you seen the ACADEMY?" used to be a safe question from May till August bank holiday, and from January till March, when it referred to the summer and winter shows of pictures respectively; now it is a safe question all the year round—and it never refers to that exploded institution at Burlington House. Not a hundred yards away from this office, as in ancient Athens (I cannot be precise as to distance, Bædeker not being beside me), there stands the *Porch* of the National Sporting Club, in Covent Garden. Here, last Sunday, was perpetrated upon us, of Academe and elsewhere, a cruel practical joke. At eight of the clock, having cut a most delightful supper at the house of Hypatia, we stood, pretending to be Stoics, but with oaths under our lips and puddles under our feet, waiting for the doors to open. Conscientiously following Court (Theatre) etiquette, we were punctual; and how were we rewarded? I thought, in common with others, that if you flout the censor such things are inevitable. The English Drama Society had prepared a most unsportsmanlike booby-trap. *Ghosts*, advertised for eight o'clock, did not commence till three quarters of an hour later. *The Vision*, a morality by the Hon. Eleanour Norton, was to form a curtain-raiser. The programme, however, was consoling. After all there was a certain symbolism in the characters. For the *Pleasure* of seeing Ibsen I had come; in *Innocence* I was punctual; in *Wisdom* I am well equipped; but at the end of the performance I could have left with *Passion* for supper save for the temptation of seeing *Ghosts* again. The dreary balderdash of *The Vision* was hardly relieved by that talented actor, Mr. Esmé Percy, an artist who is more sensitive to praise, even than criticism. But for the announcement that he appeared by the courtesy of Mr. Tree, I would have said that his presence was a crime of *lèse Majesty's* Theatre. I hope Mr. Tree will never again lend any of his powerful cast for such purposes. Better to err with Stephen Phillips than shine with the Hon. Eleanour Norton.

Allegory should be regarded as an exquisite expression of mediævalism, whether in architecture, painting or drama. We are too sophisticated, however, for the simplicity necessary for its presentation; we are not sufficiently subtle to entertain its complexity. The more we know of mediævalism the less we can endure any simian product of to-day. We can stimulate our art and our curiosity by searching in the crypt, though we must not stay there to make forgeries, but only long enough to take photographs. Otherwise we shall contract a chill. "Where the cultured catch an effect the uncultured catch cold," as I did on Sunday night. I fear the late Mr. G. F. Watts was responsible for this toying with faded pietism and allegories on the banks of the Nile. *Love whistling down the ear of Life*, *Christianity shutting off the water-supply from the House of Paganism*, and other works of which the

exact titles escape me, were among the obvious sources of the Hon. Eleanour Norton's inspiration. Of her deplorable work I say no more, but will record a little anecdote to illustrate my obscure point. In company with an Anglican clergyman of my acquaintance, I witnessed during the sacred season of Lent a provincial performance of that little masterpiece, *Everyman*. Following the admirable tradition of the Carthusian *matinée*, the names of the players were omitted from the programme. The production was perfect; the sham ritualism which marred later revivals entirely absent. The audience was deeply moved. Several worldly people broke into sobs. My friend came round to the stage-door in order to congratulate the manager, and asked to be presented to the artists who had rendered for us "the last enchantment of the middle age." We were introduced to *Everyman*, *Good Fellowship*, and *Kindred* (who were drinking champagne), and to all the players except the gentleman who sustained the part of the Supreme Being and the lady who represented *Good Deeds*. We inquired where they were. The others looked embarrassed. At last the whole truth had to be told. It transpired, as they say in the Press, that a warrant had been executed on God for fraud, and a writ for an unpaid dressmaker's bill had been served on *Good Deeds*. The officers of the law had considerably waited until the end of the performance before carrying out their ungrateful task. Then I realised that Oberammergau must always remain in Bavaria, though Mr. Laurence Housman has since shattered my opinion, and Mr. Arthur Symonds will expose the fallacy of my contentions early next month in *The Fool of the World*. Still the Hon. Eleanour Norton has not revised my views about Mr. Watts's allegories.

Of *Ghosts* you can say nothing which has not been better said by Mr. William Archer and Mr. Bernard Shaw. Since *Hernani* no play has produced such results on the drama of Europe. It taught French dramatists that psychology does not entirely centre on a wife's infidelity; it taught English playwrights that truth and probability are not stranger but quite as romantic and dramatic as middle-class fictions and false sentiments forming the staple and sewerage of the English stage. It killed Clement Scott. We owe to it *The Voysey Inheritance*. I know the pathology of *Ghosts* is wrong, but false pathology is less objectionable than false pathos. I cannot pay Miss Madge MacIntosh a higher compliment than by saying that she succeeded in making us nearly forget the Mrs. Alving of Mrs. Theodore Wright. Mr. Lumsden Hare was the best Pastor Manders I have ever seen, and the Engstrand of Mr. Curtis was admirable, though he gave too melodramatic an interpretation to some of his speeches. He is a finished and capable actor. I wish I could praise the Oswald of Mr. Goodsall unreservedly. During the first two acts I did not think him capable of doing what he achieved in the final scene. A physical resemblance to Dan Leno, which should be disguised by make-up, prevents you from accepting his Oswald on its face valuation. You are persuaded that he is a fine comedy actor but not designed for introspective drama. I would like to see Mr. Esmé Percy assume the part. He would have an opportunity of distinguishing himself. I make the suggestion to Mr. Nugent Monck, secretary of the English Drama Society, with a request that he will tuck any further *Visions* beneath his cowl and not abuse the courtesy of Mr. Tree by allowing Mr. Esmé Percy to desert the frying-pan of Mr. Phillips for the fires of the Hon. Eleanour Norton.

Paris, like Admetus, is not a character with which modernity has much sympathy. He followed the advice of Du Maurier's poet and was content to exist beautifully. The modern world would never go to him for settling disputes; his judgment has been reversed on appeal in favour of Pallas and the Education Bill. True, we go to Paris for our frocks, but not without them. We disbelieve the promises of Aphrodite arising from the sea, from Agnew's, or from Rokeby. We impugn her authenticity; we hardly subscribe to give her shelter in Trafalgar Square. C'enone is more in our hearts than her faithless lover. To

Mr. Laurence Binyon and Miss Gertrude Kingston the applause last week must have been reassuring. I sincerely hope the play will be seen again before long, and that the pace at which the blank verse was delivered may be slightly increased. Miss Kingston has a special gift for declaiming poetry, and—what is more rare—acting it; being a rebel (*ipsa dixit*), she might break away from the “slow” tradition of the English stage. *Paris and Enone* is a beautiful dramatic poem, written to be acted, as *The Tempest* was written to be acted. Always an admirer of Mr. Binyon's poetry, I confess to having thought the play rather tedious until it was presented by Miss Kingston. I accepted too readily the foolish criticism that Mr. Binyon was a lyric or epic poet and nothing more. Actors, it has been pointed out, are the real critics of drama, and their presentation of it is the only means by which we can appreciate a play. Like other critics they make dreadful mistakes, and insist on acting superbly in bad plays. This deceives both the public and those amphibious creatures called dramatic critics, who have one foot in the auditorium and the other in the actor-manager's private room. *Paris and Enone*, not only by the tender melody of the verse and intensity of the two situations, proves the possibility of a renaissance of poetic drama not necessarily Celtic. It is, however, no methodist revival of Jacobean and Elizabethan modes; no depressing piece of archæology, but a recrudescence of poetry for the stage. I believe the public will now be able to see (with the aid of a telescope) Mr. Binyon on the higher slopes of Parnassus where Keats and Marlowe are plaiting garlands for his head in the enamelled meadows, and where he is feeling a little nervous at the prospect of being introduced by Milton to Mr. Bernard Shaw. For the stage reveals your identity as no other art succeeds in doing.

The revival of *How he Lied to her Husband* gave Miss Kingston an opportunity for displaying her unique powers in comedy and reminded the audience that Mr. Granville Barker requires a long holiday.

Mr. E. F. Benson's *The Friend in the Garden* has been condemned by the superior critics. I admit that the writing fell far short of the author at his best; I admit that Maeterlinck's *Intruder* may have haunted Mr. Benson as it has many other dramatists. At the same time, there was an idea in the play, a dramatic idea; and there might have been pathos, but for the terrible platitudes of Death. If you materialise Death on the stage, the result must produce an element of surprise and some strangeness in proportion, as Bacon said of Beauty. If Mr. Benson would rewrite his play, dock Lord Accrington of his unnecessary title, and make his hero less dyspeptic, he would contrive a really moving and striking one-act play, only less thrilling than *The Monkey's Paw*. In its present form the notes are false, and recall those pictures of M. Jean Beraud, so popular in Paris some years ago. Violent contrasts and incongruities are always legitimate in drama, which has less limitations than any other art; but the dramatist must persuade you that he is creating, not violating, the laws of possibility. Mr. Benson can, I am sure, persuade

ROBERT ROSS.

## FINE ART

### MR. BAILLIE'S FLOWER-SHOW

“A SHORT time employed in painting flowers,” said Sir Joshua, “would make no improper part of a painter's study.” That many artists share the opinion of Reynolds is amply evidenced by the first annual exhibition of flower-paintings at Mr. Baillie's Gallery (54 Baker Street). The days when the painting of flowers was left to the young lady amateur have long since gone by, and the tendency now is for professional artists to devote not a short time but a life-time to the study of flower-painting. Mr. Baillie's

exhibition reminds us how many modern artists have made a reputation by their renderings of flowers. We think of Fantin-Latour, though he is unrepresented here. But flower-painting was of Fantin's art a thing apart—he was equally great as portrait-painter, lithographer and painter of idylls; it is the whole existence of Mr. Francis E. James, Mr. Gerard Chowne, Mr. Stuart Park, and other exhibitors at Baker Street. Of these Mr. James's position is, perhaps, the most unassailable; his water-colours are as personal and distinctive as the oils of Fantin, which they do not in the least resemble. Mr. Stuart Park's flowers have also the merit of being his own, but they do not carry the conviction of Mr. James's. They are often beautiful, always clever, but they are artificial—artificial flowers of the finest and most expensive kind, exquisitely made, but seemingly of feathers, not of petals. Mr. Chowne's flowers are real, and they are none the worse because they recall the work of Fantin. On the contrary, it is pleasurable to find a great tradition being carried on so worthily, for Alfred Stevens are as hard to find as Michel-angelos.

An exhibition of flower-paintings without a Fantin may bear some resemblance to a performance of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. But just as the play, even thus mutilated, could not rid itself of the unacted character's influence, so in Mr. Baillie's flower-show the power of the “Prince of Flower-Painters” is revealed, though his handiwork remains unseen. It is not only Mr. Chowne whose work reveals the happy influence of Fantin. It is seen no less clearly in the admirable paintings of Mr. James S. Hill, Miss Annie D. Muir, Mme. S. Hense, and many another. Even Mr. James Paterson's brilliant water-colour *French Roses* (83) recalls the Frenchman's oils, while Mr. D. S. MacColl gracefully pays Fantin homage in his delicious rendering of *A Rose* (70). It is rarely that Mr. MacColl permits the public to see his handlings of oils, and, if his manner of painting suggests the sympathetic study of many Fantins, the conception is Mr. MacColl's alone. Imagine a single pink rose bowing towards you from a slender glass and you will understand how it is that the Japanesque simplicity and refinement of Mr. MacColl's little picture makes all posies rather common, all bouquets rather vulgar.

It is impossible within a limited space to do justice to this fascinating collection. We should like to dwell on Mr. Clausen's exhibits. He is the most national of flower-painters. There is a fine air of British solidarity and sturdiness about his *Zinnias and Michaelmas Daisies* (31). The method of painting, too, is honest, straightforward, thoroughly British; not the slow, painstaking method of that nonconformist in painting, Mr. Holman Hunt, but the assured, direct method of the more orthodox Gainsborough and Millais. Clever, distinctive work by Messrs. J. D. Ferguson, H. M. Livens, James Cadenhead and H. C. Moon, by Meses. Isobel A. Dods-Withers, Katherine Turner, Agnes Raeburn and Jessie Algie, deserve more than a word of praise. Miss Katherine Cameron's fresh-blooming *Roses* (76), and her delightful *Bees and Blossoms* (103)—one can almost hear the buzzing of her fluffy little monsters—excite one's high enthusiasm. The few examples noted may suffice to prove that Mr. Baillie's flower-show is good; its surprising variety can only be appreciated by those who have seen a collection which ranges from the botanical diagrams of Mr. MacWhirter to the fantastic, anthropomorphised roses madly dancing in the jewelled landscape of Diaz de la Pena.

The official notification of interesting additions to our national art collections leaves a good deal to be desired. Mr. Duveen's presentation to the Tate Gallery of Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth attracted much public notice, but a correspondent draws our attention to the fact that a previous addition to the permanent collection at Millbank has not yet been alluded to in the Press. This is the interesting painting of

*Gil Blas and the Canon Sedillo*, by F. W. Hurlstone, which was commented on in the ACADEMY when exhibited at Messrs. Shepherd's last autumn. It was then pointed out that Hurlstone occupied a not negligible position in the history of British painting, as one of the first painters to be directly influenced by the Spanish masters, and thus to a certain extent being a precursor of John Philip and Whistler. While upon the subject of new additions to our art galleries we may mention that Mrs. Arthur Melville has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum a fine example of the late Mr. Melville's art, his brilliant water-colour, *The Little Bull Fight*, which was exhibited at the Old Watercolour Society's exhibition three years ago, and now hangs on a screen in front of the cast of Rodin's *John the Baptist*.

## MUSIC.

### ON EXTEMPORE PLAYING

THERE is an august body called the Incorporated Society of Musicians; while I know nothing of this society's constitution or the *personnelle* of its members, the very name is suggestive of people who write eight-part fugues in their spare time, for recreation, and who habitually think in quadruple counterpoint. This impression was strengthened when, invited to attend one of their meetings for "members and friends," I found myself with some hundred odd "friends" (odd, numerically speaking), shut out in the passage for half an hour, while the deliberations of a meeting for members only were concluded. We, the hundred odd friends, were very patient; knowing that to admit us at all was a favour, we waited quite meekly till the magic portals unfolded, and then scrambled as decorously as possible into the vacant seats. The chairman called upon Mr. Thomas Crawford, Mus. Bac. Dunelm, to read a paper on "The art of extemporising," and with his reading my wonder began. For lo! instead of minding high things he appeared to condescend to men of low estate. He warned against "meandering" on the piano or organ. What incorporated musician would deign to meander? He told us that we should always extemporise in some clearly defined form, and explained, with little diagrams on the blackboard, such as reminded one of a "Child's First Primer of Musical Instruction," the elements of "binary" and "ternary" form. My wonder increased until I realised from the benign expressions on the faces of the "Incorporated," that this talk was not for them, but for the instruction of the humble and ignorant "friends." It may have been a disappointment to be denied an introduction into Walhalla, but it should certainly be a consolation that the gods come down and hobnob with us on something like equal terms, and this the incorporated ones did. In his little lecture, Mr. Crawford said some very sensible things and offered some useful hints to beginners; moreover Mr. W. Wolstenholme improvised skilful fugues on the piano, and he, Professor Prout, and the lecturer between them made up a whole sonata of four movements upon given themes, and oh! how dull it was!

But apart from this mixture of puerility and scholarship, the subject of extemporisation is worth some consideration. Is it, as Mr. Crawford says it is, "a beautiful art," and, if so, how can it be true that the best piece of extemporisation is that which most nearly approaches to written composition? In such a case it would appear to have no individuality of its own, and without individuality no art is beautiful, and without beauty there is no art. There must be some element in extemporised music which is worth having, besides its approximation to written composition, if it is to be valued at all. I have heard many organists and some pianists extemporise, but I never found anything to enjoy in the efforts of any of them, save those of one man, and he is my friend. I do not remember that I ever heard him extemporise a fugue or a small sonata, and I should not always know in what

form his piece had been cast, though I should be ready to defend it against the charge of "meandering," because it always speaks. It is more than possible, indeed quite likely, that it is friendship as much as music which in such a case gives that specially intimate and personal tone, without which all extempore playing is dead. I do not wish to analyse the psychological aspect of the case too closely, but the truth about extemporising undoubtedly lies in a more momentary and individual expression than written composition possesses. Conversation and oratory form a very close analogy to extempore and written composition. Every one knows to their cost the type of man who has acquired a method of talking fluently on any subject from fiscal reform to the degeneracy of the drama. He is the very essence of a bore, and an excellent debater. His subject is not his own but a "given theme"; or, if his own, it is chosen to be talked about, and once chosen he treats it in a certain definite sequence which he knows to be logical and believes to be effective. It is the same with extemporising as preached and practised by incorporated musicians. Take, says Mr. Crawford, a striking, melodious and easily memorised theme; if you cannot think of one, beat out a commonplace rhythm with thumps upon the table or on the back of the grand piano first (one supposes that this spirit-rapping process is gone through in the next room, if an audience is present), and then fit a sequence of notes to that, and behold, a theme! This theme proceed to mould into little contrasted sentences of eight or sixteen bars, and the "beautiful art" is complete. Were this the whole of the doctrine, it would be too pitiable to need refutation, but there lay the germ of something more substantial in Mr. Crawford's remark that the theme is the soul and the form the body and his plea for the health of both. Practically, however, he and his kind, like the devotees of physical culture, magnify the lesser, the claims of the body, into the all important. The extemporised sonata which he and his friends gave us had all its limbs fully formed, and even a fair show of muscular development; but it said nothing, for it had thought nothing, it had no soul, or, if it had, it was of the kind furnished by raps. Of course there must be a healthy body for the full expression of the soul, or, to return to the closer analogy, the man who takes your arm and talks with you as a friend must know the rules of grammar and syntax and have a logical way of putting things, if you are to understand all that he has it in his heart to say. But his words will not take the form of an essay or sermon or a great parliamentary speech, unless his matter is so weighty and so carefully thought out, that what he says is no longer for your ear alone or a passing conversation, but the summary of a life-long experience or of profound thought. A deeper knowledge of the purposes of such great forms as the fugue and sonata as used by Bach and Beethoven would save learned musicians from falling into the error of trying to express such slight thoughts as occur to them in the course of extempore playing with all the pomp and circumstance due to the expression of great things. It is not, therefore, true to speak of the theme as the soul, if the term "theme" be used in the limited sense of a short musical phrase, whose form more or less determines that of the whole piece. The immortal four-note theme of the fifth symphony does not contain within itself the soul of that great work; a child might pick it out at the piano and a starling has been known to whistle it. It is the use made of this theme—in fact, the subject-matter throughout the whole movement—which invests this small succession of notes with such a glory that it almost seems as if there were magic in them. Beethoven did not make a movement in sonata form out of this germ; he had in his mind a great musical thought which, starting from this germ, could only find full expression in a movement of such proportions as the first of the C minor symphony. Composers should, perhaps, be more chary of undertaking composition in great forms which demand great thought, but it seems very near to profanation for little men, be

they never so learned, to attempt to extemporise in those forms in which the greatest have wrought painfully and slowly.

The art of extemporising, then, like the art of conversation, is one which depends upon simple and direct expression and the exact appropriateness of means to the subject in hand. It is so delicate a matter that deliberate culture is as likely to ruin the one as the other. As we shun the man who "talks like a book," so we may well fear the extemporised sonata. The real artist will find the exact means to make a perfect round of his thought; those who have not the power may still try to say what little they can consistently, and these may be helped by some of Mr. Crawford's concise rules. But in this matter we cannot get much help from the learned ones, and for my own part I left that assembly of Incorporated Musicians with some of that feeling with which every student closes his harmony book, a sigh of relief and a longing for one strain of real music.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ON March 26 Messrs. Smith, Elder will publish the first volume of a new work by Mr. J. B. Atlay, "The Victorian Chancellors." Though Lord Campbell's posthumous volume contains the lives of Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, neither of them has been accepted as satisfactory. Mr. Atlay therefore begins with the former, and includes Lord Brougham, whose name is so intimately associated with the legal history of the reign, though he was never Chancellor under Queen Victoria. The work will be complete in two volumes, the second of which, we understand, is in the press.—On March 30 Messrs. Smith, Elder promise two new novels: "Mr. Baxter, Sportsman," by Charles Fielding Marsh, and "Old Mr. Lovelace," by Christian Tearle—episodes in the life of an elderly, retired lawyer, whose kindly heart leads him to intervene with almost quixotic sympathy in the affairs of his granddaughter's protégés.

Messrs. Blackwood have in the press a new book on Charles Lever, from the pen of Mr. Edmund Downey. Mr. Downey's work is in two volumes, and takes the form of a Life of Lever told by himself in his letters.

Mr. John Murray will publish at Easter a biography of great interest, namely the Life of Mrs. Bishop, which has been written at Mrs. Bishop's own request by her intimate friend Miss Anna Stoddart, the author of a charming account of St. Francis, and of Professor Blackie's life, an admirable piece of biographical work. Mrs. Bishop's Life will appeal to more than her large circle of friends: for she was perhaps the greatest of woman-travellers; and the account which she gave of her travels in her books is vivid and stamped with the strong charm of her personality. She made her way through Japan, Persia, Kurdistan, Korea, Siberia and China; she was the first white woman to visit many places; and she visited them alone. No one is more fitted to deal with her many-sided character than Miss Stoddart.

Mr. Arthur Symons's Collected Poems are now out of print, and it is his intention to bring out a new edition with some revisions and some additional translations from Verlaine. Mr. Symons has also in preparation a new volume of miscellaneous poems which will include the Morality play mentioned on p. 255.

Early in April Mr. Unwin will publish "The Pope of Holland House," by Lady Seymour. The book is based on a collection of early nineteenth-century letters, written by and to John Whishaw between 1806 and 1840. Coming to London as a rich young man with a reputation for ability, Whishaw soon became known to the leading reformers and was introduced to Whig Society. He was an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Lansdowne, Francis Horner, Sir Samuel Romilly, and other leading people of his day, and on account of his dogmatism

earned the name of "The Pope of the Holland House Set." The book contains letters to Whishaw from Sydney Smith, Maria Edgeworth, Hallam, Sismondi, Dr. Holland, Sir James Mackintosh, Lady Holland and others. These, with Whishaw's own letters, are full of gossip about Napoleon, Wellington, Madame de Staël, and Byron, about Scott's novels and poems when they first appeared, and about the foreign politics of the time.

"Historic Dress, 1607-1800," by Elizabeth McClelland, is the subject of a book which Mr. John Lane will publish on March 20. The book is to be fully illustrated in colour, pen-and-ink, and half-tone, and in addition there will be reproductions from photographs of rare portraits, garments, etc. An introductory chapter is given on dress in the Spanish and French settlements in Florida and Louisiana.—Mr. Lane promises "The Wild Flowers of Selborne," by the Rev. Canon Vaughan, on the same date;—and he will publish shortly "Sir Edward Elgar," by Ernest Newman, the fourth volume of a new series, "The Music of the Masters," which Mr. Lane has taken over and will publish henceforth.

On March 22 Messrs. Methuen will publish a new volume of lectures by F. B. Jevons, entitled "Religion in Evolution." In these lectures, delivered in the vacation term for Biblical study at Cambridge, the author discusses the question whether the aborigines of Australia are in a pre-religious stage, and argues that, even if science had discovered the origin and traced the Evolution of Religion, the validity of Religion would still remain to be determined.—On the same date they will add to their "Ancient Cities" series a new volume on "Lincoln," by E. Mansel Sympson, and will publish a novel from the pen of Mrs. Fuller Maitland, entitled "Blanche Esmead"—a story of diverse temperaments.

"The Literary History of the Adelphi and its Neighbourhood," from the pen of Mr. Austin Brereton, will be published by Messrs. Treherne in the autumn. The volume will contain numerous illustrations, including views of the Adelphi at different periods, Garrick's house as it appeared when Dr. Johnson visited there, the library of Samuel Pepys, the famous "Fox-under-the-Hill," and other equally interesting scenes.

"The Genealogy and History of the Matthew Family" is announced for publication by subscription through Mr. Elliot Stock. The Glamorganshire family of Matthew is one of the most ancient in Britain and traces its descent through Sir David Matthew of Llandaff, standard bearer to Edward IV. in 1461, to Gwaetvoed Vawr, Prince of Cardigan in the tenth century. The family is largely represented in the work, as are also the English and Irish branches. It will contain some thirty portraits, drawings and facsimiles in illustration of the text.

Messrs. Constable will publish shortly three books dealing with religious subjects. The first, by William Burnet Wright, is entitled "Cities of Paul: Beacons of the Past rekindled by the Present." This book comprises a history of the ancient towns of Tarsus, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, Colossæ, Ancyra and Tyona, all of which have become famous from their association with the great apostle Paul. The second is by the late Henry Martyn Dexter, D.D., and his son Morton Dexter. It is entitled "The England and Holland of the Pilgrims," and is an attempt to present a more complete record than any which has been written of the religious and ecclesiastical movement in England which made the American "Pilgrims" what they were, and of their emigration to Holland, and their life there before they sailed to America.—"The Religion of all Good Men and other Studies in Christian Ethics," by H. W. Garrod, is a series of essays bearing out the author's contention that the hold of religion upon the minds of the youth of our country has never been stronger, nor the hold of Christianity weaker than at the present time.

Messrs. Harrison and Sons are preparing a new edition of "Burke's Landed Gentry of Great Britain"—a companion volume to the "Landed Gentry of Ireland"



—which will appear early in May. This work comprises the family histories of untitled country gentlemen of a lineage equally as ancient and interesting as that of the titled aristocracy.

Mr. Henry Frowde has in the press and will publish shortly a book by Miss Constance A. Meredyth. The Poet Laureate says that the volume—an autograph album, birthday book, and guest book, entitled "Whisperings from the Great"—shows in the compiler a wide and intimate acquaintance with modern English and French poetry.

Mr. Horace Cox announces for publication in a few days "Chats on Angling," by Capt. Hart Davis. It contains chapters on the dry fly, some dry fly maxims, education of the south country trout, evening rise, jack, the May fly, the angler and ambidexterity, loch fishing, dopping for trout, grayling-fishing, salmon-fishing, etc.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was delighted to see from your review of the performance of Mr. Hewlett's pastoral of *Pan and the Young Shepherd* that the Pan and Merla episode distressed you as much as it did me. I am a warm admirer of Mr. Hewlett's work and I have always considered the original edition of *Pan and the Young Shepherd* as his masterpiece. The lines have lost nothing in beauty in their translation to the stage in the mouths of actors and actresses who obviously appreciated their value. Mr. Hewlett starts out with a noble idea and deliberately drops it into the mire before he has done with it. He pits the two great forces of the Nature ideal and the Christ ideal against each other, and in my judgment the prize is not to the angels! In the first act we have the surrender of Balkis and Aglaë—mysterious Undines—to the human ideal of love and their growth through that love. We then touch the highest point that personal love can reach, the complete sacrifice of self and the natural desires and joys to the welfare of the beloved and their rival in Merla's and Dryas's appeal to Pan to save Neanias and Aglaë for each other. Now comes Mr. Hewlett's great chance, the culminating point of the conflict between the two forces, the irresponsible animal and the self-sacrificing God. It needs a great artist to treat Pan's surrender—not to his own bestial desires but to the power of the white Christ—a surrender made pathetic by the child-like ignorance of Pan as to what this new force is to which he yields; but then Mr. Hewlett is a great artist, and he should not have shirked the artistic climax which he could have made at once so mystic and so human. But though we reached the climax of the duel, I think many of us would have felt the play incomplete unless it left us hope that Merla—great heart and child of nature—would some day have her own man, her home and her babes. Now I am going to dare greatly, being a little poet suggesting emendations to a big poet! Where in the last scene Neanias tells his family and friends that Merla is trying to drag Pan to the altar, why should we not have instead something like this: Neanias tells them that he has news for them—he has to-day seen a stranger in the hamlet, a very proper youth too, and one that topped him by half a head. He had hair as black as the old bell-wether's face and as curling as a lamb's fleece and the shoulders of a man on him and the mouth of a man to him, for all it was beardless. The parson, it was said, had gone over the hills and had fetched the stranger back to be his serving-man. And who should the stranger be talking to but Merla, with such a flame in his great eyes that it held the soul of the maid so that she never even saw Neanias pass. And, as the others cry out with surprise, Balkis says softly, "God send it is a flame may dry our Merla's tears!" and to this Neanias says, "A good wish, mother, and I, for one, say 'Amen' to it." "And so say we all," cries the company, "and a health to it!" Then they drink, and afterwards Neanias puts them in mind of what night it is and all ends with the hymn of the manifestation of Jesus to the Shepherds.

This, as I have said, is great boldness on my part, but I long to see a noble, marred play nobly artistic from start to finish, and I beg Mr. Hewlett, if he ever sees this letter, to forgive me and better my suggestion.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

March 8.

### EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY NOVELISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your selection of Fielding, Smollett, and Scott to adorn the ranks of the great "non-University" company of novelists must somewhat diminish the authoritativeness (though not the suggestiveness) of your *Auseinandensetzungen* in this week's ACADEMY.

A man sent, as Fielding was, from Eton to study the Civil Law at Leyden under "the learned Vitriarius" cannot be regarded as without

the culture a University gives, even if he did not (as some accounts allege) graduate at the famous Dutch University.

Smollett passed from Dumbarton School to Glasgow University to qualify for the medical profession, added "an acquaintance with Greek to the fair stock of Latin he already possessed," and never forgot what he learned at his Alma Mater.

And those who have not lately read Lockhart's "Scott" may be glad to be reminded that Scott while at Edinburgh University was, on his own authority, already deep in "Matthew of Paris and other monkish chronicles"—arguing considerable familiarity with Latin; irritated the Greek professor by an essay exalting Ariosto above Homer; and knew Dante, Boiardo, and Pulci, before he devoted the years 1789, 1790, 1791, and 1792 "with great ardour and perseverance," to the study of Roman and Scots Law—still at the same University. Scott has especially recorded his debt of gratitude to Dugald Stewart's stimulating prelections in Moral Philosophy, and to Lord Woodhouselee's course of lectures on History—all at Edinburgh University. Hence it is vain to try to deduce from Walter Scott the characteristics of a non-University author; though Scott deplored to the last his lack of diligence in his earlier years at College.

As Lockhart, son of the minister of the University Church in Glasgow, completed a regular course of study there before he went to Oxford as Snell exhibitioner, and as he spent four years in the study of law at Edinburgh University, it is hardly fair to credit his academic accomplishments wholly to Oxford.

Christopher North and Robert Buchanan might both fairly claim to come before Benjamin Swift, amongst Glasgow University alumni.

Daniel Defoe, although only a Nonconformist bred for the ministry, was not the "illiterate scribbler" Swift pretends to take him for; as novelist he has more varied claims than Swift or Johnson.

And no list of non-University novelists is sufficient representative which does not allude to George Borrow, J. J. Morier ("Hajji Baba"), "Anastasis" Hope, Douglas Jerrold, T. Love Peacock, Captain Marryat, G. P. R. James, and Laurence Oliphant—to name but a few characteristic specimens of the unconsidered. Dr. John Brown might well be added to the Edinburgh list in virtue of "Rab and his Friends"; and George Macdonald is but one of the romancers Aberdeen has bred.

U. J. D.

Edinburgh, March 12.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Opening your first page this week, I am surprised to read, "Other Universities [besides Oxford and Cambridge] have also brought forth novelists. The Edinburgh and Dublin list may be set side by side:

#### EDINBURGH:

Henry Mackenzie  
R. L. Stevenson  
J. M. Barrie  
Conan Doyle

#### DUBLIN:

Jonathan Swift  
Oliver Goldsmith  
Charles Robert Maturin  
Charles Lever  
Sheridan Le Fanu

The Dublin list is the longer and stronger of the two."

Is Sir Walter Scott no longer reckoned a novelist? Or is it forgotten that he had some connection with Edinburgh? And that besides being a student of its University, both in Arts and Law, he kept up a far closer connection with it all his life than most of the others whose names you give?

Scott tells in his autobiography how instead of going straight to College from the High School, "according to the usual routine," he went to Kelso for a while, then came back and entered the "Humanity" and Greek classes of the University under Professors Hill and Dalziel—then took what he calls the class of Ethics under Professor Bruce: which did not prevent him later on, from studying Moral Philosophy under Dugald Stewart, the most famous University man of his day. But that was when, as an advocate, he had to study the Civil or Roman Law—of course also at the University. Lockhart in the *Life* has a whole chapter entitled "Anecdotes of Scott's College life;" and that chapter brings out that this particular time was plainly the origin of many of his romances—e.g., *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*; not to speak of *Redgauntlet* which is absolutely woven out of his reminiscences of it. Many years after, when my old master "Christopher North," was appointed to Dugald Stewart's chair, Scott was the doer of it. But it is of course a mere slip.

A. TAYLOR INNES.

Edinburgh.

### UNIVERSITY POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your list of Oxford and Cambridge poets, although not exhaustive, is extremely interesting. But you must not give Beaumont to the younger University. The brilliant lyric poet and dramatist Francis Beaumont entered Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, with his elder brother Sir John Beaumont, the author of "Bosworth Field" and other poems, early in 1597. You omit, too, his great partner in the dramatic firm, John Fletcher, who is generally supposed to have been a Bible-Clerk of C.C.C. Cambridge (Marlowe's College) in 1593.

You say "some poets have been omitted on the ground that they were at both Universities—Chaucer and Calverley among the number."

But you might have included the latter in your list: for he was C. S. Blayds at Oxford, and C. S. Calverley at Cambridge. And why drag in Chaucer? He is a poet of the fourteenth century; and your list begins with the Elizabethans. John Lydgate, Chaucer's pupil and friend, is asserted by Bale to have resided at both Universities; John Skelton, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, claims to have been educated at both; and Greene the Elizabethan, although an undergraduate of Cambridge, was proud to write M.A. of both upon his title-pages.

As for Chaucer, I venture to think that if he was at either University—that University was Oxford. He certainly mentions both in his works; but he shows a greater knowledge of Oxford life and manners than of the geography and customs of Cambridge. Professor J. W. Hales remarks that "the Court of Love, which used to be quoted as definitely proving a Cambridge undergraduateship:

Philogenet I call'd am far and nere,  
Of Cambridge clerk—

is not now believed by any competent critic to be Chaucer's work." Mr. Augustine Birrell, in a well-known essay, declares "that no one has ever been found reckless enough to assert that Chaucer was an Oxford man." But Anthony Wood, following Twyne, more than two centuries before Mr. Birrell, had, in his list of Wardens of Canterbury Hall—long since absorbed in Christ Church—under the name of the second, a certain John Wycliffe written, "who, while he abode here (1365-7), as 'tis reputed, was tutor to Jeffery Chaucer."

The scene of the Miller's Tale is laid in Oxford; and in it we have the unforgettable portraits of Nicholas the gay young scholar and buck of the day and of Absalom the amorous parish clerk. The Clerk of Oxenford of the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, half-saint, half-scholar, is the reading-man of the period who has not been led away by strange philosophies; and Jarkin, the Wife of Bath's fifth husband, is the man to whom no learning comes amiss. The scene of the Reeve's Tale, which is the companion picture to that painted by the Miller, is laid in Cambridge. But the two Cambridge clerks are less closely drawn than their brethren at Oxford; and they are be-nighted at Trumpington, which seems unnecessary and to betray the poet's ignorance of the neighbourhood. The great College of this tale called "Solar-halle" is probably King's Hall, founded in 1337 by the poet's royal master, Edward III. Some of King's Hall, which was finally absorbed by Henry VIII.'s great College of Trinity, still exists; notably, the Great Gate (now of Trinity) which was finished in 1535, only eleven years before the learned tyrant dissolved his ancestor's foundation.

A. R. BAYLEY.

March 7.

#### "SIX-SHILLING" NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Uniformity of price is, I think, very desirable, for it would be a sad nuisance to be charged six shillings, five shillings, four shillings, or three shillings and sixpence on the publishers' estimates of the quality of their author's fiction, as W. J. suggests they should do. Miss Harraden's "Scholar's Daughter" is highly interesting apart from length, breadth or weight or its merit as a story. For this reason. It is one of the very few successful tales which have been first written as a play. Indeed, who but Charles Reade with "Peg Woffington" and Beatrice Harraden with "The Scholar's Daughter" have succeeded, although countless novels have been turned into plays? Perhaps Miss Harraden to the tenth or perhaps the twentieth edition of her story will prefix an introduction describing the genesis of both play and novel, and if she does so perhaps your correspondent in consideration of the additional pages will then buy a copy. Some people there will be who will wait for the sixpenny edition, and several of Miss Harraden's novels have eventually appeared at this price.

R. S. GARNETT.

#### ITS PRIVATE MAGGOT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your review of Mr. Greenslet's book on Lowell is capital reading—but that very American writer ought not to be blamed for the saying that "No brain but had its private maggot which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes."

That is not Greenslet, but Lowell himself. See the first page of his well-known article on Thoreau in his "Study Windows." Taken with its context the phrase your Reviewer takes offence at is by no means disgusting—it is wonderfully appropriate to the objects of his satire.

WILBUR WATTS PHILLIPS.

[Owing to pressure on our space a number of letters from Correspondents is held over.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ARCHÆOLOGY.

Hancock, F. *Dunster Church and Priory*, their history and architectural features. With many illustrations and plan. 9×6. Pp. xii, 236. Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce; Athenæum Press. 10s. net.

[Prebendary Hancock is Vicar of the beautiful old Somerset town of whose church he writes, and a well-known antiquarian. His book is more or

less popular—a feature which he excuses by a graceful compliment to Sir H. Maxwell Lyte.]

Clare, the late Rev. J. B. *Wenhaston and Bulcamp, Suffolk*, containing curious parish records including Lists of Vicars from 1217 and church-wardens from 1547, an account of old wills and law-suits of the parish, two riots at Bulcamp workhouse and a glossary of old-fashioned words with a description of the recently discovered ancient painting known as "the Wenhaston Doom." 8½×5½. Pp. 119. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d.

### ART.

*Rembrandt: A Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part I. 14½×10½. Pp. 10+7 Plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[The first instalment of what promises to be a superb work on the great artist whose tercentary is to be celebrated at Leyden next July. It contains a preface by M. Emil Michel, and the first two pages of a study of Rembrandt by the same author.]

Binns, W. Moore. *The First Century of English Porcelain*. Illustrated. 11½×9½. Pp. xvi, 252. Hurst & Blackett, 42s. net.

[A beautiful book. Mr. Binns, who dedicates it to the memory of his father, Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., writes as "a practical potter with artistic inclinations," and looks more at the technical side of the subject than other historians. There are 77 full-page illustrations, many of them in colour and gold. Index.]

Calvert, Albert F. *Moorish Remains in Spain*: Being a brief record of the Arabian Conquest of the Peninsula with a particular account of the Mohammedan architecture and decoration in Cordova, Seville, and Toledo. Illustrations and coloured plates. 10×8. Pp. 586. Lane, 42s. net.

Gardner, Ernest Arthur. *A Handbook of Greek Sculpture*. Revised edition. 8×5½. Pp. xxxii, 591. Macmillan, 10s.

[Mr. Gardner has revised the text of his first edition to keep up with the discoveries made since it appeared, and has added nearly forty pages of Appendix which is entirely new. The book thus remains substantially what it was, but is up to date. New matter yet unpublished, or not yet generally agreed upon, has been omitted as unsuitable for a text-book. There are a number of additional illustrations, and a good Index.]

Druitt, Herbert. *A Manual of Costume as illustrated by monumental brasses*. With 100 illustrations. 9½×6½. Pp. xxii, 384. The De la More Press, 10s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Druitt's title sufficiently explains the subject of his book. The brasses he studied were English. The book is very handsome, the illustrations excellent, and there are 64 pages of indices.]

Les Maitres de l'Art. Rosenthal, Léon. *Géricault*. 8½×6. Pp. 176. Paris: Librairie de l'art ancien et moderne. 3f. 50.

[This is a volume in the series published under the patronage of the Minister of Public Instruction. Dr. Rosenthal deals with the life and art of Géricault as the forerunner of the realistic painters of half a century later. "Born under David and dying under Delacroix, he was neither classic nor romantic." Good reproductions of little known works, and ample tables.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Norgate, G. Le Grys. *The Life of Sir Walter Scott*. With 53 illustrations. By Jenny Wylie. 9×6. Pp. x, 365. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 256.)

[Mr. Norgate proposes to make an attempt to supersede Lockhart. His work is "a brief story for readers of to-day." There is a chapter by Mr. Francis Watt, of the Middle Temple, on Scott as a lawyer. Good Index.]

Stevenson, Mrs. M. I. *Letters from Samoa, 1891-1895*. Edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour. With 12 illustrations. 7½×5½. Pp. x, 340. Methuen, 6s. net.

[A second and last instalment of the letters written by Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson, during her journeys to Samoa and her life there. The first series, also edited by Mr. Balfour, was called "From Saranac to the Marquesas." In 1891 she sailed for Samoa, and remained there till after Stevenson's death in December 1894.]

*A Memoir of Archbishop Markham, 1719-1807*. By his great-grandson, Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. 9×6. Pp. vii, 96. Clarendon Press, Oxford. 5s. net.

### CLASSICAL.

The New Classical Library, edited by Dr. Emil Reich. *Plutarch's Lives of Alexander, Pericles, Caius Caesar, Aemilius Paulus*. Translated by W. R. Frazer. 7½×5. Pp. 263. Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.

### DRAMA.

Binyon, Laurence. *Paris and Oenone*. A tragedy in one act. 7½×5½. Pp. 23. Constable, 1s. net. (See p. 263.)

Balbi, J. L. *Regeneration*, a play in three acts and an epilogue. 7½×4½. Pp. 79. The International Copyright Bureau.

[Disagreeing with Shakespeare, Mr. Balbi holds that the stage should not be a mirror to nature but a beautiful vista. He is tired, like most of us, of the stock subjects of the drama, and anxious to increase its scope for beneficence. One of the characters has invented an "atmosphere producer," which is to reform the state of society mainly by persuading those unfit to be parents to remain childless. A pamphlet in play-form.]

### EDUCATION.

Hodgson, Geraldine. *Primitive Christian Education*. 8×6. Pp. xii, 287. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

[Miss Hodgson, who is lecturer on the history of education at University College, Bristol, has written an extremely valuable book on the educational work of the early Church. Early Christianity has hitherto been regarded as the deadly foe of education: in Miss Hodgson's opinion its critics have been narrow-minded and not a little unfair, and her work attempts to ascertain what is the truth. Such a book ought to have an Index.]

*The Imperial Reader*, being a descriptive account of the territories forming the British Empire. Edited by the Hon. William Pember Reeves and E. E. Speight. 7½×5½. Pp. 444. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.

[A class-book giving accounts, written by travellers and administrators, of the regions of the Empire and the civilising mission of England. All the names of the authors are famous, and the whole book admirably done. Many illustrations and a map.]

Crook, C. W. *Helps to the Study of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"*. 7½×5. Pp. xlvii, 93. Ralph, Holland, 1s. 9d.

- Marlborough's Self-taught series. *Italian self-taught*. By C. A. Thimm. 3rd edition revised and enlarged by G. Dallia Vecchia. Pp. 120. 1s. and 1s. 6d. *Turkish self-taught*. By C. A. Thimm, revised by Professor G. Hagopian; 4th edition. Pp. 138. 2s. and 2s. 6d. Each 7½ x 5. Marlborough & Co.
- English School Texts. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, parts i. and ii.; More's *Utopia*; *The Age of the Antonines* (first three chapters of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"); Macaulay's *History* (third chapter); Edmund Burke's *Speeches on America*. Each 6½ x 4½; and about 130 pp. Blackie, 6d. each.
- Little French Classics: Daudet's *La Dernière Classe*, Edited by H. W. Preston, 8d.; *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, 6d.; Bouilly's *L'Abbe de L'Eppe*, Edited by W. G. Hartog; Stahl's *Les Aventures de Tom Pouce*, Edited by H. H. Horton; *Poésies Choisies*, Introduction and notes by A. Mayenobe, 4d. Blackie.
- Latin Texts: *Livy—Book VI*. Edited by E. S. Thompson, 8d. net; *Virgil—Aeneid, Books I.—IV*. Edited by S. E. Winbolt, 6d. net each; *Cæsar—De Bello Gallico, V., VI*. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, 6d. net; *Ilias Latina*, Edited by W. H. S. Jones, 6d. net. Each 7 x 4½. Blackie.
- Curtius—V. Hartel. *Griechische Schulgrammatik*, Kurzgefasste Ausgabe bearbeitet von Dr. Florian Weigel. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 176. Vienna: F. Tempsky; Leipzig: G. Freytag. K.2 and K.2.50.

## FICTION.

- Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Fifth Queen*. Alston Rivers, 6s. (See p. 261.)
- Griffith, George. *The Mummy and Miss Nicotris*. A phantasy of the fourth dimension. 7½ x 5. Werner Laurie, 6s.
- Lee, Vernon. *Hauntings*, fantastic stories. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xi, 236. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
- [Uniform with "Hortus Vitae," "The Enchanted Woods," and "The Spirit of Rome." Four stories, not ghost stories "in the scientific sense," but of the supernatural drawn from the past.]
- Silberad, Una L. *Curayl*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Constable, 6s.
- Oxenham, John. *Giant Circumstance*, with illustrations in colour. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 344. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Lewis, Alfred Henry. *The Sunset Trail*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 393. Brown, Langham, 6s.
- Stanton, Coralie; and Hosken, Heath. *Miriam Lemaire, Money-Lender*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 271. Cassell, 3s. 6d.
- [Certain facts and episodes in the career of a brilliant, clever, and remarkable, if unscrupulous, woman, from the actual observation of one who knew her intimately.]
- Glasgow, Ellen. *The Wheel of Life*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 474. Constable, 6s.
- Lowerison, Harry. *From Paleolithic to Motor-Car; or Heacham Tales*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 209. Whiten, 3s. 6d. net.
- Hilliers, Ashton. *The Mistakes of Miss Manisty*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 288. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Delannoy, Burford. *Prince Charlie*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.
- Moberley, L. G. *That Preposterous Will*. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Alexander, Eleanor. *The Lady of the Well*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 328. Arnold, 6s.
- Harker, L. Allen. *Concerning Paul and Fiammetta*. With a preface by Kate Douglas Wiggin. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 252. Arnold, 5s.
- Barr, Robert. *The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 307. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- Lewis, R. M. *The Divine Gift*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 264. Lamley, 5s.
- Pier, Arthur Standard. *The Ancient Grudge*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 477. Dean, 6d.
- Capes, Bernard. *Loaves and Fishes*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Methuen, 6s.
- [Twenty-two stories, many of which have appeared in various journals.]

## GENEALOGY.

- Bartholomew, J. G. *Atlas of the World's Commerce*. Part I. 16 x 10½. Newnes, 6d. net. (See p. 269.)

## HISTORY.

- Schulte, Dr. Aloys. *Kaiser Maximilian I. als Kandidat für den päpstlichen Stuhl, 1571*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 86. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot, M.2.20.
- [Dr. Schulte, Professor of History in Bonn University, has already touched on this matter in his "Die Fugger in Rome," and now, having acquired some new material, gives the public a fuller account.]

## LAW.

- Lamas, Alvaro. *Desde La Carcel*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 107. Estudios Profesionales. Santiago: Imprenta y Litografia Universo.
- [By a Spanish advocate. Studies of 7 law cases.]
- Boyd, William K. *The Ecclesiastical Edicts of the Theodosian Code*. Vol. xxiv. Number 2 of the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 122. New York: The Columbia University Press. London: King, 3s. net.
- [Dr. Boyd's Dissertation for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia University.]

## LITERATURE.

- Stubbs, Charles William, D.D., Dean of Ely. *The Christ of English Poetry*, being the Hulsean lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge 1904-1905. 8½ x 6½. Pp. x, 216. Dent, 6s. net.
- [Cynwulf, Langland, Shakespeare, Browning: each lecture being followed by notes and illustrations.]
- A Descriptive Catalogue of the Western Manuscripts in the Library of Queen's College, Cambridge*. Pp. 29. *A Descriptive Catalogue of the Western Manuscripts in the Library of Clare College, Cambridge*. Pp. 51. Described by Montague Rhodes James, Litt.D., F.B.A. Each 11 x 7½. Cambridge University Press.
- A. E. *Some Irish Essays*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 39. London: Brimley Johnson & Ince. Dublin: Maunsell. 1s. net.
- [This is the first of "The Tower Press Booklets," edited by Seumas O'Sullivan and James Connolly. A. E.'s work is well known to a wide circle in England and Ireland. The papers in this volume are reprinted from English and Irish journals. The next volume is to be poems by T. G. Keohler.]
- Literarhistorische Forschungen. Zenker, Rudolf. *Boeve-Amlæthus*, das alt-französische epos von Boeve de Hamtome und der Ursprung der Hamlet-sage. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xx, 418. 9s. net. Fritz Resa, Dr. Phil. *Nathaniel Lees Trauerspiel Theodosius, or the Force of Love*. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 219.

- 4s. 6d. net. Melchior, Felix. Heinrich Heines Verhältnis zu Lord Byron. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 169. 3s. 6d. net. Berlin and Leipzig: Emil Felber; London: Williams & Norgate.

[These books are good examples of what German scholars are doing for our literature. Professor Zenker writes a very learned monograph on what we knew as "Bevis of Hampton" and the origin of the story of Hamlet: Dr. Fritz Resa reprints Lee's tragedy, *The Force of Love*, from the 1620 quarto (it has not, we believe, been reprinted in England since Bell's modern British Drama, 1811), and tells us all about Lee and his works: Herr Melchior discourses on Heine's personal and literary relation with Byron.]

- Noreen, Adolf. *Vårt Språk*. Bd V, 2. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 128. Lund: Gleerups. Kr. 2.

## MILITARY.

- Ashmead-Bartlett, Ellis. *Port Arthur*. The Siege and Capitulation. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xiv, 511. Blackwood, 21s. net.
- [The author joined the Japanese Third Army early in August 1904, remained attached to General Nogi's headquarters till January 17, 1905, and entered Port Arthur with the Japanese. His book is illustrated, and well furnished with maps and plans. Index.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Arbiter in Council*. 9½ x 5½. Pp. 567. Macmillan, 10s. net.
- [A series of discussions at a conference convened with the idea that the proceedings should be reported and form a book which "would help people to reason about war and peace." Discussions on: The causes and consequences of war; Modern warfare; Private war and the duel; On cruelty; Perpetual peace, or the federation of the world; A plea for arbitration; The political economy of war; and Christianity and war.]
- Hatch, E. F. G., M.P. *A Reproach to Civilization*. A treatise on the Problem of the Unemployed and some suggestions for a possible solution. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 110. Waterlow, 1s. net.
- Hazell's Annual Guide to the New House of Commons*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 75. Hodder & Stoughton, 6d. net.
- Mantoux, Paul. *La Révolution Industrielle au XVIIIe. Siècle; essai sur les commencements de la grande industrie moderne au Angleterre*. 10 x 6½. Pp. 544. Paris: Publications de la Société nouvelle de librairie et d'édition; Cornély, f.10.
- [This is No. IX. of the Bibliothèque de la fondation Thiers, of which we noticed No. VIII., "Mariana historien," some months ago. M. Mantoux has written a full and learned history of the growth of industry in England in the eighteenth century, from a scientific and sociological point of view; and his book also contain a very full and valuable bibliography.]
- Van der Lith, P. A., and Snelleman, Joh. F. *Encyclopaedie van Nederlandsch-Indië, met medewerking van verschillende ambtenaren, geleerden en officieren*. Afl. 40 and 41. Vordingsmiddelen—Wapens der inlandsche bevolking. Each 10½ x 7½. Pp. 128. The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff; Leiden: Brill.

## ORIENTAL.

- The Wisdom of the East Series. *The Classics of Confucius. Book of History (Shu King)*. Rendered and compiled by W. Gorn Old. 6½ x 5. Pp. 67. Murray, 1s. net.

## PHILOSOPHY.

- Thorndike, Lynn. *The Place of Magic in the intellectual History of Europe*. Vol. xxiv, No. 1 of the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. 10 x 6½. Pp. 110. New York: The Columbia University Press. London: King, 3s. net.
- [Carries the story to the end of the Roman Empire.]
- Marshall, Thomas. *Aristotle's Theory of Conduct*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 578, xxi. Unwin, 21s. net.
- [A general introduction in which the purport of the Ethics is set forth, and each chapter has a special introduction and explanatory remarks. Gives a paraphrase of the text—"sometimes full, sometimes condensed, in which repeated passages are left out and some liberties are taken in the way of omission and transposition."]
- Santayana, George. *The Life of Reason, or the Phases of Human Progress*. Vol. V. *Reason in Science*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. x, 320. Constable, 5s. net.
- [For reviews of former volumes of this work see the ACADEMY, June 3 and December 16, 1905.]

## POETRY.

- Wiley, Sara King. *Alcestis, and other poems*. 7 x 5. Pp. 60. The Macmillan Co., 5s. net.
- Frankau, Gilbert. *The X Y Z of Bridge*. Illustrated by Lance Thackeray. 7½ x 9½. Pp. 47. King, 1s. net.
- [Very amusing verses setting forth the dreadful fate of the only man in the world who would not play Bridge. Illustrated with very amusing drawings.]
- The Poems of Charles Baudelaire*, selected and translated from the French with an introductory study, by F. P. Sturm. 5½ x 4½. Pp. liii, 135. The Canterbury Poets. Walter Scott, 1s.
- Rose of My Life*. 5½ x 4. Pp. vii, 69. The Chiswick Press, 2s. 6d. net.

## POLITICAL.

- Moore, Harold, E. *Our Heritage in the Land*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 136. King, 1s. net.
- [Recommendations for Relief of the Unemployed, Training of Emigrants and Hand Husbandry. The book is founded on three chapters in Mr. Moore's well-known "Back to the Land," with much additional information drawn from recent experience. Sir William Mather contributes an introduction and the text of the scheme to provide work on the land for the Unemployed by State aid, which he laid before the Parliamentary Committee on the Unemployed in 1895.]
- Bérard, Victor. *L'Affaire Marocaine*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 457. Paris: Armand Colin, 4f.
- [Un exposé complet et impartial de l'Affaire Marocaine." M. Bérard first describes Morocco; then gives the history of its relations with France since the sixteenth century, and proceeds to examine the Anglo-French agreement, the Franco-Spanish agreement, and the Franco-German disagreement. An admirable chapter on The Reforms concludes the volume. M. Bérard confesses that France has made great mistakes and is paying the consequences. The book is written as only a French publicist can write on such themes—brilliantly.]

Hishida, Seiji G. *The International Position of Japan as a Great Power*. Vol. xxiv, No. 3 of the Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 289. New York: The Columbia University Press. London: King, 8s. net.

["Strongly believing that what has been accomplished by Japan in the interest of civilisation is an earnest of what will be done hereafter, I have endeavoured by careful research to trace Japan's historic policy in dealing with foreign nations." Thus writes Dr. Hishida in his Preface. And he finds (laying several bogies—yellow perils and so on—by the way) that the mission of Japan is to lead other eastern nations to the light of western civilisation, without abandoning national individualism. The text of the Treaty of Portsmouth, 1905, appears as an Appendix.]

#### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Simon, D. W. *The Redemption of Man: Discussions bearing on the Atonement*. Second Edition, revised. 9 x 6. Pp. xvi, 352. Melrose, 4s. 6d. net.

[The first edition of this book was published in 1889. Professor Simon has omitted his Preface and Introduction, and has incorporated a new chapter on "Justification and the Death of Christ according to the Apostle Paul."]

*A Norman Gale Treasury*, selected by Albert Broadbent. 6 x 3½. Pp. 45. The Broadbent Treasuries, No. 12. Manchester: Broadbent, 3d.

[Songs of Grey and Gold, Love Songs, Bird Songs, Song for Little People. No cricket songs.]

Dunbar, Paul Lawrence. *The Jest of Fate*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 268. Jarrold, n. p. [A second and cheaper edition of the novel published in 1902 by the Negro poet who died recently of consumption.]

*The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*. Edited by Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller. In ten vols. Vol. ii. 7½ x 6. Pp. 527. Cambridge English Classics. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

[Contains *The Elder Brother*, *The Spanish Curate*, *Wit Without Money*, *Beggars Bush*, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, *The Faithful Shepherdess*.]

*Readings in the Inferno of Dante, based upon the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, and other Authorities*. With text and literal translation by the Hon. William Warren Vernon. Introduction by Edward Moore. 2 vols. 8½ x 5½. Pp. lxxxix, 1282. Methuen, 15s. net.

[First edition published in 1894; now largely rewritten.]

*Palgrave's Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrics*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 448. Dent. The Temple Classics. 1s. 6d. net.

[Edited by Edward Hutton. The title-page does not mention that Mr. Hutton has added a number of lyrics discovered since 1861, when the Golden Treasury was first published, lyrics by poets deceased since that date, and Spenser's "Epithalamion." The volume does not contain Palgrave's notes, nor the Index of writers with dates of birth and death, but it has a list of the poems in order. It is founded on the first edition of the Golden Treasury, and does not contain all the poems added in later editions.]

*The Works of Flavius Josephus*. Translated by William Whiston and newly edited by D. S. Margoliouth, D.Litt. 9 x 6½. Pp. xxv, 989. Routledge, 5s. net.

[Dr. Margoliouth has only altered Whiston's translation when improvement was necessary. He adds an introduction and notes, summarising the results of recent research. Whiston's notes and dissertations are omitted. The book has a good Index and is a marvel of cheap production.]

Browning, Robert. *Dramatis Personæ*. 6½ x 4. Pp. 167. Dent. The Temple Classics. 1s. 6d.

[Contains a bibliographical note by Miss Marian Edwardes.]

Holyoake, George Jacob. *Sixty Years of an Agitator's Life*. Sixth Impression. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 320. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

Byles, John. *The Legend of St. Mark*, being Sunday morning talks to the children. Second edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 141. Alston Rivers, 1s. 6d. net.

Sidey, Rev. Arthur C. *Mnemonics in a Nutshell*, or Hints on Memory Training. Third edition, revised and enlarged. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 72. Everett, 1s. net.

["For ministers, students, teachers, elocutionists, vocalists, and general readers." A slightly enlarged edition of a common-sense book that has been found very useful.]

#### THEOLOGY.

*A Declaration on Biblical Criticism*. By 1725 Clergy of the Anglican Communion. Edited by Hubert Handley, M.A., Vicar of St. Thomas's, Camden Town, N.W., Hon. Sec. of the Committee. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 149. Black, 2s. net.

[This volume consists of the letter sent by a Committee of 101 members, including the Deans of Winchester, Durham and Ely, to every Anglican clergyman in the United Kingdom and the Colonies and abroad inviting them to sign a declaration expressing their conviction that the critical problems of the New Testament should be faced, and asking for authoritative encouragement to face them; the names of the Committee, the text of the Declaration, and the names of the 1725 (out of 32,000) who signed it, and certain subsidiary matter.]

Bain, John A. *The New Reformation: Recent Evangelical movements in the Roman Catholic Church*. 8½ x 6. Pp. 283. Religion in Literature and Life. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

Gwatkin, Henry Melville. *The Eye for Spiritual Things*, and other Sermons. 8½ x 6. Pp. 261. Edinburgh: Clark, 4s. 6d. net.

[Twenty-eight of Professor Gwatkin's sermons.]

#### TRAVEL.

Barry, Lt.-Col., J.P. *At the Gates of the East: a book of travel among historic wonderlands*. With 33 illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. xviii, 261. Longmans, 6s. net.

[A capital book: at once practical and "aesthetic." Colonel Barry, whose letters are reprinted from the *Times of India*, made two tours, Dalmatia and its Balkan hinterland in the spring, Greece and Constantinople in the autumn. Writing as a medical man, he hopes to win people from "the Cult of the Spas." His book is well illustrated from photographs and makes excellent reading. Index.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

We have before us Part I. of Messrs. George Newnes's new *Atlas of the World's Commerce* (6d. net). To deal first with the aim and scope of the whole work, which is to be complete in twenty-two shilling parts published fortnightly: Its full title is "Atlas of the World's Commerce, a new series of maps with descriptive text and diagrams showing products, imports, exports, commercial conditions and economic statistics of the countries of the world, compiled from the latest official returns at the Edinburgh Geological Institute and edited by J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E., etc." It regards the world, that is, from the merchant's point of view, as a vast commercial Exchange, and the complete work will be a key to the merchandise of the world—a summary of its material resources. The text will consist of the following articles: Economic Geography; The Commodities of Commerce; Development of New Lands; Principal Travel Routes; Statistical Tables, etc.; and, at the end, a Commercial Gazetteer of Countries and Seaports. The plates and diagrams, of which there will be more than one thousand, nearly all new, fall into seven divisions; General Physical, Political and Economic Aspects; Communication and Transport; Regional Maps; Distribution of Food Products; Distribution of Textile Materials, etc.; Distribution of Mineral Products; and Miscellaneous Products. Part I. contains the first four pages [Abaca—Blue] of Mr. W. A. Taylor's "Description and Geographical Distribution of the Principal Commodities of Commerce," which is really a dictionary, illustrated with diagrams, of all that is bought and sold all the world over; and sheets 61-64, "Wheat," and 85-89 "Coffee." The system is in both sets the same. First comes a General Summary; then a coloured diagram showing at a glance the development in the world's production of wheat from 1891 to 1902 stated in millions of bushels, and of coffee from 1832 to 1903. Then we have coloured diagrams showing the total annual production of wheat (average for years 1901-3) all over the world, and of coffee (average for years 1900-1902). Turning the page we find double-page coloured maps, showing in one case the wheat-growing countries, with larger scale inset maps of England and Wales, and other important wheat-growing lands, and an important small map of wheat-importing countries; and in the case of coffee the production (red) and consumption (blue) all over the world, also with special maps of important districts. The fourth page of the sheet contains a coloured diagram of the annual average of the imports of wheat and consumption of coffee in various countries; a coloured diagram of the average consumption of wheat and of coffee per head in various countries; another of the chief sources of the British supply of wheat and of coffee, and a fourth showing the rise and fall in the market price of wheat and of coffee in England for something over a hundred years. Each diagram is accompanied by a short note.

After looking at the tables, we are not surprised to hear that Mr. Bartholomew and his coadjutors have been digging for years in Blue Books, Returns, and all other kinds of volumes and statistics, in order to put before the public, in a form that can be read at a glance, knowledge, that can only otherwise be obtained by long and exacting study. The information is absolutely clear, and has never before been collected into so handsome or so accessible a form. Recent political events in Britain have aroused the public interest enormously in questions of commerce, but it is not only *à propos* of this that the Atlas makes its appeal. It is not only a novel publication which shows the world in a new light, but an enduring reference work of essential knowledge which must continue to be consulted for information by experts, merchants, and the public alike. As to the price, no one who sees it but will wonder that it is possible to produce a work entailing so much labour and including such superb specimens of map-engraving and printing for twenty-two shillings.

*Reynolds-Rathbone Diaries and Letters, 1753-1839*. Edited by Mrs. Eustace Greg (Constable: privately printed).—"I look upon critics at best to be but ill-natured wits," wrote Hannah Darby to her aunt in 1753. "It was not because I thought thou was a critic that I was afraid to write . . . but because I know there is a respect and awe which ought to be upon my mind when I write to one so much my superior in years and understanding; which there is, but I know too well I don't shew it much, neither in my writing nor conversation." It is largely because they "don't shew it much," but are unaffected and natural that the letters and journals of this able and delightful family must long continue to charm and perhaps to tantalise its descendants. Indirectly and with deep reserves, the volume reveals the characters of four or five ladies of the upper middle class, as rare and beautiful in mind and person as any of their day; but especially of Mrs. William Rathbone, whose diary for the years 1784-1809 is marked by much quaint if unconscious humour of expression in its too laconic record of reading, of friendship, of domestic affairs, and of public events. How exquisitely gentle is the note of rebellion against Quaker observances enshrined in the following entry: "Sunday, July 17th (1785).—This day we were blest with some showers of rain which prevented my going to meeting." A letter from Seaton in 1800 contains an irresistible description of children at the seaside: "Reba, bathed four times, and was very good, tho' she did not like it. John was pretty good the first time, only he said they knocked his nose against a rock, which made him cry; but I believe that was a mistake." One trusts it may have been. Mrs. Eustace Greg has done well to render accessible some of the memoirs of the notable Quaker families of the north, from whom she herself is descended. The whole book breathes a quiet, soothing charm, not unmixed with a shy humour; and the reflection strikes us forcibly that there are few, if any, such



women nowadays, so full of dignity, sweet reticence and restrained feeling. The book throws a good deal of interesting light on the home life and the manners and customs of the time; part of it hints at a pleasing little romance; and if there are more such papers in the editor's possession, it might be worth while to give them to the world. The book is handsomely got up, edited with taste and discretion, and well illustrated with portraits.

Some few years ago we won some real enjoyment from a little book called *Erebus*, full of delicate verse with a rather melancholy sweetness. *Lyrics by the Author of Erebus* (Mathews, 2s. 6d. net), a volume equally small, equally delicate, and more mature, shows that in the intervening years the poet has read Blake with understanding, and gained rather than lost from observing the naïve technique that sends many of its imitators into babbling monotony. These lyrics are not monotonous, but varied, to an extent that surprises, both in metres and in subjects. Sometimes the finishing is a little careless and the rhythm hesitating, but more often the verses are finely polished, and the author shows herself capable of purposeful metrical wavering, which is very difficult to accomplish without harshness, and, at the right time, full of possibilities in evoking emotion. We should like to quote the whole of "The Irish Girl" as an instance of this; but it is too long to be quoted in full, and too good not to lose in partition, so that we take this fragment instead, from a dialogue in song:

Oh come thou not a King for me,  
And a Queen's King come not, prithee,  
Nay, but a beggar hungrily,  
And a wayfarer thirstily,  
A pilgrim halting wearily.  
Yea, come an outlaw hastening  
From will-o'-wisp amid the reed  
When skies are strewn with starry seed,  
Thy cloak entangled with a briar,  
And come without a crowning deed,  
And come to me without the ring,  
That I may give thee food and mead,  
And music for thy mood's desire,  
And healing hands and hearts of fire

*Respublica*. A.D. 1553. A play on the social condition of England at the accession of Queen Mary. Edited for the Early English Text Society by Leonard A. Magnus. With Introductions, Notes and Glossaries. (Kegan Paul, 12s.)—There is no learned society that so richly deserves the support of scholars, students and men of letters as the Early English Text Society. "Until all Early English MSS. are printed," is its doctrine, "no proper History of our Language or Social Life is possible." Since 1864, when it was founded by its Director, Dr. Furnivall, the society has spent over £30,000 in printing and publishing texts; and its editors have ready a large number more which only lack of funds keeps back. A modest two guineas a year will entitle subscribers to all its publications, both in the Original Series and its Extra Series, and it appears to us that "value received," not only in the consciousness of having assisted a necessary and too long deferred work, but in the actual books themselves, should persuade many "inheritors of the speech of Cynwulf, Chaucer and Shakespeare" to avail themselves of this opportunity. As an example of the Society's publications, let us take the most recent, their political morality of *Respublica* (one of the Macro MSS.), edited by Mr. Leonard Magnus. It was written (we make bold statements when Mr. Magnus points to clues and deducts from scattered hints) for performance at the Coronation of Queen Mary, 1553, and postponed for one year. Its author, Mr. Magnus thinks, was very probably Parson Nicholas Udall, the author of *Ralph Roister Doister*; and it displays the post-Reformation miseries—debased coinage, impastured plough-lands, greedy land-owners, impoverished peasantry, a bankrupt exchequer, and the rest—that followed the Somerset and Northumberland regencies in the reign of Edward VI. It shows the glowing hopes with which Mary was welcomed to the throne, and nothing of the despair that followed her use of power. More than that, it is very amusing to read. There is, of course, the moral personification of the Morality: Avarice, Insolence, Oppression, and Adulation, the four "Vices," representing, perhaps, four specific statesmen; Misericordia, Veritas, Justitia and Pax, the four usual good qualities, and *Respublica*, a widow. Besides these there is Nemesis (= Queen Mary) and an amusing person, People, "representing the poore Commontie," who speaks a tongue that is meant to be Devon or Cornwall, and (Udall being by birth a Hampshire man, and having taught school in the North) succeeds in being a strange but instructive jumble of many dialects. It is amusing to note, too, that People was the original inventor of what Lewis Carroll called "portmanteau words": e.g., a delightful word "policate," made up of "polished" and "delicate," which we commend to the use of reviewers in a hurry. Besides all the allusions to the history of the period, we get a play which, if by no means free from the common faults of the Morality, shows a rudimentary sense of character and some dramatic power; and Mr. Magnus has fitted it with an introduction, notes, glossaries, etc., which explain a vast number of the allusions and bring the play into close touch with the history of the times, besides doing full justice to its linguistic interest.

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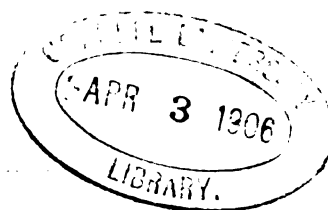
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No. 1768

MARCH 24, 1906

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

"POETRY IN YOUTH AND AGE" is one of several sub-titles which Mr. Mackail might have given to his inaugural lecture, just published by the Clarendon Press. In youth nearly every one reads and enjoys poetry, and most people try to make it. Youth is the season for writing poetry; the boys have all the best of it. In last month's *North American Review* there was a pleasant article by Mr. Francis E. Clark on "What English Poetry owes to young people," which touched just the fringe of the subject. His list of poets who died young comprises Kirke White, Chatterton, Shelley, Pollok, Wolfe, Marlowe, Beaumont. Keats, Richard Gall, Robert Nicoll and David Gray: the list might be extended indefinitely, if it were to include the poets who did their best work when they were young; All great poets have done their best when they were young; save, perhaps, that exception to almost every rule of human frailty, Shakespeare, who wrote *The Tempest* in full maturity. Instances will crowd to the mind: the Swinburne of "Poems and Ballads," and the Swinburne of the 'nineties; the Wordsworth of "Resolution and Independence" and the Wordsworth of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets; the Tennyson of "Locksley Hall" and the Tennyson of "Locksley Hall sixty years after." We know what Matthew Arnold thought of the matter—in "one of the most dismal of English lyrics," as Mr. Mackail calls it, "The Progress of Poesy;" and, though there are a few instances of good work done by men in whom the slow and conscious labour of composition has worthily replaced the fire of youth which does the labour unconsciously, the fact remains that in poetry youth has it all.

It would be interesting to discover what poetry is read and valued most by older men. Do they read the poetry written by older men? We believe not. They still read the poetry written by young men; but only so much of it as has "kept"; that is, has the power of appealing to them by qualities which they did not notice when they too were young. For youth loves the sound and scarcely anything else. It goes chanting to itself:

Fair as a rose is our earth, as a rose under water in prison  
Stretches and swings to the slow, passionate pulse of the sea;

or something of the sort, revelling in the "jolly" feeling it gives. Age cannot read it, and never chants it. It turns to poems that Wordsworth wrote before he was thirty, or to the songs of some other stripling, and finds in them not gratification of the senses alone, but some higher pleasure in which the senses, indeed, have their part, but which knits up senses and judgment, the whole man, and showers upon him consolation and peace and strength. The power of seeing so much more in poetry is one of the pleasures of advancing years to which, we think, Professor William Knight did not refer in his talks on old age in these columns. The power of poetry to please all ages is one of the surest proofs that it is great.

There was mention in Parliament, the other day, of a "war of the future" book, at present appearing serially in this country; and now it appears that Austria is perturbed by the publication of a similar work describing an imaginary campaign between the Empire and the Kingdom of Italy. Evidently this sort of literature has its public; and it is interesting to note how national characteristics are manifested in the writing of it. On the continent, as a rule, the underlying spirit is Chauvinistic. France, before the *entente*, produced "*Sus à l'Angleterre*," which exhibited England humbled in the dust. Germany has on more than one occasion similarly demolished us on paper. Our own romances in the *genre* have, on the contrary, mostly been composed in a spirit of pessimism for the purpose of drawing attention to weak points in the national defences. "The Battle of Dorking" is the classical instance; but there are plenty of others. It cannot be said, of course, that fiction of either sort brings us perceptibly nearer to the day when the sword will be beaten into the ploughshare, but if we are to have it at all, it is better that it should be utilitarian than aggressively bellicose.

A correspondent writes: When Mr. Keir Hardie, in the House the other night, complained that Mr. Hunt had twice uttered the expression: "I don't care a damn!" the Chairman replied that the words had not reached him, but, if used, they were "quite disorderly." Mr. Keir Hardie made his protest, no doubt, in all sincerity, in the interests of public morality. But here was a question for Professor Skeat. Why "quite disorderly"? Did it occur to nobody that the words, if used as spelt in the reports, were devoid of meaning? Mr. Hunt was probably unaware of the fact that what he said was, in effect: "I don't care a brass farthing!" A *dam* was an Indian coin with a Portuguese origin, the value of which was about the eighth of a penny. I was present in a Bombay Court some years ago when a lawyer defended the use of the phrase by a client—to the discomfiture of the judge.

It is refreshing to meet with an outward and visible sign of a great writer. Those who have travelled on the road of Robert Louis Stevenson will have felt this pleasure. But a work due to the inspiration of another master of style may be found nearer than on a South Sea island—in the University Museum at Oxford, where two skilled men are at present carving the capitals of the columns which surround the Central Court. Mr. Ruskin indicated the spirit of this decorative work in these words: "Your Museum at Oxford is literally the first building raised in England since the close of the fifteenth century, which has fearlessly put to new trial this old faith in nature, and in the genius of the workman who gathered out of nature the materials he needed."

As one stood by the side of one of these workmen and listened to his enthusiastic comments on his task, which is to carve on these capitals representatives of the natural orders of botany, one realised more fully Ruskin's idolatry of nature. On one side stands a sketch of a flower and its foliage; on the other is a tin containing a living specimen of the plant; out of the uneven Taynton stone grows a gem of imitation. The two men have forsaken conventional designs. Their favourite expression is "nature is soft." This softness they have tried with wonderful success to reproduce. Except the carvings over the door of the Chapter House in Southwell Minster we have seen nothing like it in England. Unlike their predecessors the O'Sheas, whose work sometimes reaches real genius, and at other times is very crude, the present sculptors have reached and keep a high stage of natural ornamentation. We can imagine Mr. Ruskin's delight if he could see the carvings of the Jasmine, the Dandelion or the *Convolvulus*. It is a work which will be a lasting monument to the inspiration of his writings.

The sale at Sotheby's on Tuesday next of the manuscript of "To Mary in Heaven" is naturally arousing widespread interest on the northern side of the border. A correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald* suggests that "an organised effort should be made by the 50,000 odd fervid Caledonians in London to purchase this precious relic of our national bard." Charles Mackay, in his "Thousand and One Gems," includes, as one would expect, "To Mary;" but "Highland Mary," a truer and in every way more characteristic lyric, which has a place both in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and in Mr. Quiller-Couch's Oxford anthology, Mackay rejected. As Mr. Holman Hunt reminded us lately, Tennyson remarked to Palgrave, while Burns was being considered for admission to the "Golden Treasury," that the refrain: "Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast," had the ring of hysterical insincerity and bombast.

The manuscript of Dr. John Brown's Scottish idyll, "Rab and his Friends," which will be sold at the same time as the Burns holograph, consists of twenty-three pages of small quarto ruled paper, written on both sides, indicating apparently that the story was not originally prepared for the printer. At the end of the manuscript there are some lines, evidently for use when Dr. Brown lectured. "I have in my head," the unprinted words read, "a human and a dog moral, if thought advisable; but I prefer every one being his or her own moralist. J.B." "Rab and his Friends" was first read in his native village: "I read it to the Biggar folk," the author relates, "very frightened, and felt I was reading it ill, and their honest faces intimated as much in their affectionate and puzzled looks." "Rab" was included in the first issue of "Horæ Subsecivæ," a now scarce volume, published in 1858.

#### ACTIVE EYES

WHEN I happen to take up a novel, •  
It gives me no little surprise  
To read of the things which the heroes  
And heroines do with their eyes.

We'll suppose the scene's laid in a ball-room,  
The hero, young, handsome and tall,  
Will let his eyes WANDER around him  
Till they on the heroine FALL.

Then he'll FIX them upon her a minute,  
Until, perhaps, feeling his glance,  
Her eyes will MEET his: then the hero  
Will ask her to give him a dance.

If the heroine's gifted with shyness  
She'll DROP her eyes down, there's no doubt;  
But if she's a modern young woman  
She'll probably THROW them about.

There will certainly be an engagement,  
An *affaire de cœur*, when, we'll say,  
The heroine's eyes and the hero's  
Will FOLLOW each other all day.

And of course, when the wedding is over,  
Their eyes, that are SWIMMING with bliss,  
Will be BENT on each other in rapture  
As the four lips meet in a kiss.

We are always being told that our actors are inferior to the French actors, but any one who goes to Terry's to see *A Judge's Memory* will find good acting making a success of an indifferent play. Mr. Brandon Thomas's comedy ought to have been played as a costume piece, in the "costume" of the Bancroft-Robertson era at the Dusthole, or, better still, the "costume" of 1879, a far-off date which appears to be about the period of Mr. Thomas's ambition. Beyond a dear old plot and some dear old characters—like the good innocent boy who goes to prison to save his brother—we saw nothing in the play, as a play, to attract any one under sixty-five. But the acting is quite another matter. Here is Mr. James Welch—whom the public, forgetting *The Man in the Street* and other

delicate studies in pathos, is too apt to regard as only an object for laughter—playing with his usual extraordinary cleverness a part in which simple pathos and sincerity hold the house entranced. Nearly every one else acts well (the old grand manner of Mr. Fernandez is a thing to study), and the pessimists should go and be convinced that the art is not dead in England.

A writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* points out that if a madman is dangerous to society, a person who is half mad may be extremely useful and sometimes even a Superman. The life of Comte, for instance, was a succession of attacks of madness with intervals in which he was half mad and wrote his books. Saint Simon, the inventor of socialism, believed himself to be the Vicar of God, and was honoured one night when he was in prison by a visit from Charlemagne, who said that Saint Simon was as great a philosopher as he (Charlemagne) had been a warrior and a ruler. Most Russian writers have had some affinity with the lunatic. Gogol died, believing himself to be the Alpha and Omega of creation, and Dostoevsky, of whom Mr. Maurice Baring has been writing learnedly in the *Morning Post*, had like Mahomet, fits of epilepsy, which he declared to be delicious. Tolstoi was not wholly sane even in childhood. When quite young he was seized with a violent wish to fly, and jumped out of a window with disastrous results; his ruling passion in youth was to do nothing like anybody else. Introduced to three girls at once, he fell in love with one, thought it was another, and ended up by worshipping the third. Later, he put on a blouse and worked with the moujiks. What need to mention Tasso, Schumann, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Edgar Allan Poe, Dr. Johnson, Collins, Cowper, Rousseau, Maupassant, and Zola, who as he walked along the street kept adding up numbers that he saw affixed to the backs of cabs?

The American *Critic* has commenced publication of the alleged "love-letters of Mme. de Staël to Benjamin Constant." The letters are, no doubt, genuine; but they are not love-letters in any sense of the word. The rupture between the lovers took place in 1808, when Constant married Charlotte von Hardenberg. It was confirmed, three years later, by Mme. de Staël's marriage to Rocca. The correspondence now printed, by Charlotte von Hardenberg's great grand-daughter, the Baroness de Nolde, only begins in August 1813, and is conducted with less warmth of expression than Mme. de Staël commonly employed when writing to the least intimate of her acquaintances. Why the members of the de Broglie family should, as the *Critic* says they do, object to the publication we are utterly at a loss to conjecture. All the letters to the publication of which they might reasonably have objected were handed to the Duchesse de Broglie by M. Charles de Constant in 1831. If they have not been destroyed, they are in safe custody in the Tower of the Archives at Coppet. The love-story which they tell, and on which much light is thrown by documents in the manuscript department of the Geneva Public Library, is, we understand, the subject of a work which Mr. Francis Gribble has nearly ready for publication.

At the Town Hall, Chelsea, on Monday afternoon, Professor Knight said that the readings he was to give from Browning and Tennyson were an experiment, in response to a wish addressed to him some time ago. He had lectured on the English poets for more than forty years; and written, he feared, too much on some of them. But he found that a feeling had arisen in certain quarters, with which he fully sympathised, that we had now too many oral lectures on our poets; especially since we had so large a library of admirable printed essays on them and endless discussions about them. He thought, with many others, that the time had arrived when sympathetic

readings from the great poets might be made more educative and useful, more illustrative and informing, than any new lectures about them were likely to be. He began with Browning, before dealing with our late Laureate; because, if an hour devoted to the reading of Browning should dissipate the notion that he was an obscure thinker and writer, no difficulty would be felt with the poetry of Tennyson. The readings from Browning included the following: "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Incidents of the French Camp," "Evelyn Hope," "Meeting at Night," "Parting at Morning," "The Guardian Angel," "May and Death," "Abt Vogler," "The Youth of Sordello," and other pieces.

The quater-centenary celebration of the foundation of the original University buildings in Old Aberdeen and the inauguration of the new extension to Marischal College are to take place next September. Bishop Elphinstone, ambassador to France under James IV. of Scotland, established the northern University, and invited Hector Boece, the Latin historian of Scotland, to preside over the College; and it was mainly through his influence that the first printing-press—that of Chepman and Myllar—was established in Scotland. A considerable amount of quater-centenary literature is in the press, and the students' contribution will be an edition of Neil Maclean's "Life at a Northern University."

The date of the first performance of the Literary Theatre Society has been changed to Sunday, April 1, when Mr. Sturge Moore's *Aphrodite against Artemis* will be performed at 8.30 P.M. Miss Florence Farr will take the part of Phædra, and the scenery and dresses have been designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. Tickets cannot be obtained at the door, but only on application to the Secretary, Miss M. Currey, 88 Philbeach Gardens, S.W.

The following are among the fixtures for next week :

Society of Arts, Monday, March 26, at 8 P.M. Cantor Lectures—"Fire, Fire Risks, and Fire Extinction." By Professor Vivian B. Lewes. Four Lectures. Wednesday, March 28, at 8 P.M. Ordinary meeting—"Coal Conservation, Power Transmission, and Smoke Prevention." By Arthur J. Martin, M.Inst.C.E.

## LITERATURE

### SIR RICHARD BURTON

(FIRST NOTICE.)

*The Life of Sir Richard Burton.* By THOMAS WRIGHT. 2 vols. (Everett & Co., 24s. net.)

THIS book is certain to give rise to a kind of controversy in which we prefer not to participate. At one and the same time it dethrones Burton from the place he has hitherto held in general estimation, and enthrones him as one of the most remarkable men of his time, although not on account of the translations on which his fame has hitherto been based. It was generally recognised that Lady Burton's Life was little more than an indiscriminate eulogy composed by a very loyal and not very clever lady writing in great feebleness of health. In place of this Mr. Wright has given us a detailed biography of one of the most striking figures in the nineteenth century. In this preliminary notice our intention is to deal only with the Life itself reserving our consideration of Burton's work for a future occasion.

Every man's life, if properly understood, would work out into a kind of harmony, and the success of a biographer lies in clearing away apparent discords so that the growth of a man may be truly explained. It is almost necessary to begin in the Scotch way with a short ell of pedigree, and Burton's ancestry to a considerable extent accounts for his idiosyncrasies. He loved to suppose himself

descended from Louis XIV. and his biographer puts the fable in this way :

La Belle Montmorency, a beauty of the French court, had, it seems, a son, of which she rather believed Louis to be the father. In any circumstances she called the baby Louis Le Jeune, put him in a basket of flowers and carried him to Ireland, where he became known as Louis Drelincourt Young.

In process of time this baby's grand-daughter married the Rev. Edward Burton, Richard Burton's grandfather. Mr. Wright cautiously remarks that "a runnel of the blood of 'le grand monarque' tripped through Burton's veins." The name is a Romany one, and he seems inclined to the opinion of those who credited Burton with gypsy lineage. When we add that through his maternal grandmother he was descended from Rob Roy, Scotland's Robin Hood, it will easily be seen that his taste for wandering might be inherited. His parents were Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Netterville Burton and Martha Beckwith, the daughter of Richard and Sarah Baker, of Barham House, Elstree, Hertfordshire. This Richard Baker was a country gentleman who might have walked out of one of the novels of George Meredith. "With his fat acres, his thumping balance at the bank, his cellar of crusted wine, and his horse that never refused a gate, this world seemed to him a nether paradise." One aspiration only remained for a long time unsatisfied, and this was "a grandson with unmistakably red hair." Of Burton's father we have this thumb-nail sketch :

The Burtons resided at Torquay, and Colonel Burton busied himself chiefly in making chemical experiments, of which he was remarkably fond; but the other members of the household, who generally went about holding their noses, appear not to have sympathised with his studies and researches. He was very superstitious—nothing, for instance, could induce him to reveal his birthday; and he fretted continually because he was not permitted to invest his wife's money and make a second fortune; which no doubt he would very soon have done—for somebody else.

Burton was born at Torquay on March 19, 1821, and to the joy of his kindred came into the world with hair of a fierce and fiery red. Old Mr. Baker was rendered almost speechless with joy, and vowed he would leave the whole of his fortune to the grandson who had so accurately fulfilled his aspirations in regard to hair. It may be said here that the intention of the old man was frustrated in a somewhat dramatic manner. He intended to have left the whole of his property, worth about half a million, to his grandson, but for a long time one of his female relatives, with an eye to her own interests, deterred him from making his will.

Three years passed away, but at last Mr. Baker resolved to be thwarted no longer, so he drove to his lawyer's. It was the 16th of September 1824. He reached the door and leapt nimbly from his carriage; but his foot had scarcely touched the ground before he fell dead of heart disease. So the old will had to stand, and the property, instead of going to Burton, was divided among the children of Mr. Baker, Burton's mother taking merely her share. But for this extraordinary good hap Richard Burton might have led the life of an undistinguished country gentleman; ingloriously breaking his dogs, training his horses and attending to the breed of stock.

In the meanwhile Colonel Burton, being subject to asthma, had gone abroad and had taken up his residence near Tours, and the family seem to have divided their time between Tours and Elstree. As he grew up, Richard's hair turned from its fiery obtrusive red to a jet black. In 1829 the Burtons came back to England, and Richard and his brother Edward were sent to a preparatory school at Richmond Green, where Richard did little work and in the playtime occupied himself chiefly with fighting other boys.

"On the first occasion," he says, "I received a blow in the eye, which I thought most unfair, and having got my opponent down I proceeded to hammer his head against the ground, using his ears by way of handles. My indignation knew no bounds when I was pulled off by the bystanders, and told to let my enemy stand up again. 'Stand up!' I cried, 'after all the trouble I've had to get the fellow down.'"

In these circumstances, it was, perhaps, no wonder that



the boy grew up to hate England and to wish for his dear France. Nor was he long in getting back to it. His restless parents settled at Blois, where the three children gave themselves up to all sorts of wildness. We hear even at this early stage of premature love-affairs, reading in Paul de Kock, and the discovery by the boys of fresh vices while their father occupied his time mostly with the chemical researches which offended the nostrils of his kindred. We have a picture of the two boys playing the parts of Anacreon and Ovid, their heads crowned with garlands while they imitated the ancients by drinking wine. An almost inimitable picture is given of the pistol practice of the boys, and of the discovery of the, to them, new joys of opium-eating, "while their father made the house unendurable by the preparation of sulphuretted hydrogen and other highly scented compounds."

France and Italy unfitted the boys for the University life to which they were destined. Edward was placed under a clergyman at Cambridge and Richard was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, where the first of his troubles was that, having grown a splendid moustache, he declined to be shaved until the authorities of the college took the matter up. He spent his first months at the University not in study but "in rowing, fencing, shooting the college rooks, and breaking the rules generally." What the two young men, as they were now, thought of University life in England may be judged by the following description of a conversation between them:

If Richard was miserable at Oxford, Edward was equally so at Cambridge. After the polish and politeness of Italy, where they had been "such tremendous dandies and ladies' men," the "boorishness and shoppiness" of Oxford and Cambridge were well-nigh unendurable. Seizing an early opportunity, Richard ran over to Cambridge to visit his brother. "What is the matter, Edward," inquired Richard. "Why so downcast?" "Oh, Dick," moaned Edward, "I have fallen among *epicures*."

The nature of Burton's college life might have been foreseen. He broke the rules in order to attend race meetings, and, when had up before the dons, instead of listening to their wholesome lectures, lectured them himself, with the result that he was expelled.

On his arrival in London, Burton, in order to have an hour or two of peace, coolly told his people that he had been given an extra vacation, "as a reward for winning a double first." Then occurred a quite unlooked-for sequel. His father insisted on giving a dinner in honour of the success, and Burton, unwillingly enough, became the hero of the moment. At table, however, a remark from one of the guests revealed the precise truth—with the result of an unpleasant scene; but eventually it was deemed advisable to let Burton have his own way and exchange the surplice for the sword.

A commission was purchased for him in the Indian service, and finding himself ensign to the 18th Regiment, Bombay Native Infantry, "he applied himself vigorously to Hindustani under a dirty, smoky, Scotch linguist, named Duncan Forbes." Following the example of officers of the time, who formed irregular unions with the Hindoo women, he had his Bubu, but we think Mr. Wright is quite justified in his note upon this.

Still, he was no voluptuary. Towering ambition, enthusiasm, and passion for hard work trampled down all meaner instincts. Languages, not amours, were his aspiration, and his mind ran on grammar books rather than ghazels; though he confesses to having given whole days and nights to the tender pages of Euclid. Indeed, he was of a cold nature, and Plutarch's remark about Alexander applies equally to him: "For though otherwise he was very hot and hasty, yet was he hardly moved with lust or pleasure of the body."

It is a curious and noteworthy fact that many of those whose studies have, as it were by instinct, led to the setting forth of licence, have been of this cold and unimpassioned nature. During all this period it will be understood that Burton was exercising his extraordinary faculty for acquiring languages. He had begun to do so at Oxford, and, whatever else he was engaged in, he seems to have been ever acquiring new languages or perfecting his knowledge of those he had already attacked. In 1847 his mind was full of Camoens, in whose career he found a parallel to his

own. We pass on to the year 1850, much of which was spent at Leamington and Dover. In the next year he crossed over to Boulogne where he prepared several books for publication.

Love of a sort mingled with literature, for he continued various flirtations, but without any thought of marriage; for he was still only a lieutenant in the service of John Company, and his prospects were not rosy. We said "love of a sort," and advisedly, for we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Burton was ever frenziedly in love with any woman. He was, to use his own expression, no "hot amorist." Of his views on polygamy, to which he had distinct leanings, we shall speak later. He said he required two, and only two qualities in a woman, namely beauty and affection. It was the Eastern idea. The Hindu Angelina might be vacuous, vain, papilionaceous, silly, or even a mere doll, but if her hair hung down "like the tail of a Tartary cow," if her eyes were "like the stones of unripe mangoes," and her nose resembled the beak of a parrot, the Hindu Edwin was more than satisfied.

One of his great ambitions was to visit Mecca; and this he was able to gratify in 1853. In order to reach his goal he disguised himself as a "muscular and powerful Mirza Abdullah, of Bushire." This is an important part of his biography but, as Mr. Wright says, his whole life was a preparation for the Arabian Nights. It is a fascinating chapter in his career, but we are obliged to hasten over it to 1856, when his spirit of adventure carried him to the Crimea. He resigned after the suspension of General Beatson and came back to England just in time to miss his brother Edward, whose fate was so pathetic that we cannot refrain from quoting the account of it:

During an elephant hunt a number of natives set upon him and beat him brutally about the head. Brain trouble ensued, and he returned home, but henceforth, though he attained a green old age, he lived a life of utter silence. Except on one solitary occasion he never after—and that is to say for forty years—uttered a single word. Always resembling a Greek statue, there was now added to him the characteristic of all statues, rigid and solemn silence. From a man he had become aching marble.

Burton, having been foiled in his ambitions to become a great soldier, turned his thoughts once more to exploration and quitted England for Bombay on his way to Africa in October 1856. We may sum up his African travels in the words of his biographer:

Although Fortune cheated Burton of having been the actual discoverer of the Source of the Nile, it must never be forgotten that all the credit of having inaugurated the expedition to Central Africa and of leading it are his. Tanganyika—in the words of a recent writer—"is in a very true sense the heart of Africa." If some day a powerful state spring up on its shores, Burton will to all time be honoured as its indomitable Columbus.

The next place in which we hear of him is at Salt Lake City, where he was introduced to Brigham Young and would have become a Mormon; but the high priest replied: "I think you've done that sort of thing once before, Captain." He believed in the theory of polygamy and said:

"Servants are rare and costly; it is cheaper and more comfortable to marry them. Many converts are attracted by the prospect of becoming wives, especially from places like Clifton, near Bristol, where there are 64 females to 36 males. The old maid is, as she ought to be, an unknown entity."

He himself received at least one proposal of marriage, and the lady, being refused, spread the rumour that it was the other way about, to which Burton returned: "Why, it's like

A certain Miss Baxter,  
Who refused a man before he'd axed her.

Such in brief outline are the facts relating to the childhood and youth of this remarkable man. He was surely one of the most strenuous and romantic figures of his time, realising in his actual life many of the dreams of those who only in fancy behold the revival of the old romantic times. We see in him the development of a young man unused to discipline of any kind, either that which comes from the buffeting of fortune or that deeper kind which some natures inflict upon themselves.

The remainder of his career will be dealt with in a second article.

## THE MAKING OF EGYPT

*The Making of Modern Egypt.* By Sir AUCLAND COLVIN, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.I.E. (Seeley, 18s. net.)

*New Egypt.* By A. B. de GUERVILLE. (Heinemann, 16s. net.)

SIR AUCLAND COLVIN'S book on Egypt is a valuable contribution to modern history. Well written, lucid and temperate, it sets before us the events of the last five and twenty years without prejudice and without favour. Nor is it the work of a mere student. Sir Auckland has played his part in the affairs which he chronicles, and he writes as an eye-witness, who has a first-hand knowledge of modern Egypt. And what a story it is! Not even Herodotus can match for wonder the tales which Sir Auckland Colvin has to tell. And there is a variety in the narrative, which should make it acceptable to the "general reader." The idle dreams of Gordon afford a strong contrast to the firm purpose of Lord Cromer, and there on the stage of Egypt are men of many nations, and many purposes, dominated one and all by the Englishman, who has devoted his life not to the pursuit of selfish policies, but to the regeneration of an alien race.

Indeed, it is the imperturbability of Lord Cromer, which dominates Sir Auckland's history. Disasters have disturbed the happiness of Egypt; the desert has taken its toll of her armies; statesmen have discussed her affairs with a sanguine interest; more than once it has been resolved to hand back Egypt to the Turks, or to renew a dual control, or to leave the country to its fate. And through it all Lord Cromer has kept upon his course with a single-minded purpose. He has heeded not the voice of the politician. When, for instance, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was entrusted with the delicate mission of arranging the withdrawal of the English from Egypt, Lord Cromer continued his work of pacification and economy, as though he knew perfectly well that he would outlast the envoys of many governments. Nor does Sir Auckland put the case for Lord Cromer one bit too strongly in the following passage, which is worth quoting in full, as it strikes the note of the whole book:

The central figure throughout the period has been the British Minister and Agent. Cabinets in Paris and Cairo have come and gone; diplomatists have fretted their hour on the stage, and have faded into obscurity. Able and devoted subordinates have in turn assisted the British Agent; and, their term accomplished, have passed on to other labours. Lord Cromer alone has remained throughout; in him during more than twenty years, the life of Egypt has centred, and from him all energy has radiated.

In other words modern Egypt is essentially the work of Lord Cromer, whose achievement is the more admirable, because it has survived the machinations of politics and the timid infamy of public opinion. The British Agent, in fact, has done what he thought right, not what he hoped would be acceptable to the ignorant voter. It has been his good fortune not to conciliate a sentimental democracy. For a quarter of a century he has played the part of a benevolent despot to so fine a purpose that Egypt, which he found burdened with debt, is now rich and prosperous. The works which have been carried out under his auspices—such as the Assouan dam and the reservoir—are the realisation of projects many centuries old, and will confer a glory upon our age, when all the disputes of governments are forgotten. And that is why it is a pleasure to read Sir Auckland Colvin's book, which gives us an account not of views held and combated, but of wise deeds wisely accomplished.

But before Lord Cromer could set himself to the task of regenerating Egypt, there were many difficulties which he had to face. He had not long been appointed to his office, when it was determined to withdraw from the Soudan. The task was dangerous and delicate and unfortunately it was entrusted by the English Government to General Gordon, an intrepid officer, who was unfit by temperament to carry out the instructions of others. Yet at the moment the appointment seemed wise enough, and Gordon was asked

to do no more than "to arrange for the evacuation of the Soudan, and the safe removal of the Egyptian employés and troops." But no sooner did he arrive in Egypt than he changed his views and revised his policy. He determined that the Soudan must be not evacuated but pacified, and he asked that Zebehr Pasha should aid him in the enterprise. So confident was he of ultimate success that he sent Colonel de Coetlogon, who had been left in charge of the dépôt at Khartum, back to Cairo, "because," as he said, "there was not the least chance of any danger being incurred in Khartum, which he considered as safe as Cairo. . . . He might rest assured that he left a place which was as safe as Kensington Park." The result is familiar. The English Government objected to the appointment of Zebehr, in spite of Lord Cromer's advocacy, on the ground that British public opinion would not admit the employment of a slave-dealer, and General Gordon was left alone to die. He was quite conscious of his own impracticability.

"I own to having been very insubordinate to Her Majesty's Government and its officials," thus he wrote in his journal. "But it is my nature, and I cannot help it. I know, if I was chief, I would never employ myself, for I am incorrigible."

And Sir Auckland Colvin accepts Gordon's own estimate of himself.

Directly guided, as he believed himself to be, by the finger of an ever-present Providence, his impulsive and emotional nature was beyond human control or comprehension. Years of solitary communings in the African deserts, long days and nights of exhaustion and fatigue, fevers, privations, wrestlings in prayer and spiritual strivings, had worked their inevitable effect on the texture, both of mind and body.

In other words, from one cause or another, Gordon was an idealist, for whom facts were immaterial. To such a man the desert meant death, and Gordon faced the inevitable, like the hero that he was. If he could not oppose the forces of the Mahdi, at least he could prove that death was no more terrible to a Christian than to the followers of the Prophet. Above all, he added to the history of Egypt a chapter of self-sacrifice and romance which will always heighten the effect of a practical, successful administration. For while Gordon was fighting a hopeless battle in the Soudan, the work of Egypt still went on. Under Sir Edgar Vincent's skilful management, the load of debt was removed from Egypt's back, taxes were abolished, and the corvée and kurbash were no longer employed. For this relief Egypt owes the Government of Great Britain a heavy debt of gratitude, and the result was not achieved without much self-abnegation. In 1887—to give one single instance—economies were being made in the Egyptian army, and to facilitate this policy, Colonel Kitchener, Colonel Hallam Parr, and other officers were willing to give up part or all of their command pay. In brief, as we read Sir Auckland Colvin's book, we understand the reason of the supremacy which England most unselfishly still holds in Egypt and her colonies, and we can imagine no better handbook of practical statesmanship than Sir Auckland Colvin's "Making of Modern Egypt."

Between Sir Auckland's serious history and M. de Guerville's amiable gossip there is the difference of two temperaments and two nations. M. de Guerville is gay, happy, and irresponsible. He regards Egypt as a sort of annex to the Boulevards and he enjoyed himself in Cairo after his own fashion—and with all his heart. If scandal is more amusing to his mind than politics, we do not blame him, for the scandal adds colour and merri-ment to his narrative. Nor should it be forgotten that his observation is as honest as it is quick. He has paid incidentally a high tribute to the success of Lord Cromer's rule, and the tribute, coming from a Frenchman, who expected to find in Egypt another grievance against the perfidious Albion, has the shining merit of a disinterested sincerity.

## MR. LANG ON SCOTT

*Sir Walter Scott.* By ANDREW LANG. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

It would indeed be a superfluous task to trace once more the pathetic and noble career of Scott as it is set before us by Mr. Andrew Lang. The latest biographer has qualifications such as few others can boast for the task he has taken in hand. He is himself a native of that Border country which Scott immortalised; in many a rhyme and many a fine piece of prose he has told us of the power it possesses alike for his heart and his intellect, and there are few of the present day who have lingered so lovingly and so carefully over the facts of Scott's life and assimilated the novels as Mr. Andrew Lang has done. He modestly proclaims at the outset that he has only tried to compress "as much as I may of the essence of Lockhart's great book into small space, with a few additions from other sources." In spite of that we venture to think that Scott's admirers will find much that is new and more that is freshly put in this biography, which is permeated by a sympathy and understanding of which praise would be an impertinence. There is only one aspect of the book to which we would draw attention, and that in the way of homologating rather than criticising what is said. In a noteworthy passage Mr. Andrew Lang shows that the present taste for imaginative literature is almost entirely due to Scott:

It was Scott, the greatest of readers, who inaugurated the reign of novel-reading, and very much chagrined he would be could he see the actual results: the absolute horror with which mankind shun every other study. It could never have occurred to Scott, that, within less than a hundred years, male and female novelists, often as ignorant of books as of life, would monopolize the general attention, and would give themselves out as authorities on politics, philosophy, ethics, society, theology, religion, and Homeric criticism. Scott's own tales never usurped the office of the pulpit, the platform, or the Press; and, if he did teach some readers all the history that they knew, he constantly warned them that, in his romances, he was an historian with a very large poetical licence.

Perhaps the conclusion ought to be to a certain extent modified. Before the day of Scott, Burns, the most acute observer of manners of his time, had put it on record that the Mauchline belles were addicted to their nouvelles, and at least the feminine part of the community from the time of Richardson downwards had always a large supply of more or less sentimental tales with which to satisfy their appetite for literature. But the enormous assimilative power of the public of to-day is partly due to the badness of contemporary criticism, a badness which Mr. Lang touches off with a wit that closely approximates to bitterness:

In an age when an acquaintance with Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát* of Omar Kháyyám, an exhaustive ignorance of all literature of the past, and an especial contempt for Scott, whom Fitzgerald so intensely admired, are the equipment of many critics, we must be very cautious in praising the *Waverley* novels. They are not the work of a passionate, a squalid, or a totally uneducated genius. They are not the work of any Peeping Tom who studies woman in her dressing-room, and tries to spy or smell out the secrets of the eternally feminine. We have novels to-day—novels by males—full of clever spyings and dissections of womankind, which Scott would have thrown into the fire.

He is not by any means blind to the faults of his hero, and, indeed, places an unrelenting finger upon them in the following passage:

Far from being a conscientious stylist, Scott not infrequently proves the truth of his own remark to Lockhart, that he never learned grammar. I have found five "whiches" in a sentence of his, and five "ques" in a sentence by Alexandre Dumas, his pupil and rival. Dumas had more of the humour of Scott than Scott had of the wit of Dumas. Many parts of his tales are prolix: his openings, as a rule, are dull. His heroes and heroines often speak in the stilted manner of Miss Burney's Lord Orville, a manner (if we may trust memoirs and books like Boswell's *Johnson*, and Walpole's *Letters*), in which no men and women of mould ever did talk, even in the eighteenth century. But Catherine Glover, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, usually speaks from stilts.

Those, therefore, who dismiss Sir Walter on account of criticism of this kind are voluntarily getting rid of some of the finest literature in our language, and the way to

convince them of that is to take up any of their own idols. Here blemishes may be pointed out to which the faults of Scott are light by comparison, and they possess none of those magnificent qualities which in his case atone for so much. The humour at once so genial and yet so free from exaggeration and caricature, the sense of pathos that was all the more acute because it was restrained and even touched off with a laugh, the energetic conduct of the story when it was in full swing, all these are qualities which have been unequalled since Scott's time. Mr. Lang is justly angry with the harsh judgment of Carlyle, and we may conclude this brief notice with the following eloquent vindication:

Scott "fashions his characters from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them." Never near the broken stoical heart of Saunders Mucklebackit; of the fallen Bradwardine, happy in unsullied honour; never near the heart of the maddened Peter Peebles; never near the flawless Christian heart of Bessie M'Clure; or the heart of dauntless remorse of Nancy Ewart; or the heart of sacrificed love in Diana Vernon; or the stout heart of Dalgetty in the dungeon of Inveraray; or the secret soul of Mary Stuart, revealed when she is reminded of Bastian's bridal mask, and the deed of Kirk o' Field? *Quid plura*, Thomas Carlyle wrote splenetic nonsense: "he was very capable of having it happen to him."

## THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

*The Dramatic Writings of John Heywood. The Dramatic Writings of Richard Wever and Thomas Ingelend. Anonymous Plays:* 2 vols. The Early English Drama Society.

THE four volumes edited by Mr. John S. Farmer sent to us by the Early English Drama Society are neatly printed and of a convenient size, and, although their white backs are likely soon to soil, their present appearance is very attractive. From a prospectus which accompanies them we learn that "the Early English Drama Society was founded early in 1905," the first of its "general objects" being "to provide a corpus of Early English Dramatic Literature." In the prospectus, which is marked "proof" there is a blank left for the office of Honorary President, while as Hon. Vice-Presidents we have the names of four well-known and justly respected English scholars, Dr. Henry Bradley, Mr. A. H. Bullen, Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Sidney Lee, with two excellent American colleagues, Professors J. W. Bright and F. Ives Carpenter. It would be difficult to find six Vice-Presidents whose names would command more respect, but we are a little troubled by the abbreviation for "Honorary" prefixed to their title. It is not usual for the Vice-Presidents of a learned society to be paid, and we are reduced to wondering whether the adjective may not perhaps have been used as a synonym for Irresponsible.

The Society's editor, as aforesaid, is Mr. John S. Farmer: its secretary, Mr. W. W. Gibbins, we understand to be a publisher. In contradistinction to the Vice-Presidents, neither of these offices is marked as Honorary, but though we note the fact we hasten to add that we have not the smallest objection to editors and secretaries of learned societies being paid for their services, but on the contrary think that it is often advantageous, even in the case of not very rich societies, that all work should be adequately remunerated. From a subsequent page of the prospectus we learn that the Society started with the very respectable number of eighty-five subscribers, who have put down their names in all for one hundred and thirty-five ordinary copies and eighteen on Large Paper, the total number which it is proposed to print being two hundred and fifty of the former and sixty of the latter. This seems an excellent start, but it is distinctly surprising to find that of the eighty-five subscribers, only eleven are private book-lovers, all the rest being booksellers or institutions. The questions which we feel bound to ask, and to which we hope that at least one of the Hon. Vice-Presidents will provide an answer, are: Is this "Early English Drama Society" in the ordinary sense of the word a Society at all? Has it ever held a meeting? Has it elected its officers? Does it intend to publish a balance-sheet? Or is it an association

of an enterprising editor and an enterprising publisher, to which six distinguished scholars have been led by their enthusiasm for the subject into lending their names? If it is such an association as this, or anything only slightly removed from it, then we venture to think that a very grave mistake has been made. We have only to recall what has been accomplished by the Early English Text Society, the English Dialect Society, the Chaucer Society, the Henry Bradshaw Society and many other similar bodies to realise how dependent learned literature is in England on society-work; and any association which confuses the public idea of this work, or takes away the little prestige which attaches to it, should be strenuously opposed on principle until it puts itself right by conforming to the ordinary procedure of good societies. No doubt the procedure even of good societies varies, and often the whole management drifts into the hands of two or three people. But that without any initial public meeting, or at least any that was fully advertised, an editor and a publisher should draw up a prospectus of a series of books, and dignify the booksellers and the few stray students who subscribe to it by the name of a Society, and that six distinguished scholars should countenance them in so doing—this surely is of very bad omen for English literature.

We pass on from the constitution of the Early English Drama Society to its programme. There is first of all the Early English Dramatists Series, divided into sets of twelve volumes at a subscription price of five pounds (or twenty pounds on large paper); then there is the Facsimile Series, which, though a section of the Drama Society, is to embrace "rare books and manuscripts in all departments of literature." These are to be supplied at twenty-five shillings net for a quarto volume, and double the price for a folio, a certain number of sets each year being "bound in real vellum with kid leather ties" (fancy an Early English Text Society book in such a garb!) for subscribers willing to pay ten guineas for such luxuries. Last there are the "Museum Dramatists" (what Museum?) "reprints of notable plays, each volume complete in itself, with introduction, glossary and facsimile title-pages, price per volume, one shilling and sixpence boards net, two shillings cloth." From the names of the plays in this last series we gather that an economy may perhaps be effected by printing texts from the plates of the Early English Dramatists Series.

We have noted in a manner unusual in a review some of the financial aspects of the Early English Drama Society's prospectus, because they seem to us, by their strong resemblance to an ordinary publisher's announcement, to explain the difficulty which we find in recognising this as really a society at all. We gladly acknowledge, however, that any society which presented its subscribers with twelve such neat little volumes as those we have before us in exchange for five pounds, if the contents of the volumes were satisfactory, would be giving a very fair return for the subscription. But we cannot imagine that any competent scholar will be found to affirm that the condition as to the contents is here complied with. At the outset a wrong start is made by the spelling being modernised. Now we are used to reading Shakespeare in modernised editions, and it may perhaps be thought that what is good enough for Shakespeare must be good enough for his humble predecessors. The reason that this is not so is that many of the plays here printed are from fifty to eighty years earlier than the earliest of Shakespeare's. Amid the metrical anarchy which, owing to changes of pronunciation, prevailed at the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is difficult to say what semblance of metre it is reasonable to expect in the older plays here printed. But it is quite certain that in numerous lines that semblance is very much disguised and obliterated when words like "kynnesman" and "mennes" are printed as "kinsman" and "men's," and it is no less certain that while "sotyle" is a passable sixteenth-century rhyme to "beguile," even the intention to rhyme is concealed by turning "sotyle" into "subtle."

Perhaps it may be said that the literary craftsmanship of these early plays is so faulty and rough, that no great harm is done if their defects are here and there exaggerated, so long as the general effect is preserved. We blush at the thought of putting such a plea into the mouth of any of the distinguished Hon. Vice-Presidents, but, even if the plea were admitted, it would not cover the faults of this edition. We know only one way of criticising such a book fairly, and that is by taking twenty consecutive pages of it and giving an honest account of the merits and demerits found within that space. When this is done, there can be no artifice such as that by which a spiteful reviewer hunts down every fault he can find, and quotes the total as a mere specimen of what he could adduce if he chose. Every sensible reader knows that faults are to be expected in every book, and if he knows within what area certain specified faults are found he can judge for himself as to what degree of care has been taken. For our twenty pages we have chosen the first twenty of *Hickscorner*: of this play a copy of the Wynkyn de Worde edition, from which Mr. Farmer gives a facsimile (apparently at second-hand), can be consulted at the British Museum. Here are our results.

Mr. Farmer starts badly by turning "bought" in the first line into "brought"; on his second page, we have "am I" instead of "I am"; on his third, Contemplation is made most inappropriately to walk in "wildness" instead of in "wilderness"; on his fourth, "I thank you" is turned into the incorrect "I thank ye"; on his sixth, the "she" whom Freewill beshrews for having, *when they lay together*, substituted a stone for a coin, has her name changed from the feminine "Jone" to the masculine "John"; on his eighth, the line "if they will me money tell" (i.e., if they will pay me money) is printed as "if they will be money tell"; on his tenth, "scused" is turned into "excused," spoiling the metre, "you" into "ye," spoiling a rhyme with "now," and the exclamation "How, how," into the quite different form "How now!" Starting for our second decade of pages, we find that on the eleventh page we have "he is a ship" for "he is in a ship"; and "Poyle," the old form of Apulia is humorously printed as "Pugle"; on page 13 "sotylte" is printed as "jollity"; on page 14 we find "right" instead of "aright" on page 15 an oath "by hym that was never born" is printed as "by Jis," obviously through a misunderstanding of the *3*-like contraction used for *m*; also after a struggle "Imagination" is made to utter an unsportsmanlike threat to "bite" Freewill, where the original word is no worse than "bete." On page 16 in the form "pope-holy" (a hypocrite) by a whimsical obedience to Henry VIII's proclamation the word "pope" has been partly erased in the old edition, and Mr. Farmer prints it as "pure"! On the next four pages the divergences from the original are either trivial or susceptible of defence, save that (as we have noted) "sotyle" when it rhymes with "beguile" is spelt "subtle."

With the exception of a hyphen in one place instead of a comma the punctuation throughout our twenty pages is distinctly good, and the explanations of words in the Notes both to this and to the other volumes seem to us to deserve the same praise. But we think that the mistakes we have enumerated as occurring in these twenty pages are too many and too serious for the editor to escape censure. Whether the Hon. Vice-Presidents will consider these editorial shortcomings excused by the fact that each and all of the blunders we have named may be found also in Mr. Hazlitt's text of *Hickscorner* in the first volume of his reprint of Dodsley's "Old English Plays," printed in 1874, we do not profess to know. But if the Editor of the Early English Drama Society is reduced to acknowledging that, having taken over a thirty-year old text from Mr. Hazlitt, he grudged the three hours work necessary to collate it with the copy available in the British Museum, our own view of the ill-effect which this particular "society" is likely to exercise on English society-work as a whole will be considerably intensified.



## YONE NOGUCHI

*The Summer Cloud.* By YONE NOGUCHI. (Tokio: The Shunyodo.)

YONE NOGUCHI is a young Japanese who went to America and wrote books, and worked on an extraordinary Japanese paper, lived for a time with the once famous Joaquin Miller and wrote more, and, in the autumn of 1902, came to England. Here he stayed in the south of London with Mr. Yoshio Markino, whose water-colours have won the attention of some of our finest critics and artists. The two Japanese lived for some months together, and during that time Mr. Noguchi published, from a boarding-house in the Brixton Road, a brown-paper leaflet of his verse that brought him compliments from many English men of letters, and made possible the publication of a larger volume, that included the first and many additional poems under the same title—"From the Eastern Sea." From England Mr. Noguchi returned to America, and thence to take an honoured position in Japan. Both the volumes called "From the Eastern Sea" are before us, and also a third book, "The Summer Cloud," newly come from Tokio. In all three Mr. Noguchi writes in English, in an English that is the language of his thought, and not an ill-fitting cloak of translation from the Japanese.

The poems that fill the books published in England are written in a loose metre that is a balancing of ideas rather than of rhymes or syllables. The author was not satisfied with the result, feeling that rhyme would be an improvement. But, as we remember hearing him say, to rhyme one needs to know so much of a language. It did not strike us at the time how much he already knew. It is really marvellous that an Oriental, with a tongue as far removed from our own as Greek, should be able to express in our language sentiment as fragile, as delicate as that which these words on "The Poet" hold in a gossamer net:

Out of the deep and the dark,  
A sparkling mystery, a shape  
Something perfect,  
Comes like the stir of day:  
One whose breath is an odour,  
Whose eyes show the way road to stars,  
The breeze in his face,  
The glory of Heaven on his back.  
He steps like a vision hung in air,  
Diffusing the passion of Eternity;  
His abode is the sunlight of morn,  
The music of eve his speech:  
In his sight,  
One shall turn from the dust of the grave,  
And move upward to the woodland.

It was naturally an easy transition from this form to that of prose. Indeed, if we write out the little poem we have just quoted, ignoring the line-divisions, we make a prose poem that loses none of the beauty of the original, and gains by no longer attempting too difficult a task. There were several who, when the poems appeared, suggested that prose, however poetical, cut into lines, lost by division.

It is no surprise, therefore, to find that in his new book Mr. Noguchi abandons the printed form of verse, no longer cuts his pieces into lines, and labels them simply "prose poems." Here is one of them:

Little Fairy, little fairy by a hearth, fligh in thine eyes, hush on thy feet, shall I go up with thee to Heaven by the road of the fire-flame?

Little Fairy, little fairy by a river, dance in thy heart, longing at thy lips, shall I go down with thee to "Far-Away" rolling over the singing bubbles?

Little Fairy, little fairy by a poppy, dream in thy hair, solitude under thy wings, shall I sleep with thee to-night in the golden cup under the stars?

They are all like that; very slight, very delicate, like the *hokku* of prose. Japanese *hokku* are very tiny poems suggesting a single beautiful thing. They are only seventeen syllables long, and fill that small space with poetical feeling, so that one of them is sufficient to colour a mood, and it is sacrilege to read two close together.

The diction of these prose poems is quaintly simple and direct, and its dainty, ethereal effects are perhaps only possible to Mr. Noguchi because, not being an Englishman, he has the courage to use our words as if they were coloured scraps of mosaic fresh put into his hand. Knowing enough of our tongue to use words in their own meanings, he is not so accustomed to it as to be able to use them only with the associations that others have made usual for them. The result is alive with surprise and charm, and supplies the best argument we know for writing in a language other than our own, or other than that of ordinary conversation. For, when we do so, every word is a new thing to us, a fresh clear note of music, a note of colour personal to itself.

## THE AGE OF THE SALON

*Madame Geoffrin: her Salon and her Times.* By JANE ALDIS. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.)

THE abbreviation of Mademoiselle as "Mdle." is always a suspicious circumstance inviting a further inquiry. That inquiry, in the case of Miss Aldis's book, has brought to light quite a number of irregularities in the use of the French language: "en second nocés" for "en secondes nocés"; "valets de chambres" for "valets de chambre"; "langue mauvaise" for "mauvaise langue"; "amoureux" for "amoureux"; "nervreuse" for "nerveuse"; "le royaume" for "le royaume"; "blonde et blanc" for "blonde et blanche"; "fermiers-général" for "fermiers-généraux"; "harengs fraises" for "harengs frais"; "au dessus la porte" for "au dessus de la porte"; "dévoté" for "dévotés," etc. In some cases the responsibility may rest upon the printer, but he cannot be expected to bear the whole of the burden. The book, however, is by no means so bad as this list of "corrigenda" might seem to indicate. No doubt the author has a working knowledge, though not an exact knowledge, of French. She writes brightly, though not brilliantly; she has an interesting subject; she digresses agreeably even when she digresses into error. An example of such error may be found in the section on Madame Necker: "She had already been the queen of a small literary society which, years before, she and her young companions had formed while she was at home with her father, who was a pastor at Lausanne." M. Curchod's pastorate was not at Lausanne, but at Crassier, far away in the country, at the foot of the Jura. The only society which his daughter there enjoyed was that of the ministers who came to preach for him. The society to which Miss Aldis refers is evidently the Société du Printemps, or the Académie des Eaux—a debating club given to the discussion of such problems as "Does an element of mystery make love more agreeable?" or "Can there be friendship between a man and a woman in the same sense as between two women and two men?" Miss Aldis might have read of it, and so got her facts right, in Gibbon's "Autobiography," or in M. d'Haussonville's "Le salon de Madame Necker."

The mistakes, however, are mainly in excursions of this kind. The central story is well enough told, though in rather a rambling manner. Books about the French salons of the eighteenth century can always be made entertaining, though the best stories are apt to reappear in one of them after another. Madame Geoffrin, however, has one of the best stories all to herself. One of her guests had been absent on a journey, and came to see her on his return. "What," he asked, "has become of the old gentleman who always sat at the end of the table, and who never spoke?" "I know whom you mean," replied Madame Geoffrin. "It was my husband. He is dead." That is the first story which Miss Aldis tells, and it is eloquent of the spirit of the times, when all the marriages were "de convenance," but married women of wit and tact nevertheless wielded a sway which made them indifferent to the legal recognition of their equality with

man. This conjugal aloofness, indeed, was typical of the salons of Paris, until Madame Necker, with a husband who was no nonentity, set the French capital the example of a public display of a homely Swiss affection; but there were other respects in which Madame Geoffrin, to her credit, was not so typical. She was much more human and generous than, say, Madame Du Deffand, having a veritable passion for discovering necessities and relieving them; and, in a lax age, she maintained a high moral tone. There is even a story of a fashionable abbé who was denied admission to her house because of the impropriety of his conversation. With such exceptions, however, she knew everybody: encyclopædists like Diderot and d'Alembert; painters like Boucher and Vernet; "salonières" like Mademoiselle Lespinasse; distinguished strangers like Horace Walpole and David Hume. In some ways her salon is historically less interesting than those of Madame Necker and Madame de Staël. It had not the same bearing upon politics, nor did the old and the new ideas clash in it to the same extent. But it was a good frame in which to set a picture of eighteenth-century manners; and the picture which Miss Aldis has set in it is lively and diversified. If we began by finding fault, we must certainly end by praising.

## COLERIDGE AND THE WEDGWOOD PENSION

### I

THE main facts relating to the Wedgwood Pension are familiar and plain enough. That in December 1797, there came to Coleridge from the brothers Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood—sons of Josiah Wedgwood the potter, of Etruria Hall, Staffordshire—an unconditional offer of a life-annuity of £150: this for example is, and, as a rare instance of disinterested munificence, well deserves to be, given a prominent place in every biography of the poet; but the circumstance is neither in any respect obscure, nor—at any rate as regards the younger brother—unparalleled. One incident in the later history of the pension, however, has puzzled many of the biographers. How came Josiah Wedgwood, in the autumn of 1812, to revoke his half of the £150? What led him to break an engagement into which he had entered voluntarily, and by which he was bound in honour, if not in law? On this question the Wedgwood family papers are silent. A story goes that, when one of his sons, long afterwards, inquired why the £75 had been cut off, Josiah answered: "I had ample reason for what I did," and refused to say more. This tells us merely that Josiah wished to avoid the subject—whether for Coleridge's sake, or for his own, does not appear. Coleridge, on his side, is equally reticent. "Mr. Josiah's half of the annuity has been withdrawn," he writes to Wordsworth on December 7, 1812; adding simply, "My reply, of course, breathed nothing but gratitude for the past"—words which seem to imply that, had delicacy permitted, Coleridge might with good cause have remonstrated with Wedgwood. Dykes Campbell ("Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative," etc., 1894, p. 192) does not hesitate to stigmatise the withdrawal as "a highhanded proceeding," and suggests that "Coleridge, though he must have been aware of this, made no complaint, owing to the painful consciousness that the benefaction had not been used for the high purposes which had led both to the granting and to the acceptance of it." But in other quarters the action has been viewed in a light prejudicial, not to the doer, but to the sufferer. Would Wedgwood, it is asked, have resorted to a course so harsh—so arbitrary, if you will; and would Coleridge have silently acquiesced; if there had not been, on the patron's side, a shocking discovery and, on the poet's, a guilty consciousness of some positive offence? Josiah Wedgwood was a strictly upright character—*vir justus et tenax propositi*; such a man, it is urged, simply could not recall

his plighted word, had not some startling enormity on Coleridge's part at once cancelled all obligations, and called imperatively for a drastic measure of retribution. On the other hand, Coleridge himself—the procrastinator—the opium-eater—was, it is argued, *capable de tout*. Such is the view of the matter suggested in the late Mr. R. B. Litchfield's "Life of Tom Wedgwood, the First Photographer," which appeared about two years ago. "What Josiah's words ['I had ample reason,' etc.] meant," he writes, "will be for ever a secret. He probably knew much that we shall never know. With such a man as Coleridge, and a man in such a state, no imaginable possibility would be unbelievable." It is true that, after the scandalous insinuation here italicised, Mr. Litchfield continues: "I should not myself read Josiah's words as implying any specific misdoing on Coleridge's part." But, while thus apparently discouraging the spirit of prejudiced speculation which but a moment before he had raised in his readers, Mr. Litchfield explains Josiah's action in a manner detrimental to Coleridge only. He maintains that the annuity was cut off in order to deprive Coleridge of all excuse for indolence, and to rouse him from the state of apathy to which opium and (according to Southey) a "frightful consumption of spirits" had reduced him. Moreover, in his ignorance of the original documents bearing on the case, he stoutly insists that Josiah Wedgwood was entirely within his rights in reconsidering the matter and withdrawing the grant which he had volunteered in 1797. To regard the brothers' proposal as an offer to endow Coleridge irrevocably with £150 for life is, according to him, to put a false construction on the language employed by them. (What this language was, we shall presently see.) As to the charge of highhandedness, he is shocked that Mrs. Litchfield's grandfather should be subjected to so disrespectful an imputation. The bare suggestion is a sacrilege—an act of *lèse majesté* against His Highness "Josiah the Second," as in her simplicity the good Eliza Meteyard pompously designates the son and namesake of the famous potter. "Mr. Dykes Campbell's treatment of this incident," writes Mr. Litchfield, more in sorrow than in anger, "seems to me—I write it with regret, remembering what we owe to him—rather lacking in the care and judgment which are generally so conspicuous in his work." Now to the present writer, on the other hand, it seems that here, as in general elsewhere, Dykes Campbell is, so far as he goes, absolutely in the right—that, in point of fact, it is Mr. Litchfield's "treatment of this incident," and not Dykes Campbell's, that is conspicuously "lacking in care and judgment"—and, it must be added, in good taste and proper feeling as well. The grounds of this opinion shall now be laid before the reader: first, however, it will be necessary briefly to resume the circumstances under which the annuity was offered and accepted.

Towards the autumn of 1797 Coleridge had begun to realise the necessity of earning a regular income by regular work. Journalism and tillage, poetry, politics, and paying guests, had each been tried in turn; and all had failed. The young man had given hostages to fortune in the persons of wife and child; and now again his Sara, as with grim pleasantry he informs Thelwall, is "in the way of repairing, so far as in her lies, the ravages of the war." For the present they were domiciled in a small roadside house at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, where under Poole's fostering eye they were subsisting partly on Coleridge's scanty literary earnings, partly on the contributions (amounting to some £40 a year) of a few of his admirers. Charles Lloyd's domestication—a third source of supply—had been interrupted by his illness in the spring, though he still came and went fitfully between Birmingham, London, Bath, and Stowey. Small wonder was it that, despite the encouragement of Poole and the stimulating companionship of the Wordsworths, Coleridge had many moments of anxiety, and some even of despair. He was harassed with a sense of his ignorance, and sighed for leisure and peace of mind that he might enter upon a

course of encyclopædic study. Conscious of great natural powers, he dreaded the prospect of "fagging on in all the nakedness of talent, without the materials of knowledge or systematic information." Two plans offered: either to join Basil Montagu in a scholastic adventure, in which they should act as managing students; or to enter the ranks of the Nonconformist ministry. To the latter course Coleridge had been urged for months past by John Prior Estlin, a Unitarian pastor at Bristol; while the wealthy Wedgwoods, who knew and had befriended Basil Montagu, were understood to favour the project of tuition. At what date they had first met and become interested in Coleridge is uncertain—probably in the winter of 1796-7; but we know that in September 1797, Tom Wedgwood had passed five days (11th-15th) with the Wordsworths at Alfoxden, and that towards the close of the visit (13th) Coleridge had arrived on the scene. Ten weeks after this Coleridge's tragedy, *Osorio*, was rejected by Sheridan, and this crowning disappointment roused the poet to action. During the summer he had preached occasionally to the Unitarians of Taunton and Bridgewater, and now he learned that John Rowe, the pastor of that sect at Shrewsbury, was about to retire. He resolved to become a "hired preacher," and wrote offering to fill Rowe's pulpit for a few Sundays, "to see whether he liked the place, and whether the congregation liked him, and would endure his peculiar opinions." He tells Estlin on December 30, 1797:

I wrote to Montagu, that if indeed he should *immediately* procure the eight pupils at £100 a year, they boarding and lodging at their own expense (for this was his plan), I would join him gladly. But as I did not perceive the *slightest* chance of this, unless it were done *immediately*, I should accept some situation as Dissenting Minister, and that I had no time for delay or wavering.

The letter to Montagu was written early in December. On Christmas Day the post brought Coleridge an important communication from Josiah Wedgwood, who—probably either through Poole or through Montagu—had got word of the poet's position and intentions.

DEAR SIR [it ran], my brother Thomas and myself had separately determined that it would be right to enable you to defer entering into an engagement we understand you are about to form from the most urgent of motives. We therefore request you will accept the enclosed draft with the same simplicity with which it is offered.

A cheque for £100 accompanied the letter. To Coleridge, whose courage meanwhile had been dashed by somewhat chilling news from Shrewsbury, this windfall must have been a powerful lure to inaction; yet so sickened was he of the old, haphazard way of living—so weary of "chasing chance-started friendships"—that he debated with himself for three days before yielding. At length he did accept (December 28), only however to find himself thrown into fresh perplexity by the arrival that same evening of a cordial invitation from the flock at Shrewsbury, accompanied with "a very kind note from Rowe." Finally, after a storm of fluctuations, he returned the draft, with a long and characteristic letter in which, after minutely comparing the evils of the Press and of the Ministry considered simply as *trades*, or sources of regular income, he decides in favour of the Ministry as, on the whole, the less harmful in his own case. A permanent income, he adds, is essential to his peace of mind; "without it I should be a prey to anxiety, and anxiety with me always induces sickness, and too often sloth; as an overdose of stimulus proves a narcotic." He is setting out for Shrewsbury; and there—"if no new argument arise against the Ministerial office, and if the old ones assume no new strength—I shall certainly pitch my tent, and shall probably build up my permanent dwelling." Coleridge writes as one whose mind, after sore perplexity, is made up; the whole letter breathes an air of firm and cheerful resolution.

Perhaps never, before or after, did Coleridge come so near taking the steep yet salutary road to independence. One painful step remained—to turn his back on pleasant Stowey and take his way amongst strangers—and he would be fairly launched on what certainly was an honourable,

and might well prove a congenial career. He was a born preacher; and the mild yoke and discipline of pastorship, with its round of regular duties, might have formed and fostered in him that habit of punctual attention to the day's work, from the lack of which he suffered so disastrously later on. One pastoral gift he possessed in an eminent degree—the power of comforting souls in sorrow. But whatever we may think of his qualifications, or of his chances of success, certain it is, first, that Coleridge had now finally made up his mind to embrace the ministerial calling, and had, so to speak, burnt his boats by returning their draft to the Wedgwoods; and, secondly, that he had received from the Unitarians at Shrewsbury a unanimous invitation to become a candidate for the pulpit vacated by Rowe. Whoever should intervene *now*, to divert him from his purpose, must needs incur a grave responsibility.

The draft had been returned on Friday, January 5, 1798. In the course of the following week (January 7-13) Coleridge travelled *via* Bristol to Shrewsbury, where he arrived on Saturday, and preached morning and evening next day (January 14). Meanwhile on receipt of Coleridge's letter enclosing the draft the Wedgwood brothers had written again—this time a joint letter, dated "Penzance, January 10, 1798." As the view we take of Josiah's subsequent action depends entirely on the construction we put on this letter, that part of it which relates to the annuity must now be quoted. The first paragraph is in the writing of Tom Wedgwood, the remainder in that of Josiah:

DEAR SIR,—In the absence of my brother who has an engagement this morning, I take up the pen to reply to your letter received yesterday. I cannot help regretting very sincerely that, at this critical moment, we are separated by so great a length of the worst road in the kingdom. It is not that we have found much difficulty in deciding how to act in the present juncture of your affairs, but we are apprehensive that, deprived of the benefit of conversation, we may fail somewhat in explaining our views and intentions with that clearness and persuasion which should induce you to accede to our proposal without scruple or hesitation—nay, with that glow of pleasure which the accession of merited good fortune, and the observation of virtuous conduct in others, ought powerfully to excite in the breast of healthful sensibility. Writing is painful to me. I must endeavour to be concise, yet to avoid abruptness. My brother and myself are possessed of a considerable superfluity of fortune; squandering and hoarding are equally distant from our inclinations. But we are earnestly desirous to convert this superfluity into a fund of beneficence, and we have now been accustomed for some time, to regard ourselves rather as Trustees than Proprietors. We have canvassed your past life, your present situation and prospects, your character and abilities. As far as certainty is compatible with the delicacy of the estimate, we have no hesitation in declaring that your claim upon the fund appears to come under more of the conditions we have prescribed for its disposal, and to be every way more unobjectionable, than we could possibly have expected. This result is so congenial with our heartfelt wishes, that it will be a real mortification to us, if any misconception or distrust of our intentions, or any unworthy diffidence of yourself, should interfere to prevent its full operation in your favour.

Thus far Tom Wedgwood; Josiah proceeds:

After what my brother Thomas has written, I have only to state the proposal we wish to make to you. It is that you shall accept an annuity for life of £150, to be regularly paid by us, no condition whatsoever being annexed to it. Thus your liberty will remain entire, you will be under the influence of no professional bias, and will be in possession of a "permanent income not inconsistent with your religious and political creed," so necessary to your health and activity.

I do not now enter into the particulars of the mode of securing the annuity, etc.—that will be done when we receive your consent to the proposal we are making; and we shall only say that we mean the annuity to be independent of everything but the wreck of our fortune, an event which we hope is not very likely to happen, though it must in these times be regarded as more than a bare possibility.

I am, very sincerely yours,  
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

This letter reached Stowey on January 13—the very day of Coleridge's arrival at Shrewsbury. It was opened by Poole, who quickly despatched a copy after the poet, and himself wrote on the same sheet urging the acceptance of the proffered annuity. Coleridge meanwhile had, on Tuesday, January 16, walked out from Shrewsbury to pay his official respects to William Hazlitt, the Unitarian pastor of Wem. Here, on the morning of Wednesday, January 17, the fateful letter caught him up. This time

there was little delay. Coleridge returned to Shrewsbury and, after an interview with Rowe, whose advice tallied with Poole's, wrote there and then to accept the Wedgwoods' offer. By the same post he announced his decision to Poole, and, either then or soon after, addressed to Estlin, who strongly opposed his abandonment of the ministry, an *apologia* from the terms of which we may gather his reading of the Wedgwoods' intentions. He informs Estlin that he has been offered

an annuity of £150 for life, no condition whatever being annexed. Nothing can be clearer [he continues] than that I cannot accept the ministerial salary at Shrewsbury [£150] and this at the same time. For as I am morally certain that the Wedgwoods would not have thought it their duty . . . to have offered me £150 yearly, if I had been previously possessed of an £150 regular income, it follows indisputably that I cannot accept the first £150, with the determination to accept the latter £150 immediately after. . . . Now then, shall I refuse £150 a year for life, as certain as any fortune can be, for another £150 a year, the attainment of which is not yet certain, and the duration of which is precarious?

To the cause of Christianity and the promotion of the highest interests of mankind he solemnly devotes all his best faculties; but he cannot see any reason why his exertions on their behalf should be thought to depend on his becoming a stipendiary and local minister.

"To this add that the annuity is independent of my health, etc. etc.; the salary dependent not [only] on health, but on twenty caprices of twenty people." These extracts leave no room for doubt that Coleridge regarded the benefaction offered to him as tantamount to an absolute and irrevocable life-endowment.

T. HUTCHINSON,

(To be concluded next week.)

## THE LAND-GRAVE

(Adapted from the Russian of Erick Schwieger)

THE Christmas night that Christ was born  
They say that shepherds piped till morn  
For Jews who danced upon the corn.

In Palestine the tender wheat  
Can bend no more to the Hebrew feet;  
A stranger sits in Moses' seat.

He has gone with a map and a motor-car  
To where he can see the place from far,  
To where the nesting pheasants are.

"Whose are the acres that I see?"  
"Alack, Sir, they belong to me  
In copyhold and simple fee:

"We have held the land for better or worse,  
In spite of an ancient prior's curse  
Which is now fulfilled in my empty purse."

"Of stocks and shares I have no dearth,  
Pleasure was midwife at my birth;  
What I yet lack is God's good earth.

"Though yellow men in mines to-night  
Are bringing yellow gold to light  
And diamonds yellow, bright and white;

"Though Afrikanders understand  
That I can dance on Mine Deep Rand,  
I'd rather dance on English land.

"So let me buy," the rich man said,  
"My doggies' tongues are not more red  
Than the red rays my motors shed.

"Yes, give me tithe and give me toll,  
And God perchance shall heal my soul  
And land shall make my body whole."

Back to London to float a mine,  
To open a useless tramway line,  
Then to the Carlton to rest and dine.

By terraces where peacocks stalk  
He planted groves for gallant talk  
And cool parterres for God to walk;

Where milking girls the kine would call,  
Horses champed silver in the stall;  
The Semite now was lord of all,

From fretted ceiling to parquet floor  
The Titians glowed in the corridor,  
But he looked on the land and wanted more.

He built him barns where the gold mice might  
Nibble the grain in the moon white light;  
But God required his soul one night.

"Thy soul shall be required of thee,"  
God said, "and whose shall these things be?"  
God is a bitter mortgagee.

At the further end of the palm house stood  
The tree of knowledge of evil and good  
Which only the gardener understood.

It bears no fruit, but the servants say  
It blossomed once on Christmas day—  
The day the master passed away.

At Glastonbury St. Joseph's thorn  
Blooms on the night that Christ is born,  
While Jews are dancing in the corn.

ROBERT ROSS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### NEW IDEAS FOR OLD

No class of educated man is perhaps so liable to lose the sense of proportion as that whose occupation it is endlessly to discuss the poetical productions of its fellows or the classics. Some weeks ago there was an astonishing debate carried on in the correspondence columns of this paper on the rival merits of Shelley and Wordsworth: one of those "questions insoluble by any positive method, since they cannot be answered by the facts, but only by our interpretation of them." On this interpretation these contenders seemed to be not only not agreed, but not yet centred—not yet at work. Now the author whom I have cited has written a book called "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" (A. and C. Black), and I cannot help feeling that, if they were only made aware of his existence, he would stand in the relation of the Arabian Nights magician who offered "new lamps for old" not only to them, but to all those who spend much time in appreciating poetry of acknowledged standing.

The latest voice in this discussion sounded from India, and shed a vivid light on the need of general ideas and general agreement on them, in regard to the interpretation of the use and value of poetry. Asia tells us that Shelley in truth cannot be ranked with the "greatest poets of England or of Europe, but of the whole world." The other greatest poets of "the whole world" being not Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, but "Hafiz, Jelaludin Rumi," and "the great Sufi poets of Persia." This may be so; however, if it is, we who do not possess the languages in which these "greatest" wrote must be content with our own, and see Shelley not as Asia and the whole dumb world would see him, but as England and Europe see him. It is so easy to assume that we are backed by the whole dumb world, far easier than it is to listen when the comparatively small



articulate world cries out to us and tells us we are wrong.

I myself am persuaded that critics should give over the bad habit (for such it has become) of using what are called "test lines" or "jewels five words long." Matthew Arnold set this fashion, but it is followed in a way that he would have deprecated and laughed at. Even supposing that there may be some magic relation between the length to which a memorable thought should run and a decasyllable line; that an idea is true is not enough, its application should be fresh as well. However, Arnold would have been amazed had you suggested to him that a poet's rank depended on the number of lines suitable for quotation that could be picked out of his work by some "little Jack Horner." He had fought all his life against mechanical tests in religion, in literature, in politics. In his essay on Emerson he points out that it is not the fact that a line lends itself to quotation, nor that it is quoted, which makes it a mark of a classic, but the fact that all lovers of English poetry so admire the author's work as to be necessarily familiar with such convenient phrase or line. This it is which makes its common use significant. His own use of quotation as a test of style makes no such appeal to what is widely quoted. He only chose short passages or single lines because they were convenient. He says: "short passages, single lines, will serve our turn quite sufficiently," not better than long ones save in being more convenient. Again he says: "have always in one's mind lines and expressions of the great masters. It is their accent of sincerity and of lofty import which he wishes us to note when our attention is directed to their matter, their accent of beauty in fluidity, in abundance, in rapidity, in power, when it is to their manner or style which we attend. Alas! he is already used by a crowd of critics as crowds of Christians use their Bibles, without understanding it and even without agreement with it. It was, perhaps, a pity that he, following Aristotle, said "high seriousness" instead of "sincerity," and "higher truth" instead of "greater veracity," because necessarily elevated poetry, when sincere, has high seriousness, and the words of those who attach a high value to truth are momentous or of lofty import. Whereas much beautiful poetry is sincere without being elevated, and veracious without being momentous. So that to have distinguished clearly between the essential qualities, sincerity and truth, and their greatest allies, elevation and momentousness, would have made his definitions still less ambiguous, though he safeguarded them in many other ways. The manner of poetry must always be beautiful, whatever other qualities may be added; this also he might have stated better alone by itself, apart from the other qualities that may go to a supreme poetic style. He did not seek out jewels of expression, as it is now assumed should be done, but was often content with lines that contained no complete thought or with level business lines. It was on qualities of style that he laid stress, not on serviceableness for quotation. However, his light, having been used so much and so wrongly, is now an old lamp, for which a new would be a grand exchange.

Now, it is my opinion that the only advance by a writer of English, since Matthew Arnold, capable of serving as a new lamp for the criticism of poetry has been made by the American, Mr. George Santayana (to whom I referred above) in an essay on the Poetry of Barbarism, dealing chiefly with Whitman and Browning. Not the brilliant essays of Professor Walter Raleigh on Milton and Wordsworth, nor the estimable work of Professor Bradley on the Four Great Tragedies of Shakespeare, nor Professor Murray's enthusiastic book about Euripides, in my opinion, mark such an advance. There is, perhaps, rather a confusing of the standard among them, or at least a failure to apply it with an equal ease and surety. Less remarkable critics are in these respects more strikingly at sea, and approach the confusion of the correspondence before referred to, or of Mr. Herbert Paul in his notorious volume on Arnold in the Men of Letters series.

"Discipline of the heart and fancy is always so rare a thing, that the neglect of it need not be supposed to involve any very terrible or obvious loss." Therefore, I am not hinting at any menaced decadence, but remark a slackening of the strings, a settling down in the chair, a tendency to yawn from the main interest or to smile asides to those who are not really concerned. The old maids of literature, who nurse delirium over their Lambs and FitzGeralds, we shall no doubt always have with us, as we shall always have the poor, even when we get a Labour Cabinet. Nature is responsible and not we ourselves. Still, there is what we might do, and Mr. Santayana has recently published a volume entitled, "Reason in Art" ("The Life of Reason." By George Santayana. Vol. iv.: "Reason in Art." Constable), in which he sets forth the bases of the standard he so deftly applied in his splendid essay on the Poetry of Barbarism. He may, perhaps, in some measure have weakened his position through being so explicit, but in any case he lays a deep debt of gratitude on us. We may study his book and his essay and refrain from the criticism of poetry till we have mastered them. This, at least, we may do. Of course, we might also read Arnold again, but I fear we know his words so well as to make it hopeless that we should ever get at his meaning that way. He is our greatest literary critic—a greater, I think, than Mr. Santayana is likely to prove; but, as this latter says:

To one who fixes his eye on the ideal goal, the greatest art often seems the greatest failure, because it alone reminds him of what it should have been. Trivial stimulations coming from vulgar objects, on the contrary, by making us forget altogether the possibility of a deep satisfaction, often succeed in interesting and winning applause. The pleasure they give us is so brief and superficial that the wave of essential disappointment which would ultimately drown it has not time to rise in the heart.

T. STURGE MOORE.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Phantastes," by Edward Stanley Robertson.]

## FICTION

*Giant Circumstance.* By JOHN OXENHAM. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

MANY and strange are the devices of the modern novelist in search of material; but few are of such doubtful taste and art as that employed by Mr. John Oxenham in this novel. He takes the story of the death of the Prince Imperial in the Zulu War of 1879, changing a few names and facts; and the result is a poor imitation of the original narrative of Archibald Forbes. The novelist, however, insists that the subaltern who ran away did a braver thing than it was possible to do by staying with, or returning to, his superior officer. It is all very well to prate of moral courage and physical courage being on different planes, but it is a fortunate thing that Mr. John Oxenham's philosophy is not that of the good soldier; if it were so, the army would consist of men of prodigious moral courage always retreating. The death of Prince George of Saxe-Hohenburg-Reisenach, who in the novel takes the part of the Son of France, is only a sort of introduction to the fortunes of the hero, by name Challis—afterwards, owing to a legacy, Carrick—whom giant circumstance makes a worthy person. Having exhausted his stock of modern history, the novelist apparently turned to a report of the Lads' Drill Association, with the help of which he compiles a few chapters on the advantages of drill for gutter boys—Carrick appearing as the philanthropist who pays for the boys' club and instructors. From so commonplace a theme the reader is led on to incidents of treasure-hunts by Spaniards, delving for an Armada relic in Scotland, to the abduction by a Spaniard of Carrick's lady-love and her rescue at sea. This latter part of the book is in the most approved style of the cheaper kind of magazine, and quite unworthy of Mr. Oxenham. It is to be hoped that he will not again err from the paths of good taste by raking up

events of modern history which are better buried in oblivion, since to many still living they are a source of unending sorrow and shame.

*Folly.* By EDITH RICKERT. (Arnold, 6s.)

WE read this story with a divided mind, trying honestly to look at the characters from the author's point of view and sometimes, but not always, succeeding. It would certainly not be fair to discuss the book from the conventional point of view, that will not tolerate any divergence from the accepted moral law. *Folly*, her husband, her lover, and the old lady, rather distressingly called "mater-kin," live in a cloud-world where accepted law can be set aside without offence or degradation. When people in real life act as these people did, we condemn them, either by our laughter or our censure; and, when a novel with this plot is written with any touch of coarseness or with any want of humour, we put it away. But it would be cruel to laugh at *Folly* or even at her husband; and it would be quite impossible to take umbrage at their "goings on." Yet it must be said that the author never carries you far enough from the real world to let you forget it; and it is only on the heights reached by great poetry and great music that love admittedly becomes a law unto itself, sublimated and divine. Every one understands that Cleopatra and Isolde are not to be judged by the standard that sends real sinners to perdition. They are children of air and fire, as incorporeal as the music of word and sound associated with their names. But in the novel before us the people are without much motive and unshaken by passion. They are decorous in an undecorous situation, and undutiful from a perverted sense of duty. *Folly* is a lovable woman and not so bloodless and shadowy as the two men. They are all people with some nobility of nature, but (the Philistine will say) without a grain of common sense.

*Curayl.* By UNA L. SILBERRAD. (Constable, 6s.)

"CURAYL" begins well with a picturesque scene in the old church, and the introduction of two exceptionally interesting people, and it rarely disappoints the promise of the first chapters. Here, as in former novels, the author gives us pleasant proof of her quality as a story-teller; but construction is not one of her strong points. The plot of "*Curayl*" is rather a patchwork of events, scenes and incidents, which have a way of repeating themselves not always in harmony with the progress of the story. The fever epidemic is worked out beyond the limits of its importance or its interest for the reader, and a dying man's request concerning a certain packet, which suggested romantic possibilities, has no particular bearing upon the course of events. Beatrice Curayl has married Sir William Goyte for his money and her father's convenience. She longs to break the bargain between herself and her despised and despicable husband, but is restrained by the advice of a stranger, Anthony Luttrell, who reminds her that "it is not gentlemanly for either party to cry off." Then comes the epidemic, and Sir William's refusal to help the tenants drives Beatrice to offer her personal assistance to the little band of volunteers who are fighting the fever. She finds Luttrell in command, adored and obeyed by all. Nothing new in all this, and Beatrice's and Luttrell's fate is a foregone conclusion; but the manner of it has nothing of commonplace. The developments of the finer side of Beatrice's nature, from the moment she realises that sordid motives alone prompted her to marry Sir William to the end of her purgation show that Miss Silberrad is capable of doing strong and skilful work, as wholesome as it is clever.

*Tales of the Fish Patrol.* By JACK LONDON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

TALES of this type, monotonous in theme and wholly without magic of style, have yet their recognised right to appeal to the large unlettered public that is content to

find in excitement its adequate reward. Fairly exciting the stories certainly are; and they effectively show the peril that surrounds the life of a fish patrolman in his encounters with Chinese shrimp-catchers, Greek sturgeon-fishers, Mexican oyster-pirates and other ill-favoured poachers who set the fish laws of San Francisco Bay at defiance. The capture of Big Alec, the "King of the Greeks," is a neat piece of work; and it is evident that the writer, in his character of successful policeman, requires us to sympathise with him in his difficulties and applaud his skill. But unfortunately that is just what we cannot always do. Take such a story as this, of "*The Lancashire Queen*." A handful of desperate Italians in a skiff have successfully baffled the patrolmen for days. At last the latter by a ruse board "a four thousand horse-power pleasure-yacht" and ruthlessly chase the skiff. In the supreme moment of triumph, "Charley," the hero of this thrilling episode, points to the forty-five-miles-an-hour yacht and exclaims: "Look at that! Just look at it! If the invention of that is not imagination, I should like to know what is! Of course, it's the other fellow's imagination, but it did the work all the same." . . . It requires an American to admire this. Yet, for all that, "Charley" can do brave things; and his picturesque personality counts for much throughout the entire series of adventures. Indeed, "*Charley's Coup*," the fifth tale of the set, shows him at his best. It is the most diverting of them all.

*Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift.* By E. ACEITUNA GRIFFIN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS is an amusing story with a good moral. The moral (for men) is that husbands must not be selfish and tyrannical: the moral (for women) is that, if wives run away from home, they will probably want to come back. The whole tone of the story is bright and innocent, and there is no guile in Joy's running away. On the contrary, we are delighted when a clever old lady provides her with money enough for the purpose. Toby was an excellent husband, no doubt, but he could not imagine that his lively, charming wife wanted anything more than he gave her: anything more than a roof to her head, enough to eat, and the constant unfriendly companionship of his dull mother and sister. When she tried to take more he put his foot down in his solid British way. That situation is always amusing when it is not tragic. You want to see how a man is going to enforce his rights in these days of equality and emancipation. Unless he can stop all supplies it is not easy, for to invoke the law is to acknowledge shipwreck. But social opinion is still on his side and will make things uncomfortable for a woman who has drifted from her husband without good reason. It must be said that Joy Archdale's reasons were not weighty, but her conduct was spirited and her adventures are entertaining. Toby has the qualities of his defects, and it was a foregone conclusion that his wife would be the one to give in. His British foot was rather heavy, but his British heart was in the right place. His loyalty to Joy and his faith in her were never shaken; and she certainly led him a pretty dance—just as pretty as he deserved.

*The Paramor Papers.* By FLORENCE POPHAM. (Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.)

THE startling and misleading title of this book gives no idea of its contents, and those who take it up in the hope of finding stories of plot and passion will be sadly disappointed. On the other hand, the reading of these humorous papers will give a good deal of pleasure to those who like their mental food to be light and easy of digestion. The author has quaint and original things to say about the minor matters of life, and she appears to come smiling out of most of her dilemmas and experiences. She is evidently one of those lucky people who can see the funny side of things, even if they go so far along the road of discomfort as losing their light luggage in a train or enduring the society of an extremely interfering and trying aunt by marriage. There is a delightful chapter on her

attempt to teach her children the "Morte d'Arthur"; they insist upon her taking part in their dramatic versions of that noble book. She has the feminine weakness of moving house as often as it can be done and has amusing things to say about "our street" and "minor economies." In fact, there is not a dull page in this bright and pleasant little book.

*Concerning Paul and Fiammetta.* By L. ALLEN HARKER. (Arnold, 5s.)

CHILDREN are delightful little people, and Paul and Fiammetta are delightful children—especially Paul, with his mania for reading and his devotion to dogs, and to his friend Tonks. Tonks has no existence except in Paul's own imagination, but is the truest of true friends for that very reason. Paul likes to sit in window-seats and read, and his favourite window is in his mother's bedroom, for there he is unmolested. On one occasion, however, the book he was reading was rather dull (there are such books): his attention wandered to the telegraph-boy standing by the hall door, and the splendid plan leapt to him to empty the contents of the water-bottle quietly upon the telegraph boy's head. That is one of these sketches, twenty-one in all, and one of the most attractive. But it is not easy to choose between it and that which recounts Fiammetta's initiation into the joys of watching cricket, or the fishing-party, where with father's best split-cane the children angle with a pinktail for trout in the farm-yard and succeed in catching a farm-yard duck and a sound scolding which ends in premature bed. But their fly-fishing father sympathised. It is easy to imagine many parties both in the schoolroom and downstairs where these sketches will be read aloud and approved enthusiastically.

## FINE ART

### A HARDY ANNUAL

THE publishers of "The Year's Art, 1906" (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.), intimate that they "will be greatly obliged to readers who can direct their attention to any inaccuracies or deficiencies." This announcement, it is true, is made with special reference to the "List of Fine Art Dealers in London and the Provinces," but we venture to hope that neither publishers nor editor will resent attention being directed to "inaccuracies and deficiencies" in other sections of what is already an annual of much utility to all interested in British Art.

To begin at the beginning, then, the calendar with its *memorabilia* calls for stringent revision. Here the birth-days of contemporary artists are recorded with profuse, perhaps too profuse, generosity, while the anniversaries of the most celebrated of the great masters are for the most part passed over in silence. Surely the births and deaths of Raphael, Michelangelo, Dürer, Rembrandt, Reynolds and Raeburn, for example, are as worthy of commemoration as the death of Mr. Du Maurier or the birth of Mr. C. W. Wyllie. Still more extraordinary is the following entry for January:

23. Tu. Leeds Receiving Day, Leeds.  
A. C. R. Carter born, 1864.

Mr. A. C. R. Carter is the editor of "The Year's Art." On the same day in 1810 John Hoppner was born, in 1832 Edouard Manet was born, in 1883 Gustave Doré died, and in 1896 died Lord Leighton.

The brief survey of the art happenings of 1905 is a fairly efficient summary of events, though it is difficult to understand why, if the exhibition of the Rokeby Velasquez at Messrs. Agnew's be chronicled, no mention should be made of the exhibition of Titian's portrait of Pietro Aretino at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's and of *The Letter* by Jan Vermeer of Delft at Messrs. Sulley's. The Fantin-Latour exhibition at Messrs. Obach's was also well worthy of special mention.

Much valuable space is wasted by a list of the members of the Royal Academy from its foundation to the current year and by a complete list of the exhibitors at the Academy of 1905. The first is unnecessary, since it is to be found in many works of reference, while the official catalogue is a sufficient record of the second. In future editions we hope these will be omitted and the space gained might be devoted to a brief survey of the principal exhibits not only at the Academy but at the International, the New Gallery, the Old Water-colour Society, the New English Art Club, the Scottish Academy, the Glasgow Institute, and many other important exhibitions which go unnoticed. Space might also be found for some review of the Paris salons and other Continental exhibitions. In the section dealing with "Foreign Art Institutions" no reference whatever is made to the very fine collections at Berlin and Dresden. Indeed, those cities and the rest of Germany, with the exception of Munich, find no acknowledgment in this work.

The chapter dealing with the art sales of the year is certainly one of the best and most valuable in the book, but it cannot be considered authoritative, as the editor claims, when the sale of the portraits of the artist and his wife for thirteen thousand two hundred guineas is asserted to be a new Raeburn record. Apart from the fact that it is misleading to bracket together thus two works which were sold separately, Raeburn's portrait of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster realised at Christie's three years ago a higher sum than the total of these two portraits.

"To the additional time and trouble taken in verifying and correcting" the Directory of Artists the editor attributes "the slight delay in publication" of his annual. This very useful feature may certainly be said to be complete, remarkably so in fact, since it contains the name and address in Paris of H. de Toulouse-Lautrec who died five years ago. Moreover, though complete, this directory, like its verification and correction, is not exhaustive. Illustrators especially seem to be neglected; among notable omissions are those of Messrs. G. D. Armour, Herbert Railton, and A. S. Forrest, R.I., while, if American artists be included, as they are, there can be no justification for leaving out the names of Mr. Alexander Harrison, Mr. Howard Pyle, and Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Last, in the list of London dealers, the amalgamation of Messrs. Van Wisselingh and Van Hoytema is not noted, and the old addresses of both are given instead of their new one at the Dutch Gallery, 39 Old Bond Street. The list of Paris dealers, no doubt, does not pretend to be complete: still, there is no excuse for omitting so historic a firm as Messrs. Durand Ruel.

With a little more care and trouble in verifying and correcting, the utility of "The Year's Art" might be considerably increased, and since even in its imperfect condition it is without a rival, we have little hesitation in saying that it should be included in every art library.

## SOME MASTERPIECES OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING

THE little exhibition at Mr. Gutekunst's gallery, open during this month and April, is one which nobody who cares for fine prints should fail to visit. Five masters only are represented, and there is but a single example of Rembrandt, the portrait of Janus Sylvius; but of Dürer, Méryon, Whistler and Haden, there are considerable groups. The Dürers include such masterpieces as *St. Eustace* and *The Knight, Death and the Devil* in exceedingly fine impressions; *The Knight*, indeed, from the Fisher collection, is probably without a rival for brilliancy and perfect preservation. The *Melancholia* is not quite so good, but the heraldic plates and the *Great Horse* are fine. The Méryons are splendid throughout and include five of the impressions on green paper justly valued by collectors. The first states of *La Morgue*,

*Le Pont Neuf* and *Le Pont au Change* are especially noteworthy, and the rare first state of *L'Abside de Notre Dame* is interesting for its dedication in Méryon's autograph, though it is not so impressive as the memorable proof on green paper exhibited at a neighbouring gallery a few years ago. There are nine other etchings by Méryon, and all are good. Whistler is well represented by a number of the Venice etchings, two beautiful proofs of the Thames set, and a few less often seen, such as *Lindsay Houses* and *The Damwood*. Last, there are eight Seymour Hadens, all of remarkable excellence, which include the lovely *Sunset in Ireland*, an unusually fine *Mytton Hall*, and a trial proof of *Shere Mill-Pond*, washed in sepia by the artist. There are novelties in abundance to be seen just now in London, but when curiosity is sated it is pleasant to linger among acknowledged masterpieces of so high quality and interest.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press a "History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day," by Professor Saintsbury. It is to be in three volumes, and the first volume, which traces the history of prosody up to Spenser, will be published immediately.—Early in April Messrs. Macmillan will publish "Lady Baltimore," a new novel from the pen of Owen Wister; and a new edition of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," with coloured illustrations.—The same publishers have almost ready the first volume of the Complete Tennyson they are issuing, in five volumes, India paper, in the Pocket Classics series.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish next week "Ten Tudor Statesmen," by Arthur D. Innes. The book deals with Henry VII.; Wolsey; More; Thomas Cromwell; Henry VIII.; Somerset; Cranmer; William Cecil; Walsingham; and Raleigh.—The same publisher has ready an interesting book from the pen of Alexander, Lord Lamington, entitled "In the Days of the Dandies," which has an introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell.

An announcement of interest to sportsmen is "The Complete Cricketer," by Albert E. Knight, which Messrs. Methuen will issue immediately. The Leicestershire professional devotes chapters to the historical development of cricket and these are followed by chapters for young aspirants to honour. The final portion of the book is devoted to cricket in Greater Britain, the characteristics of Australian grounds, the preparation and peculiarities of their wickets, and a personal impression of a Test Match at Sydney.—Early in April Messrs. Methuen will add to their Little Guides Series "Northamptonshire," by Wakeling Dry..

Early next month Messrs. Alf. Cooke will publish "The Silvery Thames," by Walter Jerrold, with reproductions in colour of the Water-Colour Paintings of Thames Views, by Ernest W. Haslehurst, now exhibited at Messrs. Dickinson's Gallery.

Some time in April Mr. Unwin will publish Lord Hindlip's "Sport and Travel." Lord Hindlip here gives an account of a six months' expedition into Abyssinia, and of two sporting trips in British East Africa. In Abyssinia he was received by the Emperor Menelik, and his tour through the country was eventful both in sport and adventure. In the section devoted to British East Africa, Lord Hindlip describes his sport with elephant, rhinoceros, lion, buffalo, giraffe, leopard, etc.—The same publisher has in the press two books which should prove of interest: "Schiller's Dramas and Poems in England," by Thomas Rea; and "Old German Love-Songs," by F. C. Nicholson, translated from the Minnesänger.

Messrs. Constable will publish in a few days a novel from the pen of Mr. G. Harold Spender. The theme of "The Arena" is the part played by women in politics.—Another novel announced for early publication by the same firm is "Mr. John Strood," by Percy White.

An interesting addition to the reference library—"The Green Room Book, or Who's Who on the Stage"—is announced for publication to-day by Mr. T. Sealey Clark. The new annual is illustrated, and nearly four hundred pages are devoted to condensed biographies of prominent actors and actresses, managers, authors, composers, critics, vocalists, etc., connected with the British, American and Continental stage. A series of genealogical tables, setting forth the origin and descent of about twenty of the best known theatrical families is given, together with information concerning the licensing of the London theatres and halls, a list of plays of the year (giving dates of production and withdrawal), descriptions and details of the leading theatrical clubs, charities, and other professional associations, a list of theatres, music and concert halls of the United Kingdom, and digests of theatrical law cases.

Mr. John Lane will publish on March 28 "The Newell Fortune," by Mansfield Brooks, a new novel by a new author. On the same date he announces "Love's Testament," a sonnet sequence, by G. Constant Lounsbury, and a reprint of Anthony Trollope's "The Small House at Allington."

Mr. J. A. Bridges's book, "Reminiscences of a Country Politician," is nearly ready, and will be published by Mr. Werner Laurie. One of the non-political reminiscences concerns the author's experiences with the East Kent Militia during the Crimean War.

Messrs. Bell have in the press a book on Steam and Water Turbines, in which the theory of the subject is developed concurrently with its history, in such a way as to make it readily intelligible to the general reader. It will contain many illustrations.—Messrs. Bell are also about to publish a new and cheaper edition of what is perhaps Abbot Gasquet's best-known work, "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries." The present edition has a new preface by the author.

Mr. Elliot Stock has in the press "Returned with Thanks," a new story founded on modern literary life, by Mrs. Maxwell Prideaux.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, will shortly issue in their Sixpenny Series "My Friend Prospero," by the late Henry Harland, who was, unquestionably, a writer of exquisite English.—The same firm announce the next volume of the Merriman Series of Sixpenny Editions: "From One Generation to Another."

"The Salvation Army and the Public," by John Manson, which Messrs. Routledge announce for immediate publication, is a critical examination of Salvationism in its religious, social, financial, and other aspects. While showing the interdependence of the different parts of the complicated Salvationist machine, the author draws attention to evils, abuses, and dangers which, he maintains, are at present concealed by the Army's autocratic constitution and methods of publicity, and suggests certain reforms.

Mr. Elkin Mathews announces for early publication a new volume of verse entitled "Dramatic Lyrics" by John Gurdon.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### HEROIC ROMANCES OF IRELAND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am sorry that your Reviewer's letter compels me to return to the charge, but there are questions involved the importance of which must excuse my pertinacity.

Your Reviewer originally urged that the work was deprived of value for scholars because the translations in vol. ii. were free paraphrase. I pointed out that vol. ii. likewise contained literal versions so that the scholar's interests were cared for. He now accuses Professor Leahy of inconsistency because vol. i. does not likewise contain literal versions. As a simple matter of fact, Professor Leahy originally intended issuing literal versions with vol. i. likewise. Questions of size and cost determined their exclusion. But I cannot see that the procedure adopted involves inconsistency. The versions in vol. i. are literary, not literal; but they are faithful, as faithful, say, as Jowett's Plato. The versions in vol. ii. are not, in this



sense, faithful; they are avowedly paraphrases. Vol. i. is thus of value to the student of Middle Irish speech without the literal version; vol. ii., lacking the literal version, would be of little value. It is thus quite legitimate to include it in one case and omit it in the other. Your Reviewer further finds fault with Professor Leahy for not having harmonised the discordant forms in which the *Serglige Conculainn* has come down to us. It never occurred to Professor Leahy to commit such an unpardonable sin; had he designed it I should certainly have refused to countenance him. The text is quite one of the most valuable remains of Irish mythico-heroic sagas. As it has come down to us it represents the fusion rather of two independent legends than of two faulty transcripts of the same legend. To have obscured this fact would have been to deprive this portion of the book of all interest in the eyes of those who want to know what early Irish literature is. The omission of what is an obvious afterthought, perhaps intended as some sort of link between the legends which the redactor of the *Yellow Book of Slam* maladroitly jumbled together, seems to me perfectly defensible.

As regards the scribal confusion between the two Eochaias left uncorrected in the text although noted in the Notes, your Reviewer is evidently unaware that Professor Windrich has drawn critical conclusions from this very fact. With these conclusions Professor Leahy does not agree; all the more did he think himself bound not to obscure any fact that at first sight seemed to tell against him. The "higher criticism" of Medieval Irish Literature is as yet in its infancy. An indispensable prerequisite is accurate presentation of facts, whether in texts or versions. Among such facts are scribal errors.

Editors and Publishers of Irish literature are between the devil and the deep sea. If they bear in mind the requirements of scholarship, they are accused of pedantry and their work is ruled out of court as lacking all interest to the general public. If they avow their appeal to the latter, any withholding of the mint and cumin and anise of the most rigidly strict scholarship is cast in their teeth. The object of comment seems to be to discourage rather than to encourage, to drive editors into the Scylla of unsaleability or the Charybdis of unscholarliness.

Speaking with some experience, I would demur to this attitude as unnecessary. The public, Irish or English, requires no inducement to turn aside from the study of Irish literature. Far from it. The work of essaying to arouse public interest is thankless enough without its being needlessly hampered by superfluous captiousness.

ALFRED NUTT.

#### THACKERAY, NOT ANOTHER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just read Mr. William Archer's interesting column (in one of the daily papers) in which he cleverly argues against my ascription to Thackeray of the authorship of the review of the "Crimes" of Dumas. It is quite true that my reasons for including the essay in "The New Sketch Book" are very briefly given in my introduction. I might easily have filled a page with them—but I had eleven essays to deal with in a very few pages.

Mr. Archer's three points are these: (1) The "respect" the anonymous reviewer appears to have for Dumas and the disrespect which Thackeray is thought to have felt for him in 1842. (2) The reviewer's possession (or affectation of possession) of a good deal of historical knowledge. (3) The style in which the review is written.

As to (1) Mr. Archer, I think, overlooks the fact that Thackeray's hostile criticism of Dumas as shown in the earlier writings was directed against *plays*. Mr. Archer can scarcely have read Thackeray's essay on Dumas's "Travels on the Rhine" which appeared in the same number of the *Foreign Quarterly*, the "Celebrated Crimes" at p. 36 and "The Rhine" at p. 105. No one would venture to challenge Thackeray's authorship of the latter essay and no one who reads it could fairly say that Thackeray was without respect for Dumas. I agree that he had none for his plays either in 1842 or at any time.

(2) As to independent historical knowledge, I scarcely follow Mr. Archer's reasoning. Thackeray (I assume that the writer *was* Thackeray) was engaged by the editor of an important Quarterly to write a lengthy essay on an important book. Surely it was the reviewer's duty to get up a little history. Why, in his letter to Edward Fitzgerald, written in 1842 and quoted in my introduction, Thackeray wrote that he had been reading "scores of volumes of history in the most owl-like solemn way." I conjecture that these volumes and the resulting essay are to be associated with the getting up of history the better to grapple with the "Crimes" of Dumas.

(3) As to the style in which the essay is written, this every student of Thackeray must judge for himself. Like most other authors, Dumas included, Thackeray, when writing with a pencil between his teeth and a score of open volumes scattered around him, failed to preserve all the individuality of his style.

It has not occurred to Mr. Archer to ask himself what the reviewer meant by writing in the opening paragraph of his essay on the "Crimes": "We cannot but grieve that it will occur to us before even our present number closes to throw some less flattering light on his remarkably prolific style."

I suggest, Sir, that the critic alluded to the essay on the "Travels on the Rhine" at p. 105 of the same number of the *Foreign Quarterly* and to show (if I can) that both essays were written by the same pen I quote from the latter essay the sentences that follow:

"But with a protest as to the length of the volumes it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours

amusing reading; nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian; and again we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes 'preparatory studies' before visiting a country, which enable him therefore to go through it 'without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan' (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence; any one of the phrases would have answered; but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us believe like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to be in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-accumulated knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes."

And again:

"For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic part of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous."

And yet again:

"However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody-minded now as he was in his earlier youth; and he has grown more moral too and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgian temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him."

Now, Sir, this seems fairly convincing, and in default of absolute proofs to the contrary, I think most people will agree with me in thinking that Thackeray wrote the three essays, that on Hugo's "Rhine Letters," that on Dumas's "Crimes" and that on Dumas's "Travels on the Rhine."

So excellent a critic is Mr. Archer that I should shrink from setting my opinion against his were the question to be resolved on internal evidence alone. Yet I am a little surprised that the reference to Dumas's play "Kean" in the "Crimes" essay (Thackeray nearly always alludes to "Kean" when writing of Dumas—yes, sure enough there is an allusion to it in the essay on "Dumas on the Rhine" also) did not help Mr. Archer to detect Thackeray's authorship.

R. S. GARNETT.

March 13.

#### THE LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Though I hold a strong view as to the undesirability, as a general rule, of authors replying to their reviewers, I feel impelled to make an exception in the case of the ACADEMY.

I must really protest against your description of my "Life" as "a collection of literary gossip," and still more, against the statement that I "propose to make an attempt to supersede Lockhart." I should be only too glad, on the contrary, if I could think that, nowadays, people could be induced to read that fine biography, and I can assure your reviewer that the "stern revision" he desiderates has already been made, and that one of the effects of it is the very passage he singles out for animadversion. But I fail to see how "revision" can avail to change opinion.

G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

March 17.

[We owe an apology to Mr. Le Gry's Norgate. The printer changed *no* into *an* and the passage should read "he makes no attempt to supersede Lockhart." We characterised as literary gossip (without any objectionable intent) Mr. Norgate's attempts to find in real personages the models from which the characters of Scott are drawn; and literary gossip it is. For the rest, he misappropriates to himself a piece of criticism applied to Sir Walter, which shows that a reader is as liable to be careless as is a printer.—ED.]

#### "HOURS WITH RABELAIS"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to suggest that the review of my "Hours with Rabelais" that appeared in your columns on Saturday last was written under some misapprehension of the avowed scope of the work?

The book does not profess to be an expurgated edition of the "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel," but is, as its title implies, an "anthology," comprising, to quote the preface, "nearly all that is best" in the works of Rabelais.

I submit, therefore, that your Reviewer is not justified in assuming that I have omitted certain passages (which he specifies), because with a hateful prudishness, I discern non-existent "grossness" in them.

The episodes in question were omitted merely to leave room for others that, rightly or wrongly, I deem of more interest and importance.

F. G. STOKES.

March 18.

[Our review of Mr. Stokes's "Hours with Rabelais" was written under no misapprehension. We were content to accept his own account of his work. Here are the opening sentences of his preface: "A well-known commentator—M. Jean Fleury—has recorded his opinion that the grossness which characterises (and, as many a good Pantagruelist will admit, sullies) much of the work of the great Frenchman, forms no

essential part of his book. . . In this volume of selections from the *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, an attempt has been made to remove the blemish here referred to." In other words the text of Rabelais has been expurgated, and, with whatever motive he was inspired, Mr. Stokes has done his work so thoroughly, that "Hours with Rabelais" may be safely read aloud in a mixed school of girls and boys. We are therefore justified in assuming, as we do, that certain passages were omitted by Mr. Stokes, on account of the "grossness" which he discerned in them.—Ed.]

## A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I enclose a copy of a letter in "The Remains" of Lord Verulam which I happened to notice in Lord Ellesmere's Library a few days ago.

The final words are rather curious in view of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy, and you may perhaps think it worth while to print the letter.

March 20.

STRACHAN HOLME,  
Librarian to the Earl of Ellesmere.THE REMAINS OF THE R.H. FRANCES LORD VERULAM, ETC.,  
London, 1648.

A Letter to Mr. Davies then gone to the King at his first entrance.

MR. DAVIES,—Though you went on the suddain yet you could not go before you had spoken with your self to the purpose whereof I will now write. And therefore, I know not, but that it was altogether needlesse save that I meant to shew you, that I was not asleepe. Besides I commend my self to your love, and to the well using of my name, as in reposing and answering for me if there be any biting and bibbling at it in that place, as in impressing a good opinion of me chiefly in the King of whose favour, I make my self comfortable assurance, as otherwise in that Court; and not only, but generally to perform to me all the good offices, which the vivacity of your wit can suggest to your mind, to be performed to me, in whose affection you have so great sympathy, and in whose fortune, you have so great interest: So desiring you to be good and concealed Poets, I continue.

Yours etc.

## "A GENTLEMAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Algernon Ashton's recent claim to have been the originator of a certain retort reminds me that in 1878 or 1879 I was told the following of the late Rev. H. C. Moxon, then studying for holy orders. He had been attacked with some acerbity by a fellow student on account of sundry Church views. The calm and smiling amiability with which he bore the fiercest onslaughts produced at length the irrelevant remark: "You call yourself a gentleman." Moxon, who had the rare grace of never losing his temper in argument, quietly replied: "I didn't call myself a gentleman."

Literary celebrities who may be inclined to accuse others of plagiarism might do well to ponder the natural history fact that similarity of environment has repeatedly occasioned the evolution from very diverse organisms of what look like imitative forms.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

March 12.

## "HYACINTH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I waited for a week in order to let some one else protest against the review of "Hyacinth, by George A. Birmingham" in your issue of March 5. I have not read the book myself but the review of it is the most ill-informed thing of the kind I have ever seen in what ought to be a first class literary journal.

If your Reviewer had taken the pains to inquire he ought easily to have discovered that "George A. Birmingham" is the assumed name of the Rev. J. Hannay, Rector of Westport, Co. Mayo, an Irishman born and bred, and the author of one of the most interesting pictures of this country presented to the public these many years—I mean "The Seething Pot." Your Reviewer would then have been saved from the glaring blunder that "it appeared to us that Mr. Birmingham had visited Ireland, talked with a number of Protestants, jumped to several wholly erroneous conclusions, hit by accident on a few truths, and decided to make a book on the strength of it." Perhaps he will now admit that the author knows a little more about Ireland than his Reviewer. I do not know the Rev. Mr. Hannay; with some of his opinions I might not agree; but that he is a keen observer of things Irish few will refuse to admit. He is also a well-known member of the Gaelic League.

As I have not read "Hyacinth" I cannot quarrel with your Reviewer's opinion that it is "a novel without a backbone; lacking a plot, lacking an ending, and lacking a purpose." It would perhaps not be quite fair to judge the trustworthiness of this opinion by the value of the succeeding statement: "Mr. Birmingham has little knowledge of Irish history (he speaks of *Castlereagh* evidently confused by a tourist's recollection of *Lough Rea*)."

If "Mr. Birmingham has little knowledge of Irish history" your Reviewer has less of Irish Geography. *Castlereagh* is a tolerably well-known town in Co. Roscommon, *Loughrea* is a town in Co. Galway,

*Lough Ree* is one of the expansions of the River Shannon, but where may I ask your Reviewer is *Lough Rea*?

I think also that Mr. Birmingham does probably "know the difference between the brogue and the brogues." Your Reviewer need have no uneasiness on that score.

Finally let me hope that all your reviews of books are not written with the same cock-sure ignorance that this unfortunate notice displays.

W. H. WELPLY.

Our Reviewer replies:

(1) If Mr. Welply has not read "Hyacinth" he is not in a position to arrogate to himself the right to decide whether or no my review is a "most ill-informed thing."

(2) I am, and was, perfectly well aware of the identity of the author of "Hyacinth." I was aware of his identity when I reviewed—not for the ACADEMY—"The Seething Pot." It is nothing to me. If Mr. Hannay assumes the name of Birmingham, it is my province to treat him as Birmingham not as Hannay.

(3) "The Seething Pot" was not "one of the most interesting pictures of [Ireland] presented to the public these many years." It was not at all interesting and betrayed a very superficial knowledge of Ireland.

(4) I was guilty of no "glaring blunder" when I said that "it appeared to us that Mr. Birmingham had visited Ireland, talked with a number of Protestants, jumped to several wholly erroneous conclusions, hit by accident on a few truths, and decided to make a book on the strength of it." It did appear to me that Mr. Birmingham had done these things. It still appears so to me. An intelligent tourist would have gained a wider knowledge of Ireland in a few months than Mr. Birmingham possesses.

(5) I do not admit that "the author knows a little more about Ireland than his Reviewer." He knows nothing of the real Ireland—or if he knows anything of it he does not exhibit his knowledge in his books. Mr. Birmingham, if he be a "keen observer of things Irish," does not profit by his observation.

(6) Mr. Welply's last paragraphs are hardly worth attention. He has not read "Hyacinth," yet he assumes to give me information and advice! I have as perfect an acquaintance as any, I think, with Irish geography. Unfortunately for Mr. Welply's display of knowledge, when Mr. Birmingham mentioned "Castlereagh" he was dealing not with the town, but with a man whose name was not Castlereagh.

(7) *Rea* is merely an alternative spelling for the "expansion of the Shannon" which Mr. Welply calls *Ree*.

## AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On our common national Saint's day, I see your *collaborateur*, Dr. Tyrrell, on "Herodas," p. 257 of your paper, does not acknowledge my priority of claim to the translation of *Mime iii*, 61.

As far back as November 11, 1905, in the ACADEMY, I said the reference was to what "French schoolboy's" jargon calls "*la lune*." The Doctor appropriates the view in these words: "an ingenious idea is to read . . . in the sense of *pueri nates*," without giving my name. And yet I also am, as is he, an "ingenious" Irishman, and claim the "*p. n.*" The Doctor is not "frugi consumere nates."

H. H. JOHNSON.

Rennes University, March 17.

[Mr. Johnson is quite correct in his facts, but we consider it hardly fair to suggest that Professor Tyrrell "appropriates" his suggestion. The words Mr. Johnson quotes from Professor Tyrrell's article show that of themselves.—Ed.]

## TWO POINTS OF GRAMMAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—"Tell it not in Gath" lest "The Philistines" rejoice; that on page 267 of this week's journal appears this incorrect paragraph: "Owing to pressure on our space a number of letters is held over."

Even an erudite editor of a literary journal is apt to inadvertently overlook a grammatical error, in a notice set up by an illiterate compositor.

O, ye gods of Tavistock Street! The inerrancy of even literary journalists is invalid thereby. Thanks all the same for your valuable journal which is microscopically perused each week.

T. H. ASHELFORD.

March 17.

[We are prepared to defend our grammar; but are there no instances of even clever correspondents being apt "to inadvertently overlook" a grammatical error?—Ed.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

Wessely. Painted by Walter Tyndale; described by Clive Holland. 9×6½. Black, 20s. net.

Voysey, C. F. A. *Reason as a basis of Art*. 6½×4½. Pp. 29. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

[A plea for the expression of the higher individuality in art—especially in house-building—by the architect who builds those beautiful white country-houses with green roofs.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- A Friend of Marie-Antoinette* (Lady Atkyns). Translated from the French of Frédéric Barbey. Preface by Victorien Sardou. 9 x 6. Pp. xix, 252. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
- [Charlotte Walpole, the daughter of Robert Walpole, made her first appearance on the stage in *Love in a Mist*, at Drury Lane, on October 22, 1777, and married Sir Edward Atkyns in June 1779. After a short residence in England Sir Edward and Lady Atkyns removed to Versailles, arriving there probably just before the first revolutionary troubles broke out. She became a close friend of Marie-Antoinette, and was instrumental in the matter of the Dauphin's escape. The book lacks an index.]
- Lang, Andrew. *Sir Walter Scott*. Literary Lives Series. 8 x 5½. Pp. 258. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. (See p. 280.)
- Wright, Thomas. *The Life of Richard Burton*. 2 vols. 9½ x 6. Pp. xxv, 582. Everett & Co. (See p. 277.)
- Robert Browning and Alfred Domett*. Edited by F. G. Kenyon, with portraits. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xii, 161. Smith, Elder, 5s. net.
- [Letters from Browning and from Joseph Arnould, afterwards the well-known Indian judge, to Alfred Domett, the "Waring" of Browning's poem, written between March 1840, and April 1877. Preface, introduction and notes by Dr. Kenyon. Index.]
- Fitzgerald, Percy. *Sir Henry Irving*, a Biography. 9 x 6. Pp. xvi, 319. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
- [A new and revised edition, bringing the story to Sir Henry Irving's death and funeral. Well illustrated. Index.]

## DRAMA.

- Early English Dramatists. *Anonymous Plays*. 3rd Series. Pp. 302. *The Dramatic Writings of Richard Wever and Thomas Ingelend*. Pp. 140. Both edited by John S. Farmer. Each 7 x 4½. Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society, 18 Bury Street, Bloomsbury. (See p. 280.)
- [The Anonymous Plays comprise *Jack Juggler*, *King Darius*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *New Custom*, *Trial of Treasure*, and both volumes have the Note Book and Word List.]

## EDUCATION.

- Gilman, Daniel Coit. *The Launching of a University* and other Papers. A Sheaf of Remembrances. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 386. New York: Dodd, Mead, \$2.50.
- [Dr. Gilman is President Emeritus of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, U.S.A. Some of the articles of which his book is composed have appeared, sometimes in a shorter form, in American magazines. The University he helped to launch was the Johns Hopkins, founded in the 'seventies under the will of a wealthy merchant of that name. The book is full of matter of great interest, especially to those practically or theoretically concerned in education.]
- The Medea of Euripides*. Edited by Harold Williamson. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xxviii, 159. Blackie, 2s.
- [In Messrs. Blackie's "Illustrated Greek Series," under the general editorship of Professor R. Y. Tyrrell. The editor has consulted principally the editions of Wecklein, on which he has drawn freely for illustrative quotations, and of Verrall. Introduction dealing with (1) Greek Tragedy contrasted with Modern Drama; (2) The Life of Euripides; (3) The Story of Jason and Medea; (4) Synopsis of the Plot. Notes (65 pp.); and an Appendix: On Some Idiomatic uses of Particles in the Medea.]
- Precis Writing for Army Classes, Civil Service Candidates, etc.* Compiled and edited by H. Latter, M.A. Second series. 7½ x 5. Pp. 214. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
- [Contains a fresh selection of exercises, mainly diplomatic correspondence. They are, on the whole, easier than those in the first book.]
- A Selection from the Discourses Delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy by Sir Joshua Reynolds*. Edited, with introduction, by J. J. Findlay. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 216. Blackie, 2s. net.
- [Two-thirds of the Discourses: those which, for various reasons, have been omitted are the fourth (latter half), fifth, eighth (latter half), ninth, tenth, and fourteenth.]
- Thouaille, Albert. *First Steps in Colloquial French*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 228. Blackie, 2s.
- [The first of a series of books for the study of colloquial French by the psychological direct method.]
- Cann, Alfred L. *Helps to the Study of Milton's Paradise Lost (1-11)*. 7½ x 5. Pp. lxx, 100. Ralph Holland, 2s.
- [Introduction, full text, notes, examination questions, index to notes.]
- Welch, G. E. *Chemistry Lecture Notes*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 63. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- [Notes such as would be taken during a course of lessons on State ii. Inorganic Chemistry.]
- The Teacher's Black-Board Arithmetic*. Part ii. By "Tact." 7½ x 5. Pp. 96. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- Tales from the Norse*. A selection from the translation of G. W. Dasent. 7½ x 5. Pp. 223. Blackie, 1s.
- Told to the Children Series. *Swift's Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput and Brobdignag*. Told to the children by John Lang; pictures by F. M. B. Blackie. Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*. Abridged by Amy Steedman. Each 6 x 4½. Each, 1s. 6d. net each.
- Ohlson, E. E. *In the Days of Chaucer*. A pastoral interlude in two scenes. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 38. Blackie.

## FICTION.

- Mackay, William. *A Mender of Nets*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 343. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Trafford-Taunton, Winefride. *Igdrasil*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 309. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Healy, Chris. *Mara: the Story of an Unconventional Woman*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 356. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Oliver, Lætitia Selwyn. *The Expiation of Lady Anne*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 257. Drane, 6s.
- James, Geoffrey. *At Break of Dawn*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 158. Drane, 6s.
- Lillie, Arthur. *The Workshop of Religion*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 338. Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.
- Sinclair, Upton. *The Jungle*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 413. Heinemann, 6s.
- Sedgwick, Anne Douglas. *The Shadows of Life*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 324. Constable, 6s.

- Field, Elsie. *Evelyn's Quest*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 231. Glazier, 4s. 6d. net.
- Dane, John Colin. *The Hidden House*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 376. Cassell, 6s.
- Lubbock, Basil. *Jack Derringer*, a tale of deep water. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 328. Murray, 6s.
- Pistorius, Fritz. *Doctor Fuchs und seine Tertia*: heitere Bilder von der Schulbank. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 234. Berlin: Trowitsch. M. 2.40 and M. 3.
- [Stories of school-life in the third class of a "Gymnasium." A sort of pendant to a very popular book, Luise Koppen's "Heitere Bilder aus dem Bodenstedter Pfarrhause."]
- Fuller Maitland, Ella. *Blanche Esmead*, a story of diverse temperaments. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Methuen, 6s.

## HISTORY.

- Vambéry, Arminius. *Western Culture in Eastern Lands*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 410. Murray, 12s. net.
- [A comparison of the methods adopted by England and Russia in the Middle East.]
- Vincent, John Martin. *Municipal Problems in Mediaeval Switzerland*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 44. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press, 50c.
- [Series xxiii, Nos. 11, 12 of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.]
- Sell, Rev. Edward. *Islam: its rise and progress*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 94. London: Simpkin, Marshall. Madras: S.P.C.K., 9d. net.
- [A simple and popular account based on Dr. Sell's larger works.]
- Diehl, Charles. *Figures Byzantines*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 343. Paris: Colin, 3f. 50.
- [Studies in Byzantine history and biography before the Crusaders; revealing especially the importance of the place held by women in society and politics. The sections are: La vie d'une impératrice à Byzance; Athénais; Théodora; L'impératrice Irène; Une bourgeoise de Byzance au VIII. siècle; La bienheureuse Théodora; Les romanesques aventures de Basile le Macédonien; Les quatre mariages de l'empereur Léon le Sage; Théophrasto; Zoé la Porphyrogénète; Une famille de bourgeoisie à Byzance au XI. siècle; Anne Dalassène.]

## LITERATURE.

- Mackail, J. W. *The Progress of Poesy*. An inaugural lecture delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre on March 10, 1906. 9½ x 6. Pp. 29. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net. (See p. 275.)
- Publications of the Modern Language Association of America*. Edited by Charles H. Grandgent. New Series. Vol. xxi, No. 1, March, 1906. 10 x 6½. Pp. 278. Cambridge, Mass.: Published by the Association, \$1.00.
- [Contents: Three "Lapland Songs," by F. E. Farley; F. Schlegel and Goethe, 1790-1802, by J. W. Scholl; Nash and the Earlier Hamlet by J. W. Cunliffe; The English Fabliau, by H. S. Canby; Montaigne: the average man, by R. W. Trueblood; Italian Fables in Verse, by K. M'Kenzie.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Nisbet's Golf Year-Book, 1906*. Edited by John L. Low. 7½ x 5. Pp. 482. Nisbet, 3s. 6d.
- [Contributions by Horace G. Hutchinson, Harry Vardon, R. E. Foster, and others.]
- Saleeby, C. W. *Individualism and Collectivism*. Four lectures. 7½ x 5. Williams & Norgate, 2s.
- [Apparently the first of a series of books on Constitution Issues. The Lectures were delivered during the General Election, 1906, for the British Constitutional Association, and are "an attempt to expound the principle that the State is only secure in so far as it conserves the liberty and responsibility of the individual.]
- Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1906*. Fortieth Annual Edition. Illustrated with 800 Armorial Engravings. Revised by Members of Parliament, and by Judges of the United Kingdom and of the Colonies. 8½ x 6. Pp. 464. Dean, 7s. 6d. net.
- Sociological Papers*, vol. ii. By Francis Galton, P. Geddes, M. E. Sadler, E. Westermarck, H. Höffding, J. H. Bridges and J. S. Stuart-Glennie. 10½ x 7. Pp. viii, 307. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.
- [The papers read before the Sociological Society and the discussions thereupon, written communications and replies received, between October 1904, and June 1905. Mr. Galton on Eugenics (Restrictions in Marriage); Studies in National Eugenics; and Eugenics as a factor in Religion; Professor Geddes on Civics: as applied Sociology; Professor Sadler on The School in some of its relations to social organisation and national life; Dr. Westermarck on The Influence of Magic on Social Relationships; Professor Höffding on The Relations between Sociology and Ethics; Dr. Bridges on Some Guiding Principles in the Philosophy of History and Mr. Stuart-Glennie on Sociological Studies. Index.]

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- Robinson, Father Paschal. *The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi*, newly translated into English with an Introduction and Notes. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xxii, 208. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press, 2s. net.
- [Father Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor, gives a scholarly introduction on the characteristics of the writings, the early MS. collection and the editions and translations. Then comes a literal translation of the complete works from the Quaracchi edition, the order being occasionally altered and the "Canticle of the Sun" added. The original MS. authorities have been consulted. Appendix dealing with lost, doubtful and spurious writings. Index.]

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## THE BOOKSHELF

We receive with much pleasure the first volume of a new and cheaper issue of *The Henry Irving Shakespeare* (The Gresham Publishing Co.). It is a work which, in the original form, has already proved itself indispensable to people who are not Sidney Lees or Furnivalls, but take an intelligent interest in Shakespeare, and, when they see a play, like to know all about it before they go. We say, of set purpose, see a play; for the feature of this edition which renders it unique is that throughout it Shakespeare is regarded not as a dead body over which commentators may wrangle, but as a writer of plays whose work may be seen on the stage to this day. Shakespeare, the playwright, not Shakespeare the poet or the philosopher, was first and foremost the object of the late Sir Henry Irving's most arduous studies, and it is as the literary expression of those studies that Mr. Frank A. Marshall's work, reinforced as it is by his own ripe scholarship and sound judgment, makes its appeal. But we must guard at the outset against a possible misconception. Every one knows that the text of Shakespeare, for representation on the stage, is "cut." There is no cutting in the Irving Shakespeare. Every word the poet wrote is given from the best sources; but by a system of simple marks, which there is no mistaking, the passages which may or must be omitted in reading or performance are shown at a glance. The book is thus invaluable to Shakespeare Reading Societies and other such bodies. Any one who has prepared a play for such reading must have realised how extraordinarily difficult it is to cut it down, however roughly, without losing the continuity of the story. How much more difficult to do what Sir Henry Irving did for this edition—cut down every play so as to preserve to the full its artistic proportions, its independence of character, its light and shade, the subtleties which are woven into a close network by the dramatist and go for so much in the proper understanding of his work! We are convinced that if the existence of this edition were more widely known—as it must shortly be—the initial trouble of Shakespeare Readings would be diminished by more than half, and the enjoyment doubled. It is a book which no Shakespeare Reading Society can afford to be without. That is not all. It is a book which gives in very handy compass a mass of accurate and interesting information about each play and about Shakespeare's work as a whole. Mr. Marshall has had the co-operation of a number of leading scholars, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Joseph Knight, Canon Beeching, Dr. Garnett and others; and the result is a commentary which, as we know from experience, gives matter which it is sometimes very difficult to obtain elsewhere. Each play has its own introduction giving its literary history and a critical note, and including a most interesting and unique section on the theatrical history of the play—who acted it and when—while each is followed by copious but not tedious notes; and the introductory critical and biographical matter, by Dr. Dowden is as thorough and accurate as all that great scholar's work. The many pictures, too, all taken from the works of famous Academicians, not to consider their beauty, are of the greatest interest to all who intend to act Shakespeare at school, at home, even on the stage. In fact, for the general reader, the Shakespearean Society, the school class and the amateur actor, this is *par excellence* the edition of Shakespeare's Works. Special features of the new edition are an astute and sympathetic appreciation of Sir Henry Irving by Mr. Bram Stoker, additional illustrations (including a large photograph of the portrait of Sir Henry as Hamlet by Mr. Edwin Long, R.A., to be presented to subscribers on completion) and a volume containing Mr. Jerome Harrison's description of the Shakespeare Land, richly illustrated. The price of the whole set of fourteen volumes is only £3 3s.

*The Fancy*, by John Hamilton Reynolds. Prefatory and Memoir Notes by John Masefield (Elkin Mathews).—The chief attraction of this little volume lies in the memoir of Reynolds by Mr. Masefield, and in Reynolds's memoir of Peter Corcoran, the supposititious dead man upon whom Reynolds fathered the poems. The former is a masterpiece of sympathetic biography on a small scale. Mr. Masefield glories in his hero's enthusiasm and extravagance, his many interests, his lusty talent for life. Reynolds's own semi-autobiographical retrospect affects merely to deplore the follies and excesses of his early years, which he feels have told on his health and impaired his prospects; but it is also clearly his last youthful utterance, the regretful sigh of a man who has made up his mind to become respectable, to associate only with people of his own class, to make the conventional distinction between day and night. His best and most poetical work was produced about 1816–17, under the influence of the close and constant companionship of Keats. The poems in the present volume were composed a year or two later, when that influence was withdrawn, after he had become a lawyer and was engaged to be married. Finally persuaded of the necessity of "settling down," he still found it in his heart to write "The Fancy," drawing his inspiration entirely from those past years wherein he devoted himself to wandering about London in quest of experience, when his main object in life was to witness all the fights between the best pugilists of the day. There is so much that is attractive in the personality of Peter Corcoran, the youthful Reynolds, as seen in the two excellent Memoirs, that we turn to the poems with an interest which is doomed to be considerably disappointed. It is shocking to find a friend of Keats writing like Hood, to see him rejoicing in the mournful vulgarity of puns, making an execrable stanza in parody of the beautiful and solemn "Ar hyd y nos," wallowing in slang "come porci in brago." Scattered here and there are many good lines and much good poetical material. These are to be found where the author is writing genuinely



from his own experience, as in some passages of the Beppo-like "Fields of Tothill," and especially in the vigorous lines entitled "What is Life?" But he often failed to take advantage of an excellent opportunity. There is real humour in the idea of poor Corcoran incurring the serious displeasure of his lady-love by appearing before her with two black eyes after "a casual turn-up" on the previous night. Yet when Reynolds comes to write of the incident he makes little out of it but a series of depressing puns. Perhaps the most humorous touch in the piece is partly unconscious: he promises that, if she will forgive him he will never wear boxing-gloves in future!

*The Museums and Ruins of Rome*, by Walter Amelung and Heinrich Holtzinger, English Edition revised by the authors and Mrs. S. Arthur Strong, L.L.D., 2 vols. (Duckworth, 10s. net).

*Rome*: a practical guide to Rome and its environs. By Eustace Reynolds-Ball. (Black's Guide-books, 2s. 6d.).

There has long been wanted a small but full work on the remains of classical Rome. There is, of course, Helbig. There is the invaluable Hare, edited and revised by Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, and there are other useful works like Mrs. Burton Brown's admirable little book on the Forum. But Hare is something curt and something of a jumble, and Mrs. Burton Brown only takes a fragment of the subject. There has been nothing quite like Amelung and Holtzinger, and not only visitors to Rome, but students of classic art and history who stay at home should be grateful to Mrs. Strong for giving them the book in English. The first volume, *The Museums*, is by Dr. Amelung, the second, *The Ruins*, by Dr. Holtzinger. These books are not guide-books. They do not describe things just as you happen to meet with them in the course of a walk: they—and especially Dr. Amelung—take a connected view of the works they treat of, showing their development and place in the history of the art, so that under their guidance a visit to the Baths of Diocletian or the Capitol or Vatican Museums is not a series of bewildering leaps from style to style and period to period but a consecutive study of the subject. Every statue or bust is treated also from the point of view of the "human interest." Its intention and significance, besides its place in art history, are pointed out. Take, for instance, the admirable exposition of the statues of Demosthenes in the Vatican: even the scampering tourist, if he has this little book in his hand, must appreciate and remember it far better than he otherwise would, while there is nothing merely sentimental or likely to offend the serious student, who uses this book as a little work of reference. Dr. Holtzinger, in his volume, treats architecture as an art rather than a matter of history, though history, of course, crops up continually, as it must in any worthy consideration of architecture. He does not enter deeply into controverted points (e.g., his description of the "Stadium of Domitian" on the Palatine occupies only nine lines, and there is no discussion of its purpose), but he gives a clear and consecutive idea of all the classical ruins of Rome. More than that; by means of carefully selected illustrations (very different from some of the sensational things one sees in Piali's windows), he gives a clear notion of what some of the buildings were like in their perfect state; and of both these volumes it may be said that the illustrations and plans are a very valuable feature. Altogether, these little books are without their match, and no one should go to Rome without them. Mr. Reynolds-Ball's little book, though briefer and cheaper than the bulky Hare, is, so far as we have tested it, accurate (he cannot be called inaccurate for ascribing the little round temple on the Tiber near Sta. Maria in Cosmedin to Mater Matuta, for no one knows any better) and clear. It has three good plans and thirty pages of sound practical information besides eight illustrations after Mr. Pisa's beautiful water-colours. A very useful book for tourists who want to see only the best and that quickly.

*The Tradition of Scripture*: its origin, authority and interpretation, by the Rev. William Barry, D.D. (Longmans, Green and Co., 3s. 6d.) This is a volume of the "Westminster Library," a series intended for the use of "Catholic priests and students," presumably ecclesiastical students. It would, therefore, be unjust to criticise it from the lay standpoint. The author's preoccupation is theological, not scientific; and, in his treatment of critical questions, he inquires, not what are the conclusions established by the evidence, but what proportion of those conclusions can be reconciled with the pronouncements of Roman authority. The question is one which he doubtless is, and we certainly are not, competent to answer; we can but state the result of his inquiry, which is that the conclusions of criticism are largely accepted in the case of the Old Testament, and mostly rejected in the case of the New. This position, which would be absurd in the case of a scientific critic, is consistent enough in the case of a writer who regards questions of date, authorship and the like as matters which ecclesiastical authority is competent to settle. The book is no doubt well adapted to those for whom it is intended, many of whom will learn from it much that they do not know, particularly about the Old Testament; and it will serve well enough as material for sermons. But priests and students will be well advised not to rely on Dr. Barry's treatment of the critical problems of the New Testament, should they ever be called upon to discuss those problems with persons having a real knowledge of them.

*Rembrandt, a Memorial, 1606-1906. Part I.* (Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.) The city of Leyden is celebrating in July the tercentenary of the birth of Rembrandt, and four publishers in England, France, Germany, and Holland—Mr. Heinemann being the English representative—are publishing simultaneously a Record, of which Part I. of the English

version lies before us. The author of the letter-press is M. Emil Michel, than whom no one better could be found; he attempts no detailed study of Rembrandt's biography, but endeavours to "emphasise the main features of his great personality." But, of course, the real point of the publication is the plates. Of these there are seven in the part before us: *The Study of an Old Man* (the chalk drawing in the Louvre); the pen-and-wash drawing of *Tobias and his Family* in the Albertina, Vienna; Mr. Heseltine's pen-and-wash drawing of *The Woman at the Window*; the *Portrait of the Artist* in the National Gallery; *The Syndics of the Cloth Hall* (Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam); *Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen*, in the King's collection; and the *Portrait of a Lady* in the Liechtenstein, Vienna. The first three are in colours, are produced in Paris, and are mounted on the text-paper of the work, which, we are delighted to see, is not plate-paper, but a very fine rough-surface; the last four are Rembrandt photogravures—a process which has now established itself as the very finest possible; and they are certainly superb pieces of work. The decorations are appropriately taken from the publications of the great Plantin Press at Antwerp. There will be ten parts, each with the same number of illustrations, and those who subscribe for the whole work before April 6, will receive in addition a photogravure plate measuring 14 inches by 10 of Rembrandt's portrait of himself in the National Gallery. The printing of the book is the work of Messrs. Ballantyne, and is not the least beautiful part of what promises to be a superbly beautiful production.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

"SPARE US OUR ILLUSIONS!" is the cry we feel inclined to put up to biographers, publishers of correspondence, and others, after reading Dr. F. G. Kenyon's "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," in which he prints the letters that passed between Browning and Domett and Joseph Arnould and Domett. Who was Domett? Why! "Waring." And it is that which shatters our illusions. Waring did not steal away like a ghost because he was prouder than the devil and grew tired of passing up and down the streets of London town. He did not go to the East, nor to Moscow, nor to Spain. No one ever saw him under a lateen sail off Trieste, wearing a great grass hat. He went to New Zealand, because he was a briefless barrister who wanted to make a career—and he made it. A month ago Waring was Waring, a romantic figure, about whom the imagination weaved wonderful stories: to-day he is Alfred Domett, the Colonial Secretary of New Munster, the Civil Secretary of New Zealand, the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

The letters, interesting in a small measure as they are, are no return for the lost illusion. Browning was very fond of Domett, and wrote to him pretty regularly until he married Elizabeth Barrett, sending him affectionate letters which show the enthusiasm of a friend for a friend's works and contain one or two fine dashing statements and criticisms. But we do not feel that we know Browning much better after reading them than we did before. "I will [do much], if I live. At present, I don't know if I stand on head or heels; what men require I don't know;" thus he wrote when he was thirty. In the same year, on the publication of the 1842 edition of Tennyson's poems, he is of opinion that the alterations show "some woeful mental infirmity in the man." Dickens he finds "uproarious and disgusting in his Pecksniffs" and Macaulay's "Lays" he considers "a kind of revenge on that literature which so long plagued ours with Muses and Apollo and Luna and all that."

"Here," he writes, "everything goes flatly on, except the fierce political reality (as it begins to be). Our poems, etc., are poor child's play," a comparison on which we should like to have Miss Barrett's opinion. Indeed, it is strange that any poet should write thus of poetry and politics. And he atones for it later in speaking of the way in which the Reviews have treated his works: "There is no hiding the fact that it is of the proper old drivelling virulence with which God's Elect have in all ages been regaled." Quite the most interesting passage in the whole book occurs in a letter of 1846, Browning being then 34. Domett had taxed him with obscurity and imperfect expression. He replies, in effect, by saying that he could not help it; that he had done his best; that the poems had to be "tumbled out" as they came, and that now, having made a clearing, he is looking about for the real

work to come. Here is his profession of poetical faith: and momentous it is. But a poet's poetry is always more interesting than his views of poetry; and we would have spared this letter if we might have kept our Waring.

In Germany they are more attached to archaism in theatrical matters than we are in England. Here, good men and theatre-goers are pretty well agreed that the productions of the Elizabethan Stage Society, for instance, were interesting, but at the same time showed a wilful renunciation of opportunities for legitimate and even necessary dramatic effect. People do not, and are not meant to, bring their historic sense to the theatre—if they have any; and to say that the "Elizabethan" manner is the only right way of producing Shakespeare is to say, in effect, that Shakespeare is not a classic, i.e., one who can be interpreted in modern methods and offer a new message to each generation. We have before us a note on a recent production by the German Shakespeare Society at Weimar of *King Richard II.* without intervals and with a *Zwischenvorhang* to distinguish the principal from the secondary scenes; and on April 24 they are going to play Massinger's *The Duke of Milan* in the same manner. Such productions are always interesting, and peculiarly appropriate in the case of a literary society of such distinction as this. But we should be sorry to hear that Mr. Tree's Shakespeare week next month was going to be conducted on these lines.

The interest in Shakespeare in Germany is very strong indeed, as Londoners learned anew the other day from Professor J. Schick of Munich. Eight hundred and twelve performances of twenty-eight different plays on one hundred and forty-six stages is a better record, probably, than England, America and the Colonies together could show for one year. Bismarck was a great Shakespearean. One of his earliest published letters was written to an Englishman asking for copies of *King Richard III.* and *Hamlet*. And among the qualities which the Germans value most highly in the poet whom they regard, according to Professor Schick, as the flower of the Teutonic race, is his "old Teutonic reverence for women."

What form that reverence took in early days in the case of erring women, we know from the "Annals" of Tacitus. It has, no doubt, reached a higher stage of development in the Teutonic mind by now. But is it true that Shakespeare revered women? In a sense, of course, Shakespeare revered woman, just as he revered man and all created things, because he understood her; but we must guard against imagining that he set woman on a pedestal of sentimentality. She was not the *hausfrau*, to do the domestic work and bear children; equally, she was not a spotless being of different clay from man. Let us remember, in talking of Shakespeare's reverence for women, Goneril and Regan, Emilia, The Lady Anne, Lady Macbeth, Titania (a very woman), Katharine, Anne Boleyn, Queen Gertrude, and others, and we shall not be likely to confuse him with those of his contemporaries whose unhealthy worship of women it needed the early Stuart reaction with Lovelace and others—even the no less unhealthy Restoration view of them—to correct.

Our census of the services rendered to literature by the Universities needs to be supplemented by reference to the case of the historians. The lists for the two principal Universities are as follows:

## OXFORD:

John Fox  
William Camden  
Lord Herbert of Cherbury  
Earl of Clarendon  
Edward Gibbon  
William Mitford  
Charles James Fox

## CAMBRIDGE:

Francis Bacon  
Conyers Middleton  
William Coxe  
Lord Macaulay  
Charles Merivale  
Thirlwall  
A. W. Kinglake



Henry Hallam  
Thomas Arnold  
Sir J. G. Wilkinson  
Sir George Cornwall Lewis  
Dean Milman  
James Anthony Froude  
Samuel Rawson Gardiner  
Bishop Stubbs  
E. A. Freeman  
John Richard Green  
Mandell Creighton  
John Morley  
Goldwin Smith  
John Addington Symonds  
Yorke Powell  
W. R. Morfill  
Herbert Paul  
C. H. Firth  
Arthur Hassall  
Andrew Lang  
William Hunt  
Richard Lodge  
C. A. Fyffe  
C. W. C. Oman  
James Bryce  
J. E. C. Bodley  
Viscount Saint Cyres  
Sir George Cox  
Montagu Borrowes  
H. Morse Stephens  
W. H. Hutton

Sir W. Stirling Maxwell  
Sir George Trevelyan  
George Long  
Sir John Seeley  
Sir Edward Creasy  
G. M. Trevelyan  
A. D. Innes  
Oscar Browning  
W. H. Wilkins  
J. K. Laughton  
A. W. Ward

Arnold Toynbee  
William Wallace  
Edward Caird  
F. H. Bradley

Sir Frederick Pollock  
Charles Austin  
A. J. Balfour

Here it is easy enough to generalise. The speciality of Cambridge is to be in close touch with the natural sciences, and there are no Oxonians worthy to be placed in the same class with Newton and Darwin. Cambridge, on the other hand, has no political economist of the rank of Adam Smith, and no metaphysician comparable with any of three or four Oxonians who might be named. In the matter of metaphysics, indeed, Oxford is the constructive and Cambridge the critical and destructive University. To compare T. H. Green with Henry Sidgwick or William Wallace with Mr. Balfour is to perceive the moral difference between the two points of view.

Of the other Universities, Edinburgh makes the best display, claiming Hume, Dugald Stewart, Thomas Brown, Sir James Mackintosh; the Dublin names are those of Berkeley and Burke; while Aberdeen boasts of Alexander Bain. There also remain Shaftesbury, the two Mills, James Martineau, Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Benjamin Kidd to represent non-academic philosophy. There are people who consider Herbert Spencer the greatest philosopher of all; but Jowett, who called him "the Martin Farquhar Tupper of philosophy," expressed the common Oxford view of his contributions to metaphysical speculation.

It will hardly be denied that Oxford has here the moral as well as the material majority. The actual figures are thirty-eight to eighteen; and though it would be feasible to lengthen the Cambridge list, the further names that could be inserted would not do a great deal to strengthen it. The relative position of the two Universities is pretty much the same whether we regard history as a branch of literature or as a branch of science. On the former theory Clarendon, Gibbon and Froude outweigh Macaulay, Seeley, and Kinglake; on the latter Cambridge is quite unable to match the achievements of Stubbs, Creighton and Gardiner. Oxford is distinctly the historian's University. Edinburgh makes a show not greatly inferior to that of Cambridge with the names of David Hume, William Robertson, Sir James Macintosh, Fraser Tytler, Sir Archibald Alison and Thomas Carlyle. Dublin has four representatives: W. E. H. Lecky, Professor Bury, Douglas Hyde and J. P. Mahaffy. Aberdeen has two: Bishop Burnet and Hill Burton. Glasgow has John Knox.

Among non-University historians, the most notable names are those of Daniel Defoe, Smollett, Sharon Turner, Lingard, William Godwin, Sir William Napier, James Mill, Buckle, Grote, Finlay, Mure, Hepworth Dixon, Justin McCarthy, Kaye, Malleson, Lord Acton, Sir Henry Howorth, Major Martin Hume, Nisbet Bain and Sir Spencer Walpole. Only one name—that of Grote—belongs quite certainly to the first class; though claims might perhaps be made, on purely literary grounds, for the inclusion of Defoe and Napier. In this branch of literature, however, the University lists are, from every point of view, the stronger.

In conclusion—and in order that we may dismiss the subject with an easy mind—we may set forth the Universities of the writers distinguished in moral, metaphysical, economical and political philosophy. Thus:

## OXFORD:

Thomas Hobbes  
John Locke  
Bolingbroke  
Bishop Butler  
Adam Smith  
Sir William Blackstone  
Jeremy Bentham  
Archbishop Whateley  
William Nassau Senior  
Sir William Hamilton  
Benjamin Jowett  
Dean Mansel  
T. H. Green

## CAMBRIDGE:

Francis Bacon  
Henry More  
Sir Isaac Newton  
Dr. Samuel Clarke  
William Paley  
R. T. Malthus  
F. D. Maurice  
Sir John Herschell  
William Whewell  
Charles Darwin  
Leslie Stephen  
Henry Fawcett  
Sidney Buxton

Mr. H. Farr, deputy librarian, Cardiff, raised a question of great importance at the last meeting of the Library Association held on Monday at the London School of Economics. Although it was not proposed to include London at the present time, a resolution, drawn in general terms only, was passed, instructing, in effect the Legislation Committee of the Association to prepare a bill giving County Councils power to adopt the Library Acts for the rural districts of the county areas. Voluntary effort has done much to relieve the monotony of village life, but it can never succeed in more than a small way; and the County Councils, with all the complex machinery of the educational system at their disposal, are the only authorities capable of undertaking the work of providing good libraries for the villages, and county reference libraries to supplement the studies of students. This in a great measure would stem the steady tide of migration to the towns. Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., who will take charge of the Bill in the House of Commons, presided at the meeting and laid his finger upon what has been realised for a long time as the key to the future success of public libraries—the inculcation of a love of the best reading in the children.

The love of reading in too many cases has not grown in the children as they themselves grew up, and it is a matter of doubt whether the rural parts of the counties are ripe for any sweeping action of the kind proposed. (The Bishop of Hereford.) The experiment of voluntary effort has been tested very liberally in Hereford and might be tried in other counties before making the question one of legislation, as the response in that city is only about one third of what might have been looked for. In the diocese boxes of books are circulated from farmhouse to farmhouse and distributed amongst the cottages. Another series of boxes circulates amongst the elementary schools of the county. Amongst other places Yorkshire has a well-organised scheme of village libraries, and Sir C. Seeley's plan in the Isle of Wight provides a small reference library in one of the schools in every village of the Island in connection with the library at Newport.

Perhaps some of the want of success is due to the fact that these efforts are voluntary. In the public library as it exists the democratic basis is the cause of its success.

And the efforts of individual parishes promotes an enthusiasm and a spirit of emulation which the control of the County Councils would kill. (Sir E. Verney.) There are four villages of Claydon. The smallest of these has a population of two hundred, but it has a library stocked with more than three thousand volumes, and issued one thousand eight hundred and sixty books during the past year.

Although it did not enter into the business of the evening, Dr. Garnett's request that the Library Association should undertake the selection of the hundred best books for prizes for children of the following grades: Infants; children from seven to ten years of age; from ten to twelve, and from twelve upwards, was one of the utmost interest. There were one hundred and forty-five thousand prizes distributed in London elementary schools last year, and there is no doubt that these books, if selected with that end in view, would do very much to promote an appreciation of good reading.

The Vasari Society for the Reproduction of Drawings by the Old Masters has been in existence for less than a year, but its subscribers already number nearly four hundred and fifty. They will shortly receive the second instalment of Reproductions for the current year, which will include drawings by Lorenzo di Credi, Pontormo, an unknown sculptor of the Sienese School of the fourteenth century who designed a pulpit for Orvieto, Mantegna (?), Montagna, Tintoretto (?), Guardi, Dürer, Hans Holbein II., and Claude. About half the drawings are in the British Museum; the remainder in the collections of the Opera del Duomo at Orvieto, of the Berlin Museum, and of Messrs. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy, Edward Holland, and George Salting. The Committee have thus been able to fulfil their promise to draw more largely on private collections than they were justified in doing before the success of the Society was assured.

Lord Rosebery's pungent criticism of the Edinburgh statues at the Stevenson memorial meeting in the Scottish capital ten years ago may have had an inimical influence on the proposal put forward at the centenary of his birth to secure in Edinburgh an adequate monument of Thomas Carlyle. At any rate the funds subscribed for this object were insufficient to permit of the acceptance of Lord Rosebery's suggestion of a replica of Boehm's Chelsea statue, of which he possesses the original in marble, for Edinburgh. The committee, consisting of Professor Masson, who in his old age has a striking physical resemblance to Carlyle, Mr. Taylor Innes, and Mr. Hew Morrison discussed various projects the other day, and came to the conclusion that a medallion or a brass in St. Giles's Cathedral might be aimed at. It should be stated that, unlike the case of the R.L.S. memorial, no world-wide appeal has been made for the commemoration in Edinburgh of the author of "Sartor Resartus," whose signature, inscribed in a clean, firm, boyish hand, close on a century ago in the matriculation album of the University, can still be seen. His *alma mater*, it may be stated, received as a gift some time ago Woolner's fine bust of her gifted pupil.

As we go to press, we receive a telegram from the Bodleian Library stating that it has secured the "Turbutt" folio of Shakespeare.

The following are among forthcoming events:

A special *matinée* by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Art will be given on Tuesday afternoon next (April 3) at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the *Referee* Children's Dinner Fund. The programme will consist of the Trial Scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, rehearsed under the direction of Mr. J. Fisher White; a selection of dances taught by Mr. Louis Herve d'Egville; the complete wordless play, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, under the direction of Mme. Cavalazzi; in regard to which item of the bill it is interesting to note that Mr. Landon Ronald has kindly consented to play the important pianoforte part in the orchestra; for it will be remembered that he played it originally in

London when Mlle. Jane May played the part of the Pierrot, and has played it with her in the cast on over five hundred occasions; and the first act of Mr. Pinero's comedy *The Times*, rehearsed by Mr. Frederick Kerr. Tickets may now be obtained at His Majesty's Theatre at reduced prices. On the occasion of the performance the gold medal annually presented by Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft for the best dramatic performance will be competed for, the judges being Mr. John Hare, Mr. Pinero and Mr. E. A. Bendall.

On April 8, 9 and 10, the Stage Society will perform Brieux's *Maternité*, translated by Mrs. Bernard Shaw.

The Collection of pictures by Corot formed by the late Mr. Staats Forbes will be exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, for a few weeks from Saturday, March 31, when it will be dispersed. The Exhibition will include, in addition to twenty-two choice examples of Corot's art, a large number of representative pictures by the other painters of the Barbizon School—Daubigny, Diaz, Jacque, Dupré, Rousseau and Troyon.

University of Cambridge. Local Lectures Summer Meeting, 1906. A Meeting of University Extension Students and others will be held at Cambridge from Thursday, August 2 to Tuesday, August 28, 1906. The Meeting will be divided into two parts. The first part will last from August 2 to August 15 and the second part from August 15 to August 28. The principal study will be "The Eighteenth Century," especially the period 1714-1789. The inaugural lecture will be given at noon on August 2 by his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America. It will deal with "The Rise of the United States in the Eighteenth Century and the tendencies of its Development." The Courses at present arranged are History; Literature; Art; France; Science; Education and Social Reform; Courses mainly for foreign Students, on the Sounds of modern English, and English Institutions; Theology. Further details may be obtained of the Rev. D. H. S. Cranage, M.A., Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge. Letters should be endorsed "Summer Meeting."

Society of Arts. Monday, April 2, at 8 P.M. (Cantor Lecture.) Professor Vivian B. Lewes, "Fire, Fire Risks, and Fire Extinction." (Lecture IV.) Wednesday, April 4, at 8 P.M. (Ordinary Meeting.) Mrs. Ernest Hart, "Ramie and its Possibilities."

Linnean Society. The next General Meeting will be held on Thursday, April 5, 1906, at 8 P.M. Exhibition: Mr. Clement Reid, F.R.S., F.L.S. "Some Plants new to the Preglacial Flora of Great Britain." Papers: (1) Mr. Spencer Moore, F.L.S. "A Second Contribution to the Flora of Africa.—Rubiaceae and Compositae, Part II." (2) Mr. E. J. Schwartz, F.L.S. "The Anatomy of the stem and leaf of *Nyssia floribunda*, R. Br." (3) Mr. B. Hayata. "*Taiwanites*, a new genus of Coniferae from the Island of Formosa." (Communicated by Dr. Maxwell T. Masters, F.R.S., F.L.S.)

At the London Sociological Society's next meeting, to be held at The Compositors' Hall, St. Bride Street, on April 4, Mr. Robb Lawson will contribute a paper on "The Drama as a Sociological Factor."

The Dante Society. Wednesday, April 4, 1906, at 8.30 P.M., at 45 Harley Street, W. Professor A. J. Butler, M.A., will give a lecture on "Dante and the German Mystics." The Bishop of Southwark in the Chair.

## LITERATURE

SIR RICHARD BURTON

(SECOND NOTICE.)

*The Life of Sir Richard Burton.* By THOMAS WRIGHT. 2 vols. (Everett & Co., 24s. net.)

THE second volume of Mr. Wright's work is largely taken up with criticism. Burton's early life had been given to travel and adventure, and he retained the old restlessness to the end; but, in studying his life, we feel that, as years advanced, much of the force of it was spent, and so we have him more or less settling down to literary work. And here we do not find him quite so admirable as he was in the character of the romantic traveller. Few people realise the voluminousness of his writings. Probably the majority have tried one or two of his books and found them, to speak the truth, extremely dull. Burton had very little of the instinct of a writer. His besetting sin, as his biographer candidly points out, is prolixity. "His books laid one on the top of another would make a pile eight feet high." Those who have travelled over the same ground bear testimony to the accuracy of his descriptions—a quality not very readily realised by the arm-chair reader. This carefulness about scenery and events was combined with a curious inaccuracy in regard to historical facts. Mr. Wright tells us that to his dying day he was under a wrong impression as to his birth-place.

Scores of his letters have passed through my hands and nearly all are imperfectly dated. Fortunately, however, the envelopes have in

almost every case been preserved; so the postmark, when legible, has filled the lacuna. At every turn in his life we are reminded of his inexactitude—especially in autobiographical details. And yet, too, like most inexact men, he was a rare stickler for certain niceties. He would have defended the “h” in Meccah with his sword; and the man who spelt “Gypsy” with an “i” for ever forfeited his respect.

In his attempts at translating poetry he suffered from a complete lack of inspiration, while he had a fancy for using obsolete words that made simply ridiculous what in any circumstances would have been poor. His treatment of Payne is simply indefensible. Mr. Wright shows without the shadow of a doubt that he made dishonest use of the version of his predecessor. The truth seems to be that he had as little faculty for translating prose as verse. The value of his version of the Arabian Nights lies chiefly in the notes, and we cannot help regretting that his thirst for information lay almost entirely in one direction, and that far from being a desirable one.

No other man could have written these notes; no other man, even if possessed of Burton's knowledge, would have dared to publish them. Practically they are a work in themselves. That they were really necessary for the elucidation of the text we would not for a moment contend. At times they fulfil this office, but more often than not the text is merely a peg upon which to hang a mass of curious learning such as few other men have ever dreamt of.

That their publication should alarm Mrs. Grundy was no more than was natural. We say this not without a good deal of sympathy with the view of Burton. Much of the mock modesty and unnatural reticence of the nineteenth century was more prurient than the broadest writing of the eighteenth century; but in trying to redress the balance Burton swung the pendulum to the opposite extreme, and in the end his appetite for filth was nothing more nor less than a disease. The story of “The Scented Garden” is certainly a pathetic one—the old man writing and writing, outpouring his singular knowledge, while page after page of it was to be destroyed by his wife. Mr. Wright gives a description of the work, and there are few who will disagree with him when he declares that the world lost nothing very valuable when Lady Burton placed it in the fire.

After carefully weighing the pros and cons we have come to the conclusion that the loss could not possibly have been a serious one. That Burton placed a very high value on his work, that he considered it his masterpiece, is incontrovertible, but he had formed in earlier days just as high an opinion of his *Camoens* and his *Kasidah*; therefore what he himself said about it has not necessarily any great weight. We do not think the loss serious for four reasons: First, because the original work, whatever its claims on the anthropologist, has little, if any, literary merit; secondly, because Sir Richard Burton's “old version” of *The Scented Garden* is public property, and has been reprinted at least three times; thirdly, because only half was done; and fourthly, because the whole of the work has since been translated by a writer who, whatever his qualifications or disqualifications, has had access to manuscripts that were inaccessible to Sir Richard Burton.

It is to be regretted that Burton's avid thirst for information should have taken the form it did.

Now for a few words in regard to the general opinions held by this remarkable man. In regard to religion we are told that:

Burton had in early life, as we have seen, leaned to Sufism; and this faith influenced him to the end. For a little while he coquetted with Roman Catholicism; but the journey to Mecca practically turned him into a Mohammedan. At the time of his marriage he called himself an agnostic, and, as we have seen, he was always something of a spiritualist.

Lady Burton's fancy that he had embraced Roman Catholicism was little more than a delusion. In regard to social questions the opinions of a man like Burton are of more weight than on religion. That he was no saint we know from the facts of his life and from his own admission, but there is the saving grace that he found what he thought to be his task in this world and he did it with his might. He may be pardoned much on the principle enunciated by Browning:

Win but the race. Who shall object?  
He tossed three wine cups off and just at starting  
Lilith kissed his lips.

Physique was everything to him, and he believed that the poor should be obliged to limit their families. Indeed, he went so far as to approve the law of Lycurgus which forbade a child, male or female, to be brought up unless approved of by public officers appointed for the purpose of deciding. The rest of his opinions will be fairly evident, even from the brief account that we have given of him. It is difficult to sum up such a life. One can only take it on the historical side. It occurred under natural circumstances and therefore it is interesting; but, if we were asked what is there to learn from it, what to imitate, we should be perplexed to find an answer, unless it were in the homely old proverb that it takes some of all kinds to make a world. The fuller the world is, the more interesting.

### A POPULAR BOOK ON EVOLUTION

*Evolution: the Master Key.* A Discussion of the Principle of Evolution as illustrated in Atoms, Stars, Organic Species, Mind, Morals, and Society. By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D. (Harper, 7s. 6d..)

WHEN a great scientific generalisation is carried over by specialists into many departments of inquiry and there made the subject of highly technical discussions, the ordinary layman is in danger of losing sight of the essential principles on which it rests and the larger developments of thought concerning it. The field of his vision is obscured by a multitude of detailed questions and controversies, and he finds himself in the position of one who can no longer see the wood for the trees. This is what has happened within recent years in respect of the doctrine of evolution. We encounter it in every domain of knowledge and speculation. But the specialist now takes its main principles for granted, and passes on to the consideration of the countless problems which it helps to solve, or to which it gives rise, in his own particular province; and thus, though we hear much of special developments of evolutionary theory in chemistry, astronomy, physiology, botany, sociology, ethics, and a dozen other subjects, it becomes increasingly difficult to get a clear view over the evolutionary field as a whole. It is in the light of this fact that the utility of Dr. Saleeby's book becomes apparent. He undertakes within the limits of a volume of moderate compass to set forth and discuss the general principles of evolution, both in their broader scientific aspects and in some of the more important of their practical implications.

Evidently there is place for such a survey as this, and the book will fulfil its chief purpose in leaving the reader with a clear idea of where we stand in regard to the doctrine of evolution in these early years of the new century. The work, it is true, exhibits certain defects perhaps unavoidable in so comprehensive a scheme. Some of the chapters are too brief to do anything like justice to the vast topics of which they treat. We feel in places that Dr. Saleeby has made the mistake of trying to get too much into his space; in the division devoted to super-organic evolution, for example, he deals with the evolution of mind, religion, and morality, the test of truth, the human will (including the vexed question of freedom and determinism), the origin of our ideas, evolution and marriage, evolution and education, and the principles of conduct, all within the scope of a hundred pages. Manifestly such an undertaking is calculated to tax an expositor's skill to the utmost, since the very object of the book demands that condensation shall not be attained at the expense of the popular element. If, therefore, the chapters seem sometimes a little sketchy, if important points (such as the controversy about the transmission of acquired characters) are too lightly touched upon, or even left out altogether, we can hardly be surprised. But on the whole we are struck by the fact that the defect is far less conspicuous than might have been anticipated. Dr. Saleeby has many qualifications for his difficult task. A trained scientist and an enthusiastic

evolutionist, he has so thorough a mastery of his material that he is able to present it in broad outlines from many different sides; and he writes in a pleasant, colloquial style which, if occasionally smacking a little too much of journalistic over-facility, is simple, clear, and readable. His success in stripping his discussions of unnecessary technicalities in thought and phraseology is particularly noteworthy.

Dr. Saleeby is, by his own confession, a loyal disciple of Herbert Spencer, and one valuable point about his book is its exhibition of Spencerian doctrine in the light of the immense progress which science has made in many directions in the forty-five years since the first pages of the "Synthetic Philosophy" were penned. Since a rather common habit to-day is to assume, as a matter of course, that a great part of Spencer's philosophy is already getting out of date, Dr. Saleeby has done very good work as a disciple in making clear in how many ways his teacher anticipated the further developments of science, and how various quite recent discoveries, such as those in atomic evolution, seem simply to fill up gaps in the Spencerian system and thus to help in supporting its general edifice. But, doubtless, the portions of the book which will be perused with the greatest interest by the general reader are those in which the author deals with the bearings of evolution on questions of human life and destiny, society, conduct, religion; and this, not only because these are matters which "come home to men's business and bosoms," but also because it is upon these that Dr. Saleeby has most to say that is fresh and suggestive. Though evolution is in the very air of our time, and though we do practically all our serious thinking with reference to it, it will, we suspect, surprise many readers to learn of its manifold applications to living issues, and to note with the author how many are the problems of to-day immediately concerning us all to which it does indeed furnish a "master key."

### ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters.* By PERCY LUBBOCK. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE word that best describes Mr. Percy Lubbock's life of Mrs. Browning is felicitous. He begins in a spirit of affectionate fault-finding which succeeds at once in winning the confidence and attracting the interest of the reader. It is felt from the first line that he is thoroughly inspired by his subject and is able to look at all flaws in the image without abating one jot of his admiration. This might seem paradoxical or even a little cynical, but it is absolutely true to life. It is the more or less shallow and very egoistical person who takes a friend to his or her heart and defends him against the world as perfect and flawless. At the bottom, perhaps, the old prayer: "defend me from my friends," was based on the over-zeal of such people. A rarer and deeper affection can look steadily at all the shortcomings of its object and yet remain bright and undimmed. That this is Mr. Percy Lubbock's feeling with regard to Mrs. Browning is evident, and no better tribute of praise can be offered than to point it out. The reputation of Elizabeth Barrett Browning as a poet has not endured. Except for a few fragments and very short pieces, her work has got out of touch with the present generation. As Mr. Lubbock says, "much of her most characteristic work has lost its brightness for us. . . . Our present standard in these matters is very different from Mrs. Browning's." His condemnation goes so far as to declare, and as we think with absolute truth, that she was not finally and instinctively an artist. Now the usual exordium of a work in biography is a pæan of praise, and we greatly welcome this healthy deviation from the usual. Mr. Lubbock is not very long in showing us that in spite of all this Mrs. Browning's will always remain a most interesting and lovable personality. Yet it is a personality

very difficult to disentangle. As is very truly said in the opening chapter:

The intimate regions of her life were jealously guarded long after her death, in the mood, half tenderness, half a kind of defiance, which was so characteristic of her husband.

Now from the letters it is possible to make a kind of portrait; yet of the letters as little is said in praise as of the poetry.

They are not brilliant letters; they have not the special qualities of humour, of lightness of touch, of pungent individuality, that in certain hands make this accidental form of literature so charming. Their value is not that they reveal genius in themselves, but that through their perfectly unpretentious simplicity we see, as closely as can now be seen, the fragile woman and undaunted genius behind them. No one will read them for their literary merit. Their charm is that a personality of a singularly gracious and lovable kind moves through them, breathing no remote atmosphere, too rare for ordinary minds, but faced with familiar joys and sorrows, and responding with acute sensitiveness to both; possessing the incalculable gift of genius, yet wearing no pontifical robes, arrogating no special immunities, a Vestal tending the flame in secluded places, but with no sacrifice of human ties and associations; a gentle, affectionate, eager woman, whose emotions and interests were like those of a hundred others, only intensified by the fire that had touched her lips.

With the help of a little imagination, however, the biographer has extracted from these documents the materials of a study which, we think, is deserving of a place in English literature. As frontispiece the book shows the fine portrait of Mrs. Barrett Browning made in the winter of 1858-9 by Miss Fox, afterwards Mrs. Bridell-Fox, and the charm and candour of the face are well interpreted in the pages that follow. Like many another extraordinary character, Mrs. Browning was born into a very curious sort of home. Her mother, who only emerges indistinctly like an old faded photograph, appears to have been amiable, but not gifted with that force of character which has frequently been observed in the mothers of genius. Her father seems to have been something of a rough diamond; at least we are quite sure of the roughness, though whether it belonged to a diamond or not is a matter of doubt. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born on March 6, 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, Durham, and some three years afterwards the family removed to Hope End, in Herefordshire, where her impressions of English scenery were garnered. Unfortunately, it is as difficult to reconstruct her childhood, as it is to realise that of Robert Browning himself. The scholarship which figures perhaps too largely in her poems had its foundation in the acquisition of a copy of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. Her other English reading may be learned from an instructive passage in one of her letters:

Papa used to say . . . "Don't read Gibbon's History—it's not a proper book. Don't read 'Tom Jones'—and none of the books on *this* side, mind!" So I was very obedient and never touched the books on *that* side, and only read instead Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary," and Hume's "Essays," and Werther, and Rousseau, and Mary Wollstonecraft . . . books, which I was never suspected of looking towards, and which were not "*on that* side" certainly, but which did as well.

Her younger brother, who gave her "the odd, pretty nickname of 'Ba,'" was her companion, and it was through him that she gained her knowledge of the classics.

A tutor of Edward's, who came to prepare him for Charterhouse, offered the first opportunity. Elizabeth much preferred her brother's lessons to her own. She joined him at his work, dashing first at Greek, as she says, and then at Latin as a help to Greek, tearing the meanings out of words, and riding lightly over the impediments of grammar, determined somehow or other to see her authors face to face.

Another influence that came into her life was that of Mr. H. S. Boyd, a blind scholar then living at Malvern. Under his guidance she "read Greek," she says:

As hard under the trees as some of your Oxonians in the Bodleian, gathered visions from the dramatists, and ate and drank Greek, and made my head ache with it.

The English poetry that she read was that in the grand style, though she added Byron and Coleridge to Pope. All this had the result of causing many books to come into existence prematurely. Yet she seems from the first to



have believed that she had a calling to be a poet. While all this was going on, the fortunes of Mr. Barrett seemed to have fluctuated a good deal. His property in the West Indies was depreciated by the abolition of slavery, and the changes of residence that took place were generally more or less actuated by economy. In 1835 the family were once and for all transplanted to London. Already Elizabeth Barrett had won some reputation as a poet, and her letters afford glimpses of literary figures mostly brought to Gloucester Place through the agency of John Kenyon, a *sorte de Mécène bon enfant*. Among others whom she saw was the poet laureate of the time, of whom we get this sketch:

No, I was not at all disappointed in Wordsworth, although perhaps I should not have singled him from the multitude as a great man. There is a *reserve* even in his countenance, which does not lighten as Landor's does, whom I saw the same evening. His eyes have more meekness than brilliancy; and in his slow even articulation there is rather the solemnity and calmness of *truth* itself, than the animation and energy of those who seek for it. As to my being quite at ease when I spoke to him, why how could you ask such a question? I trembled both in my soul and body. But he was very kind, and sate near me, and talked to me as long as he was in the room—and recited a translation by Cary of a sonnet of Dante's—and altogether, it was quite a dream!

Her health was not good. In childhood she seems to have been quite robust and active, but about fifteen she began to suffer, whether owing to a fall from a horse or for some other reason is not very clear, and in Gloucester Place she "grew gradually weaker and more incapable of taking part in any occupations outside the house." In 1838 her health seems to have been precarious.

¶ One lung is very slightly affected [she wrote later], but the nervous system *absolutely shattered*, as the state of the pulse proves. I am in the habit of taking forty drops of laudanum a day, and *cannot do with less*, that is, the medical man *told me* that I could not do with less, saying so with his hand on the pulse.

To add to her troubles, when she was down at Torquay trying to recuperate in the autumn, her brother was drowned in a storm, having been out in a sailing-boat with two companions. For five years, 1841–1845, that is until her marriage, Elizabeth Barrett never left London, and rarely left the house. We are told:

She worked incessantly at her poetry, and accepted with patient resignation the family view that her youth was past, and that she could look for nothing more from life but a certain amount of academic reputation.

There is much that is interesting in the letters of this period, but we would confine ourselves to selecting a single passage, and that because it has a bearing on a movement of our own time, directed as it is against Ossian.

It is many years ago since I looked at Ossian, and I never did much delight in him, as that fact proves. Since your letter came I have taken him up again, and have just finished "Carthoon." There are beautiful passages in it, the most beautiful beginning, I think, "Desolate is the dwelling of Moira," and the next place being filled by that address to the sun you magnify so with praise. But the charm of these things is the *only* charm of all the poems. There is a sound of wild vague music in a monotone—nothing is articulate, nothing *individual*, nothing various. Take away a few poetical phrases from these poems, and they are colourless and bare. Compare them with the old burning ballads, with a wild heart beating in each. How cold they grow in comparison! Compare them with Homer's grand breathing personalities, with Æschylus's—nay, but I cannot bear upon my lips or finger the charge of the blasphemy of such comparing, even for religion's sake . . .

All this has to be realised before an understanding can be arrived at of the singular love-story that was shortly to be unfolded. It began with the well-known letter from the poet Robert Browning, then a man of thirty-three, who so far had formed no very intimate friendship, and in fact, then, as ever, saw his fellow men not as real breathing people, into whose joys and sorrows he could enter as if they were his own, but only as figures reflected in a looking-glass. Yet this reticent, thoughtful and somewhat egotistic poet puts aside all his reserve and writes to the unknown author:

I do, as I say, love these books with all my heart—and I love you too. Do you know I was once not very far from seeing—really seeing

you? Mr. Kenyon said to me one morning, "Would you like to see Miss Barrett?" then he went to announce me,—then he returned . . . you were too unwell, and now it is years ago, and I feel as at some untoward passage in my travels, as if I had been close, so close, to some world's wonder in chapel or crypt, only a screen to push and I might have entered, but there was some slight, so it now seems, slight and just sufficient bar to admission, and the half-opened door shut, and I went home my thousands of miles, and the sight was never to be?

The history of this true love has been so often told before that we feel greatly inclined to end our comments at this place. This is not because Mr. Lubbock's work ceases to be interesting. On the contrary, he carries it on with *verve* and discrimination to the end; but the romance of Miss Barrett's life, though in a sense it endured to the end, lost its vitality at her marriage. The letters are not in themselves extremely attractive, but become so only when one is intent on pursuing the amiable personality of the author.

## COLERIDGE AND THE WEDGWOOD PENSION

### II

WHAT, in point of fact, was the nature of the benefit proposed to Coleridge in the joint letter of January 1798? Did that letter, or did it not, leave the brothers free to reconsider and recall their gift? According to the terms of the document the annuity was to be "for life," no condition whatsoever being annexed; it was to be "independent of everything except the wreck of the donors' fortune"; and it was to be "secured" to the grantee. Mr. Litchfield, of course, demurs: "Josiah alludes, indeed, to *securing* the annuity to Coleridge, but by this he can only have meant arranging for its payment through a bank or otherwise." We submit that Josiah "can only have meant" what he actually says—that the pension was to be "secured," *i.e.*, appropriated, assigned, made over to, or settled upon, Coleridge for life. On February 17, 1798, Josiah consulted his lawyers how he could best charge his copyhold estate with an annuity of £150—a fact which decides the meaning of the word *secured*. "But," argues Mr. Litchfield, "the annuity was given for a purpose, and the purpose necessarily made a condition, vague, but substantial." The annuity was indeed given for a purpose—that of removing the monetary cares which had hindered Coleridge's exertions on behalf of mankind. But this purpose, while implying the donors' belief that Coleridge, once rid of his anxieties, would exert his talents for the ends desired by them, assuredly neither made nor implied a condition that he should employ them in any specific manner. The time and the mode of employment were left to Coleridge's discretion; and who will dare to say that Coleridge's life, on the whole, was not a life of labour in the service of humanity?

But we do not know that the obligation he undertook was not something of a specific kind. For we have not before us all that passed between him and the brothers in January 1798. The most important sentence in Josiah's letter begins: "After what my brother Thomas has written . . ." That imports Tom's letter into the offer: but what Tom had written we do not know, nor do we know what Coleridge wrote in accepting the offer.

Here, at last, Mr. Litchfield betrays the hopeless extent of his ignorance touching the transaction which he has rashly presumed to discuss. He never saw the original documents, he is unaware that the letter of January 10 was written jointly by Tom and Josiah, and he positively takes the words: "After what my brother Thomas has written" to imply that, at some date prior to January 10, Tom Wedgwood had addressed a letter on his own account to Coleridge—a letter in which, he fancies, some specific condition *may* have been imposed; and this, before the subject of the annuity had ever been mooted! Need it be said that these "most important" words of Josiah refer simply to the preceding paragraph of the letter, and that

they "import" absolutely nothing into the offer but what that paragraph contains? That we have not Coleridge's final letter of consent before us is, unluckily, true; but seeing that Coleridge tells Wordsworth that he had accepted the annuity "on the presumption that I had talents, honesty, and propensities to perseverant effort," and moreover adds: "If I have hoped wisely concerning myself, I have acted justly," we may take it that his reply did not contain, any more than the Wedgwoods' letter contains, any bargain, stipulation, or condition whatsoever.

It remains for us to examine whether any evidence exists to show what Josiah's motives for revoking his share of the pension really were. In or about September 1807, Coleridge informed his friend Wade that recently he "had had reason to fear for the continuance of the annuity." At this time a separation was pending between the poet and his wife: and it is probable that Southey, who strongly opposed the step, had privately disclosed the position of affairs to Wedgwood, urging him to notify to Coleridge that, in the event of his deserting his family, Josiah's part of the annuity should at once be withdrawn. But, apart from the domestic rupture, Josiah had grounds for displeasure with Coleridge, who had failed to respond to his demand for materials for a "Life" of Tom Wedgwood, supposed to be in preparation by Mackintosh. The request was for many reasons difficult and distasteful to Coleridge, who cannot be blamed for his reluctance to deal with the subject of Tom Wedgwood's supposed "discoveries" in the field of metaphysical speculation, seeing that the deceased man's papers had been entrusted to Mackintosh, and by him carried out to Bombay. But some desultory reminiscences at least might and ought to have been furnished by Coleridge. His hapless condition of mind and body and, still more, perhaps, his dislike of hasty composition, must account for a silence which cannot but have seemed heartless and ungrateful to Josiah.

The events of 1808 were not calculated to conciliate the patron or to restore his shaken confidence; but in 1809 the founding of *The Friend* awakened kindlier and more hopeful feelings. For a time things promised well; but *The Friend*, like *The Watchman*, was foredoomed to failure. On June 6, 1810, Josiah wrote to Poole:

It seems *The Friend* is at an end. I fear Col is a lost man. I do not think any intercourse is likely to take place between him and me. . . . I do not know him now. I see the wreck of genius with tender concern, and without a hope. . . . I am so circumstanced that my time and my thoughts are pretty exclusively employed on my own objects, and it would be idle to regret what cannot be altered. Nor am I sure that a different state of things would be really for my advantage.

Josiah, plainly, was now convinced that the end on which he and Tom had staked their money was lost—forefeited through the indolence of the trustee. For ten years and more Coleridge had drawn the pension, yet he had nothing tangible to show for it—no poem, nor philosophical treatise, nor system of moral or political doctrine. He had proved—so it seemed to the offended patron—a slothful and unprofitable servant, from whom should be taken away even that he had. Just four months after the letter above quoted was written, Coleridge arrived in London (October 26, 1810) from Grasmere, where for two years he had been living apart from his family under Wordsworth's roof. In London he stayed for fifteen months, lecturing occasionally, and writing for *The Courier*. Then for the last time he revisited Keswick (February 1812), whence, after a brief stay, he returned, for good and all, to the city. This time it must have been clear to everybody at Greta Hall that the poet had turned his back for ever on the Lakes.

For some years back the Wedgwoods' business had languished for want of a continental market. Buonaparte maintained a strict blockade, and the trade with Holland and Northern Germany was, for a time, wholly suspended. Property, moreover, had been heavily taxed of late, and

wealthier men than Josiah Wedgwood were finding it necessary to look into their expenditure. Josiah's ambition to figure as a "county gentleman" had led him into a profuse outlay, and he began to cast about him for some means of reducing his expenses.

At his death in 1805 Tom Wedgwood, it was found, had bequeathed the residue of his estate to his three sisters and two brothers, in fifths. He had also devised annuities to Coleridge and John Leslie the physicist: to Coleridge seventy-five pounds for life, to Leslie a hundred and fifty pounds, until his income from other sources should exceed two hundred pounds a year. In 1803 he had formed a company of eighty volunteers from amongst the "statesmen" of Patterdale, clothing and arming them as riflemen. The annual cost of this body (about eight hundred pounds) he had defrayed till his death, and after that event Josiah, as his executor, had provided the captain's pay and other expenses of the corps. Now it is a remarkable coincidence that, at the very time when Josiah revoked his grant to Coleridge, he ceased to pay Leslie's pension, and discontinued the annual subsidy to the "Wedgwood Mountaineers." Leslie's pension might, one suspects, have been dropt before, since the stipend of his Edinburgh professorship, added to his gains as an author, must have exceeded two hundred pounds a year. Why Josiah ceased to subsidise the volunteer corps we are not told, any more than why he withdrew the seventy-five pounds from Coleridge. But we may fairly assume that his motive in each instance was one and the same, namely, the desire to curtail the outgoings of the family estate. With Tom's bequest to Coleridge he could not meddle—that must still be paid, whether he liked it or not. But with the Leslie bequest and the subsidy to the volunteers the will empowered him to deal; and both these charges he extinguished.

And what of his own part of Coleridge's annuity—had he power to extinguish that? Well, he could not be forced to continue it, for it had not been made enforceable by law. To be sure, there was his promise, written and signed by himself, that the pension should be "for life." But here, on the other hand, was Southey saying that the pension only served to facilitate Coleridge's neglect of his family, and that Coleridge ought to be made to return to them and to work for their support: It was insufferable that he—Josiah—and his children should be straitened by the payment of an annuity which in truth was only doing harm by rendering possible a scandalous dereliction of marital and parental duty. . . . Suppose that, for once, to do a great right he does a little wrong? Indeed, for the matter of that, his fortune might be said to be wrecked—in a manner—through the tactics of that villain Boney. And then, Coleridge is not the man to make a fuss. If the seventy-five pounds is withdrawn he will simply acquiesce. Or stay! What if a stinging letter be written to him, such as shall make him an active party in the business by inducing him to propose surrendering the pension? Some such train of thoughts must, it is to be feared, have passed through Josiah's mind, and led up to the correspondence which took place between him and Coleridge in August or September 1812. Set out thus on paper it wears a nasty look; but ugly as it may appear, it is profoundly human, and Josiah Wedgwood was but a man after all. In justice to Josiah let it be said that, to any one so entirely estranged from the poet as at this time he must have been, there could not seem the remotest likelihood of Coleridge's one day reforming his ways and setting to work to redeem lost opportunities. Still, there was his promise: how might that be broken consistently with honour? And besides, there was the responsibility which, in voluntarily proposing the annuity, he had incurred towards Coleridge and his family. Leaving the promise altogether aside, we say that this responsibility alone should have sufficed to ensure the continuance of the annuity. But neither sense of honour nor sense of responsibility availed with Josiah against the tempting opportunity to lessen his expenditure. When through the

mischievous though doubtless well-meant interference of a third party an occasion seemed to offer, Josiah yielded to "the false utilitarian lure," and—broke his word.

We may believe Coleridge when he says that his feeling, on hearing of the withdrawal, was that of relief. "I feel my mind rather lightened," he wrote to Stuart, "and am glad that I can now enjoy the sensation of sincere gratitude towards him [Josiah] for the past, and most unfeigned esteem and affection, without the weight that every year seemed to accumulate upon it." But it was inevitably otherwise with Mrs. Coleridge, who for many years past had had the whole annuity at her disposal. "I have no right to complain," she wrote to Poole; "but—if Mr. Wedgwood had but once seen these children!"

It will be asked: Why rake up this old story at this time of day? The reply is: because it has never yet been told fully and faithfully, and also because, within the last three years, it has been distorted by a prejudiced and ignorant writer to Coleridge's disadvantage. One knows not how it is, but for some time past there has seemed to be a general tendency to assume that, in every difficulty or dispute in which he was involved with his contemporaries, Coleridge was invariably, and, so to speak, necessarily in the wrong. The truth of the homely adage, "Give a dog a bad name," etc., has never been more powerfully exemplified than in the well-nigh uniform unfairness with which questions implicating Coleridge's moral character have been handled in the journalism and the ephemeral literature of the day. Whenever his conduct comes under discussion the case is prejudged before the evidence is even cited; and the man becomes the victim of his ill report before the world. Surely nothing can be more unjust, nothing more fallacious or more futile than Mr. Litchfield's preposterous way of talking—*reasoning* it cannot be called—which consists simply in substituting a conjecture based on prepossession for a conclusion founded on evidence. Josiah Wedgwood was, as all the world knows, a man of unblemished fame—therefore he *could* not have acted unworthily in the matter of the annuity; Coleridge, again, was, as all the world knows, a frail and erring mortal—therefore in this instance he, and not Josiah, *must* have been to blame! Such a pretended solution of the mystery does wrong incidentally to the poet's biographer, Dykes Campbell, whose version of the affair is, so far as it goes, entirely consistent with all that we can discover relating to it; but in a far greater and graver degree it does wrong to the poet himself, whom it makes the scapegoat for the fault of his patron. Coleridge, heaven knows, had errors and weaknesses enough of his own to answer for—who, indeed, ever confessed his mistakes more ingenuously, or bore with such patient dignity the tremendous penalties they brought upon him? Let us not wrong his gentle memory by imputing to him a misdeed that properly belongs to another. Why speak of his faults at all, when what concerns us to-day is his priceless, his imperishable gifts to the world—the treasure of his profound and illuminating criticism, the boon of his divine and unapproachable song?

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive his powerful rime.

He anticipated, and surpassed, all the greatest of his successors—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson—for he laboured in many forms of poetry, though in none has he left us more than three or four examples—in some, alas! but one. Yet wherever he tries, there he triumphs, and his thoughts in their melodious setting are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Let us turn indignantly away from those who would fain peep and pry upon his frailties—the cravings of a weak and unmanageable body; and "say grace for the lovely things we have received at his hands, enjoy them, love them, and honour the poet."\*

T. HUTCHINSON.

\* Stopford Brooke: "The Golden Book of Coleridge," p. 59.

## AN END IN ITSELF

ON brink<sup>o</sup> of fierce-eyed morn and shadowless way  
I passed a spring pure-brimmed as flower-clipt dew,  
Nor then durst pause or drink, but since I knew  
My steps must thitherward turn at close of day,  
I bade that loveliest image with me stay,  
And evermore my desert journey through  
From thought thereof my heart's best solace drew,  
While yet the burning hours between us lay.

And when I stood thereby with weary feet,  
Lo, trampling herd to baulk my dear desire  
Had trod the limpid crystal into mire.  
Yet how from henceforth chide the hope's deceit  
That cheered my path o'er leagues of drowth and heat,  
And slaked full many a shaft of noon-launched fire?

JANE BARLOW.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### PHANTASTES

How long is it since I first read "Phantastes"? My own old copy bears date 1858, and I believe it is an *editio princeps*. But it is not the copy in which I read the Faerie Romance first—that was lent me by a friend. The date matters very little, except that it was very near the first publication of the book.

And now I find myself in possession of the most recent edition, issued by the author's son, Dr. Greville Macdonald, and illustrated by the author's friend, Arthur Hughes. I hope I am not ungrateful, but though I admire Mr. Hughes's illustrations, on the whole, I prefer my own old plain copy. Methinks the reader should illustrate his "Phantastes" for himself; the mental picture is better than the material one. But this is probably an instance of that troublesome abstraction, the personal equation.

It is a pity that the author did not translate the passage from Novalis which he has prefixed to the book. Even in these days of culture, not every one knows German. Yet the passage quoted is, in a manner, a key to the whole work. It tells us of narratives which are like dreams, without consistency yet not without association: poems of which one stanza at a time is intelligible, but whose sense is unconnected—wild music like the strains of the Æolian harp. Such a dream story, such music, is "Phantastes." Most assuredly it is not an allegory—yet there is the strongest temptation to read allegory into it. Has the adventure of Anodos with the Lady of the Alder Tree any hidden moral? Does it symbolise the human weakness which Matthew Arnold called lubricity? There is somewhat to suggest this interpretation—and yet, mere allegory or symbolism seems vulgar and out of place. Even if we conjecture that the Alder Lady only signifies false Art—true Art being typified by the White Lady of the marble cavern—yet imagination is repelled by the commonplace of allegorical interpretation.

Nevertheless, there is one theme which seems to dominate the entire story, and to demand treatment from a symbolical point of view. What does the Shadow mean? Assuredly it has a meaning—the reader feels that it must have, from the moment when the Shadow finds Anodos in the Ogre's cottage to the moment when Anodos is able to say:

Thus I, who set out to find my Ideal, came back rejoicing that I had lost my Shadow.

And yet, what is that meaning? Sometimes one is tempted to think that it is neither more nor less than Self-Consciousness—the spirit, perhaps, of analysis, which must needs subject beauty and goodness as it were to chemical tests. Here is an episode, which supports that conjecture:

Once, as I passed by a cottage, there came out a lovely fairy child with two wondrous toys, one in each hand. The one was the tube

through which the fairy-gifted poet looks when he beholds the same thing everywhere: the other that through which he looks when he combines into new forms of loveliness those images of beauty which his own choice has gathered from all regions wherein he has travelled. Round the child's head was an aureole of emanating rays. As I looked at him in wonder and delight, round crept from behind me the something dark, and the child stood in my shadow. Straightway he was a commonplace boy, with a rough broad-brimmed straw hat, through which brim the sun shone from behind. The toys he carried were a multiplying glass and a kaleidoscope. I sighed and departed.

Does not this read as if the Shadow were meant to symbolise the power of seeing "the seamy side of things" and the tendency to look at it? Again, the Shadow comes between Anodos and the Knight of the Rusty Armour, just at the moment when Anodos is about to confide in the Knight and to seek his friendship. But most significant of all is the following:

The most dreadful thing of all was that I now began to feel something like satisfaction in the presence of the shadow. I began to be rather vain of my attendant, saying to myself: "In a land like this, with so many illusions everywhere, I need his aid to disenchant the things around me. He does away with all appearances and shows me things in their true colour and form. And I am not one to be fooled with the vanities of the common crowd. I will not see beauty where there is none. I will dare to behold things as they are. And if I live in a waste instead of a paradise, I will live knowing where I live."

And then follows the sad adventure of the Maiden with the Crystal Globe, which discloses to Anodos the true character of the haunting spectre. The narrative is too long to quote, and, indeed, no quotation can convey either the enthralling interest of the story or the charm of the author's style. I am constrained to say here, that although the volume contains a great deal of melodious verse, the prose is more musical still. When I say this, I except the refrain of the ballad of Sir Aglovaile. Everybody knows it, even those who have never seen the book, and know nothing else about it; and yet I cannot help quoting it once more.

Alas, how easily things go wrong!  
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,  
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,  
And life is never the same again.

Alas, how hardly things go right!  
'Tis hard to watch on a summer night,  
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,  
And the summer night is a winter day.

One must needs seek out the best in Shelley, or Keats, or Coleridge to surpass these lines; and, indeed, the whole poem in which they occur is a masterpiece of melody as well as of fancy.

I will extract just one more fragment of verse, because it seems to me a more representative exemplar of the author's style than the poem of Sir Aglovaile, and especially than the lovely refrain. The following lines are only part of a poem which is itself part of a greater whole, the latter portion, however, merging into prose.

Through the realms of the monarch Sun  
Creeps a world whose course had begun,  
On a weary path with a weary pace,  
Before the Earth sprang forth on her race:  
But many a time the Earth had sped  
Around the path she still must tread,  
Ere the elder planet, on leaden wing,  
Once circled the court of the planets' king.

There in that lonely and distant star,  
The seasons are not as our seasons are;  
But many a year hath Autumn to dress  
The trees in their matron loveliness;  
As long hath old Winter in triumph to go  
O'er beauties dead in his vaults below;  
And many a year the Spring doth wear  
Combing the icicles from her hair;  
And Summer, dear Summer, hath years of June,  
With large white clouds and cool showers at noon;  
And a beauty that grows to a weight like grief,  
Till a burst of tears is the heart's relief.

Children, born when Winter is king,  
May never rejoice in the hoping Spring;  
Though their own heart buds are bursting with joy,  
And the child hath grown to the girl or boy;

But may die with cold and icy hours  
Watching them ever in place of flowers.  
And some who awake from their primal sleep,  
When the sighs of Summer through forests creep,  
Live and love and are loved again;  
Seek for pleasure and find its pain;  
Sink to the last, their forsaken sleeping  
With the same sweet odours around them creeping.

This is fine verse, but not up to the mark of the Refrain. And, as I said, the prose is even more fascinating than the verse. I despair of quoting—not because I could not find plenty of fine passages, but because, to speak plainly, I should not know where to stop. Or, to put it in another way, I could find no "purple patch;" for the whole robe is of pure purple, and to seek for a pattern were to rend and to deface it. So perhaps I had best desist. After all, this is a *Causerie*—and my French dictionary tells me that a *Causerie* is a Chat. I have chatted about a book which for the greater part of half a century has had a singular fascination for me, and I hope that I have suggested, at least, the reasons which have led me to think that "Phantastes" is one of the greatest works of pure imagination to which the Victorian era has given birth.

Must I confess that I have read very little of George MacDonald's besides "Phantastes?" What I have read is far from being up to the mark of the Faerie Romance—although in all MacDonald's work the fascination of his style must needs be felt. I refer to his other works merely to explain, if possible, why "Phantastes" has always especially appealed to me. The others (such, at least, as I have read) are "stories with a purpose." The good people are always made to come out all right, and the naughty people are at least compelled to "say they are sorry." Indeed, this is about the severest punishment which befalls most of them, for our author is an optimist and something more. I will not say that this disposition of his does not show itself in "Phantastes"—in fact, in the concluding chapter there is an optimistic pronouncement which might almost be called crude. But taken as a whole, the Faerie Romance is a faerie romance pure and simple—it is the kind of tale described in its German foreword—and if there may be symbolism or allegory to be discerned here and there, assuredly there is no purpose, in the sense in which "purpose" may be found, for instance, in the "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." This, by the way, is the latest of MacDonald's books which I have read, and as I said, I am acquainted with but few of his numerous novels. I only mentioned the "Annals" to illustrate my remark that many of his later writings are obviously stories with a purpose. I am tempted to say, a somewhat crudely and inartistically displayed purpose—but this *Causerie* is about "Phantastes," and "Phantastes" only. Were it not for this, I might be tempted to compare the Faerie Romance with Goethe's "Märchen"—but to do so would lead me too far afield.

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "An Early University Calendar," by C. B.]

## FICTION

*The Man of Property.* By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WE experienced the same keen pleasure in reading Mr. Galsworthy's book as a connoisseur in wine, whose palate has often been affronted by inferior vintages, would feel as he inhaled the fragrance of a fine claret. There is plenty of the *bon petit vin*, there is a good supply of *ordinaire*, but the real thing seems to become more rare, and by its rarity more precious. Let us at once record our homage. Wine leads infallibly to "the large infidel," Omar Khayyam, who knew wine as he knew books, and in him we find the end of the metaphor in the lines:

The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmutes—



applicable alike to the function of good art or good wine. But too often, even when it is Life's metal that is handled, it remains unconscionably leaden, a dull transcript without a gleam of gold. A little of the *feu sacré* is needed to bring about the change, and a little of this transforming quality Mr. Galsworthy possesses. Leaden enough in all conscience is the material upon which he works. The Forsyte family are rich and respectable members of the upper middle class. We see the whole family grouped in all its massive unimportance; and yet we feel that each member of it is a separate human being, and we become strangely intimate with their several peculiarities. In front of this perfect background move the figures of Philip Bosinney, the architect, who is engaged to June Forsyte; Soames Forsyte, who is the man of property; and Irene, his wife. Bosinney is an artist, and the antithesis of Forsytedom. The tragedy lies in the fact that he and Irene come into conflict with it and are overwhelmed by its weight. The skill and delicacy with which the story is told is equal to the fineness and distinction of the character-drawing. There is no effort; and no difficulty is shirked. Certain moments live vividly in the mind; as when Soames hears the cry of the peacocks at dawn, or when George follows Bosinney as he rushes wildly through the fog, or when Irene returns to her husband. The book is remarkable: it has strength without the least taint of sensation; and is written with a finish which is both rare and delightful. Two points only are there to which we take exception: that Mr. Galsworthy at times lingers unnecessarily over the Forsytes; and that he has, in one passage at least, mistaken brutality for strength. The book is an extraordinary advance upon his former work, and is as far above the level of the average novel as *The Voyage Inheritance* is above a Tom Taylor comedy.

*The Pathway of the Pioneer (Nous Autres).* (Methuen, 6s.)

DOLF WYLLARDE is an "up-to-date" novelist who knows how to attract public attention by her choice of subject and title, and it is regrettable that her latest work deals inadequately with a phase of life which is fresh in literature and of much interest. English women of birth and breeding have been working for their living in other than the ancient ways for nearly a score of years past, but their history has remained practically unwritten. Their historian will speak when their story is made, but Dolf Wyllarde's novel, by its title, its flamboyant dedication, its pointed quotations, its recurring insistence on "we others" showing "the way to them" and so forth, presents in the stories of seven girls a premature picture which is almost a libel. The book gives a fateful incident in the life of each girl in turn, and between each little history is sandwiched a chapter describing a meeting of "Nous autres" with much characteristic chatter. Of the seven, one is an actress in comic opera: one a member of a Ladies' Orchestra: a third is a music-mistress: two are journalists, one a telegraphist, and the seventh is a typist. The last four are the only "pioneer" professions for women of those represented, but that might pass if the women themselves were representative. The mischief lies in the fact that Dolf Wyllarde's heroines, with one exception, are not pioneers at all. They are pitiful waifs on the road of life, and little women, whose emotions, unfairly pressed, prove their undoing; but their difficulties are not those of the new working woman, who is essentially the woman of refinement and breeding finding her place in fresh and inimical surroundings. The lives of Dolf Wyllarde's "pioneers" are made or marred by the opposite sex. The all-important incident she narrates is, in each case, a love-affair. That, of course, is a possible happening to any one, but it is not one characteristic of the professional woman. She has less trouble in "walking with clean feet through the streets of experience" (a phrase occurring many times in Dora Wyllarde's pages) than most of her sex, because of her absorption in the vital question of her work and her alienation in thought and feeling from those amongst whom her life is passed. She has no illusions,

but she has nearly always much-cherished ideals. In only one of Dolf Wyllarde's heroines do we find her faint resemblance—in the seventh "pioneer," Flair Chaldecott. But Dolf Wyllarde tells us nothing about Flair, except that she dies of heart disease from a weak constitution and over work. The author does not know her only "pioneer" or else cannot describe her.

*The House by the Bridge.* By M. G. EASTON. (Lane, 6s.)

SHOULD this be a first novel, the author should be encouraged to proceed in the art of novel-writing. The book shows great promise of better things to come. Like many modern novels, it has far too much plot: nearly every character in the book has a story of its own, which is a little bewildering. Most of the people appear either to have mated with the wrong person or suffered troubles of the heart. The heroine is a charming girl who brings sunshine wherever she goes, as all nice girls should do. She even wins the love of her stern and acrid aunt Mrs. Chantry (aunt Ezekiel, as she calls her on her first introduction). There are some wise words said about the effect of the gloomy old house and its inhabitants upon the sensitive and reserved nature of the little heroine. She is taken from the land of sunshine that she loves, the home of her dead father and his regiment where she has been petted and loved and, as a very young child with her ayah, arrives at her new home to be made acquainted with gloom and mystery and silence, morose people and the horror of dark lonely nights in a house that has a "mystery." The secret of that mystery is well kept-up until the last chapters and comes quite as a surprise, although it is difficult to believe that a girl would live so many years of her life there and not find it out. The story grows more melodramatic towards the end, and a scene where the aunt has gone mad and tries to murder her niece is particularly blood-curdling. But there are many delightful men and women in the book, and we are glad to find the heroine left with a prospect of enduring happiness.

*My Cornish Neighbours.* By MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS. (Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.)

"THERE's good and bad and medium here as elsewhere," says Mrs. Pengilly, when the lady from uplong exclaims that the village is ideal and the people kind and charming in every way; and the lady's sketches show that on the whole Mrs. Pengilly was right. The neighbours were not always neighbourly. They suspect one "uplong" of drinking, because they find her Salutaris bottles and take Salutaris to be a Roosian speerit. They tell the lady herself when she leaves them that she has been one against all, "for it do take years with we to treat a stranger like one of our own." The stranger always gets the worst of it when it comes to a bargain: whether he is an artis' chap who gives ten shillings for cups that have cost sixpence or a young woman who gives six pounds for goats which the owner, if she had only known it, would have paid her to take away. Yet the general impression left by these sketches is of a kindly, law-abiding folk, rather lazy, clannish, honest, set in their own ways, clinging to old superstitions and ideas. They are used to village life and think town life both sinful and uncomfortable: they are at once quarrelsome and united: quarrelsome every day and united in emergency. They talk, as Cornish folk do, with a quaint disregard of grammar and some picturesque phrases which we hope the Board Schools will not drive away. But hope is vain. Education will teach the children of these people the proper use of pronouns and the improper use of many a word which their parents use to-day with musical and vigorous effect. So we may be grateful to Mrs. Havelock Ellis for preserving the talk of to-day in these charming sketches and for giving us pictures of a peasantry that is neither arcadian nor bestial but good and bad and medium, here as elsewhere.

## THE DRAMA

## "CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION" AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE

SOME years ago the Stage Society gave a performance of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, and our memory of that performance is very pleasant. That was in the days when Mr. Shaw's plays were given tentatively and needed the spice of adventure which then belonged to Sunday evening playgoing in England. Since then our education in Shaw has had opportunities; and his attitude and intention in the light reflected from his later (and in our thinking incomparably finer) work have become less enigmatical. We are no longer deafened by the tub-thumping which was at first necessary to attract our attention: we have even seen plays of Mr. Shaw without having been able to read disconcerting prefaces of his own explanation, containing a ridiculous admixture of truth, more baffling than any lie. For a man's opinion of himself means nothing until we have something of an opinion of our own as to what he may be. The effort of self-expression conduces to contortions in most men, and most men strive to keep them in the background. Mr. Shaw did not. He writhed in public; and kept an inimitable commentary running on every twist, so that they seemed intentional, studied almost; moreover so swift and bewildering were they that they distracted attention from what he was achieving. What we then thought the ebullitions of a clever man, we are now inclined to consider the mistakes of a genius. We were right to be impressed by *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*: it was far more interesting than the average play, and still is; but we have seen *John Bull*, and *Major Barbara*, and *The Voysey Inheritance* since that adventurous Sunday.

Most men want to escape from reality: it is soothing to have something other than facts to look in the face. The little cockney Drinkwater managed by the help of Sweeney Tod and The Skeleton Horseman to elude the realities of the Waterloo Road, and he continued to treasure his "lawbrary" in Mogador, when its actual necessity was no longer pressing. This was inverted in the case of Brassbound. He needed the newspaper cuttings recounting his uncle's good deeds to counteract the effect of his picturesque bandit's life, and to help him to build a splendid romance of revenge around the sordid facts of his childhood. He must play the leading part in his own romance, and he does so with fatal persistence, until he becomes the hero of his dreams. Brassbound is not a villain in a melodrama, but a melodramatic man in a comedy, which laughs at the tendency of all men to take themselves in melodramatic earnest. "All men are children in the nursery," says Lady Cicely, and proves her point with every man in the play, but especially with the chief baby, Brassbound, and even with his uncle, Sir Hallam, though he, so far from being the villain of his nephew's dreams, is eminently respectable and accordingly succumbs last. Mr. Shaw is nothing if not chivalrous. But his treatment of Brassbound is confused: the exposition is cumbrous and unenlightening, with a strange mingling of melodrama and farce, and it is only half-way through the great scene in the second act, where Lady Cicely is mending Brassbound's coat, that the play is forced up to the level of comedy with a supreme effort that is not wholly successful, for the audience has been in no way prepared for the change of attitude. The dark hints of Brassbound to his uncle which make the curtain to Act I, concerning the wild justice of the mountains, are too much in the manner of the conventional villain to be taken as seriously as they are meant to be. And it is this confusion of treatment which makes it peculiarly difficult—almost impossible—to portray the character of Brassbound with any semblance of reality.

Mr. Frederick Kerr grappled courageously with the difficulties. But his Brassbound lacked valiancy and dash,

He was inclined to over-emphasise the sinister and lowering side of the Captain. That made his act of vengeance seem mere treachery, and untouched by any of the glamour, which it would gather from the colour of a life-purpose. We did not feel that for years he had been waiting for his vengeance, and the moment of its fulfilment did not seem a great moment. That lessened the effect of his loss, and made his surrender to the influence of Lady Cicely's charm less accountable. Mr. Kerr was handicapped by the fact that Miss Terry had not been able to master her words—more handicapped than was Miss Terry herself. By sheer skill and that marvellous personal charm of hers she carried through her part successfully and at times rose to her former greatness. Mr. J. H. Barnes was excellent as Sir Howard: he controls his features and modulates his voice with all the precision of an actor of the old school. A very clever performance was given by Mr. Gwenn as Drinkwater. His exit—shouldered shrieking to be washed—was memorable; but he seemed to be a little over-anxious to make his points and emphasise his dialect. Mr. Shaw's points are not the better for forcing nor his dialect for emphasis.

We were able to pay a second visit to the Court on the Tuesday following the play's production. We came away more than ever convinced as to how much Mr. Shaw is indebted in this instance to his interpreters. The most noticeable improvement was in the first act, which was played far more quickly and almost saved from being dull. But it is a clumsy act. There is a little piece of character-acting, with which we were more than ever impressed: it is in its small way perfect: namely, Marzò, the Italian from Hatton Garden, played by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke.

H. DE S.

## FINE ART

## THE LATE CHARLES WELLINGTON FURSE

SINCE Charles Furse was cut off early in life, it is impossible to say whether he might not in time, possibly in quite a short time, have become more conscious of, and more distressed by, a lack which his work showed in common with that of almost all of his contemporaries, an indifference to the beautiful qualities of the material he handled. He was so intelligent, so keen and ardent in spirit, and his high aims were so justified not only by his talents but by his opportunities, that one is bound to think that his development, being on true lines of independence and courage, would have led to that refinement which we miss. Everything else was there—largeness of vision, original composition and vigorous colour, dignity, character—but no hint of exquisiteness or tenderness. Some critics have coupled his name with Whistler's. A more inept comparison cannot be conceived. If Whistler was not exquisite to the verge of the precious, he was nothing.

The lack of delicacy, of elegance, in Furse's work was not one which was likely to be supplied under the influence of Mr. Sargent, which was considerable in most of the later work. Furse was strong enough himself, and the emulation of a yet stronger painter was quite unnecessary. His sense of colour developed surely and rapidly. *The Lilac Gown*, now on exhibition with other of his works at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is a brilliant and original study of colour, spoilt, however, to some extent by the streaky, smeary painting. The same fault occurs in the portrait of Mrs. M. B. Furse, otherwise a work of some charm. Beautiful quality excuses everything, but a sky like the blue in this portrait, which is not only false in tone but also abominable as pigment, is "horripilant."

Of the several portraits and sketches of Earl Roberts, the most satisfactory is the very complete and accomplished small version which was exhibited at the

New English Art Club some years ago. Here Furse was working on traditional lines, and although, of course, Velasquez is a long way ahead, still the painter was on the road. I have little doubt that he would have returned to this road, if he had lived. His grasp of character was admirably shown in the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leaf, painted in 1903, and technically it was his best work in its combination of vigour and dexterity. But his more ambitious attempts, the portrait groups of huntsmen, have a special and touching interest in the evidence they supply of his predilection for open air, life and movement. The feeling of procession in *Cubbing with the York and Ainsty*, with the merry children looking jauntily down from their high horses on the small spectator, is most exhilarating. It is a pity that his first ambitious essay in this line, the portrait of *R. Allison Johnson, M.F.H.*, exhibited at the New English Art Club in 1893, is not included in the present exhibition. The mere planning out of such a work on such a scale was an astonishing performance for a young man of twenty-five, and it was carried out with unflagging verve. I well remember the portraits of the hounds, Gayless, Flourish, Spangle, etc., and their air of bustle and movement. The portrait of *Philip Crossley, M.F.H.*, is grand in design, but Furse evidently was ill at ease in the smaller scale. Another open-air picture, *Diana of the Uplands*, which was a great favourite when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, has movement and vigour, of course, but of a rather melodramatic and sensational kind, besides being hard and fierce in colour. The small sketch gives the essentials with more satisfaction. His love of the open air is significant of the whole man, as shown by his detestation of cliques and coteries, of snobbery and jobbery; and therefore his early death means not only the loss of a remarkable artist, but of a vigorous and independent personality, whose influence could not have failed to be salutary for any body with which he was connected.

B. S.

### THE RISING GENERATION

To those who are acquainted with the autumn salons the collection of "pictures and drawings from the Paris Salon d'Automne 1905" at the Lafayette Art Gallery (178 New Bond Street) will suggest a tail without a dog. Carrière, Renoir, Cézanne, and the other heads of the impressionist school whose work was the attraction of the Paris exhibition are here represented, not by their works, but by those of their followers. Genuine Carrières, Renoirs and Cézannes are absent, but imitations abound, and these do not equal, however they may flatter their originals. Inasmuch as the younger painters of France—with the exception of M. Henri le Sidaner, whose beautiful paintings of Venice have just been shown at the Goupil Gallery—are practically unknown to the British public, the broad-minded critic will welcome an exhibition which contains examples of such artists as Charles Milcendean, A. Chabanian, Abel Truchet, and A. Guillaumin. Moreover, though many paintings seem so violent in colour as to incur suspicion of having been painted *pour épater le bourgeois*, the dominant note of the exhibition is sincerity. It is this very sincerity, perhaps, which makes the exhibits strange to British eyes. For to the young painters of France it is not enough to imitate something; something must also be expressed. It is the painter's duty to present as well as to represent, and consequently he is apt to ignore all facts in Nature save the one which he is momentarily engaged in presenting.

As a contrast to the more florid exhibits there are a few reticent pieces, such as André Allard's *The Canal at Harfleur*, quiet and true, while H. Marrett's *Depôt de Machines* is able and personal, a Monet subject without servile imitation of Monet's vision and technique. In some respects the most interesting of the exhibits are a species of lithographs in colour which attracted much attention in Paris. Maurice Neumont's poetic *Twilight*, *Bois de Boulogne* and Felin's clever character-study, *Dormeuse*, are

admirable examples of the soft but brilliant effect of which this medium is capable.

On first entering the Grafton Galleries, where the Ridley Art Club is holding its twentieth exhibition, one might suspect that here also the subtle influence of the French Impressionists had been at work. The grey seascapes of Messrs. James E. Grace and Philip F. Walker which greet one in the ante-room are pleasantly reminiscent of Boudin. But on entering the larger gallery the suspicion proves unfounded. Whistler has obviously inspired some of the portrait painters, but to little effect; Monet, no doubt, has to some extent influenced Mr. Moffat Lindner, possibly also Messrs. Terrick Williams and Julius Olsson, and the marines of these three are the most distinctive paintings here—paintings, be it said advisedly, for otherwise they would have to reckon with the dignified, bigly seen landscapes in chalk by Mr. Claude Shepperson. Some statuettes and reliefs by Mr. Gilbert Bayes and a fan by Mr. Conder well-nigh exhaust the major interests of the exhibition. Mr. Louis Grier's nocturne, *The Pool of Sleep* (36), the Constable-Steerish landscapes of Miss Beatrice Bland, and the *Pastoral* of Mr. Cecil Rea deserve a word of praise, but, excepting Mr. Shepperson, one cannot find here an artistic individuality so strong that it promises to force its recognition from the public.

To discover the painters of to-morrow, however, it is more necessary to search in the provinces and departments than the capitals; and of this one is reminded by the excellent exhibition of modern paintings now open at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. The portraits by Mr. Gerard Chowne here prove him to be more variously gifted than one could tell from the flower-pieces which alone represent him in London, while Mr. Hamilton Hay is revealed not only as the inimitable painter of curling waves and flat foam-flecked foregrounds whom the International has taught us to admire, but as the subtle observer and deft recorder of the light-effects which beautify mean streets in the hour of dusk. Mr. W. Alison Martin's *Fêtes champêtres* and landscapes reveal a sparkling colourist of wonderful quality, who, if he continue as he has begun, should revivify the glorious tradition of glowing colour which began with Titian and ended with Monticelli. Some intensely virile drawings by Miss Enid Jackson gave us something of that shock of power and original observation which was afforded by our first glimpse of the work of her master, Mr. Augustus John, from whom she has learnt to be strong without sacrificing the tenderness that belongs to femininity.

## MUSIC

### THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—V

MOST people know pretty well what they mean when they describe a work of art, a piece of furniture, a dress or a custom, as "eighteenth-century," and the expression used adjectivally may be appropriate quite apart from the particular date which the substantive implies. The phrase connotes something very pompous, very formal, very dreary. Look a little deeper and we see with the author of this volume that this impression is largely due to the remarkable "combination of lavish display with an almost barbarous discomfort," which was a characteristic of the century. Take Bach and Handel, or perhaps only Bach, out of the first half of the century and we see how thoroughly consonant was the music of the period with this outlook upon other departments of life. The year 1750 did this; Bach died, and music was left to be represented at its best by the sententious and anglicised oratorio of Handel, at its worst by the debased opera of the Italians. How bad that worst was, Mr. W. H. Hadow lays bare in a vivid opening chapter "On the general condition of taste in the Eighteenth Century." Of this the reader of the

fourth volume has had some glimpses; here it is summed up with force and terseness, and with a sense of humour which is almost epigrammatic. Bach had so little to do with his own time that he could have no immediate successors; with his death music died and had to be born again. Nor is this a mis-statement in view of the fact that it received its new life from Bach's son, Carl Philip Emanuel. Educated by his father, he was still not his successor in the sense of continuing his tradition; he was the parent of a new music, which was nurtured and developed by Haydn and Mozart, and which arrived at full manhood in the sonatas and symphonies of Beethoven. This, like the music of Cavaliere and Monteverdi, a century and a half earlier, was a revolt from servitude. Theirs had freed music from the service of the church, this from the service of the great ones of the earth. Musicians of the eighteenth century wore the liveries of their masters and wrote operas or masses as might best please the capricious taste of their patron archduke or archbishop. Handel might have worn a livery, Haydn did, but imagine Beethoven in one! The movement towards artistic freedom, then, was nothing less than the development of the most abstract form of music, one not designed to minister either to the sense of devotion or the desire for amusement of distinguished patrons, as was the church and stage music of the time, nor yet, like the concerto of the virtuoso, designed for the display of personal achievements, but one undertaken simply to find the most perfect expression for the highest musical thoughts—in short, the Sonata form as exemplified in works of that name and in quartets, concertos, symphonies.

The rise and growth of this movement is the main subject of this volume, but there are various side issues which require detailed attention, and which no historian could afford to overlook. A school of church music having for its highest point Beethoven's colossal mass in D may well claim to be important in the history of the art, and Glück's reform of the opera, incomplete though he left it, and the later school of opera of which Mozart was the chief ornament, and which led the way to Beethoven's *Fidelio*, can only be classed as side issues at all because of the overwhelming importance of this other movement which was taking place concurrently with them. Mr. Hadow deals with opera first, and in recounting the well-known story of Glück's campaign in Paris he makes clear, by description of the state of contemporary opera and by quotation from Glück's *Iphigénie en Tauride*, what were the real points at issue, and what Glück attained. His music seems polite and formal enough to us now, but contrasted with that of his contemporaries it is amazingly vivid. Opera, as Glück found it, was neither music nor drama; as he left it, it was both, the imperfect fusion of the two elements in itself testifying to the strength of their separate existence. One of them, the music, Mozart developed in the next generation, but for the furthering of its dramatic side opera had to wait till the next century. Mozart's position with regard to opera is well summed up when the author, speaking of *Cosi fan tutte*, says:

On each successive event is concentrated everything that music can do, every appropriate device of rhythm and figure and orchestration; there is not a motion, not a gesture that is not illustrated by voice or instrument, there is not a shade of feeling which lacks its actual expression. The scene is always laid in Cloud Cuckoo-town but it maintains the laws of its kingdom.

*Fidelio*, Beethoven's only opera, is compared with Mozart, and it is shown that, whereas in Mozart's work "the dramatic ideal is more compatible with the melodic, in that of Beethoven it is commonly subordinated." Hence the complete isolation of Beethoven's work. "To call it a dramatic symphony would overstate the case, but it is a drama conceived and executed upon symphonic lines." In the same way with church music as exemplified in the Mass, Beethoven said the last word with his *Missa Solennis* in D. To apply the term "church music" to this work at all sounds absurd; it knows no

such limitations as the word implies. As it belongs to what is generally known as the third period of Beethoven's work and *Fidelio* to the second, so, as *Fidelio* is symphonic, the Mass has passed beyond the confines even of that restriction and cannot be classified.

But to return; with chapter seven, headed "C. P. E. Bach and the growth of the Sonata," Mr. Hadow takes up the main thread of music's history in the second half of the eighteenth century. It is so often a difficulty that the name Sonata long precedes the existence of the type of work we mean by that name, that it should be very helpful to many to have the development traced and the connection shown between the so-called Sonatas of Corelli and Domenico Scarlatti and those of Mozart and Beethoven. This Mr. Hadow does by quoting examples and analysing the various types of "binary" and "ternary" movement as found in the works of these composers and of J. S. Bach, and shows how their gradual extension approached very nearly to what we now know as "first movement" form. Never quite, however, since they never arrived at a second subject as distinct from the first. C. P. E. Bach went further and arrived at what is practically the complete outline of sonata form, though with him the exact divisions of first and second subject are still indeterminate. On this point Mr. Hadow says:

This absence of distinctive themes is not a mark of deficient melodic invention, for C. P. E. Bach had a very remarkable gift of melody, nor of inexperience, for he had been engaged in Sonata writing since 1732. It was simply an inherited tradition, which, occupied with clearing the outlines of his form, he did not think it worth while to discard. His main business was to mark out the ground and lay the foundation.

Two other points of incompleteness are noted in C. P. E. Bach's work, the rudimentary character of the "development section," and the unsatisfactory management of keys in the restatement of the first part. The first could not be rectified until the subjects had become sufficiently definite to merit a more consistent treatment, the latter was a problem which only continual practice in the new form could solve. The question as to definiteness of subject, however, was settled once for all by Haydn. He was gifted with a power of melody too spontaneous and overflowing to be checked by conventions of "serious" composition, and, besides his natural gift, Mr. Hadow conclusively shows that he was indebted for the freshness of his rhythms and metres to Croatian folk-song, his native inheritance. This infusion of folk-song into the music of Haydn, thereby influencing the course of all instrumental music through Sonata form, is one of the most striking instances of popular music coming to the aid of scientific music, and giving to it the breath of life without which it must have languished. We have seen how popular music marched ahead of the scientists of the fifteenth century in its feeling for euphony, how in the seventeenth the song and the dance tune occupied the attention of musicians and how the Cantata and the Suite resulted. The melodies of Haydn, coming straight from the heart of a people whose speech was song, have each that individuality necessary to assert that principle of contrast, which alone was wanting to sonata form to make it thoroughly articulate. The form being complete, its individual treatment by Haydn and Mozart in quartet and symphony, and its further modification by Mozart to apply it to the clavier concerto, receive interesting treatment in this volume, the examples chosen for quotation being particularly happy. What better illustration of Mozart's method of combining and contrasting subjects could be found than the development section of the first movement of his G minor quintet?

Then comes Beethoven. Of this chapter one can only say that the author has had to pass from the piano trios of Op. 1 to the Choral Symphony in some thirty pages which include quotations, and that he has done so in such a way as to give a glimpse of the work of Beethoven, which is not a catalogue of his compositions but a hint of that extraordinary development which is almost unparalleled in a single life in all artistic history. To do so he employs



a striking simile, with a quotation from which I must conclude:

Beethoven's last period is like the second part of *Faust*. There is no music in the world more difficult to understand, none of which the genius is more unearthly, more superhuman. It contains passages to which we can no more apply our ordinary standards of beauty than we can to the earthquake or the thunderstorm; it contains phrases, like the moments of cynicism in Goethe, which, till we comprehend them better, we can only regard as harsh or grim or crabbed; at times it rises into melody the like of which the world has never known and will never know again.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FROM Mr. Bertram Dobell, of Charing Cross Road, the editor of the poems of Thomas Traherne which were eagerly welcomed some time ago, we receive news of a scheme he has prepared for publishing by subscription a number of volumes of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century literature. The readers for whom they are intended are the "fit though few." Mr. Dobell will be satisfied with a hundred and fifty subscribers, and the prices are to be low. The proposed books are as follows: "Centuries of Meditation," a prose work by Traherne, of which there will be two editions, one at 7s. 6d. net, uniform with the Poems, and one at 5s. net. If this book is well received, it will be followed by Traherne's "Christian Ethicks." Next comes "The Poems of William Strode" (1602-1644; an almost totally forgotten poet), now first collected from manuscript and printed sources, together with his play entitled *The Floating Island*, now first reprinted from the only edition (1655). The price of this will not exceed 7s. 6d. net. "Gleanings from Manuscripts," being poems and dramatic works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries now first printed from manuscripts, most of which are in Mr. Dobell's possession, will consist of three or four volumes, to be issued at intervals of about six months, at not more than 6s. each. The contents will consist partly of unknown poems by unknown or little known poets—Nicholas Oldisworth, M. Johnson, John Champernoune, Sir T. Nevill, J. Warmestrie, Bryan Duppa, Roger Conyers, William King, J. Mason, Sir T. Rowe, Alexander Gill, etc., together with some anonymous pieces; partly of works by well-known poets of which Mr. Dobell possesses manuscripts that differ in interesting details from the accepted texts. He has, for instance, manuscript copies of Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale," and Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, which differ from the printed copies, and the other writers that come under this heading include Alabaster, Herrick, Cartwright, Donne, Carew and Mrs. Katherine Phillips. "The Letters, Speeches and Poems of Sir Nicholas Bacon," now first printed from the original manuscript, will be 7s. 6d. to subscribers; and *The Partill Lawe*, a tragi-comedie (c. 1620-30), which, Mr. Dobell claims, is an unknown and unprinted play, will be issued in a limited edition at 5s. The plot is founded on the story of Ariosto from which Shakespeare, through Bandello, drew the plot of *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop has written a book on "English Civil Costume," to be issued by Messrs. Black in four sections, which will eventually be combined in one book. The first section, "Early English," is to be published this month, the second, "The Middle Ages," in April. The other two—"Tudor and Stuart" and "Georgian"—will be issued in the autumn. The book is illustrated with colour plates and numerous thumb-sketches in the text.

Mr. John Lane will publish on April 3, "Bombay Ducks," by Douglas Dewar—"an account of some of the everyday birds and beasts found in a naturalist's El Dorado," with numerous illustrations reproduced from photographs by Captain Fayrer. A "Bombay Duck" is a time-honoured expression in India, and Mr. Dewar thinks that as the animals dealt with in his volume are all to be found on the

"Bombay Side," they have an equal right with pieces of dried fish to be called "Bombay Ducks." Captain Fayrer's series of remarkable photographs from life should render the work attractive.

"The Life, Letters and Art of Lord Leighton," by Mrs. Russell Barrington, is promised by Mr. George Allen for the autumn. Mrs. Barrington knew Leighton for thirty years, and she has been assisted in her task by his sole executor, by other members of the family and by his brother Academicians and friends. The book will contain the diaries and letters written by Leighton, covering a period of fifty years. There are letters from George Eliot, Ruskin, Browning, Henry Greville and Charles Dickens.

Messrs. Jack are about to publish a series of volumes on the great English poets. Mr. Oliphant Smeaton is to be general editor. Spenser will be dealt with by Mr. W. B. Yeats, the Shelley volume has been assigned to Professor Churton Collins, Herrick to Canon Beeching, Byron to Mr. Charles Whibley, and Browning to Mr. Augustine Birrell; while Professor Saintsbury will be responsible for the volume on Longfellow.

Dr. Douglas Hyde is publishing next week with Mr. T. Fisher Unwin a work on "The Religious Songs of Connacht." The book, which is a companion to Dr. Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht," is a collection of poems, songs, ranns, charms, prayers, orthas, and curses, with which are interspersed prose stories of saints, miracles, healing-wells, etc., collected during the last twenty-five years from the Irish-speaking natives of Connacht. It is printed in the original Irish on one side of the page with a literal and often also a poetical translation on the other.

Messrs. Sisley announce the publication, on April 12, of a new series of reprints—The Panel Books—the first volumes of which will be "The Memoirs of Count Grammont"; "Don Juan"; "The Life of 'Beau' Nash"; "Silas Marner"; "Decisive Battles of the World," by Sir Edward Creasy; "The Devil on Two Sticks," by Le Sage; "Sheridan's Plays"; and "Oliver Twist." Each volume is to be printed on antique paper, with frontispiece, decorated title-page in colour, end-papers, and full gilt edges.

Probably the first book to be published on the Royal Tour in India will be Mr. G. F. Abbott's "Through India with the Prince," which Mr. Edward Arnold announces for April 6. Mr. Abbott accompanied the Royal Party as Special Correspondent of the *Calcutta Statesman*.

Bishop Westcott is the subject of the next volume in the series of "Leaders of the Church, 1800-1900," edited by Mr. G. W. E. Russell and published by Messrs. Mowbray. The book will be published immediately after Easter.

On April 2 Mr. Unwin will publish "The Continental Outcast," by Prebendary Carlile, Chief Secretary of the Church Army, and his son, Mr. Victor W. Carlile. The book contains an account of visits paid last summer to the famous Labour Colony of Morxplas in Belgium, and similar institutions in Holland, Germany and Denmark, together with a number of practical suggestions for the improvement of our English methods of dealing with the unemployed, tramps and beggars.

Under the title "Six Years at a Russian Court," Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish shortly an interesting book of personal reminiscences by Miss M. Eagar, who had charge of the children of the Czar till the outbreak of the war with Japan, when, suspected of being a Japanese spy, she had to leave St. Petersburg.

Messrs. Frederick W. Wilson and Co. have in the press "Holiday Glasgow: or, Ardkinglas, the City's Highland Estate," by Mr. John Orr, M.A. The book gives a brief description and history, from an early period to the present time, of Glasgow's newly-acquired Highland estate, and shows ways in which this playground of the citizens of St. Mungo may be developed. It will be illustrated by Messrs. J. and A. Kinloch.

Mr. Werner Laurie has in the press a volume entitled "Modern Medicine for the Home," by Dr. Ernest Walker. Dr. Walker's book endeavours to convey to the unskilled reader in a few simple sentences the best way to act in all emergencies.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I distinctly intimated that the ingenious suggestion was not my own. Of course I should not have called it *ingenious*, had it been my own. I missed Mr. Johnson's paper in the ACADEMY—strangely, because I am a diligent reader of the ACADEMY. The suggestion was communicated to me by a postcard written in Latin by a foreign scholar, who could not remember where he had seen it, and did not claim it as his own. He liked the note and so did I. I think I may claim to have used complete candour in my communication to the ACADEMY.

I know Mr. Johnson to be a masterly writer of Greek and Latin verse. Yet his very obscure Latin joke would seem to show that he does not know the quantity of *nātes*.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Professor R. Y. Tyrrell writes me: "The note was communicated to me on a postcard by a correspondent, who had forgotten where he saw it. I never saw the papers in ACADEMY to which you refer." I, therefore, begged the doctor's pardon by letter, and do so again now, in your columns, if you are kind enough to publish this.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Rennes University, March 24.

### THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is right that your readers should know that after reading the excellent article in your issue of March 24, I have directed that my name should be removed from the list of "honorary vice-presidents" of the Early English Drama Society.

For my error of judgment in allowing my name to be used I am unable to find any excuse that I can myself regard as completely satisfactory. In partial extenuation, I may say that a portion of Mr. Farmer's edition of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which was sent to me in proof, appeared to me to contain some excellent work. The editor had, if I remember rightly, corrected one or two slight inaccuracies in the text of my own edition of the play, and had discovered some interesting facts which I should have been glad to use in my introduction if I had known them. Although I have no great fondness for modernised texts, I consider that if the series as a whole had been equal to the sample presented to me, the undertaking would have been well deserving of encouragement. I fully admit, however, that before allowing the use of my name in the prospectus I ought to have taken some pains to assure myself that the "Society" had other than a nominal existence.

I may add that I have not seen any of the volumes that have been issued in the name of the "Society."

HENRY BRADLEY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Thank you for your number showing up the Early English Drama Society. I didn't like giving my name to it, but did give it to help Mr. Farmer whom I trusted to print accurate texts. I now withdraw my name, as my friend Dr. H. Bradley does his.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

March 26.

### THE DUTCH LANGUAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am informed that the ACADEMY recently credited me with disparaging remarks anent the Dutch language. I have not seen the paragraph, but if it said anything of the kind, it committed an utter and complete mistake which has caused unreasonable annoyance in Holland. I do not abuse my native language, and whoever thought he heard me do so must have misunderstood or even "mis-heard" entirely. So entirely, that I should not have reverted to this unimportant incident, had I not been urgently requested to do so.

MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Mentone, March 24.

[We can only express to Mr. Maarten Maartens our sincere regret that he should have been credited in our columns with a remark which

he never made. The fact that his countrymen are wonderful linguists remains, though the reason for it given in the paragraph referred to may be untrue.—ED.]

### A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The point of the letter from Bacon's Remains in your yesterday's issue is lost by a misprint in the last line. It should read "to be good to concealed poets," and is I think written so in the copy I sent you, but possibly the roughness of my copy led to the error.

March 25.

STRACHAN HOLME.

### HOURS WITH RABELAIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for publishing my letter on "Hours with Rabelais" and replying to it.

I regret, however, that—as it seems—I expressed my meaning so imperfectly. I had not the faintest desire to dispute the indisputable.

In my preface I boast of having expurgated the Master, and I glory in my shame. But when your reviewer implies that everything that is omitted in my selections is omitted because I think it nasty, he inadvertently misrepresents the facts.

To cite an instance—he asks, "Why are we told nothing of Gargantua's games?" The answer is twofold. First, that we are told of them (p. 24); and secondly, that I considered a bare list of two hundred and fourteen games (the meaning of three-fourths of them being quite unknown) was not unlikely to "bore" the general reader. Again, to say that I try to prove Rabelais "a teetotaler" because I omit, for brevity, a passage in Book iii., and not to state that I give the glorious praise of wine (Prol. Bk. i.) in its entirety, is, to say the least of it, misleading.

F. G. STOKES.

March 26.

[We are quite willing to believe that to remove "grossness" was not Mr. Stokes's sole object in omitting large portions of Rabelais's works; but that does not alter our opinion that no fair idea of Rabelais can be gained from the study of selections.—ED.]

### THINGS IN GENERAL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the discussion as to the respective merits of Wordsworth and Shelley, the latter is seriously handicapped, because the advocates of Wordsworth can produce more tit-bits. This method of criticism might also be applied to art. For instance you could point to a hundred little gems of imitative art in Gerard Dow's pictures, and say: "Can you find such a number of beautiful things in Rembrandt's works?" Ergo —. Shelley is also handicapped by the fact that Palgrave was of a sentimental temperament, and hence in his collection of tit-bits he paid twice as much attention to Wordsworth as to Shakespeare. For Palgrave to get Tennyson to assist him in compiling the "Golden Treasury," was very much like Rossetti asking Burne-Jones to help him in the selection of some modern pictures for a public gallery, or like Bradshaw seeking the aid of Cromwell in the preparation of a history of the Stuarts. In poetry and painting, where all opinions do not converge, as in respect to Shakespeare and Raphael, criticism is much a matter of temperament. The people who favour Browning also hold fast by Whistler. Both are high priests of the inexplicable. The followers of Wordsworth are also the followers of the manufacturing and the sentimental artists; the former represented by Metsu, Dow, and Mieris, and the latter by those of the moderns who paint pictures of "The Last Rose of Summer," or of animals with human eyes expressing human emotions. But it is as a manufacturer that Wordsworth was supreme. He even wrote a sonnet on the sonnet, to express the difficulty of making one. Dow showed the difficulty of painting, by taking three days to paint a broom handle, but it was a perfect broom-handle. Wordsworth could describe a valley so that you could not possibly mistake it for anything else, even if he did not mention that it was a valley. Pope set himself on a pedestal of sentiment when he was young, but he jumped off when he grew up, and was proud of the feat. Wordsworth on the contrary, put a flagstaff on his pedestal, and died on the top of it. I should like to say a lot more, but then some one might accuse me of not being a critic, and compel me to refer to Mr. Ashton's reply to the cabman. This reminds me of an instance which I culled from an Australian paper some years ago, where a somewhat similar observation and retort were made. It seems that in the 'eighties one of the members of the South Australian Parliament was Mr. Patrick Cogle, who was chiefly remarkable for the great number of long words he used in his political addresses. One day during a heated debate in Committee, an opponent of Mr. Cogle remarked of him: "He calls himself a gentleman, and can't spell the words he speaks." To this came the immediate reply: "I didn't call myself a gentleman, but whatever I am, I am not an assimilator of paradoxical incongruities," referring to the partiality of his adversary for mixed metaphor.

MAN IN THE STREET.

Florence, March 12.

## UNIVERSITY POETS AND NOVELISTS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems a pity that your remarks should be based on data so imperfect. One can hardly accept as representative of Cambridge a list which omits: Wyatt, Gascoigne, Day of the exquisite "Parliament," the dramatist Fletcher, the Spenserian Giles Fletcher (known to Milton at any rate), the Platonist More, Cleveland, Buller (?), "Rehearsal" Buckingham, the maligned Shadwell, Cumberland, and Smart; and among translators (if Cary is to swell the Oxford list) Fairfax, Broome and Fenton. Of course, there are omissions in your Oxford list, but I doubt whether Cambridge has cause to fear an exhaustive comparison.

Among Cambridge novelists the following writers should have been included—Marion Crawford (*cf.* his "Tale of a Lonely Parish"), Max Pemberton, Hugh Benson, Anstey of the not unknown "Vice Versa" and "Giant's Robe," and Henty (since you rank Hughes as a novelist).

The main fact which emerges is that Oxford has produced but one poet (Shelley), and no novelist of absolutely the first rank. And the plangent poverty of her case is not bettered by placing Matthew Arnold and William Morris beside Spenser and Milton, or Reade and Blackmore in the same "class" as Sterne and Thackeray.

V.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

Isherwood, Grace. *Monumental Brasses in the Bedfordshire Churches*. With illustrations drawn by Kitty Isherwood from rubbings by the authoress. 9x5½. Pp. 68. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

[The parishes are arranged alphabetically, and a brief account of existing brasses given under each, with a short introduction. 8 Plates.]

*The Cathedrals of England and Wales*: their history, architecture and associations. With a series of Rembrandt Plates and many illustrations in the text. Part I. 11½x8½. Pp. 32. Cassell, 7d. net.

[The first number of a new enterprise, to be complete in about twenty-four fortnightly parts. This part deals with Canterbury and begins York Minster. The frontispiece is a fine "Rembrandt" reproduction of a photograph of Canterbury Cathedral, and there are forty-two other illustrations and plans, many of them full-page. The letter-press is interesting and the whole promises a very good popular work.]

*Rembrandt: A Memorial*. Part II. 14½x10½. Pp. 4. 7 Plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[See the ACADEMY for March 24, p. 294. The plates in this number are *Study of a Couchant Lion* (Lord Brownlow); *Life Study of a Young Man* (Bibl. Nat., Paris); *Portrait of a Woman Seated* (Heseltine); *Portrait of Rembrandt* (Liechtenstein); *Portrait of Saskia* (Cassel); *The Night Watch* (Rijksmuseum); *Portrait of a Rabbi* (Buckingham Palace).

Atlay, J. B. *The Victorian Chancellors*. In two vols. Vol. i, with Portraits 9x6½. Pp. xi, 466. Smith, Elder, 14s. net.

[Contains Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord Cottenham and Lord Truro.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Lubbock, Percy. *Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her Letters*. 7½x5½. Pp. 382. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net. (See p. 305.)

*Home Life with Herbert Spencer*. By Two. 7½x5. Pp. 234. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 3s. 6s.

[Details of Spencer's domestic life by two ladies with whom he lived for some years.]

## DRAMA.

Welcker, Adair. *A Dream of Realms Beyond us*. 9x5½. Pp. 39=78. Ninth separate American edition. San Francisco, 214 Pine Street. 40s.

## EDUCATION.

Boyer, Paul and Spéranski, N. *Russian Reader*, adapted for English-speaking Students by Samuel Northrup Harper. 9½x6½. Pp. x, 386. Luzac, 13s. 6d.

[For students who have some elementary knowledge of Russian grammar and pronunciation: its object being to present a faithful and adequate picture of spoken Russian. The readings are all from Tolstoy, and all but one from his stories written for children. Very full grammatical notes; appendix of commentary; Index and Vocabulary. Mr. Harper has had the assistance of Mr. Ellis H. Minns, Russian Lecturer at Pembroke College, Cambridge.]

Boyer, Paul, and Spéranski N. *Manuel pour l'étude de la Langue Russe*. 9½x6½. Pp. xiv, 386. Paris: Colin, 10fr.

[This is the original of the English edition preceding.]

*Herodotus IV. Melpomene*. Edited by E. S. Shuckburgh. 6½x4½. Pp. xxiii, 315. Cambridge University Press: The Pitt Press Series, 4s.

[Prepared on the same plan as the other books of Herodotus published by Dr. Shuckburgh about fifteen years ago. Introduction, historical and geographical; Notes on the text; Text; Notes, grammatical and interpretative; historical and geographical Index; Index.]

Tebbutt, J. H. *The Education Imbroglio*: An easy way out of it. 7½x5. Pp. viii, 93. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.

[A plea for simplification, centralisation and religious teaching, including a scheme for the management of all schools on simple lines.]

*Who built our Schools?* Words to Mothers. By a Mother. 6½x4½. Pp. 31. S.P.C.K., 1d.

## FICTION.

"Q." *The Mayor of Troy*. Second Impression. 7½x5. Pp. 300. Methuen, 6s.

Benson, E. F. *The Angel of Pain*. 7½x5½. Pp. 340. Heinemann, 6s. Jones, Constance Evan. *A Matter of Temperament*. 7½x5½. Pp. 319. Nisbet, 6s.

Wallace, Helen. *Hasty Fruit*. 7½x5½. Pp. 253. Elliot Stock, 6s.

Mack, Louise (Mrs. Creed). *Children of the Sun*. 7½x5. Pp. 302. Melrose, 6s.

Galsworthy, John. *The Man of Property*. 7½x5½. Pp. 376. Heinemann, 6s. (See p. 310.)

Gallon, Tom. *Jimmy Quizote*. 5½x8. Pp. 344. Hurst and Blackett, 6s.

Boothby, Guy. *The Race of Life*. 5½x7½. Pp. 352. Ward, Lock, 5s.

Grey, Cyril. *A Manse Kose*. 7½x5½. Pp. 258. Cassell.

Bell, Lillian. *Caroline Lee*. 7½x5½. Pp. 352. Boston: Page.

## HISTORY.

Gale, F. Holderness. *The Story of Protestantism*. 8x5½. Pp. 344. Cassell, 6s.

[A history of the Reformation based on the late Dr. J. A. Wylie's "History of Protestantism," but embodying results of the researches of the thirty years that have elapsed since that author's death.]

## LITERATURE.

*Descriptive Catalogue of Books in the Lending Department at the Borough of Hampstead Central Library*. Compiled and annotated by W. E. Doubleday. 9½x6½. Pp. xxii, 517. Published at the Central Public Library, Finchley Road, 2s. 6d. (to borrowers and ratepayers, 1s.) (See p. 317.)

## MILITARY.

Ottley, Brevet-Major, W. J. *With Mounted Infantry in Tibet*. With portraits, illustrations and plans. 8½x6. Pp. xiii, 275. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.

[The Tibet Mission is the first occasion on which Native Mounted Infantry have been employed on active service on or beyond the Indian frontier in Asia. The regiments employed were the 32nd Sikh Pioneers (Major Ottley's regiment), the 23rd Sikh Pioneers, and the 8th Gurkha Rifles. Appendices, including General Macdonald's Report. No Index.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Historic Dress, 1607 to 1800*. With an introductory chapter on dress in the Spanish and French Settlements in Florida and Louisiana. By Elizabeth McClellan. Illustrated in colour, pen and ink, and wash drawings by Sophie B. Steel. Together with reproductions from photographs of rare portraits, garments, etc. 11½x8½. Pp. 407. Lane, 42s. net.

[Index and a glossary.]

Hocking, William John. *Catalogue of the Coins, Tokens, Medals, Dies and Seals in the Museum of the Royal Mint*. Vol. i. *Coins and Tokens*. 10x6½. Pp. viii, 460. Printed for H.M. Stationery office. London: Wyman; Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd; Dublin: Ponsonby. 10s.

[The contents of the Museum at the Mint, which began to be formed nearly a century ago, were re-housed and re-arranged about four years ago; and this Catalogue has been prepared by the Assistant-Superintendent of the Operative Department. Much new knowledge is included, especially in reference to British Colonial coinages. Roman coins struck in Britain are added. Brief historical notes and memoranda are given after each coin, and there are appendices of tables on Maundy Money and an alphabetical list of coin-legends or mottoes with translations. Index.]

*Science in Public Affairs*. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand. 7½x5½. Pp. 291. Allen, 5s. net.

[Preface by the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane. Papers on Science and Physical Development; Science and City Suburbs; Science in National Education; Science and Colonial Development; Science and Industry; Science and Administration; and Science and Citizenship. Index.]

Martin, Cecil A. *"Without Prejudice"*: or, the case for foreign Missions simply stated. 6½x4½. Pp. iv, 95. S.P.C.K., 6d.

*Representative Church Council. Report of Proceedings: Sessions November 22, 23, and 24, 1905*. 8½x5½. Pp. 73. S.P.C.K., 6d.

Vaughan, John. *The Wild Flowers of Selborne, and other Papers*. 7½x5½. Pp. 247. Lane, 5s. net.

[Papers reprinted from Longmans, The Cornhill, Temple Bar and other monthlies.]

Tolstoy, Leo. *The One Thing Needful*. Pp. 55. *A Great Iniquity*. Pp. 39. Each 7½x5. The Free Age Press (Thomas Laurie), each 4d. net.

[Both translated by V. Tchertkoff and I. F. Mayo, with a note in each by the latter. The frontispieces are two portraits of Tolstoy.]

*The Shire and Cart Horse*: Their points, defects and ages. By a Veterinary Surgeon. *The Hackney Roadster or Harness Horse*: points, defects, and age. Illustrated. By a Veterinary Surgeon. Each 4½x4½. R. A. Everett, The Equine Series, 1s. net each.

[Each a single large sheet folded in a cover.]

Barton, F. T. *The Horse-buyer's Guide*. 8½x5½. Pp. 32. R. A. Everett, 1s. 6d. net.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma*. Edited by Lt.-Col. C. T. Bingham, and published under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council. *Rhynchota*.—Vol. iii. (Heteroptera—Homoptera), by W. L. Distant. 9½x5½. Pp. xiv, 503. Taylor & Francis, 20s.

[The first volume of this series to be published since the death of Dr. Blandford, its original editor. Carries the account of the Rhynchota to the end of Fulgoridæ. Illustrated. Indexes, systematic and alphabetical.]

## PHILOSOPHY.

Husik, Isaac. *Judah Messer Leon's Commentary on the "Vetus Logica"*, a study based on three MSS. with a glossary of Hebrew Logical and Philosophical terms. 9½x6½. Pp. ix, 118. Leyden: late E. J. Brill, m. 6.

[Messer Leon was an Italian Jew of the fifteenth century, one of the last of the Averroists and of the mediæval Jewish philosophers. His commentary on Aristotle's work was based on a Hebrew Text. The basis of Dr. Husik's book was his dissertation in the University of Pennsylvania, 1903.]

## POETRY.

Granville, Charles. *Broken Lights*. 7x4½. Pp. 48. Basle: Tanner, n.p.

[The longest poem describes the passage of the author's mind from Christianity through a kind of Pantheism to belief in a future state and a beneficent Creator. The verse is often good, and some of the shorter lyrics very charming, if not free from obvious blemishes.]

*The Rush-Light*. By Seosamb mac Cathmhaoil. 7½x6. Pp. 66. Dublin: Maunsell, 2s. 6d. net.

- Gibson, Elizabeth. *A Little Book of Saints*. 6 x 3½. Pp. 21. Fiffeld. *Cyrus, the Great King*. An historical romance. By Sir Edward Durand. 8½ x 7½. Pp. 395. Appleton, 10s. 6d. net.
- Holden, E. M. *Argemone*. 7 x 5. Pp. 46. Fiffeld, 9d. net.
- Doughty, Charles M. *The Dawn in Britain*. Volumes i. and ii. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 450. Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net. per vol.
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- A Southern Flight*. By Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard. 8 x 5½. Pp. lix. Clinton, N.Y.: Browning, \$1.25 net.

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- Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies*. By the Abbé J. A. Dubois. Translated from the Author's later French MS. and edited, with notes, corrections, and a biography, by Henry K. Beauchamp. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xxiv, 741. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 6s. net.
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- White, the Rev. Gilbert. *The Natural History of Selborne*. Re-arranged and classified under subjects by Charles Mosley. 7½ x 5½. Pp. vii, 266. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.
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- Noteworthy Families (Modern Science)*. "An index to kinships in near degrees between persons whose achievements are honourable, and have been publicly recorded." By Francis Galton and Edgar Schuster. Vol. i. of the Publications of the Eugenics Record Office of the University of London. 9 x 5½. Pp. xlii, 96. Murray, 6s. net.
- Bigg, Heather. *An Essay on the General Principles of the Treatment of Spinal Curvatures*. Illustrated by the author's photographs and sketches. 9 x 6. Pp. 240. Churchill, n.p.
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- Hall, A. *The Turn of the Tide*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 4. Printed by Harbert & Mizen, 17 Crouch Hill, N. n.p.
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#### THEOLOGY.

- Inge, William Ralph. *Studies of English Mystics*. St. Margaret's Lectures, 1905. 8½ x 5½. Pp. vi, 239. Murray, 6s. net.
- Saint Mary the Virgin*. By René-Marie de la Broise. Translated by Harold Gidney. The Saints series. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xiv, 265. Duckworth, 3s.
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#### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

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- The Story of Brussels*. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Illustrated by Katharine Kimball and Guv Gilliat-Smith. 7 x 4½. Pp. 383. Mediæval Towns series. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

### THE BOOKSHELF

*Admissions and Asides*, by A. St. John Adcock (Elkin Mathews 1s. 6d. net). Mr. Adcock says in one of his admissions: "We grow to love our enemies when they become old enemies. They have all the glamour of our early years about them, and when they die we feel

as if we were the poorer by a friend." And in one of his asides: "It is only after a man has used up his stock of dreams that he becomes a pessimist. If I could have my way in life, I would live young for eighty years, and then die suddenly of my first grey hair." In "Admissions and Asides" there are some descents into platitudes which the author avoided entirely in his "London Etchings"; but it is the work of an essayist with the charm of a poet and the wit and sense of a delightful prose-writer.

*A Memoir of Archbishop Markham, 1719-1807*. By his great-grandson Sir Clements Markham. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s.) The Markham family is happy in having its records so carefully preserved by one of its most distinguished members, the late President of the Geographical Society, who has now written a life of the Archbishop of York, the father of that Admiral whose life was published some twenty years ago under the title of "A Naval Career during the Old War." The life of a man who was born in 1719, was headmaster of Westminster, Dean of Christ Church, Bishop of Chester, preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who as Archbishop of York was accused in the House of Lords, by Chatham, of preaching the doctrines of Atterbury and Sacheverell, was the friend of Warren Hastings, and had to run before the Gordon rioters with his purple covered by a layman's greatcoat, was certainly worth the telling. Sir Clements Markham was the obvious person to do it, and we can complain of nothing except that he gives no index to the book and for frontispiece reproduces one of the less pleasing portraits of his ancestor. Dr. Markham was the last but one of the "prince archbishops," and his family of thirteen was one of which a prince might be proud. His eldest son was secretary to Warren Hastings, the second was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, another was Dean of York, another Archdeacon, another was killed in a gallant assault on Port-au-Prince. There is certainly reason for his numerous descendants of the present generation to cherish the memory of this patriarch. He has been called pompous by one writer, but he lived in an age of pomposity, and the epithet seems quite inappropriately applied to an Archbishop who was willing to make up a set to dance reels with his children. It has been said that he showed a partiality for his father's profession of the army, but even so it could not have been said of him, as it was said of a certain Bishop of London, that he was fitter to be a bombardier than a bishop. It is interesting to note that Dr. Markham's tastes were extremely varied, and Dr. Parr left it on record that one of the Archbishop's discourses on a geographical subject was "so able, so instructive, and so elegant both in thought and language" that it was thought worthy to be printed. Sir Clements might object if the epithet "elegant" were applied to his own geographical work, but here is at any rate a splendid case of a gift inherited in the third generation.

*Catalogue of Modern Etchings and Aquatints of the British and American Schools in the National Art Library, Victoria and Albert Museum*. (H.M. Stationery Office, 2s. 6d.) This useful catalogue, like the preceding volume devoted to the foreign etchings, has been compiled by Mr. Martin Hardie. Only original work is included. The term "modern" is not defined, but the period covered seems, practically, to begin with the nineteenth century. We notice, however, that Angelica Kauffman is included, though the date of her latest etching is 1780. We wish Mr. Hardie had been at a little more pains to ascertain the date of birth in the case of living artists; many such dates not yet included in the dictionaries could easily have been ascertained from the artists themselves or, in the case of Knights and Academicians, such an accessible source as "Who's Who." Philip Hermogenes Calderon is entered as if still living. The name of Mr. Frank Laing does not occur in the present volume, but we found him banished to the foreign schools as the penalty of publishing a plate in Austria. For the arrangement of the catalogue itself we have nothing but praise. Such publications as "English Etchings," "The Etcher" and "The Etching Club" are briefly described under the general heading, and their contents are then given in detail under each artist's name. There is no reference, however, on either system to Messrs. Macmillan's publication, "The Artist Engraver" (1904), which can hardly have been excluded from the library. Proofs of Mr. Strang's etchings in Belgium are catalogued separately, but it is not stated that they belong to Mr. Binyon's "Western Flanders." The catalogue shows that the South Kensington collection is fairly large and representative and contains many valuable things, though it follows from the constitution of the library that etchings published in sets or in book form predominate largely over the single pieces which very often show the artist at his best.

From the Hampstead Central Public Library—where, by the way, there is a capital Reference room—we have received an excellent catalogue of books in the Lending department: some eighteen thousand. The catalogue consists of five hundred and eighteen pages, including an appendix of books added ("The Portreeve," "The New Thackeray Sketch Book," and "The Major of Troy" among the number!) while the work was in the Press, and a list of magazines, reviews, etc., which may be seen in the Reading rooms. Volumes are entered under author, title and subject, and to the majority descriptive notes are added defining the scope and aim of the book and the author's standpoint. We have tested several of these and find them, for the most part, sufficient, and accurate and trustworthy. The catalogue has been compiled and annotated by Mr. W. E. Doubleday and his staff, and furnishes a good example of the care and industry with which our public libraries are conducted.



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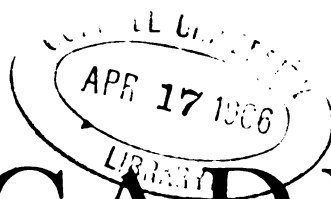
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No. 1770

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

AMERICAN criticism of poetry is a plant that has not yet fully blossomed; there will be more of it in the course of another hundred years or so. Americans for the moment are, perhaps, too busy in building up the dry bones of that enormous and wonderful country of theirs to give the best of their intellect to such a subject as literary criticism. And there is no reproach conveyed in these remarks. In our own country great critics have been few and far between. They can be counted on the fingers of a single hand. In this department of literature we do not compare very favourably either with France or Germany. If we leave out Matthew Arnold, it would be difficult to find as many as four other critics who can be mentioned in the same breath with, say, Sainte-Beuve. We would have to fall back on Addison, who belongs to an age that seems to us very far away, or on lesser men.

All this lends additional interest to a little volume, "The Poetry of Life," which has been sent out by an American poet, Mr. Bliss Carman. It perhaps errs on the side on which we would, *prima facie*, be least likely to expect error; it deals to a great extent with the abstract. The second essay is called "The Purpose of Poetry," and probably he who "sings but as the linnet sings" would think that the phrase conveyed contradiction in terms. But we are less concerned with the doctrines set forth by Mr. Carman than with certain information as to the ideas current in his own country. He tells us that the fine arts have no hold on the Americans as a people. "We have no wide feeling for them, no profound conviction of their importance." For an American writer to say that, is a much better sign than if he were to assert the contrary. Its very modesty bears a certain appeal. In the essay on "How to Judge Poetry" Mr. Carman strikes the nail on the head when he describes the ignoramus who admits that he "doesn't know anything about art, but he knows what he likes." It is an absurd saying; yet how often do we hear it repeated as an excuse for tolerating rubbish!

In speaking of individual poets, Mr. Carman is certainly instructive. He places Longfellow on a higher pedestal than would be given him in Europe, singling out for special praise "Hiawatha" and the lines "To the River Charles." Our experience is that Longfellow is the poet of girlhood, but he does not wear well. There is a strong eulogy of Emerson; but it is followed by a paper on Mr. Riley's work in which adjectives are employed with equal fervour. Of the extracts he gives, the following four lines are to our mind the best: yet they are not without a certain trickery, and the appeal in them is just a little to the gallery:

"Little Haly, little Haly," cheeps the robin in the tree;  
 "Little Haly," sighs the clover; "Little Haly," moans the bee;  
 "Little Haly, little Haly," calls the kill-dee at twilight;  
 And the katydids and crickets hollers "Haly" all the night.

Mr. Carman appears to think that the day of Mr. Swinburne is over. "He fills the air without feeding the mind," and for that reason he accords him a place below Tennyson, Arnold, Morris and other giants of the Victorian age. All this is extremely interesting, and the book seems to hold forth promise of a higher criticism than we have yet received from America.

On our table at the moment is another volume of American criticism, "Poetry and the Individual," by Mr. Hartley Burr Alexander. It is somewhat in the nature of an attempt to apply the methods of physical dissection to the fine imaginings of the poet. The very chapter headings convey this. The first is "Impulse and Song," with the sub-divisions "Poetic Mood," and "Poetic Attitude and Essence." We are afraid that the field is not a very fruitful one to cultivate. To our mind the most interesting chapter in the book is that on "Nature and Poetic Mood," and the most alluring passage is that in which the author shows how the immemorial music of poetry floats through the minds of primitive people. As an example he quotes a native Australian song arranged by Mr. Andrew Lang.

We go all!  
 The bones of all  
 Are shining white  
 In this Dulur land!  
 The rushing noise  
 Of Bunjil, our Father,  
 Sings in my breast,  
 This breast of mine!

The theme, which is just touched upon here, might with advantage have been expanded.

The correspondence which we publish in the present number touching the "Early English Drama Society" needs some comment besides the reply appended to the letters of that "Society's" publisher and editor. The undertaking planned by the "Society" is one which has our heartiest approval. A *corpus* of our early dramatic literature is needed: the scheme proposed by the "Society" is a good scheme, and, as our reviewer pointed out, has, in some respects, been well executed up to the present. We still hope that, under whatever name, the issue of these texts will be carried on; and there is no reason why, now that initial mistakes have been pointed out, careful correction of the first four volumes and scrupulous accuracy in the preparation of the texts of all future volumes should not ensure both pecuniary and literary success for the series. But, until the editor of it replies to, instead of evading our charge, and gives good guarantee against the continuance of such slipshod and unscholarly methods of work as we have exposed, the series will not merit support.

We are, however, tempted to comment very strongly on the misguided attempt to lend dignity to an enterprise, which surely had sufficient dignity of its own, by adopting the name without the essence of a society. Nothing—not even a few extra subscribers—was to be gained by it; everything—once the bubble was pricked—was to be lost by the necessary withdrawal of distinguished scholars from a position they found to be equivocal. That Drs. Furnivall and Bradley are right in removing their names from the list of Vice-Presidents and Mr. Bullen in being glad that his has been removed for him, there can be no question: the "Society" was not what it claimed to be (and Mr. Gibbings's assertion that it does not intend to publish a balance-sheet strikes us as one of the most surprising instances of callous indifference to recognised procedure that we have ever met with), nor was the work done of a quality which these gentlemen could for a moment countenance. Whether, in consenting to lend their names to an enterprise the conduct of which they had insufficiently investigated, they acted with due regard for the literary principles which have made their own work what it is, is a question which we need not press.

Not long ago a contributor to the ACADEMY complained that the official notification of interesting additions to our national art collections left a good deal to be desired. They are occasionally, but not always, mentioned in one or two of the leading daily papers; but they appear there in such a form that the eye might easily pass them over. What we want is an official publication like the admirable "Bulletin" lately started by the Metropolitan Museum of New York. "The Bulletin" is published monthly at ten cents. It contains articles of special interest, notes on the more important recent acquisitions, the reports of regulations and proceedings, and complete list of "accessions" for the month by loan, bequest and purchase, stating the class, the nature of the object, and the source. On the last page is a list of officers (we must congratulate New York on having persuaded Mr. Robinson to come from Chicago as Assistant to Sir C. Purdon Clarke) and other details, and the "Bulletin" is illustrated with reproductions of newly acquired objects. Why should not the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery follow this example? If New York takes our good men (Sir C. Purdon Clarke and Mr. Roger Fry both appear on that last page of the "Bulletin"), we should take their good ideas. Such a publication would pay its own expenses and be of the greatest assistance to all lovers of art. Perhaps the new Director, if he be appointed before the Sack of London, will see to it.

The artistic is not the only aspect from which such a proposal should be considered; there is the commercial as well. Twenty millions annually is spent, says Sir Herbert Maxwell in the *Nineteenth Century* by visitors to this country; and the writer of a very able article in the *Burlington Magazine* points out that much of this comes from people who visit us for the sake of our art treasures. Anything that can excite their curiosity and induce them to come in greater numbers is "good business." And the same writer points out that the purchase of a Rokeby Velasquez (shall we add: of a Turbutt Shakespeare?) is a business investment. That it is not always an investment yielding the best value for the money, is the fault, in many cases, of those in whose hands we put the management of our affairs. They wait till the stock has gone too high to be remunerative instead of keeping an eye on the market and buying in at a low figure. But the one or two sharp lessons we have had lately will teach us wisdom for the future.

How many pins set on end it would take to reach the moon, or what the numerical proportion is between the number of cabbages sold daily in Covent Garden and the number of subjects on which Dr. Emil Reich is prepared to lecture is a form of inquiry which is extremely popular to-day and is promoted far and wide. We read these things with as much enjoyment as any one; but are unhappily quite unable to remember them. One such piece of information, however, we have succeeded—perhaps because it touches us home—in retaining. We discovered it not long ago in that admirable publication, the *Library World*. There are 30,000,000 books in the world, excluding manuscripts; and every year 500,000 new ones are added, besides 50,000 or 60,000 periodicals with their monthly, weekly or daily issues.

These figures are fairly easy, but the writer goes on to make a few calculations concerning the cost and so on of a "central catalogue of the world's literature." There would be 30,000,000 cards, to begin with, occupying 2840 statute miles." "Stocked in tiers eight feet high . . . this would occupy 118 statute miles," and, as the writer justly remarks, it would need a motor-car to get from A to M. When in need of severe exercise, we often go to the British Museum Reading Room for an hour's hunting in the catalogue, and find that there is nothing like it for developing the muscles of the legs, back and arms. But

Mr. Swan Sonnenschein himself would quail before the task involved in searching a "central catalogue." And the cost of it would be—roughly—some eight millions of pounds.

The question whether the copy of "Auld Lang Syne" recently sold by Messrs. Sotheby be or be not the original one has provoked other questions equally interesting: How many copies of "Auld Lang Syne" are in existence? and which is the best? In a contemporary a correspondent points out that at least four are known to have been written out by Burns. The first was sent in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop in December 1788, and the first stanza and chorus run:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never thought upon?  
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga  
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne;  
Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,  
For auld lang syne.

The second was sent to James Johnson and appeared in the "Scots Musical Museum," vol. v. 1796. The manuscript is not known. The third—written about 1791 or 1792—is that in the "Interleaved Scots Musical Museum," and Burns himself says that it is "by much the best set of the words of this song." The first stanza and chorus run:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And days o' auld lang syne?

And for auld lang syne, my jo,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

The manuscript is in America. The fourth copy was sent to George Thomson about September 1793, and was published in "Scotish Airs" in 1799. In this version what is stanza ii. of other copies—"And surely ye'll be your pint stoup!"—is the concluding stanza. The manuscript is at Brechin Castle. It seems obvious that Lord Rosebery's copy is the missing one sent to Johnson about 1789 and published in the "Scots Musical Museum."

Any one who wishes to see how a certain trick in verse ought not to be done may turn to the *Cornhill* for April and read this by Mr. Godley:

They tell me of a bright To Be  
When, freed from chains that tyrants forge  
By the Right Honourable D.  
Lloyd-George,  
We shall by penalties persuade  
The idle unrepentant Great  
To serve (inadequately paid)  
The State,—

but whoever would like to see the trick really well done ought to turn to his *Anti-Jacobin*:

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,  
That kings and priests are plotting in;  
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru-  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen!  
-niversity of Gottingen!

If the Auld Brig of Ayr has been respited for a time, the Bridge of Barskimming is not so fortunate, for its demolition has been decided on. Barskimming is on the river Ayr, not far from Mauchline, the centre of the Burns country, and near the "wild romantic grove" of which the poet speaks in "the Vision." Here too are the famous braes, which he celebrated more than once in song, inspired by the sight of Miss Alexander, the lady whom he has immortalised as "the lass of Ballochmyle." It was when he was near the bridge that he composed the poem, "Man

was made to mourn," a dirge suggested by his thoughts upon what he conceived to be the saddest sight on earth—a man seeking work. Burns, however, was not in that state himself at the moment, for he was really supposed to be looking for one of the belles of the district who had gone off in search of a missing cow.

Old readers of *Good Words*, and their number is still considerable, will hardly regret, as the time is past for this, that with the current number the once popular periodical appears for the last time as a monthly. Established in 1863 by Mr. Alexander Strahan, who began shortly after the publication of its companion periodical, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Good Words* was edited for a longer period by one editor, Dr. Donald Macleod, who succeeded his famous brother, Dr. Norman Macleod, than has been the case with any other English monthly. Altered tastes in reading have adversely affected both magazines, which passed, about a couple of years ago, from the publishing firm which succeeded the original proprietors to Messrs. Pitman and Sons, and a short time ago, it will be remembered, they became the property of the Amalgamated Press. Of the early group of contributors to *Good Words* Mr. John M. Ludlow, C.B., is the only survivor.

The Villa Palmieri, which is to be offered for sale on May 1, has considerable interest for the student of literature, for of all the villas about Fiesole it has perhaps the best claim to be associated with the Decameron. It is of course possible that Boccaccio drew upon his imagination, when he wished to describe the scene where the tales in the Decameron were told, but a long tradition assigns the honour to the grounds of the Villa Palmieri. They are situated at the required distance from Florence, and the region round is known as the valley of Fair Ladies, while, in addition to this, there are two water-mills in the vicinity, just as the Decameron requires. One of the rambles, taken by the fair personages in the poem was to a little lake in a forest, the lake perhaps that is near Landor's Villa, of which the wayward genius sang, when he described his Florentine home:

Here by the lake Boccaccio's fair brigade  
Beguiled the hours and tale for tale repaid.

A miscellaneous sale of books, but one which lovers of standard editions will rejoice in, takes place at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 6th, 7th, 9th and 10th inst. Extra illustrated books are numerous and there are many first editions. Amongst the most interesting are Meredith's *Poems*, 1851, Peacock's *Crotchet Castle* and other works, Smollett's *Adventures of an Atom* and Roderick Random, Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Lithgow's *Nineteen Years Travels through the World* (1682), Lord Byron's *The Age of Bronze* (1823), Ainsworth's *Tower of London* (1840), Pickwick Papers with autograph of Dickens, and Addison's *Cato* (1713). Other notable books to be sold are some Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogues (including the first three, 1760, 1761, 1762), and an early example of an illustrated book published in Mexico, *Tratado Elemental de la Destreza del Sable*, by S. de Frias, Mexico, 1809.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Zoological Society: The next meeting of the society for scientific business will be held on Tuesday, April 10, at 8.30 P.M. Communications: (1) Mr. C. Tate Regan, F.Z.S.—The Freshwater Fishes of the Island of Trinidad, based on the collection, and notes and sketches, made by Mr. Lechmere Guppy, Jun. (2) Professor J. Arthur Thomson and Mr. W. D. Henderson.—The Marine Fauna of Zanzibar and British East Africa from collections made by Cyril Crossland in the years 1901-2. *Alcyonaria*. (3) Dr. J. F. Gemmill.—Cyclopa in Osseous Fishes. (4) Dr. J. F. Gemmill.—Notes on Supernumary Eyes, Local Deficiency and Reduplication of the Notochord in Trout Embryos.

Royal Colonial Institute. Meeting at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole, Whitehall Place, S.W., on Tuesday, April 10, at 8 P.M. Paper on Australian Immigration, by Walter James, K.C., Agent-General for Western Australia.

Royal Geographical Society. Evening Meeting, Monday, April 9, at 8.30 P.M., at the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. (1) Presentation by H. E. the American Ambassador, of the Gold Medal of the American Geographical Society to Captain R. F. Scott, C.V.O., R.N., Commander of the National Antarctic Expedition. (2) Paper on Recent Exploration and Survey in Seistan, by Colonel Sir Henry McMahon, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

The British Empire Shakespeare Society. *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, at 3 P.M., April 19.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Sale of the libraries of the late Mr. Thomas Reader and others. Friday, April 6, to Wednesday, April 11, at 1 P.M.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. Sale of the library of the late Rev. W. E. Begley, comprising rare books and tracts, works on witchcraft, sorcery and other occult subjects, writings of sect-founders, original documents by and connected with Joanna Southcott; Mormonism, Swedenborgianism, Anabaptists, etc.; ex-libris, etc. Thursday, April 19 and two following days at 1 P.M.

Handford Lodge, Ipswich. Sale by Messrs. Robert Bond and Sons of collections of Mr. W. H. Booth, including furniture, paintings, silver, Lowestoft and other china and porcelain, books, playbills, manuscripts, etc. Wednesday, April 18, to Monday, April 23, at 10.30 A.M.

International Philatelic Exhibition, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster. Opens May 23. Free days (admission by ticket to be obtained from the hon. secretaries or the leading stamp dealers) May 26 and May 30. Among the prizes are a gold and a silver medal for lady collectors, presented by the Prince of Wales, President of the Society. Banquet at the Imperial Restaurant, Regent Street, on May 25.

The Munich Wagner Festival will begin on Monday, August 13, and continue till Friday, September 7. The operas to be performed in the Prinzregenten Theater are *The Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, and *The Ring*, the conductors being Herr Mottl and Herr Franz Fischer. The Mozart Festival begins on Thursday, August 2; *Don Giovanni* will be played on that evening and on August 8; *Figaro* on August 4 and 10; and *Così fan tutte* on August 6 and 12, in the Residenz Theater. For prices and particulars apply to Hugo Gorlitz, 119 New Bond Street, W.

## LITERATURE

### "THE MAN FOR GALWAY"

*The Novels of Charles Lever.* 6 vols. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. each.)

*Charles Lever: His Life in His Letters.* By EDMUND DOWNEY. 2 vols. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

THERE are very few writers to whom the sick, the weary, and the languid owe more than to Charles Lever. No one would think of classifying him with those great masters of imaginative art who seem to have known or divined the deepest thoughts and emotions of their fellow men, but in his own sphere he is alone and inimitable. The unceasing flow of good spirits, the drollery of his humour, the eccentricity of his characters and the oddity of their adventures make up a dish before which dullness is impossible. One would think it were an impossible feat to write a dull life of such an author, and yet, we fear, it has very nearly been accomplished by Mr. Edmund Downey. In the first place his *Life* is too long; where a single volume would have remained readable for all time, the same material elaborated into double that length necessarily means a great proportion of dull pages. Perhaps Mr. Downey is less to blame than is the fashion of the day, which runs strongly in favour of what is called completeness. Among the new letters included in the biography are many which we should not like to have missed. They are of the very essence of Lever; but others are little more than business notes or the friendly epistles that any undistinguished man might have written to his friends. As an example of the former we might quote this letter from Brussels to Mr. Alexander Spencer:

You will be sorry to learn that Wright's failure has let me in for a loss which, however small, is something to one still smoked. His correspondent here, a Mr. Berry (?) King, took the opportunity of failing offered by the great man's break up, and failed accordingly. He was my banker, which doubtless was another predisposing cause for a



mishap. You may remember how a very small credit I once opened with the bank in Coleraine made them close in a week. However, as some one remarked with much good nature, "It's only another book"—and so I feel it. Meanwhile I am very hard up, as this is the season of yearly accounts being sent in. With Curry I am in advance, for unluckily, to oblige this confounded Berry King, I gave him my booksellers' bills when drawn—which he has since appropriated.

Forgive me, my dear friend, all this long story of worry and annoyance, which, now that I have told it, has relieved my mind considerably.

But, after all, I have found it a hard task and sore test of my courage for the last five weeks to go on daily bolting the egotism, selfishness, and sordid meanness of my sick world, and at night writing till one or two or three o'clock every imaginable kind of nonsense, with a heavy heart and an aching head—for means, ay, for means—only to continue the same dull drudgery somewhat longer. This is a confession only for a very dear friend.

My loss with the rascal is about £280—but it is all lost, for however Wright may come round my friend is most genteely cleared out.

I have written a squib for the D. U. M.—"The Chateau de Vandyck." Look at it.

Here you have Charles Lever in epitome. It is full of his own humour and his own jests, even though they are jests at ill fortune. We see, too, the thriftless, generous nature of the man, always with his purse open for his friends and scarcely out of difficulties himself. But of course the most poignant passage is that in which he describes himself worried with the dust and turmoil of the day yet writing on with unconscious bravery to the early morning hours, and producing what was so well calculated to add mirth and cheerfulness to his readers. The letter was written in 1840, when he was in the prime of life and had still many long years in which to struggle on. But the circumstances of his birth and upbringing prepare us for what was to happen. It is curiously characteristic of the man that he allowed it to be stated in the hand-books of his time that he was born in 1809, whereas his birthday really was dated in 1806. He was a native of Dublin, and came of a family that was of long pedigree, but apparently had fallen on evil times in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His father, James Lever, had gone to Ireland in 1787, being then about twenty-seven years of age. He had been apprenticed to the joinery business and was occupied after the novelist's birth in building operations, out of which he made money and saved some of it. Thus he was able to give his son a better start than he had himself. Charles Lever was sent to a private school and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin. The scenes enacted in "Charles O'Malley" by the hero of the story and Frank Webber are, no doubt, founded upon his memory of life there. One of his escapades is thus described:

Even at the early period of his career—though so far he evinced no powers of story-weaving and was not burdened with a desire "to commence author"—he had a great love for ballads and ballad-writing. On one occasion he attired himself as a mendicant ballad-monger, singing in the streets snatches of political verses composed by himself. He was accompanied by some college friends, who luckily were at hand when certain unpopular sentiments in his doggerels provoked a street row. It is stated that he returned from this expedition with thirty shillings in coppers, collected from admirers of his minstrelsy.

This reads like a paragraph from one of his own stories. After his college career closed he seems to have oscillated between two ambitions, one for the army and one for medicine; but before settling down to any profession he made a journey to Canada, and to his friend Canon Hayman he gave a narration of his landing at the St. Lawrence and of his rapid passage from the civilised districts to the haunts of the red man:

He was eager to taste the wild freedom of life with an Indian tribe. Lever, according to himself, found no difficulty in being admitted to Red-Indian fellowship, and for a time the unrestrained life of the prairie was a delightful and exhilarating experience. The nights in the open air, the days spent in the pine-forests or on the banks of some majestic river, were transcendently happy. He was endowed by the sachem with "tribal privileges," and he identified himself as far as possible with his newly-made friends. Ere long, however, he grew weary of the latitudinarianism and of the ingloriousness of barbaric life, and he began to sigh for the flesh-pots of the city. He contrived to hide his feelings from the noble red man, but a noble red woman shrewdly guessed that the pale-face was weary, discontented, home-

sick. This woman warned the young "medicine man" that if he made any overt attempt to seek his own people he would be followed, and one of his tribal privileges would be to suffer death by the tomahawk. Lever dissembled, and (somewhat after the manner of the as yet uncreated Mrs. Micawber) he asseverated that he would never desert the clan.

How he escaped and returned to Ireland is told to the same correspondent. On his return, from 1830 to 1837, he busied himself with preparing to become a doctor. In 1832 Ireland was visited with Asiatic cholera, and Lever applied to the Board of Health for an appointment, and was established at Kilrush, Co. Clare:

Notwithstanding the gloom which pervaded the district, the young doctor contrived somehow to infect it with a little of his own high spirits. Physicians who worked with him through the awful time declared that wherever Lever went he won all hearts by his kindness, and kept up the spirits of the inhabitants by his cheerfulness. Some of his associates were driven to account for his wondrous exuberance, even after he had been sitting up night after night, by supposing that he was "excited in some unknown and unnatural manner."

However, he did not seem to make much progress with medicine, and, owing in some measure to the example set by his friend Maxwell, had been gradually, during the course of his studies, drifting into literature, writing to magazines and so forth. In 1837 he settled in Brussels, and the account of his life there may be gleaned from a series of his letters. It would not be very profitable to follow him through all the incidents of his life on the Continent. It is interesting chiefly because it shows how he gained the knowledge that he used to such purpose in describing the events of Wellington's wars. We seem to picture him always out of funds, always entertaining new ideas, full of rollicking fun, and acting as an attraction to the kindred spirits that he met, so that his mind became full of such lore as could be imparted by officers who had served under the great Duke in his campaign against "Boney." It is, in fact, the material out of which his brilliant romances were woven and his biography bears a kind of resemblance to them. The novels do not depend for their charm on a finely conceived and well-worked-out plot, like that of "Tom Jones," but on a succession of amusing occurrences strung together on a very slight thread of narrative. In "Charles O'Malley," for instance, we often forget that the hero is in love with Lucy Dashwood, and, though the consummation of their hopes occurs pleasantly and naturally at the end of the book, the reader has very little anxiety about it from the beginning. Even in that splendid preliminary incident, the great ride in which Charles is pitted against Captain Hammersley, it is not who shall win Lucy's favour that we think of but of the excitement of the incident itself, and so with the various characters that figure in the book. Billy Considine would by a greater novelist have been welded into the tissue of the story, but as treated by Lever he is simply an unmatched picture of the Irish duellist, whose proceedings have only a remote bearing on the narrative. So with Mickey Free and the other characters. What they do or say is never calculated in the slightest degree to deepen the general interest of the romance; and the effect produced is much the same as that which comes from reading a collection of amusing short stories. So with Lever's fine and thoughtless life there is little of set purpose and achievement to record, but from day to day life is lived and seldom fails to yield something that has an interest on its own account. The end was inevitably sad. Though Lever's wit seemed bright enough in company, he lost the art of writing stories, and the final books from his pen were not anything like so good as the first. The worst of it was that he was conscious of this, though he never lost his ability to laugh at it. In one of his letters to Mr. John Blackwood he breaks forth into rhyme, of which the following lines may suitably close this inadequate notice:

But the truth is, I feel if my book is unsold,  
That my fun, like myself, it must be—has grown old.  
And though the confession may come with a damn,  
I must own it—*non sum qualis eram*.

## THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS

*The Victorian Chancellors.* By J. B. ATLAY. Vol. I. (Smith, Elder, 14s.)

It is not easy to justify the practice of including in one work the biographies of men, whose only common point is that in the course of their careers they held the same office. Why should Bishops or Chancellors be driven into the same pen? Enemies, or at least opponents in life, they have every right to object to a posthumous and irrational proximity. But in the matter of Chancellors, Lord Campbell has set the fashion, and Mr. Atlay may at any rate quote a distinguished precedent for his enterprise. Nor can we complain of the composition of this first volume, which brings together two statesmen so profoundly interesting and withal so diverse in temperament and attainments, as Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham.

If Mr. Atlay had pursued the method of Plutarch, he could not have hit upon two more appropriate heroes. Only he would be forced to conclude his biographies not by a parallel but by a contrast. The single link between the two men was the link of friendship. They were separated many leagues one from the other by sentiment, sympathy, and opinion. In Parliament they took opposite sides, and they were antagonists in the most notorious case in which either of them was ever engaged. Yet when Lord Lyndhurst died at the age of ninety-one, Lord Brougham, who was already eighty-five, and proof, one would have thought, against emotion, was crushed by the blow.

For a quarter of a century [says Mr. Atlay] they had lived together in affectionate intimacy; the admiration of each for the great qualities of the other was genuine and unbounded. Every afternoon Brougham would drive round to the house in George Street when his senior lay crippled with gout, and cheer him with gossip and *bavarderie*; and in the dark days after Lyndhurst's death, when his own mental powers were fast fading, he would still rouse himself to be driven there, and it was with pain and difficulty that the hopeless nature of his quest could be explained to him.

There is a pathos in the friendship of these two veterans, which we are not wont to associate with them, and the pathos is deepened by the fact that the friendship had outlived the strife of the senate and the court.

The career of Copley was triumphant from beginning to end. He achieved the highest distinctions which his University could confer. Called to the bar, he speedily won the reputation of a sound and persuasive lawyer. "Not brilliant or showy," as Abraham Hayward wrote, he mastered his case with care and thoroughness, and his marvellous memory prevented him from overlooking a single point, or from forgetting so much as a single figure. "His strength lay in his clear, strong, subtle intellect"—again it is Hayward who speaks—"and his highest forensic qualities were of the judicial order." Above all, as a friend put it, "he had no rubbish in his head," and it is not strange that he attracted the notice of Lord Liverpool, who in 1818 offered him a seat in Parliament. Copley accepted without hesitation, and was returned for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. Like many another great man, he encountered at his entrance into Parliament a vast deal of undeserved obloquy. Though Lord Liverpool made no conditions and exacted no promises, Copley, the representative of a Government borough, naturally threw the weight of his eloquence and authority into the Tory scale. For this he was denounced—most unjustly—as a political profligate. Hitherto he had taken no part in public affairs; he had expressed upon a public platform no opinion. What he had chosen to think and to say in the Temple or on circuit did not touch either his colleagues or the people. Like most other strong-witted, clear-sighted men, Copley had not all his life been constant to one set of views. In his youth he may have been a Jacobin; he may have attended a banquet of the "Friends of the People"; he may have talked sedition to Campbell. But it is ridiculous to hold a man bound to words lightly spoken at a circuit mess, and when once Copley had em-

barked on a political career he was as sound a party man as any of them. By temperament and habit he was a thorough aristocrat, and, if it suited his high spirits to shock the pedant Campbell, it is inconceivable that Copley should ever have professed the smallest sympathy with Lord Grey and the Whigs.

No one [said Hayward] who knew him after his entrance into public life could discern a sign, a feature of the democrat. The Ethiopian must have changed his skin, and the leopard his spots. The mind of the alleged convert seemed to have been formed in a Tory mould; all his habits of thought were Tory, and if ever a man became a Tory from conviction, it was this man who is accused of having pretended to become one with a view to personal advancement.

But, cast as he was in a Tory mould, he was not one of those who would sacrifice themselves for a principle. He carried into Parliament something of the advocate. He could present a case, if required, on either side. The worst blot on his career—his sudden change of opinion on the subject of Catholic Emancipation—was not altogether his own fault. He did but turn his coat when Wellington and Peel turned theirs; nor was he so piously committed as they by energy and persistence to the cause of Protestantism. Why should Copley be condemned while Peel and Wellington, whose inconsistency was yet more flagrant, are excused? Why, then, should he not also plead in extenuation that he changed his mind that the king's Government might be the better carried on?

So also in the stormy days of Reform Lyndhurst played a politic part. Though he was no friend of popular government, he would, if he could, have dished the Whigs, and he was prevented from achieving his purpose only by the unexpected firmness of Peel, who, with a fateful irony, "talked of the advantage to the country that public men should maintain a character for consistency and disinterestedness." Little did he think when he spoke these words of the sudden gyration he was to make in 1846! But when he made that gyration Lyndhurst was ready to turn with him. Once again the Chancellor yielded to force, and, Tory though he was in temper, held opportunism the safer policy. With the quick intelligence of the advocate he could see what was advantageous in any course which his friends followed. And unto the end he kept an open mind. New ideas had no terror for him. Though he grew up in the days of Pitt and Fox, he yet hailed the rising star of Disraeli and did more than any other man to encourage that enterprising and imaginative statesman. Above all, he was a man of the world. The profound lawyer and the acute politician yielded always to the high-spirited host, to the reckless talker, who retained to his last days a boyishness of thought and tone, to the great gentleman who could, when he would, impress all the world by the austere elegance of his manners. Such was the great Chancellor, of whom Mr. Atlay has given us an admirable biography, less partial than Sir Theodore Martin's, infinitely juster than Campbell's, and so well-proportioned that it does not contain a single superfluous page.

And then by way of contrast he has sketched Lord Brougham, a man opposed in every respect (save, as we have said, in friendship) to Lord Lyndhurst. The one quality that they shared was energy—energy both of mind and body. But there was a difference, even here, between the two: in Lyndhurst the energy was guided and controlled, in Brougham the energy was wasted on immaterial projects. History cannot show a parallel to Brougham. He was successful and was yet distrusted by partisans and opponents alike. He was a Chancellor, who did not win the respect of lawyers. He was a man of letters, who wrote upon everything, and had a clear understanding of nothing. With many subjects he had a superficial acquaintance; there was scarcely one of which he could discourse with accuracy. He translated Demosthenes's "De Corona" without a knowledge of Greek, and he wrote his own "Life" with so little regard for truth, that it can never be cited without corroboration. And not even a heavy load of years could check his love of rhetoric and self-advertisement. He

delighted in his perorations, which caught the popular ear, even when they hindered the purpose of advocacy. He had as keen a joy in mischief as a schoolboy. Once he carried to the *Times* the news of Melbourne's enforced resignation, merely to watch the embarrassment of his colleagues. On another occasion he sent to London news of his own death, that he might have the pleasure of reading his obituary. But his pleasure was curtailed by the wisdom of Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, who knew Brougham well enough to doubt the news, and published his obituary only when Brougham acknowledged himself to be alive again. And what is left of Brougham to-day? Like Cyrano de Bergerac, he lives by his nose. Nobody will ever read his diffuse contributions to periodical literature. Not one echo is heard to-day of his famous perorations. The work which he did for the cause of education is no longer associated with his name. But the caricaturists have made his nose immortal, and until his nose be forgotten he must share this immortality. However, he was not wholly unconscious of his shortcomings. "I would give you some of my walking power," he once said to Lyndhurst, "if you could give me some of your brains," and it is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone should have regarded this "as the highest compliment he had ever known paid by one human being to another." In conclusion, to measure two men, so dissimilar in character, opinion, and temperament as Lyndhurst and Brougham, with an equal hand is no small achievement, and Mr. Atlay deserves all the commendation that we can give him.

#### NATURE NOTES

*Notes from Nature's Garden.* By FRANCES A. BARDSWELL. (Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.)

IN her latest book, "Notes from Nature's Garden," Mrs. Bardswell shows us that she is as well acquainted with the ways of wild flowers as we already knew her to be with those of garden plants. With wild animals also she has more than a nodding acquaintance, and her observations of their lives and ways she tells with a charming carelessness of mien, not as of one who says: "I know much more than I care to tell," but of one who says: "I know so little," and then recounts many interesting things as though they were of poor account. One of her most suggestive essays is written on "The Railway Cutting," a theme on which, did we all believe absolutely in Ruskin, there would be little to write of beauty or grace. Mrs. Bardswell tells us, however, that the despised cutting is in reality a harbour for wild life of every description.

Whatever opinions [she says] human beings may hold about railway cuttings, there is no question as to the favour they are held in by all manner of wild-fowls, animals and plants. To such the railway cutting has become an oasis of safety, a city of refuge, where they may rest secure from the ravages of boys, or the dread visits of field and natural history classes, well intentioned, but not infrequently destructive. Bird-lovers are telling us that, if it were not for the safety and seclusion of the railway cuttings, some of our English birds would be in a fair way of becoming extinct. It is not only the quiet that attracts them—wild creatures easily get used to harmless noises—but they will always flock to any place where there is water, and water is generally to be found in cuttings.

That it is also a paradise for weeds and wild flowers all flower-lovers are well aware who have been ruefully rushed past unattainable treasures—near and yet so far. Chapters like that on "Dangerous Wild Flowers" make the book a useful one to have on the shelf of the "week-end" cottage; townchildren and nurses are often woefully ignorant on the subject of edible berries. A few more plates such as that illustrating the woody nightshade would have added considerably to the value of this particular chapter. Mrs. Bardswell's sympathies are wide; flowers and weeds, butterflies and moths, animals, domestic and wild, are all her friends: even the homely scarecrow she does not wholly despise, but gives him (or her) a

chapter wherein the different characteristics of those quick and dead are humorously commented on. Before we make an end we will confess to liking Mrs. Bardswell best when she is among the flowers—garden or wild—especially when she takes a single blossom, such as red valerian or a sprig of woodruff, and makes a chapter about it, in which gleanings from quaint herbals, the lore of ancient cottagers, the learning of the naturalists and her own observations are all to be found. It is a method that often fails, but Mrs. Bardswell uses it charmingly.

#### BROWNING AS THEOLOGIAN

*Browning and Dogma: Seven Lectures on Browning's Attitude towards Dogmatic Religion.* By ETHEL N. NAIISH. (Bell, 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume adds one more to the rapidly growing list of unnecessary books about Browning. We will give the author full credit for the various elementary merits which she displays as an interpreter. She takes half a dozen poems—"Caliban upon Setebos," "Cleon," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," and "La Saisiaz"—and subjects them to minute running analysis. It is quite evident that she has studied these poems very carefully, and she discourses about them pleasantly enough, though with a frequent tendency to wordiness and platitude. But, admitting this much, we can find no sufficient justification for the publication of her volume. In all her two hundred pages there is no note of freshness or originality, and she has nothing of importance to contribute to our knowledge either of the special works selected or of Browning's poetry in general. What she says is on the whole sound, but we have had it many times before, and hardly want to hear it all over again. As a matter of detail, we may remark that she falls at times into the loose way of talking characteristic of minor students of Browning, whose discipular bias prevents them from recognising the limits of the master's art; as where she insists upon his power of absolutely "merging his personal identity" in that of Pippa, and "completely" identifying himself with Caliban. That Browning was a great dramatic poet is, of course, undeniable, and it is perfectly right to lay stress upon the impersonal element in his work. But to speak of Pippa as a true dramatic creation is surely a trifle absurd; while as for Caliban—well, if we want to feel the essential difference between dramatic identification which is complete and that which is only partial, we have but to compare Browning's ratiocinative monster with the Shakespearean original.

The chapters composing the volume were, a prefatory note informs us, delivered in the first instance as lectures, and as such we can well understand that they were acceptable and useful. It is a well-known fact that people will flock to public lectures, and listen with every sign of genuine interest to endless talk about books which they will not read, or, at any rate, will not grapple with, on their own account. Miss Naish's work seems admirably adapted to meet the requirements of an average audience of fairly cultivated persons, delighted to absorb knowledge at second-hand, and to be relieved of the necessity of hammering out an author's meaning for themselves. But it is time to protest against the current confusion of the functions of the spoken and the written word—of the lecture and the book. Such confusion was illustrated on a far more considerable scale quite recently by the publication of Mr. Stopford Brooke's lectures on "Ten Plays of Shakespeare." A lecture, while not infrequently it may be little better than a mild form of mental dissipation, may at its best prove stimulating and helpful by sending listeners here and there direct to the books discussed, and putting them at the right point of view for reading them. The factor of personal contact with an enthusiastic and magnetic teacher is also one not to be overlooked. But it

is not therefore to be rashly inferred that everything that has proved useful as a lecture will have any special value in the form of a book.

Even more serious objection must be made to the whole basis of Miss Naish's volume as proclaimed in the sub-title, "Browning's Attitude towards Dogmatic Religion." Dr. Berdoe, some years ago, set the sad example of treating the poet's work as a mass of material out of which it was the critic's chief business to construct a definite and formal system of theology. Miss Naish follows his lead, and exhibits the evil of a now far too common practice, both in her effort to reduce poetic thought to the exact expressions of abstract philosophy and in her tendency to pick out and dwell upon precisely those passages in which the crude intellectual element is most prominent and which have least of the essential value and virtue of poetry. Such unfortunate pre-occupation with the more perishable parts of her author's output is inevitable in a student whose main concern is not with Browning's poetry as poetry, but with his various opinions on questions of "dogmatic religion." Browning is at present in danger of suffering seriously at the hands of such zealous disciples, who are anxious, before all things else, that the world should recognise the master as a great religious philosopher. Browning did, of course, deal much with religious problems; and of his many utterances on such subjects, some were fused by the fire of his genius into great and enduring poetry, while some remained intractable and prosaic—dry argument thrown into verse. But the first and last thing to remember is that the living Browning was, after all, a great poet; and not the least regrettable point about a book like the present is, that it fixes attention upon the less vital components of his work, and thus leads the reader away from its true strength and meaning.

#### A BAZAAR OF POETS

*Echoes from the City of the Sun.* By C. R. ASHBEE. (Essex House Press.)

*The Last Poems of Richard Watson Dixon, D.D.* (Frowde, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Lays of the Round Table.* By ERNEST RHYS. (Dent, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Godfrey's Quest: A Fantastic Poem.* By Lady LINDSAY. (Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)

*Shadow and Gleam.* By LILIAN STREET. (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.)

*At Intervals.* By B. W. HENDERSON. (Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.)

*Indian Poetry.* Selections rendered into English Verse, by ROMESH DUTT. (Dent, 1s. 6d. net.)

*Valerius Catullus.* Selected Poems. By L. R. LEVETT. (Heffer & Sons.)

AMID the shouts and cat-calls of the General Election, the voice of the minor poet continued to arise—scarcely audible, but unabashed. Now that the excitement is over, and we know the best and the worst, let us take what comfort we may from Mr. Ashbee's chant:

I sing of England, at whose feet  
In one majestic triumph meet  
Future and past, of England where  
Her children, heaven-blest, prepare  
In pious plenitude to grace  
The Treasure Temple of the race;  
Of England in her aureole  
Of ocean grandeur, whence the soul  
Drawn forth by some diviner will  
Of ceaseless love, is labouring still  
At the great loom the Lord hath planned  
To honour this his chosen land.

Since optimism is refreshing, we will quote further from Mr. Ashbee (scene, Whitechapel):

God, God is in all things, for God is in man,  
Then smite you the face of the Christ if you can;  
The over-soul, star-clothed, shall yet ride the storm  
In power and in speed and in splendour of form.

It fires the express as it breaks through the night  
Like an arrow of flame in its fury of flight,  
It spins with the lamp down the shaft of the mine,  
And the ironclad bears it along through the brine,  
The whirl of its thunder is borne on the brain  
In the fierce red-lit underground storm of the train,  
In the silver-streaked tram-rails it fades as they bend,  
On their long trailing curve by the booths of Mile End,  
In the violet light of the vanishing tram  
In man's soul crying mist-bound, I am that I am.

The above lines will show that the author of "Echoes from the City of the Sun" is sound at heart, even though his inspiration be uncertain and his style not over-masculine. The volume consists of "songs of experience," grave and gay, pleasingly printed and bound.

More of vigour, if less of variety, meets us in the Last Poems of Dr. Dixon—selected and edited by Mr. Robert Bridges, and somewhat vehemently prefaced by Miss Coleridge. The first piece, a tale of Roman friendship, is indeed unsuccessful, but the more intimate poems have a directness which at once arrests attention, e.g.:

Much I complain of my state to my own heart heavily beating,  
Much to the stars I complain: much to the universe cold.

This, of course, is no uncommon mood—but the following words on Death possess the homely and surprising touch of Blake:

And do we cry in hope and fear  
"Then shall we know as we are known"?  
How are we known then? Who knows here  
Each thought, each word, each pain, each groan?  
And who shall say the future life  
Shall end such things for evermore?  
Is not the ghost-world filled with strife  
Shall not all be as heretofore?

Though this little volume holds the last gleanings of a poetic field, the ears of corn are firm and sound.

In "Lays of the Round Table" is much talk of the Haut King, Sir Ector, Sir Launcelot, and the rest; and we hear it all as through a telephone which will not carry to us rightly the voice of a friend. The tone is subdued, as are the pigments of many of our young painters, who grow so much enamoured of the old that they anticipate the grime of centuries. Much more to our liking than these somewhat mouldy Arthurianisms is the mood of "Keri's Daughter":

Now on the windy hill-top, her hair like wafted smoke  
Draws all the darkness after her, to be her beauty's cloak.

I feel it brush upon my cheek, I grasp at my delight;  
The morning star looks cold on me, across the tops of night.

\* \* \* \* \*  
If she should see us ride behind, or the sun sit on his height—  
Know, she would range no longer in her mysterious night.

Then I should keep the white-limb'd girl within my ordered house,  
And let her hunt no longer, with her black cloak flying loose.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Oh, it is well to follow, but not to overtake,  
The maiden in her mystery, for the white spirit's sake.

Lady Lindsay weaves a pleasing, if unsubstantial, tale ("Godfrey's Quest"). The hero wanders away from home in search of the ideal world, which he expects to find somewhere behind the sunset; and, after many experiences as shepherd, carpenter, fisherman, and habitant of some purgatorial island, returns, a blind and chastened man, to his home and to the care of his aged sister. The blank verse flows smoothly for the most part, but the diction is at times inconsistent. For instance, the conversational

She was not quite forgot—poor Marjorie!

is followed by such lines as:

And shaped his path unto the western hills . . .

He did himself apprentice for a space  
Unto a carpenter

To tell a simple little story in blank verse is, we allow, almost as difficult as to mould macaroni out of steel bars.



Miss Street ("Shadow and Gleam") is less ambitious, and therefore more successful. Her Shakespearean sonnets are well balanced, as the following will show:

## MUSIC.

When sorrow grips the heart we turn aside  
From music's underpassion, wild or sweet;  
'Tis agony to hear those strains that chide  
Our coward soul, because we would entreat  
Poor ruined dreams to sleep. . . . There is no spell  
So wonderful as music's cruel power  
To lead the soul to torture and to hell.  
And yet, O yet, the rhythm of the flower  
Concerting with the tender twilight breeze;  
The homing thrush sending his golden psalm  
To mingle with the murmur in the trees:  
These are the songs that lend a lovely calm  
To memories august, till all the pain  
Is softened, and the past is blessed again.

The numerous short pieces which make up the body of the book are tastefully phrased, though never quite warming up to the lyric glow-point.

There is no need to dwell on Mr. Henderson's little book. It consists chiefly of Oxford Magazine sketches and parodies, and a dose of the serious to end up with—the whole, we take it, more or less consciously ephemeral.

Anything but slight, anything but ephemeral, are the "Rig Veda" and the "Upanishads," from which, amongst other less ancient Indian poetry, Mr. Romesh Dutt has selected passages for translation. The short trochaic line adopted throughout causes a monotonous effect, and yet gives an impression of simplicity and directness. Let us quote two characteristic passages:

He the Father,—made us all,  
He the Ruler,—hears our call,  
He the Feeder,—feeds each nation,  
Every creature in its station;  
Names of many Gods he bears,  
He is one,—we seek by prayers!

and again, from the recognition-scene in the "Bridal of Uma" (Siva in disguise has spoken slightly of himself):

Refuge of the wide creation,  
Ruler of Immortals' fate,  
Doth he brook our mortal customs,  
Pomp and pageantry and state?  
Void of wealth,—but source of riches,  
Homeless,—ranging earth and sky,  
Wild of mien,—his grace pervadeth,  
Who can comprehend the High?  
Wearing gems or coiling serpents,  
Brodered lace, or skin and skull,  
Who can guess his real image,  
Glossed in worlds, pervading all?

\* \* \*  
Turned away the damsel  
From the stranger guest,—  
Through the bursting wild bark  
Heaved her angry breast!  
Smiling he embraced her,  
All disguise removed,—  
Uma gazed in wonder,  
Twas her lost and loved!

This "Bridal of Uma" is clearly a fine poem in the original, and we are grateful to Mr. Dutt for giving us in his naïve verses some glimpse of its quality.

Catullus is indeed a rod for the translator's back: his studied simplicity is as stubborn as Heine's lyric ease. To transform is almost inevitably to deform. Mr. Levett's versions have the merit of moving smoothly for the most part, and they will serve well the needs of any non-classical reader. We like to shake hands across the centuries with a real "good fellow" such as Catullus, and to pray once more that he has quite forgotten Lesbia. Hear his last cry (in Mr. Levett's version):

O Caelius, friend, methinks 'twas known to thee  
How Lesbia once was all my joy and pride.  
My Lesbia, my sweet Lesbia, who to me  
Was more than kindred, yea and all beside,  
For whose dear sake I willingly had died.

And now to hear that she  
What she so hardly would bestow  
On poor Catullus, though he loved her so,  
She'll sell to any scoundrel that may come,  
A common harlot in the streets of Rome.

## THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE TRACT "ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS"

IN the ACADEMY of March 17 we intimated our disbelief that we have a genuine work of Aristotle in the very ancient, valuable and interesting essay on the Constitution of Athens, published for the British Museum by Dr. Kenyon in 1891. The weight of modern critical judgment is certainly on the side of its authenticity. But the disbeliever may without audacity express his doubts, seeing that those doubts have found lodgment in the minds of such scholars as Rose, Herwerden, Cauer, van Leeuwen, Droysen, Ruehl, Schwarcz.

The upholders of the Aristotelian authorship rely solely on internal historical evidence, refusing to open their minds to the evidence afforded by style. They urge that the latest limit of its composition must be B.C. 307, because the writer speaks of the Athens of his time as having only ten tribes, whereas in that year the number was raised to twelve. Dr. Kenyon's conclusion from various pieces of internal evidence is:

This work was therefore written, or at least revised, at the earliest in the last seven years of Aristotle's life, and at the latest in the fifteen years after his death.

But does the fact that it mentions no incident after B.C. 307 show that it must have been composed before that year? Inferences of this kind overlook the possibility that there may have been many successive editions in the century following Aristotle and even later of a (real or supposed) treatise by Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens. Each successive editor would be careful not to refer to any institution posterior to Aristotle, which would, of course, betray a post-Aristotelian origin. This would be no very difficult task to a pupil of Aristotle or to one who had read a clever pupil's notes of the philosopher's lectures, and who was well acquainted with the institutions of Athens up to the date of his death. But such an editor might, and probably would, have been quite incapable of reproducing the characteristics of the style and diction with which readers of the "Ethics," "Politics," "Poetics" and "Rhetoric" are familiar. Let us suppose that a minor politician of our own time wished to pass off an essay of his own as the work of Hallam, he would be careful not to refer to the "one man one vote" agitation or to that for taxation of ground-rents, tariff reform, devolution, or other political cries which have arisen since Hallam's time. But he might be quite incapable of achieving Hallam's manner of writing. Modern words and phrases would "crop up"; he would speak of "proving up to the hilt," he would use expressions like "with the result that," and he might even "avail of" the split infinitive. This is just what the author of the treatise under consideration has done. He has used a plainly post-Aristotelian diction, though he never refers to a post-Aristotelian institution. To make good our point we must give a few, perhaps the most striking, of such words and phrases which elsewhere occur only in later writers (references are to Dr. Kenyon's edition):

## A.—WORDS:

- P. 14. *ἔλεγεια* "a poem in elegiac verse" (found in that sense first in Plutarch and Strabo.)  
P. 17. *καταφάτιζεν*, "to declare in public" (Plut.).  
P. 32. *μεμψιουργία*, "fault finding" (Lucian and Cic. Epp.).  
P. 36. *διαφημισμός*, "a proclamation" (Dion. Hal.).  
P. 65. *ἐξαπορεῖν*, "to be in great want" (Polyb., Dion. Hal., Diodorus).  
P. 90. *συναρτίσκεσθαι*, "to be pleased with" (Sextus Empiricus).  
P. 95. *μανίαν*, "to be mad" (Josephus).  
P. 111. *ἡμέρα ἀφέσιμος*, "a holiday" (Aristides).

## B.—PHRASES:

P. 33. ἀρχαίαν ἐποίησαν, which looks like a translation of *antiquare*, "to annul."

P. 65. οὐδενὶ δόγματι, "without any decree."

P. 76. ἡτῶτο δίδοναι, "he was not equal to giving."

P. 100. ἐπὶ πέρας ἤγαγε τὴν εἰρήνην, "he concluded the peace."

P. 109. πράγμασι συμμειγνύσθαι, "to be mixed up in affairs."

Perhaps the most remarkable post-classicism in the treatise is the appeal to the reader, as in διαγνώθε ὅπως, "observe how," in p. 29. Compare διασκόπει in Plutarch ("Solon" xix.) and the similar use of ὅρα in late writers. But no mere list of words and phrases can really convey the impression produced by the style as a whole. It is quite post-classical and redolent of the time of Diodorus Siculus.

In addition to the evidence of diction, the treatise by its matter and contents lends weight to the hypothesis that there were various tracts called Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" in circulation in the ancient world. Some of the fragments quoted as from Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" differ from the treatise as we now have it. Zenobius tells us that Aristotle related in the "Constitution of Athens" how Callicrates greatly increased the pay of the dicasts. Our treatise, though telling a good deal about Callicrates, does not mention this, nor does it appear likely that such a statement found a place in the missing beginning or end. Heraclides Ponticus wrote a work of a character similar to the tract before us. He admitted it to be a compilation from his master's works. Plutarch undoubtedly had a "Constitution of Athens" by Aristotle, from which he often quotes. But there is strong reason to believe that is not the "Constitution of Athens" edited by Dr. Kenyon in 1891. The tale about the request of Pisistratus for a body-guard is told by Aelian in a way which suggests that he had our tract before him; no such similarity is to be found in Plutarch's version of the same affair. Aristotle ("Pol." ii. 12) implies that the Areopagus was an institution of Solon; the "Constitution" places it earlier than Draco; Plutarch combats the view of the "Politics," but does not quote the "Constitution," in support of his own. Plutarch, as well as Harpocration, ascribes the Council and the property qualification to Solon; the "Constitution" makes them Draconian. But the most remarkable proof that Plutarch's "Constitution" was not the one now in our hands is that the latter teems with new illustrations of the address and craftiness of Themistocles, to which Plutarch does not even allude in his life of Themistocles. Could the most anecdotal of biographers have refrained from recording incidents so congenial to his principle of biography and so confirmatory of his view of the wily Athenian's nature? But the general impression which the whole manner and style of the tract conveys is, as we have said, more powerful than any list of words or phrases. There is none of that generalisation so characteristic of the Stagirite. There is uncharacteristic false perspective, as in the diffuse account of the Four Hundred. We do not meet a single one of those profound thoughts which so often startle us in the "Politics," "Ethics," "Rhetoric" and "Poetics." The nearest we come to a comment on human nature is that procrastination is a common *trait*. There is more original thought in the recognition of the characteristic clemency of democracy (p. 59) and the remark (p. 79) that "though a mob can be cajoled easily enough, it is apt to vent its hatred afterwards on those who have led it astray." But the Aristotelian plummet sounds far deeper than these.

In connection with the precious find of the British Museum it is interesting to note how individualistic, even grandmotherly, the municipal legislation of ancient Athens was. Sky-signs were prohibited, and no such structure as the Temple Bar of a quarter of a century ago would have been permitted. Much attention was devoted to the relief of disabled paupers and the exposing of fraudulent applicants for state aid. There was a stated fare for the hire

of female dancers and musicians. There was ample provision for the inspection of weights and measures, the prevention of adulteration and the regulation of street traffic. One by-law rehabilitates a doctrine of our childhood, which subsequent learning was supposed to have invalidated. Hall doors opening on the street were forbidden; hence we may infer that *crepuerunt fores* and such expressions really did refer to the tap on the inside of the door to warn passers-by that the door was about to be opened, and not merely to the sound made by the door in opening, as Becker, Guhl and Koner and others will have it. The treatise testifies to the truth of what used to be considered a joke of Lucian's ("Hermotimus," c. 64), that the Areopagus sometimes held their meetings by night so that they might only hear the arguments on both sides and might not be misled by the appearance or demeanour of the speakers. We heartily subscribe to the judgment of Herwerden (which we translate from the Latin) in his edition of 1891:

Even supposing it should be proved by further investigations of learned men that the "Constitution of Athens" is utterly unworthy of so eminent an author as Aristotle, yet nobody will be disposed to deny that the newly discovered treatise is from many points of view valuable for the study of ancient Athens and of Greek literature.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

## GREY GRISOLD

ALL on the misty mountain  
In the driving rain,  
There saw I Grey Grisold  
Bowed under his chain.  
The fairies have bound him  
With his knees up to his chin,  
All in the grey weather  
Weeping for his sin.

He lives on the lone mountain  
Sitting on a grey stone,  
Where the wind pipes sadly  
O'er the moorland lone.  
I saw his gnarled fingers  
And his bent bald crown,  
I heard his tears falling,  
Falling endless down.

They have fallen so long  
To a stream they have grown:  
They have worn two furrows  
In the grey stone.  
Through the rocks and the heather  
They go flowing down,  
Where the plovers fly wailing  
Over bog-lands brown.

Grey Grisold was taken  
From his bags of gold—  
The red gold he got  
For the soul that he sold.  
To a grey stone they bound him  
With his knees up to his chin,  
All on the high mountain  
Weeping for his sin.

C. FOX SMITH.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## AN EARLY UNIVERSITY CALENDAR

MOST annual publications seem to be the reverse of Peter Pan. While he never grew up, they appear never to have been young. Take, for instance, the Cambridge University Calendar. Who, on regarding this cold, correct publication, would dream that it had ever been aught but a dull recorder of University life? And yet it was once a timid, diffident creature, apologetic to obsequiousness, and painfully anxious to obtain the approbation of the grave and reverend signors who formed the close oligarchy holding sway over the republic of learning that extended for a mile every way round Great St. Mary's.

The copy before us, though not a first edition, is still within the age-limit of Herod's innocents. It is dated 1802, and the name of the Editor appears on the title-page. There is a dedication to H.R.H. Prince William of Gloucester in the best eighteenth-century manner, beside which the most fervid products of the modern art of writing testimonials seem pale.

Should [says the author] the compilation but afford, at a vacant hour, the smallest gratification or amusement to your ROYAL HIGHNESS, the expectations of the Editor will be more than answered, and his labours required.

This discourse, which we might describe as an address to the Upper House, is followed by another to the faithful Commons. It dilates on past and prospective favours:

Through the polite permission of the Rev. and Right Worshipful, the Vice-Chancellor, the several names in the Triposes have been again compared with the Subscription Book in his possession; yet, notwithstanding the precaution, the capricious manner in which some living characters have therein been subscribed with regard to the spelling of their names, renders, in some few instances, accuracy an impossibility:

a curious comment on the state of University orthography of the period.

An Introduction follows. The author has a short and pleasing way with that new-fangled creature, the Archæologist. In a note on the foundation of the colleges, he informs us that "those who wish to dabble in the mud of Antiquity and Monkish fiction, in order to stamp HONOUR upon our establishments, we refer to Dr. Caius." Having thus consigned to the scrap-heap the refounder of Caius and Gonville College and all his works, our historian passes to a detailed description of the intricate constitution of the University, with its checks and counter-checks, which seems to have been specially devised for preventing the passage of any kind of reform, and which was finally swept away by the great revolution of about thirty years ago. Among the numerous officials appear two Taxors, whose function was "to regulate the markets, examine the assize of bread and the lawfulness of all weights and measures, and to call all the abuses and defects thereof into the Commissary's court." Their duties appear to have been especially exercised at the time of the Midsummer and Sturtich fairs. The latter name is a shortened form of Stowerbridge, as it is now, indeed, spelt and pronounced. We have here, in fact, an interesting case of the influence of the written word on the hitherto accepted pronunciation, an influence which came in with the nursery governess and has been intensified by the self-educator revival of learning. We might remark that the pronunciation of many English place-names, which locally have often been shortened and abbreviated, has, during the last twenty years, been revised and fixed by that *arbitrè elegantiarum*, the railway porter. He has replaced Hunston by Hunstanton, Lowstoff by Lowestoft, Cicester by Cirencester; while the 'bus-conductor talks of Hole-born and, if you ask for a ticket to Tibbald's Road, replies, "The-o-bald's Rowd? Yes, sir."

The college deans do not seem to have ranked very high in these close preserves of the established religion. Under the name of *Conducts*, they are described as nothing more

than hired chaplains, to perform the drudgery (!) and *some* of the duties of the college chapels. The chapels themselves appear to have met with equally scanty reverence. We read that "Compositions, Latin or English, are weekly delivered by the Pupils, either in writing or *viva voce* in their respective chapels."

A convenient backdoor to a degree was provided for those clergy who had the wherewithal to pay the necessary fees. After ten years inscription and three terms residence they could purchase the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. Of these "ten year men," however, our author remarks: "There are none such in Oxford: and they acquire little esteem here."

The section of Studies and Exercises deserves to be quoted entire. We are told that the ordinary course of study preparatory to the degree of A.B.:

is very judicious and calculated to form the mind both for science and taste. It may be considered under the *three* heads of *Natural Philosophy*, *Moral Philosophy*, and the *Belles Lettres*. . . . A superficial knowledge of Natural Philosophy, the smattering obtained by skimming over a variety of books, or attending a vast variety of lectures, are here held in no estimation.

It is a little disconcerting to find in a later passage that the bare *minima* for a degree comprised no more than the first book of Euclid, Arithmetic, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Simple and Quadratic Equations, and Locke and Paley; and that this *mince baggage* of knowledge had only been compulsory for the preceding three years. Locke and Paley, of course, belong to the course of Moral Philosophy, which, we learn, is no less judicious. A beginning is made with the former, *plus* Logic. In the second year the student takes up Paley (now the only survivor in the Little Go of the many learned doctors whom our author enumerates)—Hartley, Burlamaqui, Rutherford, Clarke, Butler, Law. In addition, what we should call Biblical archæology is studied in Beausobre and other writers. In some colleges, however, sad to relate, these Scripture lectures "are strangely neglected and the course is either very meagre or very irregular." *Belles Lettres* includes an Oration of Demosthenes, Lysias, Isocrates, a Greek play, Longinus, Cicero, Quintilian, and select portions of the Historians. One cannot fail to note the overwhelming amount of prose in comparison with the scanty allowance of verse. But what is more surprising is to find, as may have already been noticed, compulsory Mathematics and Paley, but no compulsory Greek, not even compulsory Latin. Many people will be surprised to learn that, while Cambridge University is several hundred years old, compulsory Greek has yet to attain its centenary—which possibly it may never do.

At the beginning of January the names of intending candidates are collected by a bull-dog and handed to a *moderator* who transcribes them into a book with appropriate marks given him by the several Tutors, such as "reading," "non-reading," etc. The men are then called up to take part in regular syllogistic disputes or "wrangles" in the Senate House. Each Respondent is pitted in turn against three Opponents. The Moderator acts as umpire and assigns each man a particular mark. *οἱ πολλοί*, generally "non-reading" men, only appear one or twice in these verbal duels, and

on some of them a *descendās* or order to quit the box is inflicted. . . . This, however, is not very frequent; whenever it does happen, however, the stigma is indelibly fixed upon the unfortunate subject.

The disputants having been classified, the Examination proper begins on the first Monday in Lent:

Immediately after the University clock has struck eight, the names are called over and the *Absentees* being marked, are subject to certain fines. The classes to be examined are called out, and proceed to their appointed tables, where they find pens, ink and paper provided in great abundance. In this manner, with the utmost order and regularity, more than two-thirds of the young men are set to work within less than five minutes after the clock has struck eight. . . . The young men hear the Propositions or Questions delivered by the Examiners; they instantly apply themselves; demonstrate, prove, work out, and write down fairly and legibly (otherwise their labour is

of little avail) the answers required. All is silence; nothing heard save the voice of the Examiners, or the gentle request of some one who may wish a repetition of the enunciation. It requires every person to use the utmost dispatch, for as soon as the Examiners perceive any one to have finished his paper and subscribed his name to it, another Question is immediately given. A smattering demonstration will weigh little in the scale of merit; every thing must be fully, clearly and scientifically brought to a true conclusion, and though a person may compose his papers amid hurry and embarrassment, he ought ever to recollect that his papers are all inspected, by the united ability of six Examiners, with coolness, impartiality and circumspection. No one can anticipate questions; for in the course of five minutes he may be dragged from Euclid to Newton, from the humble arithmetic of Boneycastle to the abstruse analytics of Waring. Printed problems are delivered to each person of the first and second class; these he takes with him to any window he pleases, where there are pens, ink and paper prepared for his operations. It is needless to add that every person now uses his utmost exertions and solves as many Problems as his abilities and time will allow.

Copying, cheating and the like were evidently all in their infancy. The whole thing recalls a parlour game.

At nine a halt is called for breakfast. At half-past nine the examination begins again and lasts till eleven. Two hours are assigned to lunch. After another space of two hours the Senate House is cleared for half an hour, during which the Proctors regale some of the dons and superior undergraduates with tea and coffee. The examination is once more resumed and continued till five. Even then all is not over. At seven o'clock "the first four classes go to the Senior Moderator's rooms, where they continue till nine to solve Problems; and are treated with wine and fruit." Quite a family party! The programme is the same for the succeeding day, not forgetting the "entertainment" at the senior Moderator's. Thereafter Mathematics give way to Logic and Religious Evidences. Some of the questions subjoined reveal that the system of cramming up scraps and snippets of knowledge goes back a long way in University Education. We have such five minutes' conundrums as:

From whence do you know that you exist?  
Prove there is a God, independent of Revelation.  
Has the fœtus in the womb any idea?  
What is the distinction between a Madman and an Ideot?

The examination concludes at five o'clock, but

the fatigue of the Examiners is by no means diminished; for during the whole of this as on the preceding nights they have a multitude of papers to inspect, and to affix to each its degree of merit, according to which a new management of the classes is made out, called Brackets,

which practically give a man his place. Sometimes two or three are found to be so deficient, "in which case they are PLUCKED": i.e., turned over to Ash Wednesday (Dunce's Day). So little "is required of these low men . . . compassion is totally out of the question." Those who have passed are divided into Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes. The rest are called *oi πολλοι*, or the Multitude. The last Junior Optime obtains the appellation of the *wooden spoon*.

The last three or four of the *oi πολλοι* who are hard run for their degrees are arranged alphabetically, and usually obtain some distinctive title; such as the *Alphabet*, *Elegant Extracts*, *Rear-guard*, *Invincibles*, etc., or sometimes their titles are deduced from their number and concurring circumstances of the day as *The Twelve Judges* or *Apostles*, the *Consulate*, the *Executive Directory* or *Septimvirate*, etc.

The authorities formerly had the right to insert four names in the list, none however are "so ridiculous to accept" at present "this cobweb Plumage."

Those who fall ill before the final trial are allowed

to pass a trifling Examination and appear in the list as *aegroti* . . . But an indulgence of this sort naturally introduces abuses; a *Nervous Fever*, the *Scald of a Tea Kettle*, and a *Bruise on the Hand* frequently put a period to the expectations of their Friends.

Lectures, as a rule, do not appear to have been very much run after. The students in Medicine were not required to attend any courses at all. We also read that the Hebrew Professor's lectures are discontinued for lack of suitable encouragement, that the Lady Margaret Professor's were likewise relinquished for want of a sufficient

audience, and that another gentleman who attempted to give a course on Political Economy met with a similar neglect. On the other hand, the Professors had a wide latitude of choice. The holder of the chair of Chemistry, finding the ordinary field of study already occupied, took for his subject practical mechanics.

Having provided himself with a number of *Brass Wheels* of all forms and sizes, such that any two of them could work with each other, the *Cogs* being all equal; and also with a variety of *Axles*, *Bars*, *Screws*, *Clamps*, etc., he constructs at pleasure, with the addition of the peculiar parts, *Working Models* of almost every kind of Machine. He explains, particularly, the agency of Steam, which is the GREAT cause of the modern improvement and extension of Manufactures.

We have here an embryo of the School of Engineering that was only really established some sixty years later.

The foot-notes to the lists of former Triposes provide some entertaining information. A certain Rosenhagen of St. John's is credited with being the supposed author of the Letters of Junius. Another student is described as the Secretary of a Humane Society for the clergy, not indeed to prevent cruelty to parsons, but to provide for their relief. Another's fame consists in his having been inhumanely murdered by the Natives of Owyhee, while the Librarian of the University is distinguished "for a prize he obtained when travelling bachelor at *Antwerp* against a numerous body of candidates, for a conspicuously accurate *anatomical Drawing*."

In the good old glorious days of fat, not to say obese, abuses, it is interesting to note the printed list of tips and *pourboires* which neither high nor low were ashamed of taking. For the A.B. not only did the college and University officials receive a fee, but there was a regular scale of backsheesh for the porter, cook and butler, gentlemen of property being mulcted at a still higher rate than the others. As for "drunks," they ranged from two shillings and sixpence for ale for the college servants, to a sovereign for the Fellows in the case of the A.M., which was spent on the *incepting* wine, followed by a further call for three pounds for Wine and fruit at the Commencement dinner. A still higher standard of conviviality was demanded of the Bachelor of Divinity. He had to pay his footing by a breakfast to the Fellows, wine in hall, and supper. The same high tariff was imposed on those who wished to take their D.D. Well may the critics of the period have spoken of fleshly divines. These ephemeral orgies, however, were nothing to the *Saturnalia* which lasted for the twelve days following December 25, for which the lay fellows specially came from London. The author complacently indicates that these seasonable hospitalities were especially conspicuous at his own college.

The book concludes with a list of the college servants. It expressly states that it merely contains the names of those who hold the principal offices. "A considerable number more are engaged in the less *honourable* departments." Among those who figure on the table of honour are the Butler, Cook, Porter, and Chapel Clerk, Barber and Jips (gyps). Of these only the Barber seems to have fallen from his high estate.

C. B.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Growth of a Poem," by R. L. Tyrrell.]

## FICTION

*The Mayor of Troy.* By "Q." (Methuen, 6s.)

"Of course, if you don't know Troy," says "Q," as he champs at the restraining bit of his Prologue. Not know Troy! Dear Troy Town. We have known and loved it by repute ever since the "astonishing history" was given to the world, and that must be nearly a score of years ago; while as for "Q," he has, we suppose, known and loved it just as long as Mr. Quiller-Couch has known Fowey in the Delectable (lately pronounced as Dialectible) Duchy. But even in "Q's" knowledge there were, it seems, *lacunæ*;



for one of these was filled up the other day when there came into his hands a manuscript concerning a certain famous Mayor of Troy, a very king in the land a century ago, who, going involuntary to France in the war time, came back ten years later to find that his subjects, despite the statue they had raised to his memory, had forgotten the very face of Troy's chief magistrate. What wonder that "Q" is exhilarated at his find? "Listen! Stretch out your hands," he cries. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes!" For "It is a draught of Troy's own vintage that I offer you: racy, fragrant of the soil, from a cask this hundred years sunk, so that it carries a smack, too, of the submerging brine." Now perhaps the most remarkable thing about this salty beverage (if so we may call it) is the wonderful effect it has had upon the historian himself. It has affected him with a sense of the ludicrous. Under its influence the very spirit of the mock-heroic rides him for a while willy-nilly. Only a recollected incident surcharged with pathos enables him to shake it off. Of that incident later. At the start we are in the midst of the great volunteer movement of 1804; surrounded, as it were, by the "Royal Reds" (103 men and 5 uniforms), the Mevagissey Battery (nomen and 121 uniforms); the Looe Diehards and the Troy Volunteer Artillery. They are all mock-heroic (why not? the French did not come, so why be serious?) and most mock-heroic of all is the worshipful Solomon Hymen, Mayor of Troy, and major in command of the gallants of Troy. In every aspect of egregious pomposity we see him, now lording it at home over a mixed retinue, now delivering judgment; and now at last (blindly approaching fate) leading a night expedition by sea, to test the defences of Talland Cove. Alas! behind the patriotic design lay one darkly doubtful, connected with "Guernsey merchandise." That was the beginning of the end for the gallant major. We must pass over the miserable betrayal of the men of Troy by an irascible squire; the freaks of fortune which passed their potentate by way of a dirty fish-pond and the gallery of a Plymouth theatre to the deck of his Majesty's bomb *Vesuvius* as a pressed seaman, preferring to linger a moment upon what we conceive to have been the turning-point in his record. In Troy Major Hymen's resemblance to the Prince Regent was considered quite remarkable. It so happened that one fine morning His Royal Highness himself inspected the squadron at Portsmouth, and as he was rowed round the *Vesuvius*, a frantic figure besought him from her deck to obtain justice for an unlawfully kidnapped dignitary. "*What a damn funny-looking little man*," said the Prince. At the contemplation of this unkindest cut of all, the historian's merry jocosity fails him, and a different spirit perceptibly succeeds it. He shows poor Solomon, the sport of fate, flipped, as a man might flip a beetle into the night. He is capsized, imprisoned, crippled: the trappings of his vanity peel off him like a skin, but, beneath it all, real courage and tenacity of purpose protect him with an unsuspected armour. He is no longer egregious in the modern, but *egregius* in the classic sense. Here lies the true word that underlies the jest, and in the account of his return we are very near real life with its ironies and changes. Only, we should have preferred taking leave of him in the musty uniform which he donned for a moment in the deserted precincts of a little museum containing relics of his fame. Impossible, no doubt, to say what would have happened had he been discovered in it. But the impossible is often solved in life and fiction.

*Traffic.* By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Duckworth, 6s.)

WE sometimes meet with novelists who are so eager to prove the inevitability of the trend of their stories that they quite forget to weigh them in relation to the general scheme of life. Of such, to judge by his latest essay in fiction, is Mr. E. Temple Thurston, and we can only regret that he should have treated so pitiful a subject as this "story of a faithful woman" in so inexorable a manner. We say inexorable, for Mr. Thurston seems throughout to

usurp the function of those pitiless Gods, who in the case of Nanno Troy were not "cheated of their game." When the goose girl in the fairy-tale marries Prince Charming, we wish her joy, just because it is a fairy-tale, without bothering our heads as to how many goose girls might expect to share her fine fortune. But when, on the other hand, a pure, sweet-natured Irish peasant girl, burdened with illegitimacy, is made, on that score, the sport of a malign fate, and headed off at every turn towards disgrace and ignominy, common humanity (which is a kindlier thing than it is represented in these gruesome pages) instinctively searches for loopholes of escape from such a triumph of the devil. Now, we do not believe that the revelation of the facts of her birth would have broken down at one blow Nanno's refusal to marry an irredeemable blackguard; still less do we believe that, when (contrary to the advice of one priest) she had escaped from him to London, she would (on the advice of another) have sent for him again. Why, too, when she had turned a fresh page of life in a London shop where her history was unknown, should she have been confronted everywhere by people of both sexes determined to ruin her? Why should her one ally, a man of the world who loved her and knew her story, have proved incompetent to protect her till the situation had become so hideous as that described in the last chapters? Mr. Thurston's reply is implied in his title and illustrated everywhere in his book. He presents his story, not as an abnormal instance of outrageous fortune, but as an ordinary instance of the operations of the law of "traffic." He takes it for granted that animalism is the most potent factor in the heart of man. When the solitary man awaits the approach of a solitary woman—"There is some instinct which is almost primæval—certainly animal—which stirs in his mind." What nonsense this is! And again: "The working man gets drunk on Saturday night; on that day on which his salary is paid the young clerk gratifies his appetites." In any general sense that is about as true as that, if you surround yourself with the handiwork of men's fingers, the fact that a sky exists will be beyond your comprehension. In matters of detail, Mr. Thurston spares us nothing. We really wish he would try his hand at a goose girl and a fairy-prince.

*Hilligenei.* Von GUSTAV FRENSSSEN. (Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.)

A NEW book by the most popular writer in Germany—for so, since the success of "*Jörn Uhl*," Gustav Frenssen may be called—is somewhat of a literary event. "*Hilligenei*" is a story of the Holstein coast—a story of fishers and farmers and parish schoolmasters: it pictures the life of a simple, hardworking community that has many points of resemblance to that described by the late George MacDonald in his Scottish peasant stories. The charm of this book, as of its predecessors, is in its atmosphere, and the *naïve* freshness of its feeling and description. The author is a realist, but his realism is as tender as that of Rembrandt when he painted his mother reading her Bible. There is the same instinct for the pathos and poetry of hard and humble life in some of these sketches. Note the return of Piet Boje, the prosperous sailor, to his home, when he takes the knitting-machine away from his old widowed mother, and says she shall never again toil at it for daily bread. But in the evening, when she thinks she is unobserved, she creeps back to it:

"You took it away so quick . . . I could not think what I was doing . . . I cannot think when I am not sitting at the machine . . . I always used to think of you and your father when I was working at it. . . ." And she sobbed bitterly.  
"Well," he said, "be quiet, mother. Come . . . be still. You shall work at it two or three hours a day . . . not more. . . Come, now."

Yet the movement of modern ideas is very perceptible in this primitive community, the revolt against long accepted conventions very definite. *Hilligenei* means "Holy Land" and the little town was of old the home of a sect of enthusiasts who looked for the speedy coming of the

Heavenly Kingdom. This old enthusiasm under a different form burns in the heart of the youth whose personality gives a kind of unity to the rather straggling story. Kai Jans has been trained for the Lutheran pastorate, but Lutheranism, as established by law, is far from satisfying him. He ponders the Gospel story in the light of the "higher criticism" and arrives at what he considers the essence of Christianity, as discovered by the "wise and brave German men" who, "unsatisfied by the cold and repellent lore of the Church," undertook "to investigate the Book as though it were an ordinary book."

Just as once in Luther's day a new warm interest awoke in "God's Word" and a new love of him, so in these our days there has flamed out a new love of the modest hero who has been hidden away under all sorts of wonderful disguises. . .

He was a Man. There is proof enough of it. First, he said so. Secondly, he was in his thought a child of his time. Third, he possesses an individual character. Fourth, he had a development. Fifth, his nature was not quite free from evil. Sixth, he was mistaken, especially in this, that he did not come again, and the Kingdom of God did not come either. . . However good and wise and brave he was, he went neither in deed nor thought beyond the measure of men. But he has brought to us out of his beautiful human soul, the belief in the divine dignity and worth of every human soul.

There will be nothing new in this to any one who has studied the recent developments of German theology, but it is always somewhat of an epoch, when ideas of this kind descend from the lecture-rooms of learned professors and become incorporated in the popular literature of a country. The divinity student dies, having thrown his ideas into a pamphlet for private circulation, which we are given to understand is to be the seed of a new Reformation. As a story "Hilligenei" in spite of many passages of great interest and charm, will not bear comparison with either "Jörn Uhl" or "Die Drei Getreun" but as an illustration of the trend of thought in Protestant Germany it is worthy of notice.

*A Dreamer's Book.* Being Fantasies and Daydreams. By J. H. PEARCE. (Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS well-intentioned little book is most moral, most melancholy. It is made up of sixteen or seventeen parables, brief allegorical tales mainly drawn from life, all highly fanciful, but all in one tune, or rather, we should say, all accompanied by the drone of one sad moral. Such joys as life affords are but illusions, happy while undetected, but like the flowers of the field in the land of the Psalmist: a wind passeth over them and they are gone. For illusion, disillusion, death, or some impersonation or prophecy of death moves through all of these fantasies, and all tend to the grave. Reading them one after another is like listening to the old chime:

We must all die:  
All die we must;  
Die must we all  
Die all we must.

Therefore it is not a cheerful little book; neither a book for a rainy day, nor for a day of sunshine. Not a book for the little ones (though it has a look of it), for it would haunt their dreams; not for youth, who could not endure ten pages of it; nor even welcome to age, which, however much or little, has its own memories. What, then, can be said of "The Dreamer's Book"? There is much fancy in the writing of it: here and there a fine conceit, and again and again a touch of poetry, and therewithal good intention. But the reading of it is to be thought of as well as the writing; and we are compelled to say, though with sincere reluctance, that though there may be many who might like its melancholy for their own perusal, there are few to whom it could be offered as a gift without risk of unkindness.

*The Divine Gift.* By R. M. LEWIS. (Lamley, 5s.)

THE freshness of the conception and the delightful keenness with which this book is written, go a very long way towards extenuating certain faults both of phrasing and

construction. They are, to use a hackneyed expression, the defects of the author's qualities, and they are defects which experience will certainly eradicate. The Luciverians have found the secret of immortality; they are able to prolong their physical existence interminably, by the power of will and intellect and the help of certain drugs. From fire alone are they not immune. In the first book we learn how this secret was discovered, how mortals gradually have died and how intellect rules with these immortals, who neither eat nor drink nor beget children, and for whom everything is done by machinery. To them comes one who, centuries before, had left them, journeying in quest of a new race. His arrival creates unprecedented excitement among the Luciverians, who have become dull, thin-voiced, listless, with the exception of a girl Avis, in whom a vague hope lingers—of what, she does not know. He tells them that he has indeed found a new race, and they are called the Vitians or Living Ones: they have developed from pigmy men, to whom they minister, by cultivation of the soul; death comes to their bodies, and without great sorrow. Two Vitians, Astro and his brother, have guided the Luciverian back to his land. Astro sees Avis and loves her. When he returns to his people he cannot dismiss her image from his mind, and at last he leaves his people and goes to her. Then Avis finds out what hope has supported her through the long centuries. But Astro gradually becomes ill and she takes him back to the Vitians, only to be repudiated by them and to die. There is much in the thought of the book that is suggestive: but it is a mistake to insist, as the author is inclined to insist, upon material details. The machines for dressing and undressing, for arranging furniture, for grafting roses, might with advantage be omitted. They tease credulity and are out of the real picture, which is fantastic and charming.

*Loaves and Fishes.* By BERNARD CAPES. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE have always understood that the British public has an invincible objection to short stories, and we wish to begin by assuring it that it will lose a varied entertainment if it objects without trial to these. There are twenty-two stories in the volume and every one of them has an idea, in nearly every case a good one. Now, a great many long novels appear that have no ideas at all, and very few have twenty-two in one cover. In reading these stories, to be sure, the mind must move quickly from Napoleon in Spain to Charles II. in England, from sleeping girls to burglars, backwards and forwards between farce and tragedy. But no effort is involved. The author has a light touch, a fertile invention and a vivid style. Sometimes, to quote from himself, his nerves seem to be jangled into disorder inclining him to imaginative hyperbole. He likens thunder clouds to electric tramcars and a man's fingers to red radishes—similes that jar the imagination instead of helping it. Once or twice, too, he journeys over the border in search of the horrible and the *macabre*. At any rate, we recommend people to read the quaint, tender story of a Sleeping Girl called "The Ravelled Sleeve"; and a fancy as elusive and vibrant as air called "A Ghost Child." But they had better pass over "The Soul of the Professor" sandwiched in between. We know that in the days of Burke people were smothered with pitch-plasters and brought to the dissecting-room, but most of us do not want these abominations dished up again in stories.

*Blanche Esmead.* By ELLA FULLER MAITLAND. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE "Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre" was one of those rambling books that derive their charm from the author's personality. We cannot remember that it left an impression of neuralgia of the soul or of the anæmic refinement that is really a superficial refinement because it can be tortured almost to death by the wrong furniture and other people's wrong clothes. We concede that a man who is "cheery and genial" must be a tiresome companion, and

that a husband who talks of "the wife" should marry a woman who would like it. It is impossible to imagine two people less suited to each other than John and Blanche Esmead, and we sympathise with them in turn: with Blanche when her husband speaks with awe of "the aristocracy," and with John when his wife lies about in flame-coloured tea-gowns instead of helping him with his parish. Mrs. Fuller Maitland cannot really believe that because women are refined they are quite defenceless and incapable; yet she gives that impression in this novel by her presentment of Zéphine and Blanche. One lady lets herself be bullied by two insufferable step-daughters, whose rudeness makes her heart beat; and the other is so backboneless that the possibility of changing a grate that will not burn and a Mary Ann who cannot cook never occurs to her. In fact Blanche marries a man who is quite patently ill-bred and, as a matter of course, his speech and manner jar on her. But if she had not been sick of soul she would have stirred herself a little more to make the best of things. She might have improved the house, dismissed the cook, and threatened John with divorce if he called her "wife" in public. But the only occasion on which Blanche shows any sense of humour is when she comes to life because John tells her she is going to die. It is, we need hardly say, poor John who dies. His execution was a foregone conclusion necessary to the complete cure of his wife's neuralgia.

## FINE ART

### WATER-COLOURS BY MR. D. S. MACCOLL

WHILST Mr. MacColl is known to the general public as an eminent art-critic, and to some of us pre-eminent—MacColl first and the rest of us nowhere—his own work as an artist is less familiar. Therefore Messrs. Carfax have done well to collect some of his water-colours, to criticise which will be a chastened joy. Some of them are quite charming: the subject, unusual for him, called *Théâtre de Verdure*, which was exhibited at the New English Art Club; the perfect *Anemones*, remarkably full in tone for water-colour; the capital *Stormy Venice*, and best of all, the exquisite *Harbour, Dieppe*. It seems to me that his best work is that in which a little *gouache* has been used, as in these and in the two interiors of *Our Lady of the Waves*. Yet the majority of these pictures are drawings, tinted in pure water-colour. There is some charm in the untroubled wash of colour laid once for all on the paper and never touched again. Whistler used it incomparably, but to some moderns—Mr. MacColl, I am afraid, among the number—it is a fetish. After all, Turner, the greatest water-colourist of all, worried his work into beauty; and if the right colour cannot be struck at the first shot—of which feat Mr. Brabazon alone among moderns is capable—then that particular charm should be sacrificed. Mr. MacColl's drawing is excessively summary—not slight, for by slightness is suggested flexibility, evanescence, sensitiveness; and his drawing has none of these qualities. It is not sensitive and tremulous with feeling, as all fine drawing is, but hard, dashing and impatient, a series of telegraphic dashes, long and short, which too often convey no message, or a very coarse one. Coarseness is not necessarily a blemish in water-colour; Turner was often coarse, Girtin almost invariably. But their coarseness arose from saying very little with simplicity, truth and deliberation as far as it went, not in saying a great deal impatiently and incorrectly. The washes of colour, too, often convey no message. Ruskin quotes Turner's word for finishing a picture—"carry forward." In what way does the colour of *A Belfry at Dinan* carry forward the drawing, supplement it, that is to say, add some fact of which the ordinary beholder is not already aware? That bricks are red, and trees green, we know already. There is a tree on the right of this picture indicated in a few lines, and on the

top of these lines is laid a single wash of viridian. If the artist had painted it prussian blue or rose madder, I should have been excited and interested; if he had painted it the true colour of nature, I should have been respectful; as he has only stated that the tree was green, he has added nothing to his drawing. If these touches of local colour were in harmonious relation, their untruth would not be disturbing. The beautiful nonsense of Mr. Conder, for instance, is acceptable.

One quality Mr. MacColl's work has to perfection—the spacing and arrangement of the whole in the frame. The views of Honfleur are excellent in this respect, *La Lieutenantance*, *The Post*, *Honfleur (morning)*, *St. Catherine's Quay*. The accidents and blemishes in a water-colour sketch have a charm of their own, but they should not form the *raison d'être* of the picture. Thus, the *repentirs* of a great draughtsman are no blemish, being inevitable, and in their nature full of intense meaning; but a drawing which is composed of *repentirs*, which is all corrections, and yet is not correct, is unsatisfying. Again, water-colour on smooth paper is apt to run into hard edges. Turner used this characteristic when it was wanted, and in painting a distant mountain would turn his paper upside down, so as to get this hard edge as sharp as possible. But neither Turner nor any other artist up to a few years ago, would have allowed hard edges in the modulation of a cloud.

The examples I have seen lately in pure water-colour have convinced me that it is a dead art and cannot be revived. It requires the conventional eye and habit of mind; whereas *gouache*, or water-colour in which white is used, however sparingly, is peculiarly adapted to modern vision, as is proved by Mr. Brabazon and by the few examples of Mr. MacColl to be seen here. The grand style of Prout and Girtin had an excellent exponent in the late L. J. Wood, some of whose works are now on view at the Modern Gallery, but he was born in 1813. The picture of *Dietz on the Lahn*, one of the finest, belongs to its own period, and is no more to be emulated with sincerity than Cimabue or Mabuse.

Mr. MacColl avoids the pitfall of archaism, but proves himself a modern handling an archaic medium.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

It does not seem a hard problem to select two choral works of sufficient length to make an evening's entertainment of sufficient homogeneity to avoid the incongruous, yet to judge from the rarity of the achievement is to conclude that the task is more difficult than at first sight appears. Mr. Fagge and the London Choral Society have resorted to various expedients, when a single work was not long enough to fill the programme, of which the most unhappy was that of following the Brahms Requiem and "Vier Ernste Gesänge," with Cliffe's "Ode to the North East Wind," while the happiest was letting Cowen's rollicking "John Gilpin" succeed the rather pompous ending of Elgar's "Caractacus." One feared, however, lest Sir Hubert Parry's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" would be similarly used as restorative after the insufferable tedium of Saint Saëns's "Samson and Delilah" at their last concert, and probably most people were glad to find that it was assigned the first place, and that the audience were allowed to enjoy it while in possession of their full faculties; for, truth to tell, when Samson smothered the Philistines in his last effort, he pulled the roof about the ears of the audience to such purpose as to rob most of us of the power of any further listening to music, for one night at any rate. As it was, the "Pied Piper" received a spirited performance and a spirited hearing too; for both performers and audience entered heartily into it. The comedy is perfect because the music exactly clothes the words aright. Those who heard the first London

performance without previous knowledge of the work might easily miss many of its most subtle points, because its salient features are broad, striking, and of course expected. One knew exactly how Sir Hubert Parry would treat the bustling chorus where the rats of all shapes and sizes tumble from the houses and follow the Piper to the river's brink, and there perish, and it is both vivid and funny at the same time, just like Browning's words; but much of the poem is harder to set to music, and it is in dealing with words which look as though they could and would not be done into music, that Sir Hubert Parry is triumphant where a lesser man would have failed. For, instance, these lines look impossible at first sight:

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
 "No trifling! I can't wait! beside,  
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
 Bagdat, and accept the prime  
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,  
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,  
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.

Here is the chance for a dull moment or else that over-attention to a small point which annoys us in the declamatory passages of many modern writers. Sir Hubert, however, carries it through with such a perfect accentuation that instead of appearing an awkward digression it takes its place, as in the poem, as an element contributing towards the climax which it precedes, when the Mayor defiantly cries:

Blow your pipe there till you burst.

Again a delicate feeling for accent helps him to deal successfully with Browning's difficult double rhymes. The lines:

You hope, because you're old and obese,  
 To find in the furry civil robe ease?

show Browning at his worst and Parry at his best in this respect. By the way, these lines are omitted from the words as printed at the beginning of the vocal score, which perhaps suggests that the composer at first discarded them. Such points would become failures if they were heard or noticed in performance, but together they all contribute to the general impression that the words have dictated every note, in fact that this is the music that belongs to them. Then, the orchestra has its own comment on each situation, sometimes adopting the *leit-motif* principle, more often supplying the necessary rhythmic element which the choral declamatory passages lack, occasionally indulging in purely descriptive freaks which are the more effective because only rarely used. The best of these, perhaps, is that which illustrates the squeaking of the rats in "fifty different sharps and flats." A cadence, which was to have been in D major, is interrupted by the bass being forced up to A sharp, from which the fiddles scurry away with a rapid cadenza passage over B flat harmony and one almost seems to catch sight of a tail disappearing down a hole. The Piper, of course, has his piquant little theme, or rather group of themes which suggest alike his character and his piping and the civic dignity of the Mayor is splendidly expressed by his recitative consisting of passages at once pompous and commonplace, which, if examined closely, prove to be largely built on the arpeggios of common chords. This skill in characterisation is to some extent the common property of modern composers. Richard Strauss would have alternated the grotesque capers of the rats with the heavy respectability of the Mayor and Corporation with a bolder sense of contrast; Elgar would have painted the quaint red and yellow of the Pied Piper's costume in richer colours, but there is one element which is constant throughout and which is all Parry's own, namely the music. Too much modern music sets up as its only end the reflection, if not the imitation, of the many changing moods of the words or the subject. While, as I have tried to show, Sir Hubert Parry succeeds better with his words than most people, there is throughout this delightful work something more than humorous declamation and clever illustration.

It is built upon a definite though very elastic musical plan. The themes fall roughly into two groups, which one may call the "Hamelin" and the "Pied Piper" groups. The first, which includes the people, the Mayor, the rats and the children, is all of a bustling, energetic order; the latter is a set of little melodies of a whimsical kind, in which the eerie colour of the oboe is always prominent in the score. These groups are contrasted and developed in a way suggestive of symphonic form, and perhaps it is this which gives to the listener a sense of continuity which is always lacking in a purely illustrative work. Whether or not it can be assigned to so formal a cause it is certain that over and above the fun of the "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of Browning and Parry together, there is something akin to what in cant phrase is called "absolute" music, which makes it worth hearing for its own sake.

The London Choral Society's performance has been highly praised, and I think it deserved it. From where I sat, one of those unfortunate places in the stalls of the Queen's Hall where everything seems to become dis-integrated, the orchestra sounded noisy and rough and often spoilt the *ensemble*; moreover the rapid alternations of solo and chorus, such as:

"Bless us (*solo*)," cried the Mayor (*chorus*), "What's that (*solo*)?"

did not "come off" as they should. If there was anything more in this than the acoustic imperfections of the hall—and I am inclined to think there was—it is just one more argument for more combined rehearsal of chorus, orchestra and soloists. We trust far too much to our soloists knowing their business and to our orchestral players being first-rate readers, while the chorus is drilled unmercifully in things which cannot be made perfect without complete rehearsal. The difficulties of getting this are immense and are generally thought to be insuperable; if, however, it could be made a usual practice, when producing a new or little-known work, to call one complete rehearsal three or four weeks before the performance, in addition to the final one, it would so increase the value to both conductor and chorus of their subsequent work by showing them where and how to direct their energies, that the level of first performances would be very much raised, a far more perfect *ensemble* being obtained. As it was, however, Mr. Fagge and his performers did their best, and it was a good "best." The clever singing of Mr. Arthur Winckworth and Mr. Henry Brearley, in the parts of the Mayor and the Piper respectively, added point to the Comedy without intruding themselves upon it; they contributed a fair share towards a success which it was by no means easy to win.

H. C. C.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

ARRANGEMENTS for the publication of the Cambridge Mediæval History have now been made by the Syndics of the University Press. The first volume will be published soon after the appearance of the last volume of the Cambridge Modern History, with which it will be generally uniform, and the work will be completed in eight volumes. The Cambridge Mediæval History has been planned by Professor J. B. Bury, and will be edited by Professor H. M. Gwatkin, Miss M. Bateson, Fellow and Lecturer of Newnham College, and Mr. G. T. Lapsley, Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity College.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall promise some time this month a new Life of Jean Jacques Rousseau. The author, Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, holds that the manuscript from which history has drawn its estimate of Rousseau has been subject to erasures and corrections which, to a certain extent, prove a deliberate attempt by his enemies to misrepresent his whole career.

A work on "Greek Theories of Elementary Cognition from Alcmaeon to Aristotle" by Professor John I. Beare, is about to be published by the Oxford University Press.



The author's object has been to glean and put together systematically, from Aristotle himself and his predecessors, whatever may explain or illustrate the parts of his writings essentially concerned with empirical psychology.—An essay on "The Nature of Truth" by Mr. H. H. Joachim is announced by the same Press. In it an examination is made of certain typical notions of truth, one or other of which—whether in the form of a vague assumption, or raised to the level of an explicit theory—has hitherto served as the basis of philosophical speculation. Mr. Joachim maintains that every one of these notions fails to maintain itself against critical investigation.

The Chiswick Press will issue shortly a book on "The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset," by Alfred Pope. It is to be printed on Dutch handmade paper, with thirty-three photogravures, and the work will consist of an Introduction and sixty-one descriptive articles on old stone crosses and ancient stones existing in the county of Dorset. A folding sketch-map of the county will be given, with the positions of the various crosses indicated in red ink.

A new book of stories by "M. E. Francis" (Mrs. Francis Blundell) will be published this month by Messrs. Longmans. It is entitled "Simple Annals," and consists of stories which deal chiefly with the lives of working women.

Mr. Robert Dell's translation of M. Paul Sabatier's "Disestablishment in France" will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on April 9.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, "The Flower of France," will be issued shortly in England by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and in America by Messrs. Harper Brothers.

Messrs. Pitman have in the press a book on "Whistler and Others," from the pen of Mr. Frederick Wedmore.

The keen watchfulness of our foreign trade rivals has never been better illustrated than by the large orders which are reaching Messrs. Newnes from Germany for the first issues of their great Atlas of the World's Commerce which is now appearing in sixpenny numbers. Many people think it almost a pity that the exportation of such a work of reference as this cannot be prohibited, on the ground that it puts our competitors in possession of valuable commercial information, of which they sometimes make better use than ourselves. Others would deplore the national apathy which would be so ready to admit that we were not so wide awake as our neighbours.

"The Challenge to Christian Missions," by the Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A., is announced by Messrs. H. R. Allenson, Limited, for publication shortly in their Sixpenny Series. They have also in the press two other volumes in the same series: Dr. John Young's "The Christ of History"; and R. W. Emerson's "English Traits."

Messrs. Everett and Son, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, W.C., are publishing early in April a libretto for grand opera entitled "The Corsair," by W. V. Herbert (Capt. F. W. von Herbert), based on Byron's "Corsair" and "Lara."

## CORRESPONDENCE

### EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On belatedly reading your review I at once wired to Drs. Furnival and Bradley (who had written to me) informing them that the attack on this Society was misleading and unjustified; that a full reply was forthcoming; and asking them to suspend judgment and action till they had heard the other side. However, their letters of withdrawal appeared before either the secretary or myself had had an opportunity of replying!

I regret this *ex parte* and hasty judgment. I am convinced that ultimately they will acknowledge just as publicly in their usual whole-souled impetuous English way that, at all events, the Early English Drama Society is not so black as your reviewer has painted it.

Still, so far as the question of hon. vice-presidentship goes, that ends public interest; those remaining have been informed of the facts, and been asked what they wish done. All I will say is they were all fully cognisant of the constitution of the Society.

Now, for what remains of public interest in the larger question of

our objects, and the means taken to adequately obtain our ends. But first to clear the ground as regards the text of *Hickscorner*.

Having an eye to the animus displayed by your reviewer, and the obvious objective of his attack—the discrediting of the Society in the eyes of those who had showed their sympathy, and, I believe, personally still retain that sympathy for its objects—having this in view, and with my own inner knowledge of the why and wherefore of the attack, I will engage to meet him point by point if he will emerge from his anonymity so that I may know officially, as I know *unofficially*, who it is that I am engaging. I will then frankly acknowledge my own mistakes; but, at the same time, I shall not hesitate to gibbet him, and give chapter and verse for the contention I now advance that, in his "results," he is not only misleading, but carelessly inaccurate in four of his instances; and that he suppresses (or does not mention) material facts in other three cases. For the rest, some are obvious misprints; and in some cases I have, as I have said, inexcusably (I think) blundered myself. As to the general question of Hazlitt's text and how far I have followed it, I will go into that matter when I can meet my opponent in the open.

I will now touch upon the objects and methods of the E.E.D.S. Here are the pertinent points:

It is notorious that all our "learned" (printing) "societies" have been more or less in straightened circumstances for decades: their work cramped, delayed, and oftentimes abandoned. The chief causes are apathy and £ s. d.

We have put our finger on the weak spot; and, putting our views into effect, have been justified by results.

In our Early English Dramatists Series we are doing work which badly wanted doing; work which no editor or publisher, no matter how "enterprising," has hitherto cared to attempt. Is it "such a grave mistake" to show the way where others have failed? Unlike subscribers to "learned" societies, we don't even ask ours to take books: they come to us, and, if they don't want them, they need not take them. With the societies of which your reviewer speaks it is: "Give us your subscription," and then (practically) "Open your mouth, shut your eyes," etc. However, our results are satisfactory, and before passing to outlining our real object I may state, as regards "texts," that since the initial volumes our scheme has naturally grown; and experience and research has materially, though gradually, modified our own method of work. In the same way that double the number of plays will be given in the Second Series, as compared with the First Series, so also, for very sound reasons, have we, and are we, increasingly adopting the practice of photographing the original texts (I enclose you a sample) upon which I work direct. A modern orthography may be "a wrong start." We doubt it. There is no object whatever in placing difficulties in the way of the ordinary student of English literature. He wants to get at the author's meaning; and neither that, nor his construction, is obscured by changing the antique, obsolete orthography for the current spelling, always provided that an editor is careful to conserve the spelling and form (even a word itself) here and there in cases where justice to the author requires it; or the rhyme demands it; or the interest attaching to the use of an obsolete or obscure word seems to render such a course desirable. A text thus dealt with (and "noted") satisfies all but those whose business or inclination concerns them with "the higher criticism," textual or otherwise.

To continue. The Early Dramatists Series by its success has enabled us to bring our real objective within the range of practical politics—viz., our Facsimile Series, which is the only part of our scheme intended for those who are, as I have indicated, concerned with the higher textual criticism. For such we hold no reprint, however carefully done, is adequate. Errors must occur while an infallible printer (to say nothing of the infallible editor!!) are wanting. For these facsimile is "the only wear": facsimile, too, of the most exact kind; no "touching up" of "blemishes," "restoration" of blurred words, or other mechanical manipulation of the original must be allowed or attempted. A "note" is all that in such a case is allowable.

On lines such as these is our Facsimile Series planned. If that will not be a boon to scholarship it is difficult to conceive what is wanted. Moreover, it was with this section of our work in view that our hon. vice-presidents were approached. I wanted their advice, based on their larger experience, as to the real needs of the world's scholarship in this direction. I am certain they will all do me the simple justice to admit that I have sought their advice; that I have taken it as regards the initial texts; that I accepted it as regards the *best* editors (to be invited on "business principles") for such texts; and that, as a matter of fact, one of our retiring honorary vice-presidents has been good enough to undertake to edit our initial volume of the series. Moreover, I have sought an expression of opinion from the subscribers to this series as to the works most acceptable for "continuations." Is not all this, sir, legitimate and good work?

My letter is already too long. All I will add is that we are content to abide the final judgment of unbiassed scholars as to the ultimate value of our work.

JOHN S. FARMER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his notice of four volumes sent by the Early English Drama Society, before beginning the legitimate part of his review, goes out of his way to make certain strictures on the Society itself.

These strictures are, in my opinion, quite gratuitous, made possible only by wilful misunderstanding and supported only by innuendo.

The E.E.D.S. has a regular constitution, duly formed under a legal document, providing, *inter alia*, power to change its publishers, to dismiss its secretary, to appoint another editor, and also to join as Hon. Vice-Presidents, scholars or others of eminence who are in sympathy with the aims of the Society. It need hardly be said that these latter have no more responsibility for the editing than the Vice-Presidents of a Hospital have for the acts of its surgeons.

It is a publishing society and has not claimed to be a "learned" society, and although it has already been favoured with a request for income-tax, it has not and does not intend to publish a balance-sheet; it has not asked for or received any public money to call for that formality, indeed, the Society has studiously avoided taking cash except as payment for goods delivered.

I shall be sorry to dispense with the list of Hon. Vice-Presidents but it may be said, at once, that the subscribers direct, or through the booksellers, have been attracted by the subject, and not by the names on a *proof prospectus* sent to the Press. Less than forty sets of the small paper remain for other subscribers—and if they are constant to us they need not doubt but that the whole scheme, will be carried to the end.

The work the Society has set itself is of considerable magnitude, is in my humble judgment worthy of support and its execution will I doubt not, taken as a whole, obtain the benediction of the ACADEMY.

WM. W. GIBBINGS.

18 Bury Street, April 2.

[We must decline to gratify Mr. Farmer's desire to know the name of our reviewer. The difference between a signed and an unsigned review is that the former is written on the authority of the reviewer with the acquiescence of the Editor; the latter carries with it the full authority of the paper. It was desired that the article in question should appear with the full authority of the ACADEMY. It was therefore published anonymously, and will remain anonymous, though it is obvious that our reviewer has taken no pains to conceal his identity.

In opposition to Mr. Farmer's imputations of "animus" we desire to say that the books were not asked for by our reviewer, but were sent to him in the ordinary course as a person qualified to pass a fair judgment on them. Our reviewer on his own behalf disclaims absolutely and unreservedly any ill-feeling against Mr. Farmer. But he felt bound, when the opportunity was offered to him, to protest against what appeared an attempt to use the word "Society," and the prestige given by the names of six eminent scholars, in an undesirable manner. Mr. Gibbings regards strictures on this point as outside the "legitimate" function of a reviewer. But the point is surely a matter of public concern and as such was rightly commented on in a notice of the first publications of the Society.

On the question of responsibility our reviewer dissents emphatically from the view that the vice-presidents of a hospital are not responsible for the acts of its surgeons. He is also of opinion that a hospital which refused to publish a balance-sheet would have no right to vice-presidents at all, and that its use of the name "hospital" would be injurious to the institutions conducted on the usual public lines.

Our reviewer remarks that it is interesting to know that the Society has "a regular constitution"; it would be still more interesting if Mr. Gibbings would allow the ACADEMY the privilege of publishing it. At present it would appear from Mr. Gibbings's letter that the Society has some kind of existence apart from the subscribers, from whom it "has studiously avoided taking cash except as payment for goods delivered." If, however, this is a wrong impression and the subscribers really possess the powers which Mr. Gibbings describes, some curiosity may be forgiven as to what machinery exists for enabling them to take any initiative in such matters.

As regards Mr. Farmer's strictures on "learned" societies, we have no desire to defend these as against Mr. Farmer. But the strictures only make it more difficult to guess for what reason those responsible for the Early English Drama Series have called their rather mysterious association by so discredited a title. An ordinary critic might have thought that in calling it a society they desired to make it appear more "learned" or more disinterested. According to Mr. Farmer they can only have desired to dispel any idea that it should be too efficient.

In conclusion, we note that, under a plea which would prevent any review from carrying with it the full authority of the paper in which it appears, Mr. Farmer evades any answer to our reviewer's proof that the text of *Hickscorner* printed by the Early English Drama Society contains numerous grave errors, and that these grave errors appear to be taken over bodily from Mr. Hazlitt's edition of 1874. The rest of his letter appears to be intended as an advertisement of his series, hardly germane to the question at issue.—ED.]

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My connection with "The Early English Drama Society" is (as your reviewer surmised) merely of a complimentary nature. I read a proof of the prospectus, corrected some errors, and made some suggestions; and I was waiting for a "revise" when I observed—from the review in your columns—that two volumes (which I have not yet seen) have been actually issued by the "Society."

The idea of publishing a corpus of old English plays is, I think, good; and your reviewer's animadversions will doubtless induce the editor to make every effort to secure accuracy in later volumes.

In the bookselling world to-day the term "Society" is (I agree with your reviewer) too loosely used. If Mr. Gibbings and Mr. Farmer will dub their series simply "The Early English Drama" I am sure that

their spirited venture, to which I wish every success, will not suffer. There is no need for "hon. vice-presidents." I accepted the position with reluctance, and am glad to hear from Mr. Gibbings that the names of the "hon. vice-presidents" will be withdrawn from future prospectuses.

A. H. BULLEN.

P.S.—Of course, Mr. Farmer is not a Bentley; but do Oxford and Cambridge, when (at rare intervals) they give us texts of the old dramatists, satisfy the fastidious?

#### AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Allow a German to re-establish "l'Entente cordiale" between the Irish-English scholar, Professor Tyrrell, and the French Professor, H. H. Johnson, of Rennes University. Monsieur Johnson is wrong, *verbis et factis*. Professor Tyrrell knew the emendation, τὴν Ἀκίσσων σελήνην, in the sense of *pueri nates*, before he could have seen the Frenchman's letter in the ACADEMY of November 11, 1905, p. 1181. For I myself wrote to Professor Tyrrell at Dublin directly after having received the ACADEMY of November 4, 1905 (on November 6 or 7): "Years ago I noted this sense of the phrase in my copy of Herodas, without knowing where I have found it." Professor Tyrrell immediately answered, and writes me (Dublin University Club, November 11): "The more I think of your explanation of Herodas iii. 61, the more I believe in it. It was the full moon that satisfied Akisaeus, and that is a very apt expression for a *foedus nudatus*." I find that on p. 257 of the ACADEMY, Professor Tyrrell had no opportunity, nor was he obliged, to quote an authority for this explanation, which I had communicated to him. Also months ago I gave the explanation to Mr. Nairn, after having seen his edition.

DR. MAX MAAS.

Munich, Bavaria, March 29.

#### NON-UNIVERSITY HISTORIANS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In dealing with the statistics of the University training of authors, you are again unlucky with your selection of typical "non-University historians." Not to insist further on Smollett, who once more figures as never having been at any University, it seems necessary that somebody should make protest against James Mill, George Finlay, and Colonel Mure being classed with the rankers. Mill was not a great historian, but the fault was not in his lack of University opportunities. Sent to Edinburgh University in 1790 at the comparatively mature age of seventeen, he got all that the Arts and Theology faculties could give him in eight years of strenuous hard work there. He was not merely distinguished in Dugald Stewart's classes, but had such a record in Greek that in 1818 he was advised to stand for the Greek chair in Glasgow University.

George Finlay, the historian of Greece, had not such a normal academic course as Mill. But resolving to go to the Scottish bar, he continued at Göttingen University his law studies begun in Glasgow, reading hard (but miscellaneously) for some two years; and after a campaign with the Greek revolutionary army in the Morea, resumed his legal studies at Edinburgh University, passing the examination in civil law required for the bar.

Colonel Mure of Caldwell came from Westminster School to Edinburgh University and completed his studies at the University of Bonn—so that his wide knowledge of Greek literature was not acquired by accident, or picked up during his tour in Greece.

And as to the philosophers and economists, surely it is notorious that Adam Smith owed more to his four sessions at Glasgow, and to the stimulus he derived from such teachers as Francis Hutcheson and Robert Simson than to all the academic prelections or instruction he received at Oxford.

Sir William Hamilton, born within the College of Glasgow, was the son and grandson of Glasgow professors, and in the four years he spent at Glasgow University (not to speak of one at Edinburgh) before he went to Oxford, was already so well equipped for his life-work that at Balliol his tutor left him to manage his studies in his own way.

And as you expressly include among historians those who practise the art as "a branch of literature," surely Goldsmith should be named with the *alumni* of T. C. D.?

U. J. D.

#### UNIVERSITY POETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of the 31st ult. you included a letter from "V." criticising the list of Cambridge poets which appeared in the ACADEMY of the 3rd ult. May I point out some omissions from the list of Oxford poets, as "V." doubts whether they are so serious as those from the Cambridge list? Nicholas Breton, Sir Edw. Dyer, Sir W. Raleigh, Geo. Chapman, Thos. Watson, Sir J. Davies, J. Donne, Robert Burton, Lord Herbert of Cheshire, J. Ford, Hy. King, Bishop of Chichester, Wm. Browne, Hy. Vaughan, Sir C. Sedley, Earl of Rochester, Wm. Wycherley, J. Norris, Wm. Walsh, Wm. Somerville, T. Tickell, Thos. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, Hon. W. R. Spencer, T. L. Beddoes, Sir Francis Doyle, Lord de Tabley.

It were possible, indeed, to give the names of yet another fifty Oxonians of the past whose lyrics are still well known to us.

BATHURST WALKER.

## LOST ILLUSIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of March 31st you say as follows: "A month ago, Waring was Waring, a romantic figure about whom the imagination weaved wonderful stories: to-day he is Alfred Domett," etc. As a matter of fact, the Philistines—and among them on this occasion, unless I am sadly mistaken, we must class Mr. Birrell—have spent the best part of their careers in endeavouring to identify Waring with Tom, Dick, and Harry. These literary coroners are cousins-german to those masters in lunacy who solemnly hold weekly sittings on the question of Hamlet's sanity. Their lack of insight into the true spirit of their own game is, however, remarkable. They have hitherto failed to perceive the obvious fact that Waring is not a concrete personality at all, but a presiding Oversoul, the chief of whose representatives now on Earth is Mr. Winston Churchill.

April 1.

R. NANKIVELL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your note on biographers and shattered illusions you say: "A month ago Waring was Waring, a romantic figure, about whom the imagination weaved wonderful stories: to-day he is Alfred Domett, the Colonial Secretary of New Munster." I remember seeing, about twelve years ago, "The Poems and Poets of the Century," edited by Mr. A. H. Miles. One of the ten volumes contained a selection of the poems of Mr. Alfred Domett, and the introduction to the selection contained the information you refer to. As I had never read the poem, "Waring," I do not recall being greatly disturbed by the identification; but it is perhaps better to have lost an illusion than never to have had it at all.

J. S. LUSCOMBE.

## WILL NO ONE TELL ME WHAT IT MEANS?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I may be a Philistine all complete, but I must confess I have been simply astounded by the frequent appeal to the line:

Will no one tell me what she sings?

in Wordsworth's "The Solitary Reaper" as a supreme instance of lyrical expression. Let us consider for a moment. The words imply that the poet is at the time possessed with a desire that some one should inform him what the song is about. The inference is that there is no such informant at hand; and the poet is therefore justified in indulging in his own speculations. The question is merely introductory to the surpassing beauty of the rest of the stanza, and to single it out for supreme laudation—excellent and natural as it is as a connecting link—is to mistake its subsidiary function, and to confer upon it an elevation, which, I submit, was far from the intention of the poet. Such is my view of the line, but others apparently find more in it than I do, and a statement of their view of its significance would be welcome.

Having ventured thus far, I may perhaps be allowed to mention two things in Wordsworth that have always irritated me, especially as they occur in two poems which are undoubtedly among his masterpieces.

Why does he inform us that the Thrush, whose song gives rise to the Reverie of Poor Susan, "has sung for three years"? The only answers I can suggest are (1) that, though the bird has sung for three years in the thick of London, its song has power to revive rural impressions in the listener; but, then, there would appear to be little virtue in the number "three," and "it has sung there for years"—a conjectural emendation which will perhaps be offered after the lapse of a few centuries—might be preferred; or (2) possibly it may be a fact of natural history with which I am unfamiliar, that the thrush's song is not fully developed until it attains the age of three. Neither of these hypotheses seems to me quite satisfactory from the poetical point of view.

Again in perhaps the noblest division in the Ode on Intimations of Immortality, what is the significance of the line "Nor Man nor Boy," which I never read without asking myself, why not "Nor Woman nor Girl"? It is very ungallant of me, no doubt; but I cannot bring myself to feel that the poet meant here to flatter the female sex. I have tried to regard him as referring to manhood and boyhood as typical stages of growth in the course of which "the vision splendid" fades "into the light of common day." I wonder if this interpretation is tenable.

March 17.

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

## EPITHETS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As the discussion about the "immortal phrase" seems to have closed, will you allow me to observe that, if we are to measure the greatness of poets by purely verbal tests of this nature (a proposition to which I emphatically demur), the epithets which they use will supply a much simpler and more conclusive test? Take, for instance, a few hundred lines of Milton's "Comus," and consider his use of the following epithets: "white-handed Hope," "violet-embroidered vale," "the vocal air," "the empty-vaulted night," "the raven dawn of dark-

ness," Scylla's "barking waves," "home-felt delight," "low-roosted lark," "usurping mists," "her unpillowed head," "the unsunned heaps of miser's treasure," "some ill-greeting touch," "squint suspicion," "with unblended majesty," "the huddling crook," "flaunting honeysuckle," "the drowsy-flighted steeds that draw the litter of close-curtained sleep," "solemn-breathing sound," "the pillared firmament," "the unexempt condition," "vizedorn falsehood."

Or take the poet who is the very soul of poetry, as musicians tell us that Mozart is the very soul of music, and consider Keats's use of the following epithets, which occur within a less space than Milton's: "full-throated ease," "sunburnt mirth," "beaded bubbles," "purple-stained mouth," "viewless wings of poesy," "the murmurous haunt of flies," "easeful Death," "hungry generations," "Ruth . . . stood in tears amid the alien corn," "mossed cottage trees," "the winnowing wind," "barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day," "an azure-lidded sleep," "from silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon," "with glowing hand," "in woofed phantasies," "moan forth witless words," "at these voluptuous accents," "like a throbbing star," "in the besieging wind's uproar," "along the gusty floor."

If it be true that a single head of Phidias and Praxiteles supplies an indisputable proof of the genius of those great sculptors, I venture to think that the poets who could write the few words I have quoted, even supposing that all the rest of their poetry had been lost, would be visibly stamped in the eyes of discerning critics with the seal and superscription of the Muse. And I believe that, if the one-sided admirers and advocates of Shelley and Wordsworth will take the trouble to apply this test to them, they will be constrained to say with Virgil's shepherd:

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic."

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

## A CURIOUS DISSENTING ENDOWMENT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In "The Church and Her Story" I have described the curious dissenting endowment at Little Maplestead, where the Sabbatarians or Seventh Day Baptists, are the owners of the great tithe and four hundred acres of land, and are also patrons of the living, which "living," by the way, is worth £60 a year! As I am now preparing a new edition of "How Dissent is Established and Endowed," I shall be grateful if any reader of the ACADEMY can send me particulars of any Dissenting Endowments of which they happen to possess knowledge, and also especially to learn if any similar case exists where Nonconformists are patrons of a church living and devote the tithe to other than Church purposes.

G. H. F. NYE.

35 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square,

March 30.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ARCHÆOLOGY.

*Annual Progress Report of the Archaeological Surveyor, United Provinces and Punjab, for Year ending 31 March 1905; and Photographs and Drawings Referred to in the Annual Progress Report.* Camp Branch, Govt. Press, United Provinces.

## ART.

*William Strang: Catalogue of his etched work.* Illustrated with 471 Reproductions. With an introductory essay by Laurence Binyon. 10½ x 6½. Pp. xvii, 211. Glasgow: MacLehose, 42s. net.

[The reproductions are two or three to a page; opposite each is the title, date, process, size, and number of proofs. Indexes.]

*The National Gallery, London.—The Flemish School.* Introduction by Frederick Wedmore. Art Library. 9½ x 7. Pp. xxv. Plates lxx. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Thompson, J. Arthur. *Herbert Spencer.* English Men of Science series. 7½ x 5. Pp. 284. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Innes, Arthur, D. *Ten Tudor Statesmen.* 9 x 6. Pp. 402. Eveleigh Nash, 15s. net.

[Deals with the characters of Henry VII.; Cardinal Wolsey; Sir Thomas More; Cromwell; Henry VIII.; Somerset; Cranmer; William Cecil (Lord Burghley); Sir Francis Walsingham; and Sir Walter Raleigh.]

Eagar, M. *Six Years at the Russian Court.* With numerous illustrations. 8 x 5½. Pp. 283. Hurst & Blackett, 6s. net.

[Miss Eagar was appointed in 1898 to take charge of the Grand Duchesses of Russia, and has written a pleasant, sensible and entertaining book about the home life of the Russian Court. It is neither sentimental nor scandalous; indeed, the author is rather scornful of the rumour-makers. She mentions Father John and other interesting people, and adds chapters on Social Life in Russia and kindred subjects.]

Lamington, Lord. *In the Days of the Dandies.* Introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 212. Eveleigh Nash, 3s. 6d. net.

[A reprint, in book form, of the series of papers under the above title, which began to appear in *Blackwood's* in 1890.]

Downey, Edmund. *Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters.* With Portraits. In 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. xi, 808. Blackwood, 21s. net. (See p. 325.)

## CLASSICS.

- Bacchylides.* The text edited by Sir Richard C. Jebb. 7×4½. Pp. viii, 56. Cambridge University Press, 1s. 6d.  
[This is the text prepared by the late Sir Richard Jebb for his annotated edition (Cambridge, 1905).]

## DRAMA.

- Dillon, Arthur. *The Maid of Artemis.* 6½×5½. Pp. 68. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.  
[A poetic drama of Ancient Greece. In six scenes.]  
*Paradise Lost.* A drama in four acts, adapted from John Milton's epic poem. By Walter Stephens. 9¼×6¼. Pp. 48. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. net.

## ECONOMICS.

- Lange, M. E. *Local Taxation in London.* With a preface by Lord Welby. 8½×5½. Pp. xii, 46. Published for the London Reform Union by P. S. King & Son. 1s. net.  
[Three chapters, dealing with the relation of London to the Imperial Exchequer; the financial relations of different parts of London to the whole; and the relative positions of land and of buildings.]

## EDUCATION.

- Watt, A. F., and Hayes, B. J. *Matriculation Latin Construing Book.* 7×5. Pp. viii, 70. University Tutorial Series. Clive, University Tutorial Press, 2s.  
*Our Planet.* 7½×5. Pp. 256. Round the World Series. Jack, 1s. 6d.  
[Astronomy, Physical Geography, Ethnology, Religions, Zoology, Commerce, Communications, etc. etc. In fact, all about our Planet, with illustrations, etc.]  
*The Three Term Algebra.* Book iv. 7×4½. Pp. 86. Jack, 6d.  
[A Systematic Course of Preparation for the Oxford and Cambridge Locals.]

## FICTION.

- Castle, Agnes and Egerton. *If Youth but knew!* With illustrations by Lancelot Speed. 7½×5½. Pp. xvi, 348. Smith, Elder, 6s.  
Ward, Mrs. Wilfrid. *Out of Due Time.* 7½×5½. Pp. 379. Longmans, 6s.  
Crockett, S. R. *Kid McGhie.* With four illustrations. 8¼×5½. Pp. 400. James Clarke & Co., 6s.  
Tearle, Christian. *Old Mr. Lovelace.* 7½×5½. Pp. 342. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.  
Marsh, Charles Fielding. *Mr. Baxter—Sportsman.* 7½×5½. Pp. 346. Smith, Elder, 6s.  
Warden, Florence. *Love and Lordship.* 7½×5. Pp. 397. Chatto & Windus, 6s.  
Campbell, Frances. *Dearlove: The History of Her Summer's Makebelieve.* 7½×5½. Pp. 370. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.  
Little, Mr. Archibald. *A Millionaire's Courtship.* 7½×5. Pp. 309. Unwin, 6s.  
Jones, Dora M. *A Maid of Normandy.* A Romance of Versailles. 8×5½. Pp. 349. Blackwood, 6s.  
Gorst, Mrs. Harold E. *The Light.* 8×5½. Pp. 355. Cassell, 6s.  
Harris, J. Henry. *A Romance in Radium.* 7½×5. Pp. 235. Greening, 3s. 6d.  
Harris, A. L. *The Sin of Salome.* 7½×5. Pp. 245. Greening, 3s. 6d.  
Osbourne, Lloyd. *Wild Justice.* 7½×5. Pp. 296. Heinemann, 6s.  
Danby, Frank. *The Sphinx's Lawyer.* 7½×5. Pp. 387. Heinemann, 6s.  
Lanyon, H. Sant Martin. *The Married Bachelor.* A farcical romance. 7½×5. Pp. 388. Greening, 6s.  
Sims, George R. *The Mysteries of Modern London.* 8×5½. Pp. 192. Pearson, 2s. 6d.  
[A collection of articles such as appear in the columns of *Answers* and similar papers.]

## HISTORY.

- Besant, Sir Walter. *Medieval London.* Vol. i.—Historical and Social. Illustrated. 11½×9. Pp. 419. Black, 30s. net.  
*English Historians.* Introduction by A. J. Grant. 7½×5½. Pp. lxxxvi, 251. Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.  
[An attempt to show the different forms that English written history has assumed at different periods by giving: (1) Passages to illustrate the view taken by different historians of the objects and methods of History; (2) Passages illustrative of the method and style of different historians.]  
Salus, Edgar. *Imperial Purple.* 7½×5½. Pp. 213. Greening, 3s. 6d. net.  
[Vigorous and sensational studies of the Emperors and the social life of Rome from Cæsar to Heliogabalus. We dislike such forms as "Antonin," "Claud," "Tigellin"; but there is no denying that the work presents a vivid picture of the corruption which ruined Rome.]

## LAW.

- Leage, R. W., M.A., B.C.L. *Roman Private Law.* 9×5½. Pp. 429. Macmillan, 10s. net.  
[An attempt to meet a want which the author has felt in teaching Roman Law at Oxford: viz. "some book which is content to give, as simply as possible, the subject-matter of the *Institutes* of Gaius and Justinian, following, in the main, the original order of treatment."]

## LITERATURE.

- The Oxford New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. *Matter-Mesnalty* (Volume vi.) By Henry Bradley. 13½×10½. Pp. 127. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s.  
Greg, Walter W. *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama.* A literary enquiry, with special reference to the pre-Restoration stage in England. 9×6. Pp. 464. Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.  
*The Legend of St. Juliana.* Translated from the Latin of the *Acta Sanctorum* and the Anglo-Saxon of Cynewulf by Charles William Kennedy. 7×5½. Pp. 60. Princetown (U.S.A.): The University Library, n.p.  
[The Latin version was used by Cynewulf as a basis for his poem. Mr. Kennedy, who is Scribner Fellow in English Literature at Princeton, has followed the Anglo-Saxon and Latin texts printed by Strunk in the Belles-Lettres edition of Cynewulf, the Latin text being Bolland's.]

- Alexander, Hartley Burr. *Poetry and the Individual.* 7½×5. Pp. 240. Putnam's, 6s. net. (See p. 323.)  
[“An analysis of the imaginative life in relation to the creative spirit in man and nature.”]  
*The Journal of Philology.* Vol. xxx, No. 59. Pp. 160. Macmillan, 4s. 6d.  
Contents: “The British Museum Papyrus of Isocrates *ἱεροκλῆς*,” By H. I. Bell; “Some Emendations of Propertius,” By H. W. Garrod; “Elision in Hendecasyllables,” By H. W. Garrod; “The Alphabet of Ben Sira,” By C. Taylor; “Conjectural Emendations in the *Silvae* of Statius,” By D. A. Slater.  
Matthew Arnold's “*Merope*,” to which is appended “The Electra of Sophocles,” translated by Robert Whitelaw. 7½×5. Pp. 169. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.  
[“An attempt to introduce and to bring home to modern readers who are not Greek scholars, Attic tragedy in its most perfect form.”]

## MEDICAL.

- Drinkwater, H. *Food in Health and Disease.* With a preface by T. R. Bradshaw. 6×4. Pp. vii, 174. Dent: The Temple Primers, 1s. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Harris, J. Rendel. *The Cult of the Heavenly Twins.* With 7 Plates. 9×5½. Pp. 160. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.  
*Journal of the Continental Congress 1774-1789.* Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford, Chief of Division of Manuscripts. Vol. iv., 1776. January 1-June. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
*List of Cartularies (Principally French) Recently Added to the Library of Congress.* Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
*American Journal of Mathematics.* Edited by Frank Morley. Vol. xxviii.—No. 1. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.  
Smithsonian Institution.—Bureau of American Ethnology. *Haida Texts and Myths.* Skidegate dialect. Recorded by J. R. Swanton. *Twenty-third Annual Report, 1901-1902.* Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
U.S. Geological Survey.—Dept. of Interior. *Water-Supply and Irrigation Papers* 123, 125, 157, 129, 130, 131, 133-147, 149, 151, 152. *Bulletins* 247, 251, 256, 263, 266, 268, 270, 271, 276. *Professional Papers*, 34, 36-38, 40-42. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
U.S. Geological Survey Monographs. xlviii—Parts i. and ii. Washington: Govt. Printing Office.  
Williamson, J. S. *Anglo-Saxon Amity.* 9×6½. Pp. 15.  
[The speech delivered before the Canadian Club, Boston, on December 4 last by the editor of the *Toronto News*. Reprinted by a strong committee at the suggestion of Sir James Gowan.]  
“Lato.” *So-Called Skirts.* 7½×5. Pp. 124. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. net.  
[Or, why girls should not wear rationals.]  
Wagner, Charles. *Courage.* 7½×4½. Pp. 288. Unwin, 1s. net.  
[Uniform with “Toward the Heights.”]

## POETRY.

- Austin, Alfred. *The Door of Humility.* 7½×5½. Pp. 174. Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.  
Nykat Ki. *Patriots All.* 6¼×4. Pp. 18. Printed by Alexander Moring, 3d. net.  
[A poem in spirited but sometimes crabbed verse urging Britons to adopt the proposals of Lord Roberts.]  
Lounsbury, G. Constant. *Love's Testament: a Sonnet Sequence.* 7½×5. Pp. 135. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.  
*A Wreath of Remembrance.* By M. Y. W. 7½×5. Pp. 260. Drane, 3s. 6d.  
Folliott, Thomas. *The Quantock Hills.* Stanzas written in the neighbourhood of Holford. 7×4½. Pp. 37. Fifield.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Anthony Trollope's *Small House at Allington.* New Pocket Library. In 2 vols. Each 6×3½. Pp. 576 and 578. Lane, 1s. 6d. net per vol.  
New Universal Library.—Bullfinch's *The Age of Fable*; Walt Whitman's *Specimen Days in America*; Landon's *Imaginary Conversations* (Classical); Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp* (Country essays); Reynolds's *Discourses*; Francis Jeffrey's *Essays on English Poets and Poetry*; Phillimore's translation of Lessing's *Laocoon*; Macaulay's *Literary Essays*; Borrow's *The Roman Rye*; Oliver Wendell Holmes's *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*; Peacock's *Headlong Hall*, *Melincourt*, *Nightmare Abbey*, *Maid Marian* (in one vol.); Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*; Routledge, cloth, 1s. net; royal blue leather, 1s. 6d. net.  
Everyman's Library: *The Plays of Euripides*, translated by Shelley; Dean Milman, Potter and Woodhull (in two vols.) vol. i. Burnet's *History of My Own Times*, abridged by the Rev. Thomas Stackhouse; *The New Testament* (A chronological arrangement by Principal Lindsay); Strickland's *Life of Queen Elizabeth*; *Gulliver's Travels* (illustrated by Arthur Rackham); *The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus*, translated into English verse by John Stuart Blackie; *Lady Montagu's Letters, 1709 to 1760*; and *A Child's Book of Saints*, by William Canton. Each 7×4½. Dent, 1s. net cloth; 2s. net leather.  
*Official Handbook of the Church of England, 1906.* 8½×5½. Pp. xxxviii, 726. S.P.C.K., 3s.  
Geen, Philip. *Fishing in Ireland*; and *Fishing in Scotland and the Home Counties.* Each 9×5½. Pp. 190 and 348. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net each.  
Dumas's *The Three Musketeers* (2 vols.); and *Twenty Years After* (2 vols.). 7½×5. Pp. about 450 per vol. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.  
[An English issue of sheets printed in America and published in 1888 and 1893.]  
Harland, Henry. *My Friend Prospero.* Newnes' Sixpenny Illustrated Novels.  
Marshall, Emma. *The Young Queen of Hearts.* Seeley, 6d.  
Bullen, Frank T. *The Log of a Sea-waif*, being recollections of the first four years of my sea life. 7×5½. Pp. xii, 349. Smith, Elder. The Waterloo Library, 3s. 6d.



Van Dyke, Henry. *Manhood, Faith and Courage*. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

[Sermons written for a church in which there are a great many young men, and afterwards preached in college chapels at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and elsewhere. This edition contains a new chapter on "Christ Fundamental."]

Stall, Sylvanus, D. D. *What a young boy ought to know*. New Revised Edition. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 193. The Self and Sex Series. The Vir Publishing Co., 4s. net.

*De Flagello Myrteo*. CCCLX thoughts and fancies on Love. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 95. Elkin Mathews.

*The Life of Christ*. By Dean Farrer. With a preface by the Bishop of London. Cheap edition, paper covers. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 318. Cassell, 6d. net.

Sinclair, Archdeacon. *Unto You Young Men; Unto You Young Women*. Each 7 x 4½. Pp. 258 and 228. Melrose, 2s. 6d. net per vol.

Gibbon, Percival. *Souls in Bondage*. 8½ x 5. Pp. 164. Blackwood, 6d.

#### SCIENCE.

Bose, Jagadis Chunder. *Plant Response as a Means of Physiological Investigation*. Illustrated. 9 x 6. Pp. 781. Longmans, 21s.

Scientific Memoirs by Officers of the Medical and Sanitary Departments of the Government of India. *On the Standardisation of Anti-Typhoid Vaccine*. By Capt. G. Lamb and Capt. W. B. C. Forster. Issued under the Authority of the Govt. of India. Calcutta: Office of Supt. of Govt. Printing, 6 annas (7d.).

Seaman, Louis Livingstone. *The Real Triumph of Japan: the Conquest of the Silent Foe*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 291. Appleton, 6s. net.

[The real triumph of Japan lay, according to Surgeon-Major (U.S.V.E.) Seaman, in the medical and sanitary departments of her army. He visited the Japanese hospitals and is of opinion that his own country has everything to learn from the Japanese medical methods and organisation.]

#### SOCIOLOGY.

Carlile, the Rev. Wilson, and Carlile, Victor, W. *The Continental Outcast*. Land Colonies and Poor Law Relief, with a preface by the Bishop of Southwark. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xiii, 143. Unwin, 1s. net.

[An account of a recent visit paid to the Labour Colonies of Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark, to acquire information that might be of use in the social work of the Church Army. Mr. Carlile finds the lack of personal influence a defect in the Land Colonies of other nations, which seldom lead to permanent reclamation. In clearing roads and towns of loafers, etc., they are of great value.]

Swift, Morrison I. *Marriage and Race Death*. The Foundations of an intelligent system of marriage. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 270. New York: The Morrison I Swift Press, \$1.10.

[A savage attack on capitalism and the established order by a thorough-going revolutionary. So long as the caste-system continues, says Mr. Swift, the better sort of women will remain childless and the race degenerate. What would happen in the matter of love and marriage if the caste-system were removed, Mr. Swift will show in a future volume.]

#### THEOLOGY.

*The Book of Job in the Revised Version*. Edited, with introductions and brief annotations by S. R. Driver. 8 x 5½. Pp. 133. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net.

[“An attempt to explain the Revised Version of the Book of Job in such a manner as to make the poem intelligible to an ordinary educated reader.”]

#### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Meehan, J. F. *More favourite houses of Bath and District*. Being the second series of that work. With an introduction by Egerton Castle. Illustrated with 50 reproductions of original drawings and rare prints in the possession of the author. 10½ x 6½. Pp. xvi, 248. Bath: B. J. F. Meehan, 12s. 6d. net.

[This second part of Mr. Meehan's beautiful and interesting work appears, at a first glance, to be as good as the first; and that is high praise.]

*By-Paths in the Balkans*. By Captain F. W. Von Herbert. 9 x 6. Pp. 296. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.

[Four of the ten papers in this volume have appeared in different periodicals. The papers are the result of a sixteen-months journey in the Balkan countries, 1903-1905.]

Maughan, William Charles. *Picturesque Musselburgh and its Golk Links*. With illustrations by R. Gemmell Hutchinson. 7½ x 5. Pp. 108. Paisley: Gardner, 1s. net paper, 1s. 6d. net cloth.

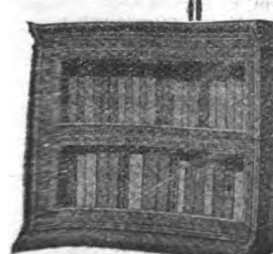
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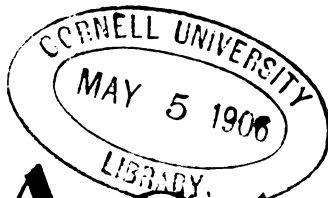
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

MILTON, as every one knows, had at one time an idea of writing a great tragedy. He made, between 1640 and 1642, a list of subjects that might be suitable, some taken from the Bible, some from British history. At the head of that list, which is now in the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, comes *Paradise Lost*. He sketched out four scenarios and wrote the first ten lines: the passage beginning: "O thou, that with surpassing glory crowned," which now appears as lines 32-41 of Book IV. That he abandoned the idea of making a tragedy of the theme is, like what goes before in this note, a commonplace of literary history. In 1658, when the political troubles and labours that had occupied the intervening years were over, he began to write his epic.

The obvious inference is that he did not think he could make a good tragedy of the subject, or, at least, that he could make a better epic. That is not enough for Mr. Walter Stephens, the author of a book now before us: "*Paradise Lost*, a Drama in Four Acts adapted from John Milton's Epic Poem." Mr. Stephens is convinced that Milton was only prevented by his blindness from writing his tragedy. Why, if a blind man can write an epic—and so learned an epic as "*Paradise Lost*"—cannot he write a tragedy? But Mr. Stephens has a "conclusive" argument to adduce. Milton would have made more money out of a tragedy: he only received some £23 for the epic. (The sum, in fact, was £18.) Is Mr. Stephens aware what sort of fees playwrights received in the seventeenth century? That up to 1642, when the theatres were closed, the highest price paid for a play was some £20? And where was Milton to get his tragedy acted? It was, according to Mr. Stephens's own argument, only between 1652 and 1658 that he was prevented by blindness from writing it. During those years the only theatrical performances in London were Davenant's "operas" in Blackfriars and the surreptitious productions at the Red Bull, and even those for only part of the period.

It must be clear enough to most people that Milton did not write a tragedy of "*Paradise Lost*," because he considered that it would not do; because he realised, being a mind of something more than the usual dignity, that the appearance of Satan and the Angels on the stage was impossible in an age so far removed as his from the naïveté of the Miracle plays. He abandoned the idea because he was afraid of it. With his usual rashness, Dryden, in spite of Milton's sneer and Marvell's wise warning, made a play of "*Paradise Lost*"—but even Dryden did not wish *The State of Innocence* acted. Mr. Stephens is here to repair the effects of Milton's and Dryden's timidity, to rush in where they feared to tread. The style of "*Paradise Lost*," he is good enough to inform us, "is throughout great," and this is how he treats it. Milton wrote:

O Prince, O Chief of many thronè Powers  
That led the embattled Seraphim to war  
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!  
Too well I see and rue the dire event  
That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,  
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences  
Can perish:

Mr. Stephens writes:

O mighty Chief of many throned Powers who daredst  
Fearless to endanger th' universal ruler  
And put to proof his high supremacy,  
Too well we see and rue this dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host [turns  
and peers around]

In terrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as gods and ethereal essences  
Can perish.

It appears to be wrong to talk of "Heaven's perpetual King," but right to mention Heaven. Why? Approval of the play has been expressed by a clergyman, who is of opinion that Mr. Stephens has "succeeded admirably in preserving Milton's rhythm and diction." To us it appears that the action of the censor, in refusing his consent to the public performance of the play, was wise but quite unnecessary, and that Mr. Stephens's timid device of (sometimes) substituting ethereal (which does not scan) for heavenly (which does), and so forth, does nothing to suit his work for performance on any stage. What pleasure it will give to the reader we have quoted enough to show.

We have referred to "*Paradise Lost*" as a learned work. Except Burton's *Anatomy* it is probably the most learned work in the English language: for one thing that Milton resolved to do so early as 1640-42, when he was laying plans for a great poem, was to increase his learning for the purpose. And of that learning it has often been complained that we find too much in "*Paradise Lost*." Milton wants a simile; he finds, not one, but a hundred; he gets started, so to speak, and continues references, allusions, instances for a whole page, many of which none but a man as learned as himself could elucidate in footnotes. The sound of this grand roll of instances is always superb: no lover of Milton's majesty would sacrifice a line of it; but it is not easy or "affecting" reading.

It is not, certainly, the kind of reading that a peasant would be expected to enjoy; and that makes the statement lately repeated by Mr. Maurice Baring in the *Morning Post* all the more surprising. Mr. Baring has said before and says again that the Russian peasant is very fond of "*Paradise Lost*." He reads it regularly—would read it more, if it were one of the books which the censor (who does not actually prohibit it) allowed to be included in the lists of the school libraries. Before we allow our surprise to be too great, however, it would be well to know whether the translation read by the Russian peasant (which, we learn, is in prose) is complete or not. Very possibly a good deal that is most Miltonic is omitted, and the peasant is able to read the work without being brought up short by—so to speak—the Catalogue of Ships.

If that is so, and if the epic is presented in a shortened and simplified form, we can understand to some extent how it is that the Russian peasant finds, as Mr. Baring says he does, that it is "near to the heart; it speaks; you read and a sweetness comes over you." It is, as we need not say, under its trappings of learning, a simple, moving story on broad lines; a story that must touch every man; since every man has been at one time in *Paradise* and been ejected through his own fault. We remember that

"Little Arthur's History of England" told us (we must have been about the age of five) that we ought to be proud to be born a countryman of John Milton's. Little Arthur was quite right; and the wonder aroused by his statement was, in our own case, to be satisfied soon after by the gift from an old, old lady of an old, old copy of the poem. It was to be "put by" until we were "old enough" to read it. We judged ourselves old enough at—if we remember rightly—the age of seven. The Miltonic line was intoxication then: it has never lost an *iota* of its influence.

There are some capital stories in a very delightful book recently published—the late Lord Lamington's "In the Days of the Dandies." Some of the best concern Lord Palmerston. Is it known who was the author of the following parody, made on the subject of the Prime Minister's vanity?

When some gay viscount old and jolly,  
Thinks that his hair becomes too grey;  
What charm can chase the *tempus molle*,  
What art can drive his years away?

The only art his years to cover,  
To hide his age from every eye,  
And be the young and tender lover  
We used to know him, is to dye!

We have ventured to make a slight alteration in the third line of the first stanza from the form in which it appears in Lord Lamington's book. But the verses remind us of a saying by one of the wittiest of living men. A friend, who used the same art as Pam to conceal the ravages of time, was under discussion—and was declared to be "not so black as he is painted!"

There are good stories, too, of Urquhart, the strange would-be Oriental, whose feud with Palmerston was the talk of the day. Urquhart had been secretary at Constantinople during Lord Ponsonby's embassy, and brought home—to Watford, of all places, where he had an "Eastern palace"—the Oriental habits he affected there. Lord Lamington once went to stay with him, and on his arrival was informed by the Eastern servant: "Family all in bath." In a moment "a small child, with only a little linen cloth on and all dripping wet, entered the room, made a low salaam, kissed my hand, pressed it to his forehead, and said, 'Papa and mamma leave bath soon.'" Presently "a procession such as was seldom seen in the West, appeared. It was headed by Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart, in turbans and large white sheets, fringed with gold embroidery, thrown over them. They were followed by three or four young men in similar costumes, only not quite so magnificent. These, I learnt subsequently, were the private secretaries; then followed a large retinue of servants, some still in a very moist condition. No word was spoken."

The bath, of course, was a Turkish bath; but the story makes one glad that our Anglo-Indians and others do not now bring home from the East affectations of this kind. Readers of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" will remember Thackeray's vicious portrait of the Nabob—and Thackeray had good reason to know what an Anglo-Indian was like. On the shores of Torbay may be seen a round house, built by one Smith, a retired John Company man, in which comfort and appropriateness were both sacrificed to a desire for a resemblance to an Eastern temple. Nowadays, except for an occasional "pukka" and a dread of catching cold, there is nothing to distinguish an Anglo-Indian from any other servant of his country.

There came into our hands recently a novel, one chapter of which was devoted to the description of a hunt—and the inevitable accident. The victim was a gentleman. We turned to the illustration: the horse responsible for

the catastrophe carried a lady. In a novel we read years ago, we remember an illustration showing two gentlemen in the act of "taking" a fence. One wore a beard and moustache, the other a moustache. Two pages further on the hero lay prostrate on the ground, his faithful friend bending over him and administering restoratives: both were clean-shaven. There have been innumerable instances of text and illustration being at variance, and Dickens, of all authors, has probably suffered the most.

Some time ago we referred to the "Oliver Twist" poster, in which the steps where Nancy met Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie were on the eastern side of St. Saviour's Church, instead of on the western. In "Barnaby Rudge" Phiz gives Joe Willet first a right arm only, then a left: Dickens does not mention which he lost in the defence of the Salvagners. In the sedan chair incident in "Pickwick" Mr. Winkle is depicted holding a candle, though Dickens states that it had been thrown away. In "Dombey and Son" stress is laid on the fact that Dr. Blimber took only ten pupils at a time; yet Hablot K. Browne, in the illustration of "Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen as they appeared when enjoying themselves," gives sixteen—without Paul. Again, we are told that Captain Cuttle was "a man with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist." Phiz gives him six times with the hook attached to the right wrist and twice with the hook attached to the left. And when David Copperfield, with certain credulous Middlesex magistrates, visits Pentonville, we are shown Uriah Heep and Steerforth's valet, both convicted felons, in ordinary costume.

The blunders of authors themselves have been greater, and often more amusing, than those of their illustrators. We mentioned not long ago the Count who walked up and down the drive, with his hands behind his back, reading his newspaper, and the gentleman whose hands were cold and clammy, like those of a serpent. Trollope's Andy Scott comes whistling up the street with a cigar between his teeth; and the hero of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days" arrives at his club just as the clocks of London are striking ten minutes to twelve. Shakespeare makes Hector quote Aristotle and puts a billiard table into Cleopatra's house; but his mistakes have been too often dwelt upon. Don Quixote in one chapter bemoans the loss of his ass; a little later he mounts it. Thackeray kills off Lord Farintosh's mother in chapter lvi. of "The Newcomes" and brings her to life in chapter lix. The same author is responsible for the description of Barry Lyndon's horse as by its dam out of its sire. In "Vanity Fair" Amelia, on the occasion of her marriage to George Osborne is said to have "sporting" a gold watch, the gift of Captain Dobbin; and less than a hundred pages further on we are told: "Mrs. Osborne had no watch, though, to do George justice, she might have had one for the asking." It would be interesting if readers of the ACADEMY could give similar instances of errors of well-known authors.

Mr. Michael Monahan is the editor and chief contributor of an American journal called *The Papyrus*, which reaches us regularly and is always read with interest. In fact, Mr. Monahan is *The Papyrus*. He has lately collected into a very handsome book, "Benigna Vena," some of the papers which, we believe, have appeared in his periodical, and one of them concerns "Literary Folk." Mr. Monahan is an outspoken person. He finds that women authors are nearly all ugly, and all regret it; that George Eliot "would gladly have bartered her literary genius for a good face," and "shows her spite in her own works and, in true womanly fashion, resents step-dame Nature's unkindness to herself by giving a bad end to every character whom she has endowed with personal beauty."

If we quoted more of Mr. Monahan on this subject, it would be clear to all that he is not only "outspoken" but occasionally very rude. How do they like this in America, the land of all others where the worship of women is carried to its highest point? And it is not altogether true. We know a number of women writers, and many of them are very good-looking—much better-looking, at any rate, than men writers, whose appearance, as Mr. Monahan has realised, is very seldom as attractive as their works.

We find ourselves more in agreement with him when he remarks on the facility with which women write. The lady of his acquaintance who "exuded sonnets at every pore" is no *rara avis*. As a rule, women write far more easily than men and find writing as pleasant as men find it painful. But even there we must not generalise. A writer of our acquaintance will sit down to his type-writer and rattle (in both uses of the word) an article—and sometimes a good article—straight off without a correction. And some acquaintance with the works of our young male poets has proved to us that they, too, find writing very easy. So it is. Borrow a thought from Rossetti and a metre from Mr. Swinburne, and there is no reason why such stuff as these poems are made of should not trickle out a line to the minute.

In the April number of the Danish review, *Tilskueren*, Niels Möller, a well-known poet and essayist, reviews the first instalment of Dr. Georg Brandes's autobiography, "Childhood and Youth." Brandes's marvellous memory, Möller maintains, is responsible—paradoxical as it may sound—for much unconscious misrepresentation. "He possesses that excellent, but dangerous, quality, a retentive memory. His recollections crystallise into a shape whose definite precision dazzles, and is moreover rounded off with well-defined details. They seem so vivid and exact, that it never occurs to him to doubt their accuracy. . . . The better the memory people possess, the more readily they permit themselves to be duped by the Nixies behind the illuminated surface of consciousness. Sympathies and antipathies colour their reminiscences without their being aware of it."

The reviewer remarks on Brandes's claim to the traits of reverence and piety, which astounded many of his readers. Yet "to those who have read his writings with a certain amount of care, this will be no new thing. . . . Brandes's high standing as a writer is partly connected with the reverence for intellectual power, which in his case is bred in the bone. It is the indispensable condition of his sympathy with the personages he describes, of his searching penetration into their spiritual world, his vehement endeavours to pluck the very soul out of their secret."

Niels Möller thinks that Brandes's power of passing through varied phases was foreshadowed in his childhood. "He was for ever longing to go farther, away from the territory he had conquered, onwards towards new worlds. 'Last year, when I was little, the hobby-horse amused me,' he said, as he rode his rocking-horse in wild delight. . . . Yet he preserved a pious memory of that hobby-horse." Finally Möller sums up the whole volume thus: In Brandes's recollections "one is able to trace the manner in which he was welded into a man, by his times and by life itself, by his disposition, his studies and acquaintances, by his external and inner experiences. It is this that gives the book its greatest value."

On the 19th, 20th, and 21st inst. Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge will sell, at their rooms in Wellington Street, the library of the late Rev. W. E. Begley, of Hampstead, and formerly of East Hyde Vicarage, Luton. Mr. Begley was the author of the work, "Nova Solyma," which he attributed to Milton. The collection is of a most unusual character and is justly described by the

faithful cataloguer as "a collection of rare books and tracts chronogrammatic, anagrammatic and epigrammatic." It includes many works on witchcraft, sorcery, demonomania, alchemy, and other occult subjects, the writings of ultra-religious sect-founders and original documents connected with Joanna Southcott, Mormonism, Shakerism, Swedenborgianism, Quakerism, Anabaptists, Millenarians, and Spiritualists.

The first of the three local conferences which the Council of the Library Association were instructed to arrange at the last Annual Meeting, at Cambridge, will be held at Birmingham, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor of the City, on May 3. These local conferences are the outcome of a motion by Mr. Councillor Abbott (Manchester), and resulted from Mr. Ballinger's (Cardiff Libraries) paper on "Library Politics." Practically the whole of the subjects of the proposed omnibus library bill, of which Mr. H. J. Tennant, M.P., will take charge, will be brought under discussion; viz., the removal of the rate limitation, the extension of the Acts to county areas, and public libraries and public education. All the Education Authorities of a very large district round Birmingham have been invited to send delegates.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Microscopical Society.—The next meeting of the society will be held on Wednesday, the 18th instant, at 8.0 P.M., when there will be an Exhibition of Lantern Slides of Plant Structure, prepared by Mr. A. Flatters, F.R.M.S.

The arrangements for Mr. Tree's Shakespeare week at His Majesty's Theatre are as follows: Monday, April 23, *The Tempest*; Tuesday, April 24 (evening) and Wednesday, April 25 (morning) *King Henry IV.*; Wednesday, April 25 (evening), *Twelfth Night*; Thursday, April 26 (evening) and Saturday, April 28 (morning), *Hamlet*; Friday, April 27, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with Miss Ellen Terry in the cast (Miss Terry's night); Saturday, April 28 (evening), *Julius Caesar*.

Mermaid Society.—A translation of Maxim Gorky's play *The Bezzemennous* will be performed by the Mermaid Society at Terry's Theatre on the afternoons of Monday, April 23, Thursday, April 26, and Friday, April 27, at 2 P.M. Tickets may be obtained either from the offices of the society, 3 Old Palace Chambers, Whitehall, or from the box-office at the theatre.

H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has given her patronage to the forthcoming unique Exhibition of Handicrafts to be held at the Grafton Galleries from April 19 to 27 inclusively. Numbers of well-known patrons have added their names, and the scheme is already attracting great attention. Many craftsmen and crafts-women of note are exhibiting, and will, in each case, be seen *actually at work*. There will be daily and hourly demonstrations in jewelry-making, wood-carving, weaving and spinning, lace-making, marqueterie, basket-making, pottery modelling, glass-blowing, metal repoussée work, and many other crafts.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Sale of the library of the late Rev. W. E. Begley, of Beechcroft Gardens, April 19, 20, and 21.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.—Sale of the libraries of the late Surgeon Major-General W. F. de Fableck and others, including first editions of Sterne, Dickens, Scott, Rowlandson, Stevenson, Lytton and others, Thursday and Friday, April 19 and 20.

## LITERATURE

### AFTER TENNYSON

*The Door of Humility.* By ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan, 4s. 6d. net.)

IN this book Mr. Alfred Austin has followed very closely on the lines of his predecessor's "In Memoriam." His poem is an echo of Tennysonian thought, often conveyed in Tennysonian phrase. Even in the introductory verses we find a curious mixture of the two voices. It is Mr. Austin who says:

We are not framed to understand  
The How and Why of such as He [*sic*];

and the last verse is pure Tennyson:

Until our finer sense expands [*sic*],  
And we exchange for holier sight  
The earthly help of voice and hands,  
And in His light behold the Light.



The Arthur Hallam, whose death was the inspiration of "In Memoriam," is replaced here by a lady called Monica. Yet there is a marked difference in the treatment of the theme by the two writers. It is scarcely necessary to say that the mind of Tennyson had a much wider range, and the doubts that he put forward were the gravest and the most solemn that ever touched humanity. He shuddered at Nature "red in tooth and claw." He saw that the scheme of the universe seemed to include a care for the type, an utter disregard for the individual. There were moments when the whole universe seemed to be the outcome of blind chance and the destiny of man to be all oblivion or a blank; but Mr. Austin is more concerned with smaller things and propounds such problems as whether it be true or no that Love is blind. Moreover, many of the finest passages—and there are many fine passages in the poem—are blurred by the singular infelicities of speech which often remind us of the stock phrases of the daily journalist. Even where this is not so the language is often unhappy. There is a lyric beginning: "Bound, runnels, bound, bound on, and flow," in which this is strikingly exemplified. It is a prosaic fact that the runnel does not bound, and certainly Tennyson would have hesitated to use the word in this connection. His Brook sparkles and hurries, it chatters and frets, it winds, but it is unthinkable that Tennyson should ever have made it "bound." Yet Mr. Austin's lyric is not without merit of its own. Another difference may be pointed out between him and his predecessor. Tennyson was in the best sense of the word the most intensely modern of poets. It is doubtful whether any other singer has succeeded so well in giving expression to the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of his contemporaries. In the pages of "In Memoriam" we find him constantly avoiding the trivial and the obsolete, while his pictures of life are drawn with close realism from what he sees about him. Mr. Austin follows a method that is almost the exact contrary. He forsakes his own time for a period that he considers to have more poetic quality. In a picture of Sunday, for instance, that is very far from being without merit, this verse occurs:

No flail beats time on granary floor,  
The windmill's rushing wings are stayed,  
The children's glee rings out no more  
From hedgerow bank or primrose glade.

How long is it, we wonder, since flails beat time on granary floors? At any rate, people are not usually threshing their corn at the time when children are gathering primroses. The real picture of country life just now, stated without poetry, is that in autumn the travelling threshing-machine emits no smoke from its funnel, and on a fine day in spring the becalmed hamlet is visited by an unending stream of bicycles and motor-cars. This, no doubt, Mr. Austin would dismiss as being criticism prosaic to the verge of Philistinism; yet it is undoubtedly a function of poetry to see the spiritual underlying the material garb that conceals it from the common eyes, and the mind of to-day, perplexed as to what it should believe and asking, as Mr. Austin does in the accents of Tennyson:

Dear Lord! Why longer shut me in  
This prison-house of ignorance!

would, we venture to say, receive little comfort from the results of his pilgrimage. He goes to Florence and in a vision beholds again "Dante's awful frown," and "Leonardo's mystic smile." He calls up, as it were, Savonarola and Buonarroti from the grave; and the conclusion he arrives at is that art brings peace, itself is peace, but only after the mind is schooled to know:

That gusts subside and tumults cease  
Only in sunset's afterglow.

He goes on thus:

Life's contradictions vanish then,  
Hush'd thought replacing clashing talk  
Among the windy ways of men,  
'Tis in the twilight Angels walk.

The adoption of Tennyson's very phrase is curious, especially if we remember the context:

Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

His next journey is to Rome. Of Rome he gives a romantic picture, in which it is difficult to recognise that vulgarised, tourist-haunted remnant of antiquity. The reflection with which he is inspired is that for upwards of a thousand years men in those same streets prayed to Jove and Juno and Venus and Minerva. Here altars smoked to gods and goddesses.

And did they hear and heed the prayer,  
Or, through that long Olympian reign,  
Were they divinities of air  
Begot of man's fantastic brain?

In Roman halls their statues still  
Serenely stand, but no one now  
Ascends the Capitoline Hill,  
To render thanks, or urge the vow.

The religion of that time has been thrown aside like a garment that has become old, but Mr. Austin finds comfort in the belief that, whatever else may happen:

Secure will last the tender tale  
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

Throughout this world of pain and loss,  
Man ne'er will cease to bend his knee  
To Crown of Thorns, to Spear, to Cross,  
And Doorway of Humility.

But the man whose spirit is modern will say: "Is that so indeed?" This is no place in which to discuss the question, and yet no good can come of shutting one's eyes to the fact that a great number of men have ceased, not from carelessness but from change of belief, to kneel to the Cross, even though they recognise the eternal fact lying behind many of the symbols referred to by the poet, and know that the Doorway of Humility, by whatever name it be called, is still the only strait gate. At Constantinople the poet listens to the Muezzin proclaiming from his minaret tower: "There is no God but God!" and has not much to say, or at least much that is pregnant, about the endurance of that belief. His wandering steps carry him next to Athens, where he might have spared us the harvest of Hymettus. It would, perhaps, be unkind to hint that the book is somewhat of a Cook's excursion into the realms of thought and imagination, but the reader will begin to think so when we carry him off to Delphi to seek what comfort may be had from the oracle there. In truth we are glad to get back with the poet to England and to the conclusion of the whole matter. He returns to the village church, and the ending is perhaps the finest part of the poem:

Mutely I knelt, with bended brow  
And shaded eyes, but heart intent,  
To learn, should any teach me now,  
What Life, and Love, and Sorrow meant.

And there remained until the shroud  
Of dusk foretold the coming night;  
And then I rose, and prayed aloud,  
"Let there be Light! Let there be Light!"

We have glanced at the matter of the poem, and the reader will be in a position to judge for himself to what extent we are entitled to repeat the opinion with which we began—that accent and thought are an emanation from Tennyson. Mr. Austin has read his "In Memoriam" too lovingly, and in this poem, at least, has not been able to rid himself of the domination of the great mind and to stand on his own feet. This result is rendered the more conspicuous and deplorable by the thick sowing of the text with phrases that can only be described as journalistic. They might pass in a leading article, but in a poem of reflection they seem jejune and belong to the category of the sham artistic.

## WILLIAM COWPER

*The Poems of William Cowper.* Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. C. BAILEY. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

As a rule, we are not friendly to the preliminary appreciation. Too often it bears the stamp of being written to order; and the spectacle of a literary man-of-all-work thrusting himself, in the character of Mr. Showman, between his author and the public, is neither edifying nor exhilarating. But to every rule there is an exception, and from our general ban on the critical foreword we gladly except Mr. Bailey's Introduction to the poems of Cowper. Mr. Bailey writes with sincerity, persuasiveness and an intimate knowledge of his subject. He is open with the reader, and declares himself a hearty "admirer and lover" of Cowper's verse. But he is far too candid, and withal too shrewd, to dream of ignoring or attenuating Cowper's faults. On the contrary, he begins by confessing them all round and to the fullest extent; and, having thus (as he says) "won the confidence of the jury by admitting the minor charges," he next pleads forcibly and successfully in defence of his client's poetical life. He establishes Cowper's claim to survive—vindicates his client's right to a permanent place on the roll of English poets. Moreover, he conducts his case with such studied moderation, and yields so generous a recognition to the claims of others, that he carries along with him even the most sceptical and reluctant member of the inquest.

As a sample of Mr. Bailey's critical work, we quote his comparison of Cowper and Thomson (Introd. p. xlvii.):

No one was ever less abstract [than Cowper]. Of things in themselves he knows nothing, and has nothing to say; his tale is always of things as he has heard, seen, experienced, above all, *felt* them. That is really the essence of the difference between him and Thomson, over so much of whose ground he travels. Cowper is the master of personal experience and detail: as Sainte-Beuve says, at the end of the second of his appreciative essays, "il a l'exactitude presque minutieuse." On the other hand, "il y a des masses chez Thomson." Thomson has indeed many great qualities. He is a poet of greater mental range and power than Cowper; he has more sustained energy; and he gets and uses the full benefit of a wider life and a broader creed. When he preaches or moralises it is as a *man*, not as an Evangelical sectary. But he is almost entirely without Cowper's note of direct sincerity, of personal feeling. He will take us through a catalogue of descriptions borrowed from works of travel or science, such as "Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject," dressing up for us the usual lions, crocodiles, and the rest, in the established rhetorical manner. Cowper, on the other hand, needs no books, for he never leaves the field of his own experience. He talks of Olney, not of Africa; of hares and sheep, not of serpents or hyenas; of the Ouse, not the Nile. And this close clinging to his own life and haunts must have helped to bring out the best of his gifts, that in which he so far surpasses Thomson, the intimacy and tenderness of his sympathy. Compare, for instance, his snowstorm in "Winter Evening" with that of Thomson. Both descriptions have been eclipsed in vividness by the wonderful "London Snow" of Mr. Bridges: but why, of the two, does Cowper carry us with him so much more completely than Thomson? The answer must be, I think, that it is because Thomson is, on the whole, outside his subject, and Cowper is entirely and absolutely a part of his. Thomson's snow falls on the haunts of imaginary shepherds; Cowper's on the fields between Olney and Weston. . . . He makes us his companions all the while. And, admirable as is the passage which follows in Thomson, with the labourer-ox and the fowls of heaven, the robin and the hare, has it ever the note of personal feeling which Cowper found for the animals? or . . . has Thomson ever the secret of that tenderness with which Cowper speaks of the earth lying warm and quiet under the *protecting* snow? The fact is, Cowper's heart lies open in every line he wrote; we do not often get behind Thomson's mind. He is a poet who means to show the town how well he can write; and, while he gains by knowing, what Cowper scarcely knows, that poetry demands a certain heightening, a something above the thoughts and feelings of the common hours of commonplace people, he loses at times by the very effort to act on that knowledge. If Cowper suffers sometimes by not taking himself and his work seriously enough, Thomson equally suffers by too great a sense of the importance of the *Seasons* and their poet. Art and industry are with him too all-pervading, too incessant; he cannot lie still in Nature's hands, as Cowper can in his best moments, letting her take the pen from him and write in his place.

On particular poems Mr. Bailey comments with discernment, and at times with felicity of phrase. Of the homilistic vein in the satires he observes:

Cowper fails altogether to understand that the moral quality of good poetry is an invisible though an invariable accident in its nature. "If

a poet has as high a soul as Sophocles," said Goethe, "his influence will always be moral, let him do what he will." That is the truth, but it is one of which Cowper knew nothing. He never had anything of the temper of an artist, and he probably died without realising that the passages in his work which had really moved people in the direction he wished to move them, were just those in which he made no open effort to influence them at all.

On the descriptive passages in "The Task" he writes:

Nothing quite like them existed before in our own, or, so far as I know, in any other language. They are, as Cowper claims, absolutely sincere; he has himself, with his own eye, seen everything he describes: it is a great deal more than other men see; and he has found a great deal more in it. And not only his observation, but his feelings are entirely his own; the whole is what the French call *vérité*; the personal note is everywhere, though linked, as it must be in all art that is to count, with the note of the universal.

Again, "The Shrubby" is characterised as "a voice of accepted and uncomplaining agony brought from the depth of despair, too small and quiet to tell all its tale at once, but more moving each time we return to it." On "The Poplar Field" Tennyson's praise is cited: "People nowadays hold this style and metre light; I wish there were any who could put words together with such exquisite flow and evenness." And, last, of Cowper's lines on his mother's picture—"which the same great poet told Palgrave he scarcely dared to read for fear of breaking down"—of these

one can only ask whether the rhymed couplet has ever been handled so softly and warmly, ever put to such tender use? . . . It is really impossible to overpraise the lines. They are perfect in a vein which is Cowper's own, that of the quiet home affections, where he leaves Wordsworth far behind, though Wordsworth was brother, husband, and father, and Cowper hardly the first, and the two last not at all.

We have lingered so long over the Introduction because we regard it as, on the whole, the most satisfactory portion of Mr. Bailey's work. He has evidently expended a vast amount of labour on the text, yet we cannot but think that here he might have done better had he gone to work on a different plan. In his Introductory Note (p. 663) Mr. Bailey writes: "We have plenty of evidence that Cowper carefully corrected the proofs of both his first and second volumes [1782 and 1785], while, after an examination of his letters during the years 1786 and 1787, I have not discovered the slightest suggestion that he made any corrections for the editions of 1787 or 1788." That Cowper never saw a proof of any of the "collected" editions—in which, be it said, he had resigned all rights to his publisher—may be fairly inferred from the fact that a "literal" of 1785—the dropping out of the "l" in "lumber" ("The Sofa," l. 58)—remained unrectified between the years 1785 and 1799, through eight successive editions. Not till 1800 does "lumber" appear, and then only in an errata slip. This being so, one naturally asks: Why not have reprinted the volumes of 1782 and 1785, of which alone the sheets are known to have passed under the author's eye? Instead of this Mr. Bailey has painfully picked out a text of his own, in which, though he mostly follows the earlier, he occasionally relies on the later editions. In other words, where the later reading commends itself to Mr. Bailey's judgment, he adopts it, on the chance that it *may* perhaps have been substituted on the authority of the author; and this, although the evidence, as he himself assures us, is strong against the contingency of Cowper's having had anything to do with the correction of the later editions! Such a course was bound to land the editor in occasional perplexities. While we readily admit that in many places Mr. Bailey has restored Cowper's text, in others he has undoubtedly admitted a reading destitute of proper authority, and, on the face of it, inferior. Again, had Cowper's own text been reprinted, the reader would, so to speak, have known where he was; as it is, he must turn to the notes at the end, before he can tell whether what lies before him is the text of the *editio princeps* or that of some later—perhaps, much later—edition.

Mr. Bailey has recorded many of the more important variants, but in this respect his work is by no means—

indeed, it does not claim to be—exhaustive, and in some places, perhaps, it is scarcely adequate. His note on the "Poplar Field" gives but a very partial account of the changes effected in the text of this carefully finished lyric. He cites the alternative stanza v. (described as a later revision in a foot-note of ed. 1803, whereas it is, as Mr. Milford—"Oxford Cowper," p. 362, note—shows, the *editio princeps* of the lines), and the first line of the poem in its earliest shape: "The poplars are felled, and adieu to the shade"—*voilà tout*. There are, however, at least a dozen minor alterations besides, some of them important. The second stanza, as first printed (*The Gentleman's Magazine*, January 1785), began:

Twelve years had elapsed since I last took a view  
Of my favourite field, etc.

—and the passage, in this shape, may well be historical, for in a letter dated May 1, 1786, Cowper tells Lady Hesketh that for years past he and Mrs. Unwin had walked "every day in the year" to Weston Park, which lies in the opposite direction to the Poplar Field. "Of Weston," he continues:

we are never weary, and for many years it has prevailed to win us away from all the others. There was, indeed, some time since, in a neighbouring parish called Lavendon, a field, one side of which formed a terrace, and the other was planted with poplars, at whose foot ran the Ouse, that I used to account a little paradise: but the poplars have been felled, and the scene has suffered so much from the loss that, though still in point of prospect beautiful, it has not charms sufficient to attract me now.

The field in question, known as Lynch Close, lies near Lavendon Mill, a good mile outside Olney, and between two and three miles from Weston Lodge. It may well be, therefore, that Cowper had never visited it between 1772 and the close of 1784, when these lovely stanzas were written. The other changes do not affect the sense, but are of great interest as showing the diligent heed paid by Cowper to the melodious and rhythmical flow of his lines. How many students of the "Golden Treasury," we wonder, have noticed that in the first edition the final stanza of Cowper's poem is made up from different texts—lines one and two from the text of 1800, lines three and four from that of 1785? In the second edition the whole stanza follows the text of 1785, to the detriment, as we cannot help feeling, of the total impression. Surely the grave simplicity of the lines of 1800:

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man,

is more in keeping with the subdued melancholy of the whole than the version of 1785:

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,  
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys,

with its "clever" antithesis of fancy and feeling, and its somewhat stilted second line.

To the discernment of his friend Mr. Bruce Richmond, Mr. Bailey is primarily indebted for the restoration of a passage in "Yardley Oak" which, as it stands in the received text, is destitute of meaning. The discovery, communicated to the editor before, and subsequently confirmed by, his collation of the manuscript original in the Cowper Museum at Olney, is of sufficient importance to merit particular notice here. In every edition prior to this, lines 60-71 appear as two paragraphs: the one comprising lines 60-68, the other lines 69-71 inclusive. But of these two passages the first, when taken by itself, yields no sense; it consists of a series of subordinate clauses, while the principal sentence on which they should depend is wanting. For this confusion Hayley, who found and first (1804) printed the poem, is responsible. In Cowper's manuscript the twelve lines (60-71) constitute but a single sentence:

While thus through all the stages thou hast pushed  
Of treeship, first a seedling, hid in grass;  
Then twig; then sapling; and, as century rolled  
Slow after century, a giant-birth

Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned root  
Upheaved above the soil, and sides embossed  
With prominent wens globose, till at the last  
The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict  
On other mighty ones, found also thee;—  
What exhibitions various hath the world  
Witnessed of mutability in all  
That we account most durable below!

Hayley, whom every succeeding editor but the last has followed, put a full stop after "thee" (line 68), and indented the following line. The silent perpetuation of so palpable an error through edition after edition of the poems, speaks ill for the degree of intelligence and care formerly brought to bear on the task of re-editing the text of Cowper. Apparently, what was good enough for Hayley and Southey was—so their successors thought—good enough for them and the public they were catering for.

The illustrations, twenty-seven in number, including two original designs—*Winter* and *Evening*—by William Blake, form an attractive feature of Mr. Bailey's volume. There are portraits of Thurlow, Colman, Warren Hastings, and William Hayley; of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Hesketh, and the "Frogs"; of Lady Austen—a charming sketch—and Anne Bodham. Four portraits of Cowper are given—the paintings by Lawrence and Lemuel Abbott, the crayon drawing by Romney, and a miniature after this by Blake. The picture by Romney in the National Portrait Gallery is not included, as there is, in truth, no sufficient reason for believing it to be a portrait of Cowper. (See a letter from Mr. W. Roberts to the *Athenaeum*, February 17, 1900.) Lemuel Abbott's painting shows Cowper as he was in the happy days when, as Newton puts it, he "associated with gay people, wore a green coat, and became an archer." He is painted in the costume of the Archery Club, and looks out from the canvas at us, to quote the words of his editor, "in pleasant but comparatively commonplace serenity." Last, there is the picture of Cowper's mother, painted by Heins and immortalised by the poet; and, besides all these portraits, there are landscapes of Weston and its vicinity, reproduced from the plates of a hundred years ago in "Cowper Illustrated by a Series of Views," and engravings of the poet's seal, of his horse and his dog, and of the animals which, no doubt, "good Mr. Teedon" many a time designated as "your leporine favourites"—the pet hares, Puss, Tiny, and Bess. Reader, if these delights thy mind may move, they shall be thine for the modest consideration of half a guinea.

## FIVE FRENCH WOMEN

*Five Famous French Women.* By Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT, LL.D. (Cassell, 6s.)

THE history of France abounds in instances of feminine influence; not merely the caprices of frivolous favourites, but the steady force of women of intellect, who were born to hold the reins of power, and who took to political intrigue as ducks take to water. Mrs. Fawcett gives us four studies of women who influenced France during the Reformation. The essays have evidently been meant to stand alone, but they would have been considerably improved had they been merged into one, thereby avoiding the repetition in the last of much matter incorporated in the first. Their real centre is the reign of Francis I., and they deal with his mother, Louise of Savoy, his sister, Margaret of Angoulême, his sister-in-law, Renée of France, and his niece, Jeanne of Navarre.

The period was a troubled one; the Reformation had led to the Inquisition, and Europe was in fear and insecurity between the two; religion and politics were inextricably tangled; Francis and Charles V. were engaged in a long trial of strength, with the added necessity of keeping a watchful eye on Henry of England. Francis, who possessed most of the known failings of human nature and a good many of its vices, was worshipped as a

god by his mother and sister. From the time of his birth Louise of Savoy devoted her life to him and his ambitions. She lacked the courage to be a Catherine de' Medici; but the temper of her mind was that of Lady Macbeth. She was shrewd and far-sighted, and to a high degree "proud, vengeful, ambitious." Her daughter, Margaret, had the same qualities, with an added gentleness; and, even more than Louise, she worshipped Francis with a blind passion, an adoration, which it would be difficult to parallel. Had her brother been a hero arrayed in all the virtues, it would even then have been remarkable.

As it was, it remains one of the mysteries of woman's affection, of which there are so many. Francis was treacherous, dishonourable, fickle and cruel, yet his mother and sister accepted all he did as indubitably right, and even displayed the same qualities at his command. Margaret married twice, but her husbands mattered nothing to her. When her child was about to be born she wrote to Francis: "I cannot think that my child will presume to be born without your command." Poor little Jeanne did so presume, however, and entered a life of trouble and lovelessness without the permission of the uncle who was so to plague her. Margaret at his wish abandoned her little daughter; later, she had her literally thrashed into marriage with the Duke of Cleves. All this time she was tending the children of Francis with the same devotion she showed their father. Their mother had nothing to do beyond bringing them into the world; as soon as this was done they became the property of their father and aunt. When Queen Claude died, Brittany devolved on her younger sister, Renée. This did not suit Francis, so he married her to the Duke of Ferrara, who was both too weak and too distant to look after his wife's claim. In Italy Renée found herself as much perplexed between Rome and Protestantism as she had been at home. She was forced to submit to the Pope, but as a widow she came back to France and made a refuge for the Calvinists at Montargis. This was after Francis had broken his promise to marry his second son to his niece Jeanne, and had married him to Catherine de' Medici.

With her arrival, Margaret's star began to wane, and the influence she had exerted over Francis waned too. She had always induced him to leniency towards the reformers, for her religious conviction was the one powerful factor in her life apart from her worship of him. Her mother, Louise of Savoy, was dead, and Francis was under the sway of Catherine. The Inquisition gathered power, and when Margaret died it must have been with a consciousness of failure. Mrs. Fawcett tells us she was gentle and delicate in her tastes; but she does not shine out very well, nevertheless. Her blind passion for her unworthy brother had wrecked her sense of virtue and justice, and after his death she soon sank.

Her second husband was the King of Navarre, and this kingdom, perilously disposed between two such growling mastiffs as Spain and France, she bequeathed to her neglected daughter. Jeanne had a strong character, nurtured in loneliness, and it is not surprising that her loveless life had hardened her. Yet she was a fine woman; she defended her kingdom and her faith not only against the rival Powers, but against the indiscretions of her weak and foolish husband. Mrs. Fawcett gives us a vivid picture of restless Europe at that time, and great names stud her pages—Guise, Bourbon, Condé, Vendôme. The studies suffer from weak construction, but they are interesting. The first essay deals with Joan of Arc. Mrs. Fawcett is a fine partisan; her enthusiasm is so great that she more than once compares Joan with Christ.

The style is clear, with a certain cheerful colloquialism which is rather unexpected. Francis behaving dishonourably is "hard to beat"; some one "had bade" some one else farewell. The illustrations are good and interesting, although the portrait of Francis I. does not convey the "personal splendour" with which Mrs. Fawcett credits him.

## EXMOOR

*The Blackmore Country.* By F. J. SNELL. (Black, 6s. net.)

EXMOOR is the last country that stands in need of "faked" interest and false sentiment to heighten its charm. The traveller who follows up the gradual ascent of the Barle or Exe Valleys from the south, or climbs the steeper hills above the Bristol Channel, forsakes, as he rises, the comfortable, sheltered, cosy life, the life of hedgerows and of hedgerow thoughts, which is the typical life of England, and, emerging on the great purple curves of the moor, opens up a wider horizon both to eye and mind. All creatures here partake of this ampler nature. Stay-at-home rabbits and foxes give place to wandering red-deer, whose lurching, unhurried gallop crosses these monotonous ridges much as the beat of an albatross's wing crosses the leagues of a South Atlantic swell. Blackbirds and thrushes, our garden singers and the pensioners of our strawberry beds, domesticated as ourselves, and full of the knowing, nervous ways of civilisation, make way for far-flighted blackcocks, or curlews wheeling in the clouds and uttering the melancholy cry which seems the very voice of this wild landscape. Even the wind itself, fresh off the Atlantic and rushing straight and steady across the heather, is of a widely different character from those feeble and fitful draughts which dodge among the lanes and farmyards of the valley.

It is this primitive, virile, bracing quality in Exmoor scenery which is its real attraction, which differentiates it in character and influence from other English scenery, and which is precisely the quality which the novelist, Blackmore, entirely ignored. "Lorna Doone" contains a great deal of more or less effective detail, but it does not contain one line which marks the writer's consciousness of the unique power of that scenery in which the story is cast. Even Whyte-Melville—not a great writer, certainly, but one with a touch of poetry running through him—could learn more of this quality of western landscape from a week's visit than Blackmore's years of familiarity brought him, and there is more appreciation of the moor in many a half page of "Katerfelto" than in all "Lorna Doone."

What Blackmore did was to use the moor for his own purposes, to make of its wildness a warrant for a tale of impossible adventures and impossible romance, which he proceeded to palm off on a willing public as a genuine west-country product. The results have been in keeping with such an origin. Lorna and Jan Ridd supply the desired gush for the tourists and visitors who invade the moor during the summer months. They are the heroine and hero of trippers and picnic-parties, and afford names to coaches and boats, and a vehicle for advertisement to hotel proprietors and tea-house keepers. To west-country people themselves they are names associated with a certain maudlin sentiment and empty ginger-beer bottles.

In these circumstances, an indication of the inevitable shortcomings in Mr. Snell's book is contained in the name of it. "The Blackmore Country" is not the West Country at all. It is a country of petty detail and small observation, quite lacking in the masculine grandeur of western scenery. Mr. Snell follows his hero about with a patient assiduity that is not without pathos. He catches his manner. He unravels the relationship between Jones and Brown, and fathoms the depths of cottage gossip. The material of "Lorna Doone," the places and characters and names, are traced and discussed with unquestioning devotion. In a word, the book is built upon Blackmore, and aspires to no more than such a reflected interest as Blackmore and his novel together can cast upon it. To a large section of the public this claim may perhaps be sufficient, and Mr. Snell's volume may find a place in the wagonettes that daily in summer set out towards the moor from Dulverton and Lynmouth. But with another and, as we venture to think, a more discriminating section, it will not pass muster, not for deficiencies of its own, but because it is founded on a reputation which is itself insecure.



## RECORDS OF THE BOROUGH OF LEICESTER

*Records of the Borough of Leicester.* Being a series of extracts from the archives of the Corporation of Leicester, 1509-1603. Edited by MARY BATESON. Vol. III. (Cambridge: University Press, 25s. net.)

It is only in recent years that we are becoming aware of the large amount of historical material there is in the records of the English boroughs. For a long time the papers of the different corporations were regarded as of comparatively little importance, and it is thanks mainly to the work of the Historical Manuscript Commissioners that we are at last beginning to realise what important light these records shed on English history. Some of the corporations have gone to the cost of having their records thoroughly and properly calendered, and it is only by such a process that we are really able to say what is and what is not of importance. As to Leicester, Miss Bateson has now prepared a Calendar up to the accession of the House of Stewart, and this volume, the third that Miss Bateson has compiled, contains the records for the period the House of Tudor occupied the Throne. Leicester had been governed by a body consisting of a mayor, twenty-four brethren, and forty-eight comburgesses, who had been authorised by Henry VII. to act on behalf of the whole body of the inhabitants of the town. This body, by a Charter of Elizabeth in 1589, was formed into a body corporate styled "the mayor and burgesses of the town of Leicester."

Most English boroughs were in close relation with some local magnate. Leicester was dependent on the family of Hastings. This great family, the present representatives of George Duke of Clarence, were stewards of the Honour of Leicester. As such they were the legal leaders of the men of Leicester in time of war, presided over the musters and collected the subsidies payable to the Crown. The third Baron Hastings was created Earl of Huntingdon, so the Earls of Huntingdon were the real Lords of Leicester, not Robert Dudley, Elizabeth's favourite, who was only the titular Earl.

The position of the lord, whatever may have been his precise legal authority over the borough, was of great practical importance. He had a voice in the appointment of the borough officers. In 1599 Lord Huntingdon wrote to the mayor saying that there was a vacancy in the office of weighing wool, and adding: "My desire is that you would make choice of the bearer hereof to execute the said place." The borough did not obey, another candidate "claimed the place by a former promise"; this was overruled, but Lord Huntingdon's candidate was not appointed. Still the mayor promised they would be ready "to pleasure him in a place better suiting with his degree and more answerable to his training." In 1592 the earl wrote to the mayor that he heard the Recorder intended to resign, and recommending a successor. The mayor replied that the earl was misinformed; the Recorder had no intention to resign, and they did not want to use the Recorder worse than "the carter his horse, who, although he die under his load yet is well provendered in his life."

The records give rather a curious picture of the condition of Parliamentary representation under the Tudors. Leicester was under the influence of the Duchy of Lancaster. The Chancellor of the Duchy claimed—and his claim seems to have been recognised—to have the right to nominate one of the members. Sir Ralph Sadler, when he was Chancellor, went further and claimed to nominate both; this the town would not admit, and he was allowed one only. Lord Huntingdon also claimed a right to recommend if not to nominate a member, and in 1597 he wrote to the mayor complaining that he was very hardly dealt with in not having his nominee elected. The town at times resented this dictation, but, on the whole, so far as Leicester went, the Duchy and the Earl were the most potent factors in elections. Doubtless the Chancellor of the Duchy acted in other boroughs as he did at Leicester, and having regard to the large estates of the Duchy

throughout England and Wales, we realise what a power it gave the Crown in controlling elections, probably far greater than that of the Stannaries, of which Hallam made so much.

There is a trace (it is not much more) of the way in which the popular interest in the politics of the day was dealt with. It is difficult for us to realise that three and a half centuries ago anything like public discussion of current events was a criminal offence. William Gibson was charged by Robert Molton, surgeon, with using seditious words: "A little while the King loved my Lady Ann and should be in prosperity." These do not appear so very bad a statement of the case between Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyn. Yet they were treated as an affront. An embroiderer named Sanford said if the Queen of Scots were put to death there would be great trouble in England—a fairly safe prophecy, yet punishable. More dangerous is the prophecy of Merlin that Elizabeth should be forced to flee into Wales for her safeguard. Then shall "a dead man come and restore to every one his own wife and his land and set all at quiet." Travellers in those days had to be careful. George Witham, a Nottinghamshire publican, came to Leicester and spoke his opinion freely; he said among other things "bad and lewd words against Lord Burleigh and Sir Robert Cecil, saying the Cecils would have all." He was committed to prison and kept there for two days. Walter Barlow, alleged to be a Romanist, was examined in 1599. He was asked how long he had had certain beads found on him and replied: "Peradventure since he was born"; he denied that they, his handkerchief or linen were hallowed or were for any other use than handkerchiefs. On being asked whether the Pope's authority heretofore in England was complete, he replied: "he knoweth not."

One of the most interesting subjects in the records is that of the corporation finance. The security usually offered for loans was the borough lands, but the lenders wanted further security and would not take the conveyance of land from the corporation, but required the personal security of members of the corporation as well both for principal and interest. In one case the mayor and another burgess bound themselves to pay £100 borrowed by the corporation; for their security the Town Hall was conveyed to them. As far as can be seen the borough was heavily in debt; and—either from jobbery, of which there appears to have been some, as there were continuous complaints about the management of the town lands, complaints which had to be silenced by a by-law providing that any one who disclosed any spoken part or matter at any common hall shall forfeit £5, or from the expenses of the borough increasing at a greater rate than the income—the financial outlook was far from cheerful. The expenditure in 1518 was £23. It had increased in 1560, and was £39, in 1580 £135, and in 1601 £381. Even a modern corporation with education rates could hardly show a higher rate of increase.

Then, as now, the borough was not responsible for all its expenditure. Duties were cast upon it by the central authority, which it had to discharge, and a refusal to discharge the duties in those days meant imprisonment for the mayor. Being on the main road to the north, Leicester had to find post-horses for the King's service. In 1541 there is an entry for shoeing the post-horses and mending the town harness. At first the town was liable to find four post-horses; afterwards the number was raised to six, with additional ones when occasion required, as, for instance, sometimes special horses were needed to convey messengers from Leicester to Wingfield, Sir Ralph Sadler's house, where Mary Queen of Scots was residing. Turreyam was also a heavy charge on the town. One of the regular payments which formed a considerable item in all the accounts is "gifts of wine." The Corporation never lost a chance of imbibing when a visitor came, whether it was the King's Messenger, or the Bishop, Lord Hastings or his family, or the town business, all were utilised as occasions for drinking wine.

The records as to education are curious. It might be difficult at the present day to get the Leicester Corporation to make a by-law in the terms of that of 1580:

That every child from the age of 8 years upwards shall be taught the Lords Prayer, the articles of their belief, and also to answer to certain points of the Catechism upon a penalty to the parents and master of every one to the contrary (being not idiots) of 3d. a piece [members of the Corporation paid more] or 3 days imprisonment at Mr. Mayor's pleasure. To begin at Christmas next coming.

Then, as now, the question of teachers' salaries arose. The parish of St. Mary's petitions for an increase of salary to the priest or curate. He only got £8 a year, and for that sum a learned man could not be procured, so they had to be served with unlearned ministers unable to instruct, so that divers of the younger sort are become "very undutiful and disordered."

We have not space to go into various points of interest, such as the regulations for trade, the licensing question, even the excessive number of alehouses then complained of, and proposals made for their suppression without compensation, the early closing regulation and the black list. In 1523 common brewers were ordered to brew with no hops from that day forth under a penalty of 3s. 4d. the first, of 6s. 8d. the second, and 10s. the third offence. Nor the host of other points which illustrate the local life of the time. No one can really understand what is called the "good old times" without carefully studying these records of the life that was then forced upon the townsmen of our boroughs. With the pressure of the Crown and the Crown agents, with the influence of the local lord, with the jobbery of the members of the corporation, even in Tudor times the life of a burgess could not have been all we are usually told it was. The more the real records of mediæval life are studied, the clearer it appears that there was not much to choose between the country life under the feudal lord and the town life under the local corporation. In each there was tyranny, and it is quite possible that the ordinary man enjoyed more freedom from vexatious restrictions in the country than in the town.

A few words should be said in praise of the way in which Miss Bateson has done her work. It is no easy task to arrange and classify the records of a borough like Leicester, but the way Miss Bateson has done it in this and the preceding volumes shows that Newnham students are taught the essentials of historical study and enabled to contribute works of permanent value to English History.

## TWO OBSERVERS

*Ways of Nature.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. (Constable, 5s. net.)  
*Nature in Eastern Norfolk.* By ARTHUR H. PATTERSON. With twelve illustrations in colour by F. SOUTHGATE, R.B.A. (Methuen, 6s.)

THESE two books represent what is best in popular natural history to-day. Mr. Burroughs's reputation is thirty years old and he continues to strengthen it. Mr. Patterson, then unknown and with no advantages of style and no peculiarity save his merit, in 1904 published "Notes of an East Coast Naturalist," which has now reached a second edition.

Mr. Burroughs is one of the few naturalists who are precise and can yet be read with ease by a scrupulous man. His object has always been simply the recording in an unambiguous way of what he sees; but by a naïve good taste he has succeeded in making his work effective as none but a first-rate artist could. He is an independent observer, and until now he could be connected only with the school of those who use their eyes. In his latest book, then, his observations are new and described with freshness and point. For their sake alone, it will appeal to every one who likes "Wake Robin" and "Fresh Fields." But to us the book is also interesting because it contains much criticism of the modern American

school of "romantic naturalists"—the biographers of bird and beast and fish—men like Messrs. C. G. D. Roberts and Long. As criticism it is perhaps not very valuable, since it is based on a belief that those writers are naughty heretics who corrupt men's views of the animal world. Whether those writers are imaginative and sincerely impressed by animals and capable of uttering their impressions, is certainly a legitimate question. But their aims, surely, are honest enough. They are descended from the poets and painters who have given us the horses of Achilles, the hound of Ulysses, the leopards of Bacchus, the Sensitive Plant and many more. Mr. Burroughs, however, objecting to the humanisation of animals, makes his objection the starting-point for much expression of opinion concerning instinct. In almost all his essays in this book he uses such phrases as—"an unthinking habit formed in their ancestors under the pressure of hunger"—"Nature looking out for her own"—"instinctive imitation"—"unconscious communication"—a "universal or cosmic intelligence which makes up by far the greatest part of what animals know." As a clever and experienced man, he commands our respect for these opinions; his illustrations are always interesting and his own. But he seems to us to forsake his old position of an observer sometimes, and to use such words as we have quoted without fully realising that "instinct" and so on explain nothing but are merely the trappings of a convenient assumption which may be of quite temporary importance. Probably the attitude which it expresses was in its origin anthropomorphic, and due to some comparison of animals with children. It is dangerous because, as in Mr. Burroughs's case, it is apt to support a feeling between pity and contempt for creatures whom it is perhaps more profitable to consider as different rather than inferior. It is possible to imagine a race standing towards ourselves as we to the animals, and having eyesight of corresponding inferiority. Of these a few would roughly generalise about us in a limited portion of their time, so as to spread the belief that we have not noticeably changed since the Stone Age, though they should only have begun to observe us two hundred years ago. But though some of us might grant that such generalisations were amusing, not many would think them adequate. Yet are not the popular modern conclusions about animals of a similar kind?

Mr. Patterson draws no conclusions. He has abandoned himself heartily to the use of his eyes and ears, with interesting results. His catalogue and concise accounts of the birds, fishes, mammals, reptilia, amphibia, stalk-eyed crustacea, and mollusca, of Eastern Norfolk, are of the kind that will be invaluable a hundred years hence, in spite of the fact that Norfolk has been studied by other excellent naturalists. His general observations are among the best of their class. They are haphazard, brief paragraphs, full of gusto, about the birds and broadsmen as he has seen them, or as he has heard of them, during his lifelong watchings on the Yarmouth shore. The coarse, hearty life of the men is faithfully, bluntly, recorded along with that of the birds which they love as the angler loves the worm. At the beginning is a short autobiography of Mr. Patterson, which reveals an astonishing, whole-hearted devotion to observation, pure and simple, in spite of many obstacles of station and luck. Mr. Southgate's pictures of shore birds are good.

## THE TASK

My work was finished: what comes next,  
I wonder, and long time perplexed  
Vainly I ponder plan on plan:  
Till presently there comes a man  
True to himself, and then I see  
My task is to be such as he.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

## BROTHER BODY

BROTHER, I cannot think that you were born  
Merely to be my raiment till, outworn,  
I fling you down to perish in the mire:  
Rather you seem the flesh of some Desire,  
Older than I, and mystical to me:  
You were not wrought so wondrous well to be  
The creature of my fancy: you are part  
Of that Eternal Being at whose heart  
The infinite pure purpose of the Earth  
Waits, until Man Himself shall come to birth.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## THE GROWTH OF A POEM

AN eminent critic said of Dante Gabriel Rossetti that he was too poetical for a painter and too pictorial for a poet. This is at first sight plausible enough, but, after all, it lacks the one thing which makes a paradox worth anything—namely, an underlying truth. The epigram would have been much truer, and therefore better, if the critic had said that Rossetti was too pictorial *not* to be a poet, too poetical *not* to be a painter. Is it possible to be too pictorial in poetry or too poetical in painting? The two arts are so allied that the more the one can be imported into the other, the happier is likely to be the result.

And the result of Rossetti's poetical efforts must be acknowledged by every one to be supremely happy. He possesses in a signal degree the two essentials of great poetry—an ear for the musical part of it and an eye for the scenic. He did not, however, enjoy these attributes in equal parts. He made his appeal primarily to the eye of the imagination, just as Tennyson appealed most powerfully to the ear. I do not, of course, say that Tennyson neglects the scenic element, as perhaps we may call it—for want of a better phrase—or that Rossetti is careless of music; I merely mean that, though the two qualities are present in both poets, the musical is more characteristic of Tennyson and the scenic is more pre-eminently Rossetti's demesne.

In "The Blessed Damozel," however—the masterpiece of Rossetti, though it was the work of nonage—the language is curiously perfect, and has a magic fascination. This very perfection encourages one to trace the changes introduced into the poem by its author during twenty years, a lapse of time which for most people means the translation from the callow to the mellow. But Rossetti's inspiration knew no callowness. His alterations were neither numerous nor radical, but profoundly interesting as exhibiting the artistic genesis of an exquisite poem. There is many a genius like Byron and Balzac, whose manuscripts were corrected and recorrected, written and rewritten in the proofs, before their authors sent them out into the world. On the other hand, there are facile workmen like Scott whose manuscripts were pictures of neatness, and poets who have struck off poems, like "Kubla Khan," hot from the anvil of inspiration.

Happy the feeling from the bosom flung,  
In perfect shape.

Rossetti belonged to neither of these classes. His brother, William Michael, has said of "The Blessed Damozel" that Dante Gabriel "heedfully revised" it; and, if we examine the alterations successively made, we shall have to allow, I think, that with slight exceptions this *heed* tended towards the ultimate perfecting of the work.

Before closely considering the successive revisions, it may be interesting to refer to the poem which Rossetti declares to have first suggested to him the theme of "The Blessed Damozel." This was none other than Poe's

"The Raven." Voltaire said that, if Virgil was the creation of Homer, he was Homer's masterpiece, *c'est son plus bel ouvrage*: one might pay a similar compliment to the genius of Poe as being the source from which Rossetti derived inspiration. It is curious that "The Blessed Damozel" should have been evolved from a source *prima facie* so alien, but the explanation is simple. Rossetti admired with all the ardour of his eighteen years Poe's "The Raven," then recently given to the world, and he considered that the poem expressed to perfection the feelings of the lover on earth for his mistress in heaven. Rossetti, reversing the relation, was fired to portray the attitude of the Blessed Damozel towards the lover who dragged out an unwilling existence still on earth, a lover for whom she yearned so pathetically and so patiently withal:

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said,  
"Have I not pray'd in Heaven? on earth  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?"  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength,  
And shall I feel afraid?"

After this analogy in theme has been pointed out, all comparison between the two poems ceases. Poe's has all the curses of modernity. Its American jinglings and liltings and its alliterations lend an insincerity to it, an artificiality that almost persuades one to believe Poe was serious when he wrote that solemn nonsense, "The Philosophy of Composition." The word-juggling of the "Raven" is skillful, but whether one counts atmosphere or diction, upon how much a lower plane of art it rests than Rossetti's *chef d'œuvre*!

From the point of view of mere words, even Rossetti is not so perfect as some modern poets. For example, in the very first verse we feel a discord:

The hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Here the staccato effect of the two like monosyllables in immediate juxtaposition jars on the ear. Would "Yellowing like corn" be better? Later we find:

The light thrill'd t'wards her fill'd  
With angels in strong level flight.

The first of these lines is very much packed, and the assonance of "thrill'd" and "fill'd" is ugly. Another slight verbal blemish appears in what is one of the most beautiful verses of the poem:

"Alas we two, we two thou say'st?  
Yes, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity,  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?"

Here the close proximity of *one* and *once* is a defect, but too slight, perhaps, in consideration of the beauty of the stanza, to deserve notice. Slight though it is, I do not think Tennyson would have allowed it to stand.

The stanza quoted above is one of the three parenthetical verses in which is contained the human side of the poem. They are introduced in beautiful contrast to the other verses, wherein a mystically supernal note is struck in depicting the other world. It was with regard to this verse that Rossetti made the largest alteration. Originally there were two stanzas, which have since been merged into the verse we now have. They ran thus:

Alas to her wise simple mind  
These things were all but known;  
Before they trembled on her sense  
Her voice had caught their tone,  
Alas for lonely Heav'n, Alas  
For life wrung out alone!

Alas and though the end were reach'd?  
Was thy part understood  
Or borne in trust? And for her sake  
Shall this too be found good?  
May the close lips that know not prayer  
Praise ever tho' they would

What a pity that Rossetti discarded the first of these verses! It is far too beautiful to be dispensed with. Mr. W. M. Rossetti described it as a "highly noticeable" stanza, and said that "Alas for lonely Heav'n" was one of the "most moving audacities" in the poem. As for the second verse, its meaning seems obscure, and therefore I agree contentedly to its erasure.

Rossetti's brother remarked that Dante Gabriel thought the stanza out of tune with the general tone of the poem in that it implied "a certain sceptical tendency in the lover, a germ of disunion between himself and his beloved in matters of faith." This explanation is hardly satisfactory inasmuch as the verse afterwards substituted is open to a similar objection, where the lover expresses the doubt:

But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?

Besides, there is an easier solution. There is a previous verse incompatible with the words:

May the close lips that know not prayer,

in which the Blessed Damozel asks:

"Have I not pray'd in solemn Heav'n,  
In earth has he not pray'd?"

or as the version has it now in an intenser form:

"Have I not pray'd in Heav'n, on earth  
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?"

There is another verse, too, which has suffered undeserved exclusion in the revised text. It is as follows:

"Yea verily; when he is come  
We will do thus and thus  
Till this my vigil seem quite strange  
And almost fabulous:  
We too will live at once one life  
And peace shall be with us."

This stanza is one which, in the early version, rounded off the set which preceded it, in which the Blessed Damozel revolved in anticipation the heavenly experience she and her lover would share together when they should be at last reunited in the bliss of Paradise. It forms a beautiful climax; one is almost emboldened to pit one's judgment against the author's and plead for the inclusion of the stanza in our modern versions.

The poet's pruning-knife has been applied to another stanza equally good—for what reason it is difficult to guess. At any rate it is well worth quoting here, in order that those who have only a casual acquaintance with the poem may be made aware of its existence. It appeared as the seventh verse in the original copy, and runs:

But in those tracts with her, it was  
The peace of utter light  
And silence; for no breeze may stir  
Along the steady flight  
Of Seraphim, no echo there  
Beyond all depth and height.

Beside these omissions, there is only one other passage where any really radical alteration has been made by the poet's mature judgment. It occurs in a verse which used to read:

Heard hardly, some of her new friends,  
Playing at holy games,  
Spake gentle-mouth'd among themselves  
Their virginal chaste names,  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by them like thin flames.

Rossetti altered the whole sense of this stanza. It would seem as though he thought something of the ludicrous would attach to the playing of games in heaven. Nausicaa, it is true, played ball with her maidens, but then she was mortal; and it is difficult to suggest what kind of games the gentle-mouthed Virgins would engage in. On the

other hand, it ought to be mentioned that other pursuits of theirs were comparatively mundane:

Into the fine cloth, white like flame,  
Weaving the golden thread,  
Fashioning the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

While there is no authority for celestial games, there is abundant poetical precedent for industrial manufacture in the supernatural world. The Nymphs in Homer and Virgil weave the hyaline wool, and the Maiden of the Lake in Tennyson fashions King Arthur's sword Excalibur:

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

The fact is that the verse was quite good enough to stand, but Rossetti preferred the more elaborate:

Around her lovers newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims  
Breath'd evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remember'd names.

In remodelling, he had to sacrifice his old picturesque idea, and substitute the sense above. In a retouch, which he subsequently gave to his new version, he made a curious change. He altered the last line into: "Their rapturous new names," which introduces a wholly new idea, directly opposed to that which "heart-remember'd" would convey. I wonder, are the "five sweet symphonies" examples of these "rapturous new names"?

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
Where the Lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cicely, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys."

If we except the undesirable omissions quoted, it must be allowed, I think, that Rossetti's revisions were nearly all refinements of the old readings. One or two changes are doubtful, and one or two are for the worse. For instance, is not the original:

From the fix'd *lull* of Heav'n she saw  
Time, like a pulse, shake fierce  
Thro' all the worlds

better than:

From the fixed place of Heav'n she saw . . . ?

It might be said that one word altered is a small thing, and Rossetti thought it worth while to make the change; but is it an improvement? And here is an instance of a verse which Mr. W. M. Rossetti thought gained nothing in the altering, though we may be excused, perhaps, for questioning his view:

"We two will stand beside that shrine  
Occult, withheld, untrod  
Whose lamps tremble continually  
By prayer sent up to God;  
And where each need, reveal'd, expects  
Its patient period."

Surely the fifth line is unmusical and clumsy, and surely nothing could surpass the delicacy of the simile contained in the existing version;

"And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud."

There are other very distinct and noticeable improvements. In the very first verse we find two revisions. In its earliest form it used to read:

Her blue grave eyes were deeper much  
Than a deep water even,

One may well suppose that Rossetti was dissatisfied with the strange use of *even*, which, as well as being unpoetical, looks as if it were adopted for the sake merely of rhyme. He accordingly altered it to:

Her eyes knew more of rest and shade  
Than waters still'd at even,



thereby introducing a new and very poetical image, but sacrificing the lovely reference in the original version to the depth of her eyes. The last revision combines the two ideas in perfect form:

Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters still'd at even.

In this going on unto perfection we can see the stages through which the poet's mind progressed towards the goal which a perfect taste unerringly attained. Another instance of this progression can be observed in the three versions of what is now the eighth stanza:

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd  
Into the vast waste calm  
Till her bosom's pressure must have made  
The bar she lean'd on warm.

In this there is an objectionable rhyme, technically called "cockney," and a prosaic phrase—"her bosom's pressure." Rossetti amended it thus:

And still she bow'd above the vast  
Waste sea of worlds that swam,  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she lean'd on warm;

leaving the faulty rhyme, but rectifying the other defect. Finally he blotted out both faults, and combined the excellences of both versions in:

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd  
Out of the circling charm,  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she lean'd on warm.

Can any one doubt that the third attempt achieved perfection?

But there is one verse that, more than all the rest, has gained by remodelling. It was stiff and jerky as it first appeared, and quite faulty in other ways too. In fact, this is the only stanza which betrays the inexperience of the youthful poet:

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
This much for him and me;  
To have more blessing than on earth  
In nowise, but to be  
As then we were, being as then  
At peace. Yea verily."

It is not necessary to point out the crudities of this verse. One has only to look at the stanza as emended to appreciate the desirability of revision:

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me,  
Only to live as thus on earth  
At peace; only to be,  
As then a while, for ever now  
Together I and he."

These alterations, when enumerated, seem a formidable enough array, and yet it speaks well for Rossetti's youthful genius that the changes which have been introduced from first to last do not really modify the conception of the poem, nor raise it into a higher sphere of art. The fact is that genius was present to the boy, and maturity could add to it nothing save what the experience of any literary man could have supplied. The alterations are nothing more than finishing and polishing touches—a tuning up of the poem, as it were, which, however, does not detract from its human simplicity, and its atmosphere of ineffable exaltation.

R. L. TYRRELL.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Primitive Plagiarism," by J. A. MacCulloch.]

## FICTION

*If Youth but Knew!* By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THOSE familiar and accomplished collaborators, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, bring to their craft methods peculiarly their own. No other contemporary writers of fiction lead us so willingly into the same old-world

associations; well-bred, gay, graceful and artificial. Even at the most tragic moments the natural man rarely shows himself; disasters are met courteously, with a bow or the deft handling of a fan. Wise reflections there are too, delicate contempt for vice and folly conveyed in ornate and elaborate word-settings, that perhaps owe something of their accepted fascination to comparison with the manners of our own ruder day. From the opening pages of the present story the stage and its machinery are always in sight—not for the first time in these authors' books, but a little disappointingly in this instance; for "Rose of the World," with its strong human interest, aroused hopes of what we might find in "If Youth but Knew!" But once accept the book as a glorified libretto of a romantic opera, clever, dainty, delicately treated, and all runs smoothly and delightfully to the end. The scenes are laid in Westphalia, when Jerome was king, when reckless frivolity reigned at the mock Versailles court, and corruption ruled in every department of that unhappy kingdom. It comes about that a haughty Anglo-Austrian aristocrat falls in love with and marries Sidonia, heiress of a goodly slice of Westphalia. But Sidonia has an ogreish uncle and guardian, the Burgrave, and a light-minded aunt, each with an end to gain, and Jerome to propitiate—at the risk of Sidonia's honour. All goes wrong with the young couple for awhile, despite the unceasingly watchful and kindly intervention of "fiddler Hans," a tramp, but yet a noble of the old régime. To his fiddle all the countryside dances, weeps, or fights, but vainly he teaches Youth the things it does not know, the things to which it will remain deaf and blind to the end of time. And, after all, who may declare youth less wise than its elders in their day? Of fiddler Hans—who has called himself by many another name since he was first discovered—we see and hear too much. His instinct for playing appropriate airs at the psychological moment is quite credible, but comes out a little too often. Sidonia is really charming. It is she who holds our eyes and our minds until the curtain falls and the play is done.

*Hauntings.* By VERNON LEE. (Lane, 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE four curiously interesting stories have a weird fascination quite unlike any others of their order. We can well believe that any one living entirely alone in Italy and imbued with the spirit and history of the country would grow to imagine that his dreams took on bodily shape. How could one help living in a dream-world in Italy, where opposing forces, Christian and Pagan, fight for mastery in the mind, and the ghosts of victims and martyrs jostle each other on the same death-place? It may be madness, but it is better than some states of sanity. In "Amour dure" the professor meets his death happy in his dreams; and what more can a human being want when he comes to die? The second story, "Dionea," is the study of a beautiful and imaginative girl who owns no kindred and who brings tragedy and ruin on every one she meets with. Here the attraction of the artist to perfect beauty is shown with terrible force. The scene of the third story, "Oke of Okehurst," is laid in England; it is almost the weirdest of all. The effect of a fantastic temperament in the wife on the nerves of a healthy and normal-minded young English squire leads, as it must, to tragedy. The character and temperament of Alice Oke are not at all those of an English woman; she, too, might be taken from a land of fancy. Can it be Egypt? There is something of the sacred cat about her. Her vivid imagination is seized upon by the most romantic and ill-starred character in her family history, and the two evil minds work together to deal death and destruction. In the last and fourth story, "The Evil Voice," the result of the haunting is again evil. Surely all these four spirits were in league with the great Evil Maker, and were allowed to roam the world trying new ways of gathering in their harvest of souls. Vernon Lee has a dream-world of her own; it is a tragic world, but we may envy her ability to live apart from the sordid and unromantic world of to-day.

*Jack Derringer.* By BASIL LUBBOCK. (Murray, 6s.)

MR. BASIL LUBBOCK'S tale of deep water—a pendant to his "Round the Horn before the Mast"—may conveniently be considered *qua* (1) sea life and (2) sea literature. With regard to its actuality he has attempted, as he tells us in a very modest and winning little preface, "to paint sea-life as it really is . . . without glossing over the hardships, the hard knocks, the hard words and the continual strife of it all"; and his presentment carries conviction with it. His typical "hell-ship," the *Silas K. Higgins*, is detained in San Francisco Bay for want of the crew which her notoriety makes it impossible to ship except by foul means; and when at last she sets sail with a kidnapped complement of all nationalities, some of whom have never been to sea before, we follow day by day, almost watch by watch, through fair weather and foul, the struggle of a pair of brutal mates under the eye of a callous captain to knock discipline into this dangerous material. The result is a series of incidents so simply and forcibly described that it is easier to imagine oneself a wretched member of the "shanghaied" crew than to step back from the picture and regard it as a whole. If this be done, however, and especially if a touchstone be applied, such as Mr. Joseph Conrad's best work, it will readily be seen that Mr. Lubbock has not "composed" his picture at all. There is little perspective about it, and the very energy and knowledge which he brings to bear upon every detail sometimes confuse the general effect. His characters soon become stereotyped through a too generous use of their peculiar metaphors and vocabularies, and Derringer himself is perhaps rather too polished a specimen of the "rolling stone." Of the romance with which Part II. is chiefly concerned it would be ungenerous to be over-critical in face of Mr. Lubbock's modest apology for it. At any rate we never dreamed of skipping it, and, as Bucking Broncho might, or might not, have said, "it considerable thrilled us."

*La Mia Carovana, avventure di Vangelo Famiglio, filosofo.* By CESARE FACCHINI. (Bologna: Zanichelli, 1.2:50.)

THIS is a light-hearted and entertaining book of a type which we are accustomed to regard as peculiarly suitable for summer reading. It relates the affairs of the heart, or rather a series of more or less amorous incidents compressed into single scenes, which happened in the life of the hero from his early student days to the time when he determined to put away childish things and get married. Though written in the first person, containing little in the way of narrative, reflection or explanation, and consisting almost entirely of dialogue, these stories give a distinct and convincing sketch of the personality of the protagonist. Sufficiently impressionable to be easily led on, sufficiently artistic to be fastidious, sufficiently talkative and excitable to be momentarily carried away by his own words and attitudes, and sufficiently analytical to pause at a crisis to consider eventualities or question the real value of his emotions, Vangelo Famiglio finds himself in a number of laughable, emotional or risky situations, from which he issues disillusioned, perhaps, but apparently quite ready for the next opportunity of gaining experience, having done little harm to himself and none to any one else. The stories in themselves are slight, and their effectiveness lies entirely in the telling of them. We do not fear for the body or soul of Vangelo; but he is bright, discursive and not unlearned, and we listen willingly to hear what he will say at each successive turn of events. The author's touch is light and sure, his humour is not too obvious, and he is never dull. "La Mia Carovana" must also be commended for a virtue which is unfortunately rare in modern books of the kind. It is intensely Italian, both in language and style. We do not remember noticing one foreign word in its two hundred pages. Too many Italians at the present time cultivate literary cosmopolitanism to an extent that almost results in loss of

nationality; and it is comparatively seldom that we come upon a volume of stories like this, wherein the richness of the Italian language, both in words and phrases, is so happily exemplified.

## THE DRAMA

### ARCHER v. ARTEMIS AND ANOTHER

IF I had the pen of Mr. Algernon Ashton, I would have addressed a letter to the *Tribune* last week in the following terms:

"Dear Mr. William Archer, about twelve years ago the old custom of possessing confession albums was revived. I do not know whether it was due to the advance of ritualism or the practice of auricular confidences in the Anglican Church, but a pretty old habit with certain improvements on the primitive conventions held sway for a few years. Instead of being asked: 'What is your favourite eatable?' 'What is your favourite drinkable?' the questions addressed to the social penitent were of a more intellectual description. The other day a lady no longer young, now very near and dear to me, embarrassed me by bringing forth from a Sheraton bookcase one of these crumpled rose leaves which had turned from a toy to a relic. Opposite the question: Who are your favourite artists? with that alliteration so dear to youth, I had written, Burne Jones, Blake, and Botticelli; my favourite dramatists were Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and, to cut a long and uninteresting confession short, opposite the salient question: *Who is your favourite critic?* I had written in purple ink (we were very purple in those days) the name of *William Archer*. A hot tear has dropped on the page of that dull little book, and your name, my dear sir, I cannot say is blotted out, but is smeared for ever. You must forgive the egotism of this letter, because you taught me that the personal note in criticism was of greater value than the editorial 'we.' In those days editors were getting out of fashion, and, indeed, their very existence was canvassed; one of the first articles of mine to be rejected by the ACADEMY of that day was: 'Editors, their cause and their cure'; but now something like a Russian Duma has been established in Fleet Street, the egotist and altruist can live side by side. A gentleman is said once to have complained to Mr. George Meredith that he recognised himself in the character of Willoughby Patterne. 'Willoughby is all of us,' replied the veteran novelist. It would be truer to say we have all become Willoughby; but you taught me, dear Mr. Archer, something equally valuable over and above the personal note in criticism. You taught me the value of 'pioneering'; you made me realise that what may seem ridiculous to the majority is possibly, if not necessarily, a new note in art. You, who have fought with beasts, if not at Ephesus, at least in Fleet Street, should not plant this thorn in the side of Artemis. I can only say in the words of Sir Willoughby to Letitia: Are you quite well? Have you consulted Dr. Osler? Have you passed the grand climacteric that you write thus of Mr. Sturge Moore's play produced by the Literary Theatre Club a fortnight ago? I write this letter under the seal of publicity, and I ask whether you have paid your subscription, and urge you and others to do so, whatever your views of Mr. Sturge Moore's poetry. If I remember rightly, you spoke in the same brazen *Tribune*, some weeks ago, with indulgence, with plenary indulgence, of that dismal twaddle, *Nero*; you called it a 'fine chronicle play.' You swallowed the Crystal Palace and you strained at an uncut diamond. The passages which you quote from Mr. Sturge Moore's play do not seem to me more vulgar nor more harsh than passages in Homer, Shakespeare or Browning, and I find in its simplicity and directness, in its coarseness if you will, something primitive, something strong, something I do not find in the confectionery of

Mr. Stephen Phillips. But we must allow for the margin of taste, and I am prepared to nail myself to the mast of Mr. Sturge Moore, to hoist the black flag, while you can cling to the spar and wreckage of more popular and pretentious drama. I think I could have understood your point of view if you had not expressed the opinion that the (to me) very wonderful and *dramatic* scene between Hippolytus and Phædra was "improper." O Archer! O Ichabod! you are young enough to know better! Do you forget what they used to say about Ibsen? Your favourite, Mr. Gilbert Murray (in his "History of Greek Literature," page 35), has pointed out, you will remember, how vulgar the Greek deities seem to our modern view. They were by no means the calm abstractions which you admire in Lord Leighton's pictures, for example; they were terribly human, and there is much to be said for Milton's criticism (and Milton, like yourself, was an amateur of "Euripides"):

Ill imitated while they loudest sing  
The vices of their deities, and their own,  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.

I shall look forward to discussing in private (at the "Trencher") the poems of Mr. Sturge Moore, because at present you are battling with a more distinguished opponent than I can claim to be. I shall try to convert you to *Hippolytus Unveiled*, and, if the Furies seize me, I shall say:

βᾶτε δόμῳ . . . Νυκτὸς παῖδες ἀπαιδεῖς, ὑπ' εὐφροσύνῃ πομπῇ.

Believe me to be, dear Mr. William Archer, your surprised but always obliged admirer."

P.S.—I hardly know to which of the actors I should accord the apple of discord; Miss Gwendolen Bishop and Miss Wheeler as Aphrodite and Artemis were certainly more Olympian than the others, whose performance you had to take with attic salt. You wondered how two such delightful *divas* could have differed at all. Miss Bishop always seems to speak her lines out of sheer literary pleasure and never in a professional capacity. You forget the actress in a fascinating personality; while no one could suggest an improvement in Miss Wheeler's Artemis. The Phædra of Miss Florence Farr, one of our most distinguished and least recognised artists, seemed to echo the Phèdre of Racine rather than the heroine of Euripides or Sturge Moore. I expected Hippolytus all the time to say:

Madame, oubliez-vous  
Que Thésée est mon père et qu'il est votre époux?

And Miss Farr to reply:

Et sur quoi jugez-vous que j'en perds la mémoire,  
Prince? Aurois-je perdu le soin de ma gloire?

I hope the Literary Club will consent to print their next programme in a more orthodox fashion (not the *Ave atque Vale* method). It was rather puzzling to make out the kind of play we were going to see. We wondered instinctively which side, that of Aphrodite or Artemis, Mr. C. S. Ricketts would take, and if Scene and Stage Manager were characters in the play.

ROBERT ROSS,

## FINE ART

### SUFFOLK STREET AND THE INSTITUTE

THE exhibitions at Suffolk Street and at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours must rouse melancholy reflections in any person of taste. Not so much because the vast majority of the three hundred and ninety-two pictures in the former and of the five hundred and fifty-three in the latter must of necessity be quite negligible as works of art, but because so much of it is so well meaning, so careful and observant, so humble and sincere, that criticism of any standard whatever seems harsh and cruel. The pathetic futility of it all! It is a pleasure to tilt at the

puffed up, the ungodly, the pretentious and affected. In working round the Royal Academy the critic feels at least that when he hits he is hitting somebody of his own size, or bigger, and his chastened reluctance is best expressed by the poet:

"I weep for you," the walrus said,  
"I deeply sympathise."  
With sobs and tears he sorted out  
Those of the largest size.

The pot-boiler awakes the devil in most of us, but what pot can by any coaxing be made to boil with such feeble, timid little flames as we see here?

One can remain complacent whilst recognising the popularity of thoroughly bad work or the unpopularity of thoroughly good; but the justifiable, yet cruel unpopularity of work that is excellent yet not eminent—that is tragic, afflicting. There has been a marked change in the temper of most minor exhibitions of recent years, and I hardly know whether we are to be congratulated on it. The facetious, the hilarious, the anecdotal and historical, the Heatherley and Wardour Street, are being gradually eliminated; we are mostly serious and earnest now.

No doubt the facetious picture is like the facetious arm-chair of a Swiss Inn, on the seat of which was painted a view of Lucerne, and when you sat down on the picture the chair played "God save the Queen." It is an offence, but I would rather be offended than depressed.

The Society of British Artists is the better exhibition of the two and shows a marked improvement on the last. Even the section of water-colours is far superior to the Institute, which is, of course, entirely composed of pictures in that medium. The special beauty of water-colour lies in the possibilities of tender gradation, which are usually neglected. Mr. Wallace Rimington's *A Pearly Morning* is exquisite in this respect, and is so sober and peaceful in colour that it will probably not attract attention. The scene appears to be on an Italian lake, and there is much of the sweetness of our old masters, although it is by no means a *pastiche*.

An *Italian Fishing Village, Early Morning*, by Mr. Forbes Witherby, is the same class of work, but a little feeble and lacking in conviction. I have never seen anything of Mr. Lentestey's quite as good as *The Crown of the Hill*. This crisp and sparkling bit of sunshine is almost worthy of Constable. Mr. Haité's cleverness would be amazing in such a picture as his *Autumn Morning*, if mere cleverness were a very uncommon thing. Mr. Southgate's *Widgeon Pitching* is not a pleasing example of water-colour, but the study of action and the minute finish of the plumage is so thorough that interest is roused merely by the workmanship displayed.

Among the oils, Mr. Walter Fowler's *At Lewiston, N.B.* is a fine piece of sombre colour. There is some ability and a good deal of "cheek" in Mr. J. D. Fergusson's pictures. His portraits will not do at all, but the *Brass Kettle*, a study of still life, is tolerable. Fireworks are not in themselves works of fine art and are associated in our minds with the guffaw of the Hooligan. Mr. Fergusson's *Dieppe, July 14, 1905*, will certainly not remove that impression, which is the more to be regretted since Whistler showed his exquisite taste in his treatment of them. Mr. Murray Smith and Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove are dealerish in their clever canvases. Some of the studies by Mr. Tom Robertson in the vestibule are charming and truthful in colour, but his use of oils is rather too smeary and painty. He is much happier in water-colour: *On the French Coast* has very sweet, rosy colour, and other good things are *On the Lagoon* and *On the Shore, Brodick*.

There is much earnest work and thought to be found in the exhibits at the Institute, but, except in a very few instances, they are futile. Most of the members seem to have no conception of the meaning of water-colour, and direct all their energies to obliterate and quell the medium. When this is not the case, the cunning of the "old hand" is apparent in *pastiche*. Mr. Orrock is the *doyen* of archaic painters, and his *Durham* is as clever as usual in

its reminiscence of Constable and De Wint. Something of the large style of De Wint and Girtin is traceable in Mr. Joseph Knight's *A Bend of the Thames, Evening*. All of Mr. Bernard Evans's water-colours are a relief, in their strangeness, from the hopeless mediocrity of the surroundings, and in the *Fern Harvest, Cannock Chase, Staffordshire*, he strikes a grand note, suggestive, perhaps, of our old masters, but not in any sense to his own detriment. The tree stems especially are perfect examples of sound drawing and delicate modulation. Mr. Terrick Williams shows himself, as usual, a thorough artist: *A Cloudy Day, Concarneau*, is spirited and true in colour. The charcoal outlines, however, are to be deprecated, as more appropriate to fresco on a large scale than to the delicate medium of water-colour. Mr. Haité is again well to the fore, but his *forte* is rapid sketches, and the more finished style of *A Venetian Fruit Stall* leaves the eye no resting-place and no centre of interest. With these exceptions there seems to be nothing that calls for remark.

B. S.

## MUSIC

### THE BACH FESTIVAL

THE festival of the works of J. S. Bach, undertaken last week by the Bach Choir conducted by Dr. H. Walford Davies, was of the smallest dimensions which could justify the title, since it consisted of two concerts only. Our provincial festivals have led us into a popular misuse of a term which has never been very clearly defined. We connect it with the idea of a very large dose of music imbibed in an incredibly short space of time; a Bach cantata is placed cheek by jowl with "The Apostles," "Ein Heldenleben" jostles the "Messiah," and a selection from *Parsifal* is sandwiched into an odd hour. Even when a festival consists of the works of one man and this sort of incongruity is avoided, the overdosing too often continues in the attempt to give a thorough representation. In the case of the Bach festival this mistake was very nearly avoided; not quite, however, since the first concert was just too long for a single programme. The two church cantatas, "Erschallet, ihr Lieder" and "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?" illustrate very different types of religious feeling and naturally employ different musical forms for their expression; then, the solo cantata was represented by the sublimely simple "Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde," to which Miss Ada Crossley gave ideal interpretation, while the concerto in D minor for two violins, played with delightful freshness by the Misses Isabel and Eldreda Watt, was an excellent example of Bach's instrumental style. Organ music must, of course, find a place in a miscellaneous Bach programme, and Dr. H. P. Allen of New College, Oxford, played the great E minor prelude and fugue and the beautiful choral vortrag, "O Mensch, bewein', dein' Sünde gross," which was first sung by the choir as harmonised by Bach himself. This would have been enough to form a thoroughly representative programme; but the addition of two items, each in their different way so fine that one would have been sorry to lose either, made the whole too long. Miss Gleeson-White sang the lovely though long aria "Süsser Trost" from the Christmas cantata of that name, and the concert ended with the splendid chorus which forms the climax of the cantata: "Ich hätte viel Bekümmerniss." The great Mass in B minor occupied the second concert: the performance of this alone would almost justify the use of the word "festival," so colossal are its proportions and momentous its substance.

Taken together, the two concerts strikingly illustrate the two sides of Bach's musical character. On the one hand we see his genius so strongly influenced by his own restricted surroundings that it has been maintained by some to the present day that Bach's music is, after all,

local in its appeal, produced in a small German town by one who spent his life there, and entirely coloured by a type of religious emotion which the dwellers in other countries or in later times can never fully share. The chorale, as sacred to Lutheran Germany as plainsong to Catholicism, dominates alike the joyful utterance of the cantata, "Erschallet, ihr Lieder," and the introspective musings of "Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?" In the former the first chorus, which is repeated at the end, is, indeed, free from the chorale, but the feeling is summed up by the tune, "Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern," in simple congregational manner, and the duet, "Komm lass mich nicht länger warten," the most complete movement in the whole cantata, is built upon another chorale, which is used as a *Canto fermo*, upon which to place the most intricate counterpoint. The second cantata, "Liebster Gott," is even more completely founded upon the chorale, since its whole subject-matter is suggested by the hymn of which one verse forms the first chorus and another the last. This first chorus is one of the most beautiful examples of Bach's "figured" chorale. The accompaniment, scored for oboes, flutes and strings, is an exceptionally fine interweaving of tone colour, and on this is superimposed, line by line at intervals, a very graceful and flowing version of the tune in four parts. The arias and recitatives which follow, expand and illustrate the thought of the preparation for death, and lead up to this noble outburst in simple yet beautiful harmony:

Herrscher über Tod und Leben  
Mach' einmal mein Ende gut,  
Lehre mich den Geist aufgeben  
Mit recht wohl gefasstem Muth!

On the same subject, yet revealing such a serene aspect of it that it is separated from this last as complete attainment is from struggle, is the cantata for alto solo, "Schlage doch, gewünschte Stunde." In this work, as in the Mass on a much larger scale, Bach shows that he was in no way mastered by his environment. The chorale finds no place here; everything in the nature of contrapuntal device, the complexity of texture so dear to the Teutonic mind, he laid aside, and with a single voice accompanied by strings with the occasional impressive throb of the bell, he produced a piece of pure melodic expression, which, if not unrivalled, ranks with the very highest of its class. One is inclined to compare it to Handel's greatest aria, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; curiously enough they are in the same key, E major. This brings us to the other side of Bach's musical character, the deeper side which makes his music great for all time and for all peoples, and which, underlying all his work, saved his hundreds of Church Cantatas from being mere "Capellmeister" music. When, as in the B minor Mass, Bach chooses to shake off the external influences of his surroundings, to refuse the phraseology of his local Protestantism, the breadth of his thought and the world-wide appeal of his music become apparent at once. It was impossible for him temporarily to exchange his Protestantism for Catholicism, to slip off Lutheran theology and assume the trappings of Rome; his setting of the Latin words of the Mass, necessarily without that intimate and personal tone which was the life of his own religion, and which shines out in his cantatas and "Passions," became instead a universal expression of the most fundamental principles of man's religious hopes. The strenuous cry of the first "Kyrie Eleison" chorus and the sublime confidence of the "Dona nobis pacem" fugue which ends the work are, as it were, two opposite poles between which there lies an immense range of expression. There is the ecstasy of the "Gloria," which reaches to the highest heaven with the fugal treatment of the words "Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris, Amen," and within this the exquisite pathos of the "Qui tollis peccata mundi" chorus. This is equalled, if not excelled, by the "Et incarnatus est" and "Crucifixus" of the "Credo." In such places the performance of the Bach choir was particularly successful, the chorus under Dr. Davies being very sympathetic towards the expressive side of the work,



while in the great choruses of the "Gloria" and the tremendous climax of the "Confiteor" which ends the "Credo," the effort was too great for complete success.

To describe the Mass here would be impossible as well as unnecessary; but, while speaking of the "Credo," I cannot refrain from calling attention to the passage which introduces the words, "Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum," since it is one of those places where Bach uses harmonic resources which are often supposed to belong to a later and more daring age. From the key of D major he breaks loose through a chord of E flat minor chromatically introduced, a marvellous chord on the word "expecto," which opens a vista of limitless possibilities; and not content with this he presses his point further with a series of such chromatic progressions, until for the moment he almost carries his hearers beyond the restrictions of key into an unknown land. Here he shows himself the prophet.

We are given too few opportunities of hearing the Mass; whether performed well or ill it should be ever with us, since it shows in its fulness a great side of Bach's work which even the "Kommt ihr Töchter" of the Matthäus Passion only suggests. Till we know it thoroughly and intimately we cannot understand all the spirit of Bach; once it is known his greatness stands revealed in his smaller works.

H. C. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

MONSIEUR,—M. le docteur Max Maas cherche-t-il une querelle d'Allemand? Mais, en Bavaois bien instruit, il connaît le proverbe, "Great wits jump," et nos esprits à nous tous, Allemands, Irlandais, Français, sont (sautent) d'accord sur *σέλῃναι*. Donc plus de dispute possible. (En parenthèse, M. le prof. Tyrrell me soupçonne de ne pas savoir scander la première syllabe de *παῖτες*; pourtant, il y a déjà pas mal d'années que j'en ai appris la valeur métrique.) En terminant, je me fais un devoir, en même temps qu'un plaisir, de présenter à M. le docteur Maas (pour son parrainage) ma leçon nouveau-née:

*ἐπ' ὤμων δαλζοῦρες* (= *δαλζοῦρες*),  
"pour lactérer au vif."

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentiments de la plus haute distinction.

H. H. JOHNSON.

Rennes, April 8, 1906.

### A SIMPLIFIED CALENDAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It was certainly very good of you to notice my slight effusion as a new publication under "Science," and one asks: is your verdict, of "simple," a compliment or a rebuke? Let me explain that I, and others, suffer from the need of reference to settle the week-day of a certain Christmas, passed or to come; so my object is to enforce regularity, so that every month-day should accord with its own week-day; and my notion of "simplicity" is to annihilate doubt thereon.

A. HALL.

102 Highbury Hill, N.  
April 9.

[We are happy to state that our use of the word "simple" was intended to convey a compliment without a shade of rebuke. The only people likely to rebuke Mr. Hall for his very ingenious scheme are, possibly, the astronomers (who may have arguments against it with which we are insufficient to grapple), and certainly the calendar-printers, whose occupation would be gone when once the world had grown accustomed to the change.—Ed.]

### THE MAN WITH A HOE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Funk and Wagnalls mutilated edition of Poe, edited by Mr. Edwin Markham, suggests the following;

There once was a "Man with a Hoe,"  
Who worked in the garden of Poe;  
But, alas, it was found  
That in digging the ground  
He had cut up the roots by the row.

JOHN B. TABB.

March 15.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Rembrandt, *A Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part iii. 14½ × 10½. Pp. 6. 7 Plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[See the ACADEMY, March 24, 1906. Three of the plates in this number are in colour, the *Portrait of a Man* in red and black chalk (late Holford); the *Study for "The Philosopher"* in the Louvre, in red chalk (Berlin Print Room) and *The Return of the Prodigal* in pen and bistre (Teyler). The four "Rembrandt" photogravures are *Rembrandt's Mother* (Imperial, Vienna), a particularly fine *Anatomy Lesson* (The Hague), the *Portrait of Bruyninck* (Cassel) and the *Young Girl at a Window* (Dulwich). The work increases in interest and value as it progresses.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Bülsche, Wilhelm. *Haeckel: His Life and Work*. With an introduction and supplementary chapter by the translator, Joseph McCabe. 9 × 6. Pp. 336. Unwin, 15s. net.

[The frontispiece is a coloured reproduction of Franz von Lenbach's portrait of Professor Haeckel (1899) and there are other portraits and illustrations. Index.]

Van Dyke, Paul. *Renaissance Portraits*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. xii, 425. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

Oliver, Frederick Scott. *Alexander Hamilton*. An Essay on American Union. Portraits and a map. 9 × 5½. Pp. 502. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

[A Life of Alexander Hamilton, of whom Mrs. Atherton gives a vivid picture in "The Conqueror." The author of the present work does not claim that his book is exhaustive.]

### DRAMA.

Ridout, Reginald J. *Ecce, Somnator Venit!* Drama in three Acts. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 130. Drane, 2s. 6d. net.

[The story of Joseph, Potiphar's wife and Asenath. In very, very irregular "blank" verse.]

Rivers, Amélie (Princess Troubetzkoy). *Augustine the Man*. With a frontispiece from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby. 7½ × 5. Pp. 83. Lane, 5s. net.

[A drama in blank verse in four parts: Augustine in Carthage; Augustine in Milan; Augustine at Cassiciacum; Augustine at Tagaste.]

### EDUCATION.

Childe Harold's *Pilgrimage*. Cantos iii. and iv. Edited with notes and an introduction by J. H. Fowler. 6½ × 4½. Pp. xiv, 136. Macmillan: English Literature for Secondary Schools. 1s.

[Mr Fowler's notes are brief, accurate and to the point, and his introduction is wise in its handling of Byron's character and sound in its criticism.]

### FICTION.

Whithard, Philip. *George's Whims*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 311. Allen, 5s.

Cutting, Mary Stewart. *Little Stories of Married Life*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 260. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.

Whitehead, Miller. *Caleb Troon*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 196. Drane, 6s.

Holstein, Alexandra de; and Montefiore, Dora B. *Serf Life in Russia*. The childhood of a Russian Grandmother. 7½ × 5. Pp. 240. Heinemann, 3s. 6d.

Emanuel, Walter. *Paris: a frolic*. 7½ × 4. Pp. 64. Library of Humour. Illustrated. Sisley, 1s. net.

Howard, Keble. *Our John, M.P.* 7½ × 4. Pp. 77. Library of Humour. Illustrated. Sisley, 1s. net.

Hocking, Silas K. *The Squire's Daughter*. Illustrated by Arthur Twidle. 8 × 5½. Pp. 397.

### HISTORY.

Comyn-Platt, T. *The Turk in the Balkans*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 176. Alston Rivers, 6s.

[Mr. Comyn Platt has resided in Turkey for some two and a half years, and travelled in Macedonia. His book attempts merely to "throw some light on the path of Eastern politics, to the advantage, it is to be hoped, of future travellers."]

State *Trials of the Reign of Edward the First, 1289-1293*. Edited for the Royal Historical Society by T. F. Tout and Hilda Johnstone. 8½ × 7. Pp. xlvii, 262. Offices of the Royal Historical Society. n.p.

[When Edward I. returned to England in August 1289, after three years' absence, he found that the justice of the country had fallen into gross abuses. Within two months he had appointed a commission to inquire into the delinquencies of his officers. The proceedings of the commission are contained in two assize rolls now in the Public Record Office. The present volume contains selected cases from the smaller of the two, and a full analysis of both, together with the text of the "Passion of the Judges," a mediæval satire on the proceedings. The Introduction is the work of Miss Johnstone. Index.]

Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science: *Spanish-American Diplomatic Relations Preceding the War of 1898*. By Horace Edgar Flack. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 95. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.

### LITERATURE.

*Andreas and The Fates of the Apostles*: two Anglo-Saxon narrative poems edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by George Philip Krapp. 8½ × 5½. Pp. lxxxi, 238. Ginn. The Albion Series, 8s. 6d.

[The Albion Series will comprise the most important Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poems in editions designed to meet the wants of both the scholar and the student. Of the two poems in this volume—both traditionally attributed to Cynewulf—"Andreas" is reprinted for the first time since Grimm, 1830: "The Fates of the Apostles" has never before been edited entire and with comment. The critical apparatus of the book is very complete. It consists of a long introduction dealing with the question of authorship, source, and all other points of interest; a bibliography, *variae lectiones*, grammatical and metrical notes, and glossary.]

Massis, Henri. *Comment Emile Zola composait ses Romans: d'après ses notes personnelles et inédites*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. xii, 346. Paris: Charpentier, 3 fr. 50.

[The time has come, in M. Massis's opinion, when Zola's work must be extricated from the tangle of mistaken theories and systems with which he wrapped it round. Zola, not as theorist but as artist, is his subject, and he has gone for his material to the mass of Zola's *dossiers* and manuscripts deposited by Mme. Zola in the Bibliothèque Nationale, of quotations from which the bulk of the book consists. Part i. deals with the general conception and growth of the *roman naturaliste*. Part ii. with a specimen case, "L'Assommoir."]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Lemmoir-Cannon, Henry. *Modern Sewage Disposal* (a popular handbook). Being a brief and simple outline of some of the Principal Methods which have been, and are, employed to deal with the Sewage of Communities. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 104. Drane, 1s. net.

Abeille, Léonce. *Marine française et marines étrangères*. Politique navale des grandes puissances; les organisations maritimes et les flottes actuelles; économies et réformes. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 368. Paris: Colin, 3 f. 50.

[M. Abeille is Captain of a frigate, and Sous-Directeur of the Ecole Supérieure de Marine. He has written a very learned and exhaustive, but at the same time vigorous book, which is calculated to spur the French nation to making more of their Navy.]

*The Picture Postcard Annual and Directory, 1906*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 96. Rotherham: The Philatelic and Cartophilic Printing Co., 6d.

[Contains the Names and Addresses of Picture Postcard Collectors, Dealers. Magazines, Exchanges and Societies in all parts of the World, British Publishers, Printers, Engravers, Colourists, Jewelling Manufacturers, Album Publishers, Illustrated Review of Postcards, Selection of suitable words in French, German and Spanish, for corresponding with Foreign Collectors, also useful information for Picture Postcard Collectors.]

Wilkinson, R. J. *Malay Beliefs*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 81. Luzac, 2s. net.

[Designed to help Civil Service Cadets studying for that part of their examination which deals with the Malay people—as distinct from the tests in the Malay language.]

Hyde, Douglas. *The Religious Songs of Connacht*. A collection of Poems, Prayers, Curses, Satires, etc. 2 vols. 8 × 5½. Pp. 824. Unwin, 10s. net.

Hardy, G. F. *Memorandum of the Age Tables and Rates of Mortality of the Indian Census of 1901*. 13½ × 8½. Pp. 66. Calcutta: Office of Supt. of Govt. Printing, India, 12 annas, or 1s. 2d.

## POETRY.

*Home-made History from Unreliable Recipes by Hansard Watt*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 96. Alston Rivers, 2s. 6d. net.

[Humorous poems on The Ancient Britons; The Roman Invasion; Alfred; Kanute; William the Conqueror; Elizabeth; and Guy Fawkes; and an address to The Critic. Illustrated.]

## POLITICS.

Noel, Conrad. *The Labour Party: what it is and what it wants*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 180. Unwin, 2s. net.

[The manifesto of the labour party, with appendices.]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

*Impressions of America*. By Oscar Wilde. Edited, with an introduction, by Stuart Mason. Keystone Press, Sunderland.

Grant Allen's Historical Guides: *Florence*. New edition, revised and enlarged by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 303. E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.

Allcroft, A. H., and Masom, W. F., *The Tutorial History of Rome*. Third edition revised and in part rewritten by J. F. Stout. 7 × 5. Pp. vii, 437. The University Tutorial Series. Clive: University Tutorial Press. 3s. 6d.

[Most of the sections dealing with constitutional history have been entirely rewritten, and a section on the development of the Army has been added.]

Warren, Henry. *The Story of the Bank of England*. A History of the English Banking Movement and a Sketch of the Money Market. Second edition. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 251. Everett & Son, 3s. 6d. net.

Rhys, John; and Brynmor-Jones, David. *The Welsh People*. Fourth edition. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 678. Unwin, 5s. net.

[Chapters on the origin of the Welsh, their history, laws, language, literature, and characteristics. Maps.]

Gasquet, Abbott, D.D., O.S.B. *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. 8½ × 6. Pp. xl, 495. Bell, 8s. 6d. net.

[A reprint of the "Revised Popular Edition" of 1899, in which the references to documents etc. were altered to accord with Dr. Gairdner's then newly issued Calendar of Papers. This "cheaper revised popular edition" of what is now a standard and indispensable work contains a new preface, in which Abbot Gasquet explains and holds to the position he at first adopted, and which succeeding investigation only proves more and more fully to be just and historically correct.]

Mitchell, Rev. A. F. *How to teach the Bible*. Being suggestions as to the next way of teaching the Bible in view of modern knowledge of the Bible and of the child mind. Three forewords by the Dean of Ely, Sir Edward Russell and Professor W. H. Woodward. Second and Revised Edition. 7½ × 5. Pp. 151. Williams & Norgate, 2s. 6d. net.

[Four lectures. The Reform of Bible Teaching; The Bible and the Imagination; The Bible and Moral Thoughtfulness; The Bible and the Affections and Will. The titles sufficiently indicate the aim of the book, which contains also a List of Books suggested to Parents and Teachers.]

Roscoe, E. S. *Rambles with a Fishing-Rod*. Illustrated. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 233. Edinburgh: Morton, 5s.

[A second edition of Mr. Roscoe's book of Rambling Continental fishing excursions, with seven new papers. Index of place-names.]

*MacStodger's Affinity*. Written and illustrated by David Whitelaw. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 141. Greening, 1s.

## THEOLOGY.

Hankey, Wentworth Beaumont. *Holy-Week Addresses*. Edited by W. J. Birkbeck. Short memoirs by Viscount Halifax. 5½ × 3½. Pp. 131. Mowbray, 1s. net.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

*Cassell's Guide to London for 1906*. With 10 plans and numerous illustrations. 6½ × 5. Pp. 196. Index. Cassell, 6d.

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Le culte d'Apollon Pythien à Athènes*. Par G. Colin. Paris, 1905.—Among the monuments discovered at Delphi by the French School at Athens one of the most interesting is the Athenian treasure-house, which M. Colin thinks will ultimately be restored as completely as the temple of Nike Apteros. A considerable part of its walls is covered with inscriptions, among which the fullest and most numerous refer to the Pythiads, as they were called, or Theoriae, the sacred missions sent by Athens on certain occasions to Delphi. We read of one of these in connection with the death of Socrates, whose execution was postponed till the sacred embassy should be completed. It is these inscriptions which M. Colin has collected, edited, explained and illustrated. The work contains thirty-nine engravings and two plans. The learning displayed by the writer is wide and deep, and the light touch characteristic of the French essayist relieves, as far as possible, the dullness of the theme. It is a pity that of all the inscriptions which he has printed only one is anterior to Roman times, so that no light is thrown on Athens in her days of greatness. The documents which M. Colin has put before us do not tell us the route followed by the Sacred Procession, the periods at which it was undertaken, or the reason of its institution and prolonged maintenance. M. Colin has gathered all the evidence which can be brought to bear on the answers to these questions, but it cannot be said that he has arrived at any striking or even definite conclusions.

We have before us specimens of three separate series of reprints of classical or semi-classical literature: Messrs. Dent's *Everyman's Library* (1s. net per volume); Messrs. Methuen's *Standard Library* (6d. net and 1s. net per volume), and Messrs. Routledge's *New Universal Library* (1s. net and 1s. 6d. net per volume). It is no part of our purpose to weigh one against the other and to say which is "best"; they are all good, and we prefer to try to point out the distinguishing characteristics of each series. Of the Everyman's Library there are now one hundred volumes published, dainty little books, but serviceable and strong. The purpose and scope of this series we explained in the ACADEMY of February 17 in discussing the first fifty volumes; and in the second fifty we find the same variety and comprehensiveness. One book of particular interest just issued is Principal Lindsay's *New Testament*, "arranged in the order in which its parts came to those in the First Century who believed in Our Lord." Principal Lindsay does not vouch, of course, for the exact chronological accuracy of his arrangement; but he follows what "a consensus of conservative scholarship" is inclined to accept as the true order; and his "Prologue" consists of the matter common to the Synoptics stated in the words of St. Mark. This is a book that many will value and consult with advantage. Another volume we are glad to see is Mr. William Canton's *A Child's Book of Saints*, prettily illustrated. From the classical section of the Library we have before us Professor Blackie's translation of *Aeschylus*, with his introductions and preface, and vol. i. of the Plays of *Euripides*, translations chosen from Shelley (*Cyclops*), Potter, Milman, Woodhull and others, with a brief introduction by V. R. R. This is the only instance of the "literary preface"; and it is a mild one. The rest of the volumes before us are prefaced only by what is necessary and right, a very short biographical and bibliographical note. In History and Biography we have the Misses Strickland's *Queen Elizabeth*, an abridged Burton's *History of his own Times*, and the *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, with a sufficient biographical note by Mr. Brimley Johnson; and the list is closed by a good little *Gulliver's Travels*, with Mr. Arthur Rackham's pictures. For the rest of the fifty we refer our readers to the prospectus which Messrs. Dent are willing to send on application. For ourselves, we feel that we should like to have every one of these neat, pleasant, sound little volumes. And more, the list not only shows things that we have long wanted, but suggests new ideas of things we did not know we wanted. This we regard as a valuable feature, the preservation in the public mind of books which we cannot afford to see "crowded out" by the prevailing competition of the day.

Messrs. Methuen's *Standard Library* is not so comprehensive in scheme as *Everyman's Library*. It moves more slowly, and shows more of the deliberation of the scholar. For, without being held to imply that Messrs. Dent's series is in any way unscholarly, we can point to a specially important feature of Messrs. Methuen's—an immaculate completeness and accuracy of text. The spelling, it is true, is modernised; but that—even in the case of very early works—is a process that can, with due care and knowledge, be performed in a scholarly manner; and, after a good many tests applied, we have come to regard the *Standard Library* as, for practical purposes, an absolutely safe guide. The page is larger than that of *Everyman's Library*; these are not books for the waistcoat pocket, though they go very comfortably into the side-pockets of a great coat. The type is clear and the cloth-binding simple and handsome. We have a few new issues before us: A complete *Burns* for a shilling, the text revised by Mr. T. F. Henderson from his Centenary edition, with the inclusion of several songs from the "Scots Musical Museum," and the exclusion of certain spurious pieces foisted on Burns by previous editors; in fact as good a text as can be had for any money: *Paradise Lost*, from the text of 1667, with certain readings from the text of 1674 which are duly noted when made, Milton's peculiarities of spelling, punctuation and the use of capitals being preserved "where they seemed to be of special significance"; Southey's *Nelson*, from the text of 1830, collated with that of 1813; Law's *Serious Call* from the first edition, and a new translation by Mr. Ernest Barker of Plato's *Republic*. The *Standard*

Library keeps to the critical introduction: in some cases, Mr. Barker's, for instance, it is well done; and its presence may be forgiven when a strictly accurate text follows.

In Messrs. Routledge's *New Universal Library* we have a scheme and a series that deserve to be better known than, we fancy, they at present are. Universal is a big word; but its use comes very near to being justified in the present case. It appears to us that this series of friendly, comfortable, square little books will in time contain everything that readers can possibly want of books classical, semi-classical, undeservedly forgotten, half-forgotten, accessible elsewhere, or accessible nowhere else. We have before us a row bound in blue leather; on our shelves are dozens in green cloth, and the range and catholicity of choice make them a valuable possession. Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*, Jeffery's *Essays from the "Edinburgh Review"*, Thompson's *Leopardi*, Tyndall's *Glaciers of the Alps*, Adamnan's *St. Columba*, Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorpe*, are books chosen at random from the set, which are outside the run of the usual reprint and yet thoroughly deserve to be put within the reach of all. To people who cannot find what they want the safest advice is: "Try Routledge's New Universal Library."

*A Book of Verses*, by Arthur L. Salmon (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood). Mr. Salmon's is—and quite deservedly—a name that stands out amongst the names of present-day poets. He has that very pleasant thing, "temperament": with the aid of that other essential power, that of self-criticism, he would have achieved a very much more considerable position than is his to-day. The long poem in dramatic form: "The Parson and his Clerk," at the end of this volume is perfectly satisfying within its self-imposed and restrained limits. It has its story to depend on for interest and it is well executed. But almost every one of the shorter poems here printed fails because of its "filling up." That is to say that every one of the poems would have been a perfect thing could the author but have printed it with *lacune*—with long gaps. The one called "Pleading" might, for all the value that the succeeding lines add to the whole, have been printed:

Will you come homeward from the hills of Dreamland,  
Home in the dusk?

The rest of the poem is of no particular account:

... and speak to me again.

Tell me the stories that I am forgetting,  
Quicken my hope and recompense my pain?

and the remaining two verses have no very individual value. Any one else could have written them just as well: the phrasing is not very exact, since "Tell me" should surely have been "Re-tell and 'recompense my pain' is almost meaningless. The first line and a half are, however, really valuable on account of a certain music in the phrase and a certain justified simplicity of dialect. As much might be said of poem after poem:

The time will come when one of us shall lie  
In the cold ground—when one of us shall come  
[Among the flowers and grass to linger nigh  
Craving a word from lips for ever dumb.]

Here the lines in brackets are ineffectual because of a lack of inevitability. "Among the flowers and grass" is just makeweight: a better image of a place would have been attained to by writing: "Among grey monuments," or "Beneath the shadowy yews," and "to linger nigh" is of no particular value or significance: the half-line might just as well have been employed further to strengthen the feeling of place. It is neither trifling nor captiousness that leads us thus to pick to pieces Mr. Salmon's verses. For it is along these lines that Mr. Salmon himself must proceed with a self-criticism that will give to his poems a positive level of attainment. Mr. Salmon is a poet, not of passions but of moods: he has not the semi-epic, semi-lyric touch that can carry him and his reader over weak places in their stride. By a certain fine and scrupulous pensiveness he challenges the criticism of his hearers: having challenged that he must equip himself with that still greater scrupulousness that renders the really poignant poems of the English anthologies absolutely proof against meticulous proings. This scrupulousness Mr. Salmon undoubtedly has "in him": here are four very fine lines:

The phantom gold of far-spread dawns, the thing  
The night winds pray for when they smite the pines  
In restless passion—goal for which the waves  
Climb with perpetual purpose to the shore.

That is real poetry.

*The Secret of Popularity*, by Emily Holt (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net). Mrs. Holt believes that popularity can be won by anybody who chooses to seek it. She has carefully and correctly noticed a great number of the characteristics of popular people, and suggests that to copy them is the way to social success. We think not. Mrs. Holt addresses her book to the unpopular. Let us test it by following an ordinary, unpopular person obeying her rules. We must first remind ourselves that the unpopular lady has nearly always a resentful knowledge of her neglect. She cannot obliterate, by an instant resolve, an important characteristic of her nature. She would go forth after popularity like a lioness after her prey. Her attitude would be aggressive. She would wear the hunting face, and with it the anxious look that invites defeat. Now let us watch her, following the rules. To begin with, she "gives way easily and heartily to a cheerful and appropriate expression of mirth." No matter that it is impossible to laugh easily when carefully adjusting "the expression of mirth" to the situation. Poor lady, hesitating dismally between a smile in the major key, and a laugh in the minor! She is to assume, next, "as her companion speaks, that she is deaf to

the rest of the world." We know that stare of strained attention: do we welcome it? She is to "talk on deliberately," in order to arrange her ideas. We have met her at dinner more than once! She is to write numerous and careful notes. We can imagine those notes—each calling before the eyes of its recipient a picture of the would-be-popular lady struggling to say the right and pleasing thing, a very bad-tempered portrait indeed. Then she must decide to have, and to become, a friend. She is "to signify by sweet commonplace little words and deeds, that she feels a hearty interest in her companion." Imagine the surprised companion hopelessly discomfited. Instead of being her natural self, and winning at least some little consideration in return for acid contributions to gossip, she must confine herself to saying a nice thing about every person mentioned. See her pumping them up, and making all the gossips feel uncomfortable. Did Lady Sneerwell's guests love Maria? In order to be a good neighbour, she must call on everybody, and go to houses where any one is ill, "with something in her hand that may be of use." Impertinent meddler! All this is very well, and we do not smile overmuch until we reach the chapter that is to teach her to be "the woman admired by men." Man is to be attracted "by the genuinely interested little fashion in which she draws aside her frills to make a place for him on the sofa." How often have we fled from that "genuine" interest! Last, to make herself popular as a guest, she is told to learn to "recite gay tender and sweet bits of verse and dialogue by the popular modern authors and poets." That caps all. Mrs. Holt's book does not contain the secret of popularity, but only popularity's characteristics. Walter Pater we believe, wore a sage green tie. The tie was characteristic of Pater. But, if any one else, for that reason, wore a sage green tie, it would not mean that he had the Paterian spirit, but its opposite, the spirit of imitation. Be yourself and somebody is sure to like you; take Mrs. Holt's advice and nobody will. And yet it is not fair to laugh at a little volume so well meant as this, so brightly written, so pleasantly printed and bound. But its title should have been "The Secret of Unpopularity."

*A Summary Catalogue of Western Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library* by Falconer Madan, M.A. Vols. 5 and 6, pt. 1 (Oxford: Clarendon Press). A somewhat longer period has preceded the appearance of the fifth volume of Mr. Madan's Summary Catalogue than was the case with the third and fourth volumes, which were published five and seven years respectively after the inception of the Catalogue in 1890. The present volume concludes the cataloguing of manuscripts received between 1695 and 1890, and is mainly devoted to those acquired singly during those years. Volumes i. and ii., which are now in preparation, will form a new edition of the old printed catalogue of 1697. No separate collections of any importance are to be found in the present volume, but there are several isolated manuscripts of great interest, among them being the Codex Dunelmensis of Terence, which was received by donation in 1704 and then in a manner lost because some eighteenth-century official forgot to enter it in the Library indexes. It was not until 1878 that it was re-discovered, and then only by the pertinacity of Mr. T. W. Jackson, who, having failed in his first search at the Bodleian as well as at other libraries for the famous Codex, luckily inquired again at the Bodleian for a Terence "with pictures," and so recalled the volume to the mind of Mr. Cox, who was librarian at that time. Another important volume with a similar history is No. 28798, which seems to have been originally the private property of a former librarian, and afterwards passed into the library's possession under some informal application of the Statute of Limitations. It had existed in the library for many years as a "dirty parcel, tightly rolled up, at the bottom of a small box" before it was discovered to contain autograph letters of Henry Savile of Eton, Anne of Denmark, Prince Rupert, and other desirable persons. The most interesting acquisition of modern times is the little Gospel Book of S. Margaret of Scotland—the identical manuscript described by her contemporaneous biographer as "a book of the Gospels ornamented with the figures of the four Evangelists, painted and gilt," for which S. Margaret "always felt a particular attachment, more so than for any of the others which she usually read." It is most surprising that such a treasured volume should have been bought at public auction for £6. With volume v. of the Summary Catalogue is also published the first part of volume vi., containing the accessions received from July 1890 to 1904. The only collection of importance is that of the Shelley manuscripts, presented by Lady Shelley in 1893. The purchases recorded bear ample testimony to Bodley's poverty, no manuscript of the first rank appearing. A number of modern manuscripts are presented every year, some of them of considerable antiquarian value, but a few seem quite unworthy of Bodley's Library. For instance on p. 153 there is gravely catalogued an Irish postcard dated December 3, 1897, and a "notice posted in W. Long's shop at Ballyferriter, Kerry, September 1897, chiefly in English." We venture to doubt the wisdom of mentioning separately such ephemera. Something may also be said against the inclusion of typewritten books, facsimiles, and negatives in a catalogue of manuscripts. Surely typewriting is printing, and is only associated with writing by an accident of name. As regards facsimiles and photographs of manuscripts we quite agree that their mention may be useful to students, but it is always difficult to treat such works with any degree of uniformity. Doubtless Mexican scholars will be glad to have their attention called to the valuable facsimiles of Mexican manuscripts issued by the Duc de Loubat; they will, however, look in vain for the still more valuable facsimiles published by Lord Kingsborough. Still, small inconsistencies such as these in no way affect the value of so painstaking a piece of work, which, when complete, will form a fitting monument to the accurate scholarship and palaeographical learning of Mr. Madan.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

IN Dr. Richard Garnett literature has lost a man who has hitherto not been valued as he should be. We say literature, not learning. His services to learning—and especially to other people's learning—were notorious. From the days when, on his first joining the staff of the Museum, he used to master the contents of books in the time which other men took to master their title-pages, to the days when, a profitable "ghost," he revisited the haunts he had laboured in, he was an invaluable servant or master of the Library, a man of prodigious knowledge, accurate memory, and unflinching courtesy. Perhaps he made things too easy. His great work, the printed catalogue, was supplemented by that greater work, his own mind. One got into the habit of saving oneself trouble. "Ask Dr. Garnett" was an easy way out of all difficulties; however trifling the difficulty or foolish the inquirer, Dr. Garnett always treated both as if they were worthy of his attention. It became a habit. People used to ask him questions long after he had ceased to sit in the ring. He would look up from investigations of his own to reply with bland indulgence and a smile on his Socratic countenance.

It has been truly said of him that he regarded his own learning as held by him in trust for the public. He never refused, on principle, to give the public the advantage of it, whether the public were represented by a troublesome inquirer at the Museum or the readers of English Classics who wanted an introduction to the text. Work which men of a different temper might have considered "beneath" them appeared to him to be an opportunity of fulfilling his trust; and time which he might have spent adding to his fame as an original writer was often given to humbler but, in his view, perhaps, therefore higher tasks. It fell to us once to take—outside the Museum—his style and address. "LL.D., I think?" he was asked. "Yes," he smiled. Then the smile widened. "And C.B.," he added. "Let us put on all our frills." The idea of Dr. Garnett, the most modest of men, putting on frills will appeal to all who knew him. But perhaps if he had put on more frills as an author, if his original work had not been placed second to what he considered his duty to the public service, the author of "The Twilight of the Gods" would be rated to-day more nearly as he will be twenty years hence. That unique book is known and valued by a few as one of the choicest things on their shelves and in their minds. Learning there is in it, of course; but there are other things as well; fresh, whimsical, tender imagination; poetry, that somehow expressed itself better in that form than in his professed poems; and a certain boyishness of heart that lasted till the end, and kept the long life sweet and vigorous to the last.

Many of our readers may know the sonnet that follows. It has been chosen out of the collected edition of Dr. Garnett's poems (Mathews and Lane) for inclusion in

more than one anthology, but its appropriateness and its beauty are excuse enough for giving it here:

I will not rail, or grieve when torpid eld'  
Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see  
The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,  
The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.  
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld  
The fitful ravage of December wild,  
Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,  
Seeing the common doom, that all compelled,  
No kindred we to her beloved broods,  
If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;  
But one path travel all her multitudes,  
And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith:  
"Sun to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;  
Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!"

That Dr. Garnett was no Dryasdust may be gathered from the fact that it was he who only a month or two since introduced to the world the poems of Miss Rosalind Travers, with a particularly sympathetic and wise preface to her volume, "The Two Arcadias." And while we write we find that the first article in the first number of a new review, *The Twentieth Century Quarterly*, is headed "A New Poet," and is an examination by Professor Dowden of the work of the same Miss Rosalind Travers. Seldom does a young poet find two such names to back her first volume; but seldom does a young poet so deserve the honour. It is not only that Miss Travers can turn a lyric which has the true fire in it, the "little more" which is not much but all. She has what too few young poets have nowadays—something to say. Her Arcadia is no mere "pastorality": it stands for the dignity of good manners and simple lives, which the motor-cars and excursion trains and building estates and city ways of our own day are rapidly destroying.

She idealises, of course. No country village is Arcadia: in proportion to the population there is as much brutality, vulgarity and offence in the village as in the town. But we are not to read her literally. Arcadia, to Miss Travers, is really a state of mind or of being; the calm, self-contained, proper pride of the old days, before the scurry and competition and greed of to-day came to ruin our nerves, our tempers and our manners. The general note of this remarkable book is an appeal for Sparta against Athens, for simplicity and restraint against laxity and excitement—an appeal that is made sometimes by graphic description, sometimes by biting satire, sometimes by pure and lofty eloquence. The circle of Miss Travers's admirers is widening and her book deserves all the praise it receives.

In the same review, *The Twentieth Century Quarterly* (the publishers are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall), we find an article in defence of Froude by Mr. A. W. Evans, inspired by Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Froude," a book which did much to restore its subject to the position he ought to hold. But Mr. Evans's advocacy seems to us to go a little further than wisdom would have counselled. "No man ever valued truth more highly" is an extravagant phrase to apply to a man of Froude's temper and methods. He honestly believed that his side of the case was the just one, but he was the advocate, not the philosopher. The one is quick to seize the points that tell for his side: the other keeps a constant and eager outlook for anything that may tell against his view, and when he discovers it considers it as if his dearest wish were to find his view wrong. Mr. Evans, in fact, is defending Froude on the wrong lines. One of the clearest proofs of his marvellous ability is the fact that he was, on the whole, accurate in spite of, not because of, his methods and ideals.

For the rest, the new Review devotes a good deal of its space to theology in theory and practice, and has articles also on political and military questions of the day, and a

good sheaf of reviews—mainly theological—at the end. All the articles are signed, and the publication is finely printed and pleasant to hold.

The minor poet most frequently finds it difficult to discover a fresh name for his booklet, but the difficulty has been brilliantly overcome by one of the latest of the bards, Mr. Arthur Lewis to wit. He calls his tiny volume "Thirty Rhymes," and thus ought to solve the difficulty for many others. The next poet might call his thirty-one, and so on to, say, a million; while we suppose that when that point is reached the series could be begun over again by using a letter of the alphabet as they do in numbering motor-cars. "Verses A 40" would be a splendid title.

Mr. Lewis also indulges in the luxury of a colophon, as thus: "Here ends this book of rhymes, which, be they what they may, are to be sold only by Elkin Mathews in Vigo St. London W." He sends us by the same post a long poem called "A Pompeian Episode," to which also he has affixed a colophon. It reads: "Put into print in the winter of this year one thousand nine hundred and six and is to be sold by Elkin Mathews in Vigo Street London West." This gives a pleasant air of antiquity to his productions, which are further distinguished by a neglect of the convention that each line of verse should begin with a capital letter. Concerning the merits of the poem, no doubt our verse-taster will have something to say anon.

It is with regret that our readers will hear of the death of a gifted woman of letters in the person of Mrs. Nora Chesson. She died last Saturday of heart failure, following the birth of her baby about a fortnight previously. For about fifteen years Mrs. Chesson has been before the public, to whom she was probably better known under her maiden name of Nora Hopper. In later days her poetry had lost some of its freshness, but on its first appearance it attracted the attention of those who love good verse by its fine melody and the obvious sympathy and interest of the writer. She did not confine her attentions to verse, but was also a good prose writer, doing a considerable amount of reviewing and other journalistic work. About a year ago she published her first novel, "The Bell and the Arrow." It met with a very friendly reception, and, as at the time of her death she was only a little over thirty, there was good reason for hoping that it was only the beginning of a series. Mrs. Chesson, who was of Irish-Welsh parentage, wrote with such feeling for, and apparently intimate acquaintance with, Ireland, that it will come as a surprise to many to learn that she visited that country for the first time only recently. The visit gave her great pleasure, and she returned even more filled with enthusiasm for Ireland than before. She was a very brave and resolute woman, who carried on her writing under circumstances that might well have daunted a less courageous heart. She will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of literary friends and acquaintances.

We are not surprised that the *Times* reporter who took down Canon Hensley Henson's Easter Sunday sermon wrote "soulless" when the preacher said something else. What else? *Soulish*! Was there ever a more hideous word? To see it in print is to want to rhyme it either with "ghoulish" or "foolish." Canon Henson is unable to translate *σῶμα ψυχικόν* without it: the very test of a translator is his ability to express the meaning of his original in the accepted words of his own tongue. Science, we know, has long been unable to express itself in the English language; is the craze for "scientific" theology to result in a corresponding barbarism? Preachers should remember that, since many people go to hear them who never read books, they are, with the liturgy and

the Bible, among the most important guardians of good English.

A correspondent writes, complaining that a recently published volume of short stories is issued in such a manner as to suggest that it is a novel. The title-page says nothing about "and other stories;" the list of stories is numbered with Roman numerals as if the titles were chapter-headings: and the title of the first story, which is also that of the book, appears as head-line on the left hand page throughout. This is not the first instance that has come under our notice of a practice against which the buyer of books has, we think, a right to complain. But the point is a nice one. It may happen that the title of the first story represents, in a manner, or gives the key-note of all the stories in the volume; in which case the publisher has just—but only just—the right to give that title on the title-page alone, and continue it through the book as a head-line. The use of Roman numerals opposite the titles of the stories in the list is, also, defensible by a publisher who cared to defend it. A publisher of the first rank, however, would probably be very careful to avoid all appearance of misleading the public by making it very clear in every possible manner that the work was not a continuous narrative. Those who consult the "Books Received" in the *ACADEMY* will usually find that a volume of short stories is so designated in the notes to that list.

The sale has just been effected in Venice of the Palazzo Rezzonico, the palace where Robert Browning died in 1889, and which for so many years has been connected with his memory and considered almost as a hallowed spot by many whose cult for the great poet extends to all that was in any way linked with his name. The palace never belonged to the poet; it was bought by his son and daughter-in-law, and it was while on a visit to them that Robert Browning contracted his last illness and died under their roof, tended to the last by loving hands, and with the echoes of the success of "Asolando" winging their way from England. The palace contained many relics of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but these have now been all removed, and the vast building, shorn of these precious memories, has passed into the hands of Count Lionel de Hirschel di Minerbi, of a rich Jewish family of Trieste. The price paid for it is said to be 700,000 francs—about £28,000.

The Rezzonico palace, built from the designs of Longhena in the seventeenth century, contains a fine ceiling by Tiepolo and two splendid statues by Alessandro Vittoria, besides boasting of one of the finest and largest bedrooms in all Venice. It also possesses a lovely mezzanin or entresol, in which the rooms known as the Pope's rooms (from Eugenius IV., who was a member of the Rezzonico family) are beautifully decorated with stucco-work. In these rooms some two years ago Mrs. Humphry Ward wrote the chapters in "The Marriage of William Ashe" of which the scenes are laid in Venice.

Among the pious pilgrims who assembled in their thousands at Stratford-on-Avon on Monday, one party of motorists so distinguished themselves that it is to be regretted their identity cannot be disclosed. It was an imposing car, and the proprietor was clearly proud of it and of himself and in no mood to brook any delay in getting through the ceremony of inspecting the register of Shakespeare's birth and death, which had to be "done" while the car panted. All other pilgrims were, therefore, remorselessly elbowed aside, while the party ranged themselves round the glass case containing the records. Triumphantly pointing out the entries with their distinguishing marks, the proprietor of the car explained:

"You see he couldn't write, so made his mark." "But, papa," interposed his daughter, "you couldn't expect him to write when he was only two days old or after he was dead." "Nonsense," replied Paterfamilias testily, "my remark was perfectly reasonable. It is well known that in those days few people could either read or write."

Mr. George Eyre-Todd, in the second edition of his interesting volume, "The Glasgow Poets," first published three years ago, includes short biographies and specimens of the poetical work of William Freeland, author of "A Birth Song, and other Poems," and Robert Ford, a verse-writer and collector of oral and written songs in several of the Scottish counties, who died last year. There are no fewer than sixty-six Glasgow makars included in Mr. Eyre-Todd's anthology, among the number being Smollett, Thomas Campbell, Motherwell, Pollok, Alexander Smith, David Gray, and Robert Buchanan—names that give a distinction to Glasgow as a literary centre which we do not usually accord the Second City.

A Festival entirely devoted to the works of Beethoven and Berlioz is to be held at the Theatres de l'Opera et du Chatelet, Paris, beginning April 20, and ending May 1, organised by M. Gabriel Astruc. Six concerts in all are announced, four of which are devoted to the works of the Bonn master. Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" is to be performed with Mlle. Breval, M. Van Dyck Delmas and Nivette in the caste. The Concerts will take place on the afternoons of April 20, 23, 25, 27, and 29, and one evening Concert on May 1, when Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be given. Mr. Felix Weingartner will be Conductor, and the Lamoureux Orchestra and the Oratorium Vereeniging of Amsterdam Chorus will be under his direction.

The following are among forthcoming events:

During the first week in May, which is the second week of his Shakespearean Festival, Mr. F. R. Benson will perform at Stratford-on-Avon the three parts of *King Henry VI.* It is more than a century since the first part was played in England, and neither of the first two parts has been played before by this company. Particulars may be had of the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

Two works new to Covent Garden will be produced during the coming Royal Opera season. They are Cornelius's *Barber of Bagdad* and Poldini's *The Princess and the Vagabond*. Dr. Richter will conduct. The season opens on May 3 with *Tristan und Isolde*.

Messrs. D. Heinemann of Munich will hold an Exhibition of German Art during the season in the Grafton Galleries from May 2 till July 10. All the artists belonging to the different Munich Schools are contributing.

The London Shakespeare League.—Commemoration Programme, 1906. April 23, Monday. Meeting of the Council and members of the League at the Hall, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, at 8.30 P.M. Shakespearean Songs. April 24, Tuesday. Performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* by the English Drama Society, at the Bloomsbury Hall, New Oxford Street, W.C., at 8 P.M. April 25, Wednesday. Performance of *Love's Labour's Lost* by the English Drama Society, at the Bloomsbury Hall at 3 P.M. and 8 P.M. April 27, Friday. Recital of *Richard II.* by Mr. J. H. Leigh, at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W., at 8.30 P.M. May 4, Friday. Address by Mrs. Craigie. May 5, Saturday. Educational Conference: "Shakespeare and the Schools" at University College, Gower Street, W.C., at 4.30 P.M. Followed by a dinner at the University. Particulars on application to Mrs. G. Laurence Gomme, 24 Dorset Square, N.W. May 9, Wednesday. Reception at the Mansion House by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, 8.30 to 10.30. Mr. T. Fairman Ordish, has kindly consented to conduct a ramble to places of Shakespearean interest in London. Members who wish to join the ramble are requested to communicate with Mr. Ordish, 2 Melrose Villas, Ballard's Lane, Finchley. An Exhibition of Shakespeareana will be on view at the British Museum during Shakespeare week and until further notice.

Handicrafts Exhibition under the Patronage of H.H. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, organised and directed by Mrs. Charles Muller. Grafton Galleries, April 19 to 27 inclusive. Daily and hourly demonstrations will be given in jewelry-making, Glass-blowing, Lace-making, Basket-making, Bookbinding, Wood-carving, Metal Repoussée, Water-gilding, Spinning and Weaving, Rug-making, Enamels, Embroideries, Tapestries, Mosaics, Marqueterie, Leather Work and many other handicrafts.

Royal Institution of Great Britain, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.—The Friday Evening Discourse next week (April 27 at 9 o'clock), will be delivered by Professor John W. Gregory, D.Sc. F.R.S. The subject is "Ore Deposits and their Distribution in Depth." Afternoon

Lectures next week. On Tuesday April 24, at 5 o'clock. Professor G. Baldwin Brown, M.A., on "Greek Classical Dress in Life and in Art." (Lecture I.) On Thursday April 26, at 5 o'clock. P. Chalmers Mitchell, Esq., M.A. D.Sc., on "The Digestive Tract in Birds and Mammals." (Lecture I.) On Saturday April 28, at 3 o'clock. Professor Charles Waldstein, Litt.D., Ph.D., on "English Furniture in the Eighteenth Century." (Lecture I.) On Friday May 4. The Hon. C. A. Parsons on "The Steam Turbine on Land and at Sea." On Friday May 11. Professor J. P. Poynting on "Some Astronomical Consequences of the Pressure of Light."

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Sale of the third and concluding portion of the collection of engravings and drawings of the late Edward Truman, Esq., April 23–28 inclusive. The collection includes topographical views, many relating to London, early engraved portraits, mostly English historical prints, mezzotint portraits, drawings and water-colours by old masters and the English schools, and a large number of the works of George Shepherd, including a series of his original sketch-books.

## LITERATURE

### THE ART OF ÉMILE ZOLA

*Comment Émile Zola Composait Ses Romans.* Par HENRI MASSIS. (Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 3 fr. 50 c.)

It can hardly be said that M. Henri Massis has added much to our knowledge in this book, and yet few people who are engaged in the work of literature will fail to read it with close attention. As Zola recedes into the distance it becomes easier to find his place in the gallery of writers. It is claimed for him that he invented his own formula and made his own convention, and it is of the greatest interest to examine the grounds on which this claim is put forward. It is praise that cannot be afforded to very many authors. The one writer to whom it is indisputably due is Cervantes. "Don Quixote" set up a model that was kept, with variations, by some of the greatest writers of imaginative literature. In France his idea was adopted by Le Sage and in England the most illustrious exponent of his method was Henry Fielding, whom Scott appropriately designated as the father of the English novel. Now, it seems to us that the relation between Fielding and Cervantes was very similar to that between Zola and Balzac. Fielding made no pretence of imitating the subject dealt with by his model. "Joseph Andrews" and "Tom Jones" are English, and of the time in which their author lived. Their pages form, in fact, a mirror of country life in the eighteenth century as it was seen through the cynical, good-humoured eyes of Henry Fielding. There is not an English Don Quixote in either of these stories, and if Partridge be a variation of Sancho Panza he still was a creation and not a copy. In principle, all these remarks can be applied to all the English novelists who accepted Fielding as the highest master of their craft. Scott dealt with him as he had done with Cervantes. He too rested chiefly on his portraiture of human nature, and for the most part wrote of it as it had come under his own eyes in his native Scotland. In making choice of the period of "Waverley" he simply went far enough back to obtain a flavour of romance and not so far but that he could adapt the manners of his own time to the necessities of his *dramatis personæ*. In the same way Thackeray worked, although, like the great artist he was, he remained true to his own personality and tried to give us his own vision of things. This, too, was the attitude of Zola to Honoré de Balzac. The scheme of the Rougon-Macquart Family was that of the *Comédie Humaine*. We have the author's own words on it:

"Avant moi, il n'y a que Balzac; le premier il assigna au roman la mission de peindre la société contemporaine sans souci de moralité, ni de beauté; il fut l'initiateur, l'homme de science qui a tracé la voie à tout le XX<sup>e</sup> siècle. Comme Balzac, je peindrai des hommes de classes différentes; je ferai les bourgeois, les financiers, les ouvriers, les prêtres, les artistes, les filles, etc. Il a montré la *Comédie Humaine*, je suivrai son exemple." L'idée de Balzac [adds M. Massis] ne le quitte point; c'est toujours à lui qu'il revient.

But Zola was no imitator. He recognised what was the spirit of his century, a century likely to stand pre-eminent in all time as the period of scientific research and discovery.



Zola's naturalism, his materialism, his application of the doctrine of heredity, his laborious study and still more laborious note-taking were results of the scientific spirit of his age. We may not altogether like the result, but that is not because Zola chose his part unwisely but because he developed the least attractive *trait* of the French character and missed its fine grace and elegance and gaiety. To read one of his novels is like entering into some filthy and disordered congregation of ill-doing men and women. One reads with a sense of rebellion, because of an inborn consciousness that life is never so squalid and degrading as he pictures it, that out of it rise high resolves and hopes, and joyousness that comes from life itself and cannot be entirely quelled and driven back by circumstances. Then, again, as has been said, he accentuates certain of the less alluring features of the French character, and of course this puts him a little out of sympathy with the average Englishman. On this side of the Channel there is a greater sense of decency than on the other, and by decency we do not at this moment mean simply the concealment of sexual relations. For an example of this difference in national character we would rather appeal to death than to passion. The prevailing desire of Englishmen at the moment of death is for quiet and privacy. Our country graves are placed away in a secluded churchyard, and as often as not concealed from public view by the yew trees that have been cherished there for centuries; but any passenger by a French railway cannot fail to be struck by the tendency of that nation to place their cemeteries on hill-sides close to the line, so that every one who passes may behold their monuments of woe. The manufacture of crosses and other emblems of grief is one of the finest of the French fine arts. So anxious are the people to display their grief for the death of a relative that they use the most sombre and black-bordered envelopes to announce the decease, and so many of the family don mourning that a casual observer might be forgiven for imagining that a large proportion of the French women at any given time were widows. The ostentatious meetings and partings, salutes, kissings and so forth are all parts of the same character, and would be described as indecent, at any rate by the older-fashioned generation of our countrymen. Unfortunately, the aspect of life which the imagination of Zola seized upon was not this, but the passion of love; and he has described its manifestations with a repellent minuteness such as is equalled in no other literature. And these notebooks show that in all this he imagined himself to be closely following a scientific system. Amongst the most curious pages of the volume are the brief notes on heredity, in which he reduces the speculation of physicists to hard statement. Thus, he thinks that a child born in Normandy of a Norman woman is Norman whatever the father might be. This possibly might often be the case. Again he will have it that accidental modifications are hereditary, and that mutilated infants come from mutilated parents. Those who, until a few years ago, were accustomed to dock the tails of terriers would at once furnish him with an argument against this. The truth is that in all this Zola's science was unsound. It is true, no doubt, that every quality possessed by a human being is derived from ancestors, but then marriage brings in so many different families, so many different lines of ancestors, that no one can tell even approximately what the product will be. Nor was Zola working here on very original lines. Novelists from mere instinct have always had a tendency to make their characters the children of such parents as were likely to produce them. Even Smollett, who was the last man to claim to be a scientific novelist, took care that, when he wanted a Count Fathom, the mother of his hero should be one of those earthly deities who hovered over the field of battle despatching the slain and relieving them of their goods, while the father is veiled in an appropriate obscurity. Scott's heroes usually show just enough diversion from the ancestral type to cause uneasiness to the family. It would serve little purpose to insist on all this, were it not for the fact that this doctrine of heredity in

reality hampers the action in the novels of Zola. As M. Massis very well says :

Après tout, Zola ne fait que substituer à la Némésis antique, à la Grâce de la littérature janséniste, la fatalité héréditaire. Vous me répondrez que c'est plus scientifique.—Assurément, mais il importe assez peu. Phèdre n'a pas la grâce, et est torturée par les feux d'une passion incestueuse. Étienne a une hérédité d'alcoolique, et est un "monomane de l'assassinat." Ne vous semble-t-il pas que c'est à peu près la même chose ? Le mot seul est changé.

Inevitably we are forced into a comparison between the French naturalistic movement, of which Zola was the head, with its crowd of imitators who cram the French bookstalls with novels full of the filth but empty of the genius of Zola, and the movement that was contemporaneous in England with his lifetime. George Eliot had made a move towards science, but with such results that she secured few imitators. On the other hand, we had a school of romantic fiction that seems now to have been a very frail flower indeed. Led by Stevenson, a host of writers came into existence only too ready and eager to adopt what they thought was the popular formula of the hour, a young man with a taste for duelling, a more or less beautiful young woman, two or three other characters in the background, the whole picture bearing a much closer resemblance to a scene in opera bouffe than to actual life. Indeed, there was very little attempt made to render human nature in hard, clear, and yet vivacious lines. The skill of the writer was exerted solely in the invention of adventures. The characters who went through the adventures were the merest puppets. A few years pass, and these books in their tons of paper lie as dead as Egyptian mummies in their cerements. The only virtue on which we can plume ourselves is that all this stuff, if futile, was innocuous. No young person can get the slightest harm from wading in it up to the elbows, nor, we may add, the slightest good. But undoubtedly Zola had a truer and stronger conception of the greatness of imaginative art. He was an admirer of Flaubert, and there was no real reason why he should not have improved his own work by giving it some of the attention to verbal felicity on the attainment of which Flaubert wasted his life. Nor was there any need that he should have devoted so much of his work to the portrayal of passion and its effects. But that, as Frederick the Great said, is "a much overrated form of amusement," and though it may engross the energies and almost the life of one sex, it does not count for so much in that of the other. From the time of prehistoric man the male has in one form or another been taught to hunt for food, until age after age passing away has engendered out of labour a religion.

What strikes one most in this instructive book is that Zola trusted far too much to documents and toil. After all, the first essential of the work of fiction is that the characters should be living, breathing, acting, feeling men and women. Zola's nature is most adequately, though not very eloquently, described by the word "stodgy." We are told that his ideas on most things were obscure and dull. Only by incessant labour did he bring clearness into them. It is a strange fault to find in a countryman of Molière, Dumas and many another laughing philosopher, but so it was. A little brightness, a little humour, a little more tact in writing, and he could have said what he meant without arousing the feeling of disgust and have left behind him something not unlikely to prove immortal.

#### MATER DOLOROSA

*The Madonna of the Poets.* An anthology of Poems in Our Lady's praise gathered by ANITA BARTLE. (Burns & Oates, 2s. 6d. net.)

RIGHTLY considered, by Catholic or Protestant, by believer or unbeliever, by scientific philosopher or peasant of untroubled faith, High Mass forms probably the most pathetic spectacle that ever has been deliberately placed

before the eye and ear of man. Here we seem to see all humanity represented, from the stately and aged priest to the smallest acolyte, and in the wailing cry that comes from them, "Ora Pro Nobis," is the essence of the Christian religion. For, as has been pointed out by philosopher and poet, it is the one creed whose chief doctrine is sadness. In the springtime of the world man sends the reflection of his own joyousness up to heaven, and the deities of antiquity make their Olympic halls ring with Homeric laughter. It was left to a generation of longer and deeper experience to adopt a religion that had "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief" for its chief object, whose virtues were self-sacrifice and self-denial, and whose disciples abjured "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh." It is sometimes said that under the evolutionary epoch in which we live the Virgin Mary is floating far into the dim distance, to take her place beside Venus and Proserpina and Ceres and the others, round whose names the most beautiful legends are woven. Yet hers will ever remain the most touching and interesting of all traditions. She was human life incarnate, troubled with its griefs and comforted by its highest hopes. Looking back we see that her personality has had a strange history. At what period people began to worship her is somewhat doubtful, but during the age of chivalry she it was to whom the knight devoted himself, even when he had a leman of flesh and blood. For a while during the Reformation her name became almost abhorrent to the new religionists as being associated with what they called Romish idolatry, or what was later known as Mariolatry. Then the Virgin Mother became once more a pathetic human figure to the imagination, no longer supernatural, no longer a figure to be kneeled at and adored, but a weak and suffering mother full of a mother's troubles and sorrows. And now, as we have said, the question arises whether she be not passing away into that land where so many beautiful myths lie embalmed. We ask this, chiefly because the doubt arises from a perusal of the little book before us. It is an anthology of poems and prayers addressed to or concerning the Madonna, and whether the compiler looked upon her task as one of piety or whether she was actuated solely by literary considerations it is somewhat difficult to determine. We have in the book a very curious mingling of pieces. The place of the introduction is taken by a quotation from Ruskin in which that versatile genius said that "every brightest and loftiest achievement of the art and strength of manhood has been the fulfilment of the poor Israelite maiden's: 'He that is mighty hath magnified me.'" It is the saying, be it remembered, of a Protestant, and must be incredible even to the Roman Catholic. Many a noble and great achievement has to be laid to the account of those who neither cared for the Israelite maiden nor her hymn. However, that is neither here nor there, except as showing that the compiler of this anthology was forced to go to a writer who was almost a pagan in essentials for a broad view of the Virgin Mary. The contributors to the volume form a curiously mixed company, beginning as they do with an anonymous Greek writer and ending with the late Mr. Lionel Johnson. Generally speaking, we feel that the poems would have been better in Latin, which somehow seems to be the appropriate language in which to address the Virgin Mary. Probably enough, this feeling is a matter of association. In Latin the Roman Catholics have enshrined their hymns and litanies, while our own writers have scrupulously refrained from what may savour of Virgin worship. Any one will see what we mean by comparing the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa" with the translations of it given here:

Stood the Maiden-Mother weeping,  
By the Cross her sad watch keeping,  
Near her dying Son and LORD;  
Woes wherewith the heart is broken,  
Sorrows never to be spoken,  
Smote her, pierced her, like a sword

Even in Old English, which is much better than modern prose, we do not get quite the same feeling as in the stately periods of the Romish Church. The best poem quoted in the book is an anonymous carol.

I sing of a Maiden  
That is makeless;  
King of all kings  
To her Son she ches.  
He came also still  
There His Mother was,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the grass.  
He came also still  
To His Mother's bower,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the flower.  
He came also still  
There His Mother lay,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the spray.  
Mother and Maiden  
Was never none but she;  
Well may such a Lady  
God's Mother be.

Crashaw is himself in his "Sancta Maria Dolorum," but scarcely in the vein that a Catholic ecclesiastic would sympathise with.

In shade of Death's Sad Tree  
Stood doleful She;  
Ah, She! now by none other  
Name to be known, alas! but Sorrow's Mother.  
Before her eyes,  
Hers and the whole world's Joys,  
Hanging, all torn, she sees, and in His woes  
And pains her pangs and throes.  
Each wound of His from every part  
All more at home in her own heart.

Of Henry Vaughan—no Roman Catholic, but a seventeenth-century English churchman, and therefore instinct with traditional feeling—we have the following somewhat "metaphysical" poem, called "The Knot":

Bright Queen of Heaven! God's  
Virgin Spouse!  
The glad world's Blessèd Maid!  
Whose beauty tied life to thy house,  
And brought us saving aid.  
  
Thou art the true Love's-knot; by thee  
God is made our ally;  
And man's inferior essence He  
With His did dignify.  
  
For coalescent by that Band  
We are His body grown,  
Nourished with favours from His hand  
Whom for our Head we own.  
  
And such a Knot what arm dares loose,  
What life, what death can sever?  
Which us in Him, and Him in us,  
United keeps for ever.

Of the moderns, Aubrey de Vere probably entered more fully than any other into the spirit of Virgin worship, as witness the following:

Say, who is she, serenely blest,  
That walks the dustier ways of life  
With foot immaculate as her breast?  
That woman maid, the Christian wife!  
  
Her love, a full-blown rose, each hour  
Its snowy bud regerminates;  
The star of Eden lights her bower;  
The angel, Reverence, guards its gates.  
  
Yet half she is, that wife—still bride—  
Owes to that Vestal never wed,  
As homes through Him are sanctified  
Who had not where to lay His head.  
  
Both Mysteries sleep in one, secure:—  
Like twins in one white cradle laid,  
The life detached and marriage pure  
One mother boast—the Mother-Maid.

To many of the other poets in this volume she is but a thing to write verses on. There seems to be something extremely jejune in addressing an Envoy at the end of a poem to the Virgin, as does Mr. Francis Thompson, while George Herbert and Herrick are merely quaint. The anthologist gives Herrick's:

To work a wonder God would have her shown  
At once a Bud and yet a Rose full-blown;

and there is also included Herbert's ingenious play upon her name:

Ana { MARY } gram  
      { ARMY } gram  
How well her name an Army doth present  
In whom the LORD of Hosts did pitch his tent.

There is much else in the volume that is good as verse, but would scarcely be considered of great account in the sentiments of those who in single-hearted piety repeat the prayer:

Regina Prophetarum,  
Regina Apostolorum,  
Regina Martyrum,  
Ora pro nobis.

### A QUESTION OF TEXT

*The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.* Variorum Edition.  
Vol. ii. (A. H. Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.)

*The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher.* Vol. ii. (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)

COMPARISONS are proverbially odious. Hazlitt out-paradoxes paradox by explaining why the proverb is correct which says so, and his explanation is convincing and fits our purpose nicely by showing when a comparison is pertinent. His two hundred and twenty-third characteristic runs as follows:

Comparisons are odious because they reduce every one to a standard he ought not to be tried by, or leave us in possession only of those claims which we can set up, to the entire exclusion of others. By striking off the common qualities, the remainder of excellence is brought down to a contemptible fraction. A man may be six feet high and only an inch taller than another. In comparisons this difference of an inch is the only thing thought of or ever brought into question. The greatest genius or virtue soon dwindles into nothing by such a mode of computation.

Exactly: it is that inch (as valuable as an inch of land in the City) that is the rub in the present predicament, as we sit before the two editions, now being issued, of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. The volumes, one tall and slate blue, the other stoutish and red, have the common quality of being written by those "gemini of witt": it is a matter for comparison—of text really—once the thought of the tall long line Mr. Bullen's edition would make on the shelf has assumed its proper proportion. The bookseller's indifference to the task of such a decision is cold-blooded and amazing:

B. and F. Bullen, vol. ii. 10s. 6d. net.  
Do. do. Cam. Univ. Press. 4s. 6d. net. } on appro.

is his whole comment upon the situation. Outrageous! Why cannot we be left to chant in peace:

Beauty clear and fair  
Where the Air  
Rather like a perfume dwells  
Where the Violet and the Rose  
The blew Veins in blush disclose  
And come to honour nothing else.

And that has landed us in the very thick of the question! Note the fifth line of the verse and the first word. The word is "the," the reading in the folios and quartos, and in the red Cambridge edition. Slate-blue has "their," and without comment of any kind, which is surprising in an edition with *Variorum* printed conspicuously on its handsome back. We prefer the sound of Fletcher's line with its

slightly halting accent and gentle emphasis on the *blue* (of sense and sound) to Mr. Greg's clever emendation. Sheets could be written on Fletcher's reason for writing "the."

The song occurs in *The Elder Brother*. That leads to another point. The play has been printed both as prose and as verse: modern editors have inclined to fit the whole—in passages violently—into verse. The *Variorum* edition gives the verse version, with a long discussion in the preface. The Cambridge edition has solved the difficulty by following the prose of the 1679 folio, of which it is a reprint, and giving the verse version in its entirety in the Appendix. Gradually our textual sense (a curious sixth sense possessed by some people) became aroused, and, ivory paper-knife in one hand marking place, we read on line by line and discovered—many things, among which were:

(1) That the *Variorum* edition cut up the acts into scenes and gave hypothetical localities.

(2) That the *Variorum* edition inserted stage directions, sometimes on its own initiative without confession, and occasionally changed, sometimes with comment, sometimes without, the place of stage directions in the old text. For example, *Humourous Lieutenant*, act i. scene i. ll. 278, *seq.* read:

Ant. . . . they must not leave ye.  
Sec. Gent. Never till life leaves us, sir.

*Enter Leontius with Attendant.*

whereas the folios and quartos and manuscripts read, as the Cambridge text reads:

Ant: . . . they must not leave ye.

*Enter Leontius.*

2. Gent. Never till life leave us, Sir.

It is noteworthy, too, that the *Variorum* has changed the mood of the verb "leave" without comment.

(3) That where all the old editions are unanimous in one reading, but that reading is to modern editors inexplicable, the *Variorum* edition does not hesitate to change it, e.g., *Wit Without Money*, act ii. 99 (where Valentine is lauding the advantages of a girl over a widow, the tamer evil). The *Variorum* reads as follows:

With one man satisfied, with one rein guided  
With one faith one content one bed agreed  
She makes the wife, preserves the fame and issue.

whereas the Cambridge edition reads, with 1679 folio and Q. 2:

With one man satisfied, with one rein guided, with one faith, content, one bed, aged she makes the wise, preserves the fame and issue.

This makes excellent sense ("thee" being frequently printed "the" in Elizabethan times), is far stronger, and has the added advantage of being backed by the old authorities, except Q. 1, which reads *wife*, probably a misprint.

(4) That the *Variorum* collated the manuscript of *The Humourous Lieutenant*, a manuscript of extraordinary importance, from the Dyce reprint, which is quite untrustworthy; and the Cambridge edition had recourse to the manuscript itself.

*Ex pede Herculem*—and we need not set forth our comparison at full length. And so slate-blue went back, and red stands on the shelf. True, its old spelling may influence our orthography and hold us up to the ignorant derision of friends and correspondents. But anything that helps to preserve the old atmosphere of these old plays is of more value than all the notes and directions and modernisations that were ever written, for the proper understanding of an old dramatist, who had his own rules of technique and rules of what he could and could not do, and his own effects to make. At the least we know what we are reading.

## PASTORALS

*Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama.* A literary inquiry, with special reference to the pre-Restoration stage in England. By WALTER W. GREG. (Bullen, 10s. 6d. net.)

BIBLIOGRAPHY and the gift of literary appreciation do not often go hand in hand, and it is pleasant, therefore, to find Mr. Greg. to whose "List of Plays and Masques" students of the English drama are deeply indebted, making his mark in a study of pastoral poems and plays distinguished by a breadth of treatment and sanity of view worthy of the best traditions of English criticism. Mr. Greg's main concern being with the English pastoral drama, he has treated the pastoral in France and Spain somewhat cursorily; but for Italy, where the tradition was set, and for England, his study is as full as could be desired. Beginning, as in duty bound, with Theocritus, about whom he has a very pretty passage, he traces the history of the Latin eclogue from the time of Virgil until it lost its last semblance of freshness in the involved allegories in which the scholars of the Renaissance took so much pride. After sketching the rise of the vernacular eclogue in Italy and noting how the greater risk in religious or political allusions in a vulgar tongue saved it from the worst excesses of allegory, Mr. Greg goes back to Boccaccio's "Ameto" to take up the story of the pastoral romance, and then makes a flying visit to Spain and France. For the history of pastoral poetry in England ample space is allowed, and Mr. Greg shows that the English pastoral, though it never rivalled its Italian model in fertility, yet evinced an individual and versatile quality which we seek in vain in other countries. We have the evidence of the Shepherd Plays in the great Miracle Cycles, more especially the two in the Towneley collection, and also some scanty remains of poems and ballads, to prove that the natural, homely shepherd had left his mark on our literature before the classical and Italian tradition intervened; and, when the tradition came, it was open to the individual poet to blend the conventional shepherd life with such more natural touches as his inclinations and skill dictated. The privilege brought with it a risk of confused ideals, on the part both of the poets and their critics, but when it was successfully used it helped to give the English pastoral the greater variety which Mr. Greg claims for it.

After thus tracing the history of pastoral poetry Mr. Greg makes a fresh start with the Italian drama, beginning with the mythological plays, *sacre rappresentazioni* on pagan themes, which came into fashion towards the close of the fifteenth century. Before the end of that century there is definite evidence of the eclogue having assumed a dramatic form, and thenceforward they can be arranged in something approaching a natural sequence of dramatic development, until in 1573 the lines of the pastoral play were definitely fixed by the brilliant success of Tasso's *Aminia*. Both of this and of its equally famous rival, Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, Mr. Greg gives a full analysis, and he does full justice to the charm of the *Aminia* in a passage which will bear quotation:

The effect produced is one and whole, that of a perfect work of art, and the same impression remains with us afterwards. Smooth limbs, soft and white, that shine through the waters of the spring and amid the jewelled spray, or half revealed among the thickets of lustrous green, a slant ray of sunlight athwart the loosened gold of the hair—the vision floats before us as if conjured up by the strains of music rather than by actual words. This kinship with another art did not escape so acute a critic as Symonds as a characteristic of Tasso's style. But the kinship on another side with the art of painting is equally close; a thousand pictures arise before us as we follow the perfect melody of the irregular lyric measures. The white veil fluttering and the swift feet flashing amid the brambles and the trailing creepers of the wood, bright crimson staining the spotless purity of the flying skirts as the huntress bursts through the clinging tangles that seek to hold her as if jealous of a human love, the lusty strength of the bronzed and hairy satyr in contrast with the tender limbs of the captive nymph, the dark cliff and the still mirror of the lake reflecting the rosebuds pressed artfully against the girl's soft neck as she crouches by its brink,

Backed by the forest, circled by the flowers,  
Bathed in the sunshine of the golden hours,

the armed huntress, the grey-coated wolves, and the white-robed chorus—here are a series of pictures of seductive beauty for the brush of a painter to realise upon the walls of some palace of pleasure.

No "sour shepherd" could write such a passage as this, and Mr. Greg's combination of this ready appreciation of the pastoral grace with a steady eye for its essential defect is the best possible equipment for its critic. What that essential defect was is tersely indicated in the three words "love in vacuo" which he lets fall, almost casually, on the last page of his book. The shepherds and shepherdesses who come upon the scene have, indeed, their pastoral occupations, and to make some graceful allusions to them was one of the rules of the game, but long before d'Urfé and Fontenelle it was felt that "ces Bergères necessiteuses, qui pour gagner leur vie conduisent les troupeaux aux pastourages," or of whom it could be said that they "sentent trop la campagne," had no place on the stage. Positively or negatively, the one occupation of every shepherd and shepherdess is "love," and the one form of love which is least often depicted is that in which it is a healthy and human passion. The unwholesomeness of the nymphs who brood all day long on their chastity is as offensive as the brutality of the satyrs who would deprive them of it, and this sickly attitude is so characteristic of the pastoral tradition that Milton himself could not escape from it. As Mr. Greg remarks, the spectators of *Comus* could have had no prejudice otherwise than favourable to the Lady Alice Egerton, and yet the child is made to take the first opportunity of informing them, "with much earnest protestation, of her quite remarkable purity and virtue, implying as it were a naïve surprise at having arrived unsullied at the perilous age of thirteen."

It is necessary to emphasise, as we have done, how languid and enervating are the breezes that blow softly over the sheepdowns of the pastoral drama, or it will be easy to do injustice to the author of any particular play, as Dr. Ward and other critics, for instance, have borne over hardly on Randolph's *Amyntas* for not representing the true "simplicity" of pastoral life. As Mr. Greg remarks, the fact may be lamented by such as love to shed bitter tears because the sandy shore is not a well-swept parquet (the simile had been better reversed!), but when the type of the pastoral play had been fixed more than half a century earlier by the success of Tasso's play of the same name, it is absurd to blame Randolph for conforming to it. It is true that in *The Sad Shepherd*, unhappily left as a fragment, Jonson took a more original course, with the result that the broad humour and burlesque of some of his rustic characters has brought down on him the censure of Mr. Swinburne for his "barbarism." As we have seen, it is one of the merits of Mr. Greg's book that he distinguishes the more natural and human vein which may be found in English examples both of the pastoral poetry and of the pastoral drama as compared with foreign work, but Dr. Ward's censure of Randolph and Mr. Swinburne's of Jonson are eloquent of the risk of confused ideals of which we spoke. Mr. Greg himself vigorously upholds both plays, while, on the other hand, he regards the success of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* as a triumph of poetic charm over very serious faults of construction and characterisation due to the "antagonism between Fletcher's own sympathies and the ideal he set before him." The whole of his chapter on these "Three Masterpieces" seems to us quite admirable, and in tracing the growth of the pastoral drama in England, and its handling by the lesser men as well as the greater ones, he is equally successful. His book will certainly take its place at once as a standard work.

## LA REINE MALHEUREUSE

*The Life of Queen Henrietta Maria.* By I. A. TAYLOR. Two volumes. (Hutchinson, 24s. net.)

ENTHUSIASM for the Stuart period will hardly die, and most nooks and crannies, however carefully searched, will bear to be explored again. Alone, perhaps, amongst



protagonists, the little bright-eyed Queen has never been substantially presented by historians. The shadow which she cast has never been materialised, and vaguest obloquy has been her portion. To remove this stigma, to bring her into the full light of day, has been Miss Taylor's task, and the thought was in itself a worthy one. Moreover, our author is a careful writer, a cautious sifter of plain evidence no less than of ingenious theories: a keen, clear-sighted observer, never a special pleader to any marked degree. Greatness of character is the only factor to be counted in history, as it is the only real influence in human life, yet something of greatness is supplied to the weakest of characters by mere strangeness of circumstance. If this be true of Charles I., it is not less true of Henrietta, who does not deserve violent censure any more than she deserved the bitter hatred which was her lot in life. The most that can be said against her is that her zeal outran discretion. Frivolous and meddlesome she has been called, selfish and tyrannical, and these things are true enough in their degree; to which Miss Taylor brings in reply the suggestion that to be meddlesome was simply to be eager and interested, while the more serious complaint is met by proofs of wifely devotion. As to the greater question, she strove "rashly and with unpractised hands to build a dyke against a deluge." This is cleverly said. But would it not be truer to say that before she could attempt to build anything an irresistible current had swept her away?

When the bride arrived in England, a child of fifteen, events of which she knew little and understood less were already in train for outbreak. It was the June of 1625. Buckingham was the real King of England. Henrietta was no stranger to violent happenings. She knew that she had been sent to England to be the good providence of English Catholics. But every precaution known to statecraft had been taken to prevent the exercise of any grace she might have possessed, so that neither her own toleration of liberal thought nor her husband's of Catholicism had the slightest chance of surviving; and yet there is clear evidence that both existed. For the rest, it was certainly the period, to use Lord Acton's phrase, when dogmatic convictions rose to be the centre of universal interest, and if these were not rationally born in those who were "dressed in a little brief authority," they were very easily assumed.

Assumed they were in Henrietta's case, and we see her henceforward the antitype of the lath of statesmanship, painted to look like iron. What gives a human pathos to her struggles, her renewals of effort, her desperate denials of plain fact, is the place she had as mother and wife from 1627 onwards. Buckingham was gone, and with him as many dangers to France as to herself. The pack of foreign monks and minions was departed; domestic peace had arrived on their heels. All was ready, in fact, for the reign of comparative happiness. The Queen herself was of a disposition happy and gay. There is no resisting the bright side of the picture as Miss Taylor shows it. Yet warnings were in the air. Possibly a superstitious dread, instilled by her mother, accounts even more than religious scruple for the Queen's refusal to be crowned; but be that as it may, the English people never forgave her for this. They had hailed with joy the failure of the Spanish match, and now wondered cynically enough whether there was anything gained by a French one. Meanwhile, a strange commentary on the futility of opposing the onrush of victorious principle was provided for Henrietta by the rise and fall of Strafford. Her own safety, so it seemed at one time, was safeguarded by his death. But Charles himself, apart from active folly, would neither understand nor learn.

Here came the fight for mastery between king and people; a story, complicated though it be, which is universally known. It was one thing that Charles should try to save his wife, but another that between them they should defy everything that could have preserved the State. From the moment that Charles took the fatal step which precipitated the Civil War—the arrest of the five members,

for which Henrietta must receive no blame, even if she counselled it, since the act was his—from that moment Henrietta herself became, as it were, merely a side-issue. In the long years following, nothing she could do is to be considered of the first importance. She did a great deal, it is true, enough to bring down anathemas on her head from contemporary critics, but not enough to warrant the indignation of sober historians. Her flight to France, her intrigues with foreign powers, her hazardous speculations, her marshalling even of armed forces: all these furious ventures count for very little in the court of history. Henrietta was the victim of circumstance. In her character there is no touch of greatness from first to last. Burnet declared that she was ever bad at contriving and much worse in execution. She had no business, of course, to contrive; and even those of her own day who blamed most freely would have pitied as readily, had they once realised her unimportance to any material issue. How does she stand, then? She was the wife of one, and the mother of two Kings who failed. This remains true in face of the half-success of the Restoration. And the indirect value of such studies as these is due to the fact that the sum of these very failures is vital to history. But history is not affected by her own. The Queen's appreciation of the truth implied affords fitness to the name she gave herself: *la reine malheureuse*.

If, then, we dismiss the unfortunate Queen as a real factor, there still remains one subject on which a good deal of speculation has long been naturally rife, and which invests her name with peculiar interest. What were her relations with Jermyn, Earl of Saint Albans? The slander to which some historians, some gossips, some diarists have given currency is idle enough, and Miss Taylor rightly treats it with disdain. But the question of the alleged marriage (she declares) is still undetermined by history. We are not so sure about that. Weighing the pros and cons we must be guided by evidence. But character is the best evidence. Greatness apart, character Henrietta most certainly possessed. From the Queen's letters, freely quoted here, and quoted more wisely than they are apt to be in the footnotes of orthodox histories, the impression only of wifely devotion can be gleaned. Tyranny, even, was one way of love with her. That she suffered much, and therefore is to be forgiven much, is hardly to be gainsaid. But we ask for better proof of character, and that is to be found. Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate the lines upon which the book is written. The last word to the author must be one of sincere congratulation.

### THE CALL OF THE DESERT

*The Voice of the South.* By GILBERT WATSON. (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net.)

It is difficult to know where to begin in praise of this book. Perhaps the reader's first pleasant surprise is gained by realising that the work is free from all those sordid details and tiresome preliminaries and excrescences which generally tend to rob books of travel of their unity. We find Mr. Gilbert Watson at Biskra, in Southern Algeria, and at Tougourt we leave him; and for whoever likes to read the impressions of a singularly alert and sympathetic observer, to feel the influence of elemental nature and untouched antiquity, to come under the spell of the romance of a little-known country and the soul of a strange people, the book is a rich store of enjoyment.

Above all, we would recommend "The Voice of the South" to all who have a taste for good prose. To define or describe good style is always difficult; but in this particular case it is chiefly apparent in the simple and adequate narrative, and in the descriptive passages, which, without being either pre-Raphaelite or impressionist, make us see sufficiently all the important detail, and at the same time realise the effect of the whole. The analysis of the mental equipment of Abdullah, the camel-driver, is a good instance.

... he possessed imagination, for he was a firm believer in the supernatural; nor was he deficient in humour, for a broad or practical joke tickled him at times to the point of tears, and metamorphosed his serious countenance to such an extent that his very ears might be said to participate in his smiles. But these were pardonable relapses from the paths of gravity and were more than atoned for by long hours of unmitigated depression.

Abdullah interested me, although I neither grew to understand nor care for him as I did for Athman. He did not lay himself out to gain my friendship, nor had he any of the companionable traits of my dusky guide. He was a strange character, taciturn and loquacious by turns, yet on the whole much given to contemplation. He thought slowly and laboriously. The suspicion of ignorance darkened his mind. He groped vaguely in a chaos of elementary thoughts, connected in his more lucid moments with camels. Glimmerings of reason came to him at times, but they rarely found their way into words. Give him the bright sun overhead and the burning desert underfoot, the wind behind and the camels before him, 'twas all he asked.

It would be a pleasure to quote many passages describing the different aspects of the desert, at dawn, in the heat of the day, and at dusk, or the equally interesting and un-northern scenes afforded by the streets, squares, mosques, and market-places of the little desert towns to which the narrative leads us. Rarely do we find a traveller who sees so clearly and describes so well, who has so much knowledge, who seems so fully in sympathy with all that surrounds him, animate and inanimate, and who has so easy a mastery over the English language.

During the course of the narrative the author has kept himself as far as possible in the background, and the chief personal interest of the story is centred in Athman, with whose name the book opens and with whose departure it ends. He is introduced in his rôle as guide, but as his character gradually unfolds itself we see that his profession is really the least important and indeed the most incongruous fact in his life. Not but that he fulfilled his duties excellently, but he was so much more. He seemed at once the paragon of guides, the ideal of travelling companions, the perfection of piety both filial and divine, the soul of poetry and music, a strict observer of the laws of etiquette and courtesy, full of sympathy and consideration, with all the exuberance of youth, and in his heart as simple as a child. We hear him discoursing on the beauty of his desert home, the holiness of his Marabout ancestors, and the fascination and danger of love, which he had never known, playing on his flute, singing Arab songs, telling old tales and reciting his own poems. We see him eager to tend the sick and help the aged, almost strangling a man whom he found torturing a toad, cherishing a baby fox and trying to bring it up on camel's milk, grieving over it when it died, and burying it with all solemnity. This is Athman as we know him on the march from Biskra to Tougourt, and thus he would probably have remained had Tougourt not held in store for the travellers certain unexpected experiences. But here the Voice of the South penetrated Athman's soul: passions strong enough to overbalance the rest of his nature were aroused in him and plunged him into states of misery and tension hitherto unexperienced. What happened to Athman at Tougourt we shall not say: it must be told in Mr. Watson's own words. Whether it was indeed Fate, or a sudden awakening to maturity, or a youthful excess, will never be known. But the irresistible call lured him Southwards, and with his disappearance the story naturally reaches its close.

### BURBANKITIS

*New Creations in Plant Life.* An authoritative account of the Life and Work of Luther Burbank. By W. S. HARWOOD. Illustrated by photographs. (The Macmillan Co., 7s. 6d.)

READERS of periodicals can, during the last year or two, scarcely have failed to notice constantly recurring paragraphs and articles with reference to the wonderful results in the way of plant-breeding achieved by a Mr. Luther Burbank, of California. The appellations "Wonder Worker" and "Wizard of the West" have been freely accorded him,

and the plants he has produced have been commonly referred to by the high-sounding title of "creations." Among the many marvels credited to Mr. Burbank were the production of a thornless edible cactus, guaranteed to transform deserts into smiling, fertile lands, and of some entirely new fruits, including the "plumcot" and the "pomato." Indeed, in the United States, so great has been the curiosity and interest aroused by this Press campaign that a new word has been coined, to wit Burbankitis.

By any one possessed of a practical knowledge of horticulture most of these Press stories could be regarded only as amusing fables. Remembering, however, the generally accredited saw: "Where there is smoke there is fire," we found our interest in Mr. Burbank aroused, and for some time we have been diligently endeavouring to obtain authentic information concerning his performances. The quest has proved an elusive one. Somewhat strangely, until lately the British gardening papers have had little or nothing to say upon the subject, and from inquiries made of eminent horticultural authorities little was gleaned beyond the perhaps significant fact that they too would like information. The mystery deepened. A search for these wonderful new plants in the catalogues of the leading British, American, and Continental nurserymen proved unavailing, and even the perusal of a letter elicited from Mr. Burbank by the authorities at Kew did not enlighten. "The Press has gotten hold of my work too soon," he wrote, but, alas! he did not enter into the question of what there was to be gotten hold of. Amidst all this disappointment, however, one fact stood out prominently. It was that the Carnegie Institution of Washington, "founded to promote original research," had thought fit to make Mr. Burbank a grant of 10,000 dollars a year for ten years, to relieve his mind from care as much as possible, and allow him to apply all his energies to the inception and development of further experiments and ideas. This indeed was a solid testimonial to the value of Mr. Burbank's work.

It was therefore filled with interest and expectation that we took up the book under notice. It is entitled "An Authoritative Account." Frankly, Mr. Harwood has greatly disappointed us. He has abundant interest in and enthusiasm for his task, but obviously he is neither a man of science nor a practical gardener, and to deal satisfactorily with his subject he required to be both. The book is far too popular in style and indefinite to be of real value to those seriously interested in plant-breeding, and it contains very little information meet to be absolutely accredited by the impartial observer. Despite, indeed probably because of, these faults, the latest advices inform us that "New Creations in Plant Life" has "gone" with the American public. Therefore, from a material standpoint at any rate, Mr. Harwood's mission has not ended in failure. But we are still left wanting to know.

Finally we must enter a word of protest against Mr. Harwood's gushing tone. He would have us believe that his hero, Mr. Burbank, is almost superhuman. Two brief quotations will exemplify this. A chapter is devoted to explaining how sadly Mr. Burbank is overwrought by work, and of the amazing expedients he is driven to adopt to keep out the besieging hordes of the curious; after this it is a surprise to read that

he counts no day completed in which he has not said a cheery good morning to his aged mother, now faring near the century line, looked after her with the utmost devotion during all its hours, and tenderly kissed her good night at the going down of the sun.

We are further informed that

No man who has ever lived has laid out such a scheme for the adornment of the world; indeed it may airily be stated that not all the plant-breeders who have preceded him have ever done so much to ennoble floral life.

Considering that, from the results to hand, in British expert opinion the "Californian Wizard" has yet to win his spurs at hybridisation, this is indeed a trifle "tall"!

## THE LAMENT OF THE FRIENDLESS OLD MEN

THE sad gale is sighing,  
The sick year is dying,  
The aspen is sere and the roses are dead ;  
And Winter's chill rigour  
Has palsied our vigour,  
And frozen our life-blood and frosted our head.

False Hope's die is broken,  
Faith is but a token  
Debased and defaced and half eaten with rust.  
Life grows mean and meagre,  
E'en Earth's self seems eager  
To resume with a miser's impatience our dust.

How sad the repining  
When forced to resigning  
The duties to which we were fettered as slaves !  
And oh ! when the neighbours  
Forgot our long labours  
'Twas as if we beheld the grass grow on our graves !

The sport of the groundlings,  
In our second youth foundlings,  
Whom they herd in a spital, whose muscle and brain  
Have outlasted their cunning,  
Whose life's sands are running  
From a glass that can ne'er be replenished again.

The young grass pushes  
Aside the rushes  
Grown sere that bend to the earth their bier ;  
We, old masqueraders  
Of life, the crusaders  
Of Death, each are seeking our own Sepulchre.

Youth's broad road is haunted  
By Zephyrs and planted  
With myrtle and laurel and white may bloom ;  
But Age's highway  
Dwindles to a bye-way,  
And cypresses close o'er the path to the tomb.

Grim Death walls up slowly  
Each sense ; shut in wholly,  
To those standing without we no longer can call ;  
Till at length every blind  
In the death-darkened mind  
Is drawn for the body's sad funeral.

CLOUDESLEY BRERETON.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### PRIMITIVE PLAGIARISM

THE problem of Folk-tales, their origin and transmission, is one of the most difficult which the student of folk-lore has to face. In a recent work I have tried to show that folk-tales did not all come from India or from the East. There must have been many centres of story-invention ; many places from which tales set out on their long *Wanderjahre* through the world. Such tales are composed of a number of separate incidents, skilfully woven together by the art of the story-inventor, but each of which might have been invented a hundred times over, in a hundred different places. It is when we find the same combination of incidents, in the same order, with, often, one unique incident occurring regularly in all, in stories, say, from Europe, India, China, Melanesia, and Canada, that the *crux* is felt. "Borrowed or transmitted, of course !" cry many folk-lorists, forgetting that though "God made

man upright, he has found out many inventions." Theirs is certainly an easy way out of the difficulty ; but, for one thing, how did a story common in Europe reach Melanesia, reach Canada, reach Peru, *before the advent of white men* ? It argues either that the tales in question have enormous antiquity, and have been carried about the world in long past ages when early man went on his restless questing, or that they have been invented separately. One would be loth to insist upon such marvellous coincidental invention, but we must not regard it as a Bluebeard's chamber into which good folk-lorists may not look. The more folk-tales are studied in the light of what their contents mean, viz., a reflection of actual belief and custom, the more their separate invention more than once becomes a *vera causa*. The similar order of incidents, the presence of a unique incident, are another matter. But here, too, it may be found that borrowing or transmission need not always be supposed.

An excellent example of a unique incident, one which defenders of the borrowing theory will at once say could not have been invented twice, occurs in certain stories of the Jack and the Beanstalk class. These I have shown in "The Childhood of Fiction" to be of universal occurrence as a result of man's firm belief in

A world above his head, to let him see  
How boundless might his soul's horizons be ;

whither, by skill, or craft, or favour of the "ones above," he might go and return again. The ways of reaching that world are various. Mr. Chadband's aspirations to soar and fly were checked by Mr. Snagsby's exclaiming : "No wings." Early man knew better. He climbed a tree, or ascended a mountain, or swarmed up a spider's thread, and so reached the world above. That might occur to any one anywhere. But in three tales from places quite remote from each other, and, indeed, from all other lands where similar tales are told, a curious method of reaching the sky is found.

The first is from Australia. Two girls were persecuted by the unwelcome attentions of Beereun, but fled from him and, with the help of a dead relation, became stars. Beereun threw a spear up till it struck the sky and hung shaft downwards. Another spear was thrown and stuck in the shaft ; many others followed until he had made a rope of spears up which he climbed to the sky, where he still pursues the star-maidens. Next, in Melanesia the following tale is told. Qat's wife was a sky-woman who, like the European swan-maidens, discovered her wings and flew away heavenwards. Qat shot an arrow into the air till it reached the sky, like Beereun's spear. Then a succession of arrows was fired at it, each one sticking into the one before it, until Qat was able to climb to the sky and recover his wife. But in descending he fell heavily to the earth and was killed. Both of these are separate tales. But among the Haida Indians a similar incident is found forming part of a long and involved cosmogony. A male slave, created by the god of darkness, having stolen the sun and a fire-stick from his master, their original thief, wandered off. One night he shot an arrow at the moon. Next night he shot another into the notch of the first, and so on for three hundred and sixty-five nights. (The arrows were transformed into days and nights and finally became the days of the Haida year.) Up this ladder he climbed and passed through the moon into heaven. There he saw a beautiful woman swimming in a lake and, having captured her, returned to earth. But his master met him, took the woman, and changed him into a spirit who looks after life and growth and is worshipped by the Haidas.

In all three incidents the pursuit and capture of a woman is concerned ; in all the sky is reached in the same way. Have the incidents been invented separately, or have Melanesians and Australians borrowed from each other ? Allowing this latter supposition to be possible, whence did the Haidas obtain the tale ? The place which it occupies in their sacred cosmogony proves it to be of ancient date, as does the fact that the hero is one of their worshipful

spirits. If they borrowed, it must have been long ago. But how did a story current in Melanesia or Australia reach North America? We are almost driven to conclude that in each case the story has been invented separately: the incident of the method of reaching the sky is unknown in European tales and no version has yet been reported elsewhere. This conclusion has all the more *vraisemblance* since the raw material out of which the tale has been fashioned is of universal occurrence. Mortals are enamoured of immortal women in "all the mythologies," and these immortals are "gey ill to live wi'," and, in fact, are always trying to return to the sky. Once they have escaped, how is the hero to recover them? Various methods are known; but Melanesians, Australians, and Haidas all hit upon the same method, that of shooting arrows or throwing spears one into another till a chain was formed by which the distressed husband or lover might rise heavenwards. We would suggest that this feat may have been one familiar to all these (and other) peoples—to shoot an arrow at an object and then try to shoot another into the notch of the first, and, possibly, a third into that of the second. This feat is introduced with much effect into "Ivanhoe" by that great romantic, Sir Walter. The savage novelist also made use of it as an ordinary incident of life, and at the same time, like his great successor, gave it a marvellously imaginative setting.

Thus a story of several incidents, one of which seems unusual enough to suggest invention once for all, can be shown to have been invented three times over. This may quite well have happened with other even more elaborate tales, though it need not necessarily have done so. All that we argue for is the possibility of separate story-invention even where much similarity occurs. Until folklorists fully admit that possibility, there is something lacking in their science.

The incident of choosing the worst and getting the better and *vice versa* is a common formula of *Märchen*. Outside Europe and South Asia it occurs in Japan, among the Navajoes, with the Ashantis in West Africa, and the Wagogo of East Africa. Has it been invented separately, e.g., by Navajoes and Africans? We are inclined to think so. The Wagogo use it to explain the origin of fire. Blundering man went to heaven to get fire and was told to choose among several vases. He selected the finest, but it contained only ashes. Woman was more clever and chose the commonest vase, in which there was fire. Here the incident, if borrowed, has been used as a mythic explanation of origins. But both Ashantis and Navajoes make it into a Fall-myth, explaining why the world is so evil. Here again, if the incident is borrowed, it has been treated in an original, and yet in precisely the same way, by two races. Independently, for Navajoes did not borrow from Ashantis, or *vice versa*. On the whole, we conclude that all three invented not only the treatment, but the incident itself.

As a final instance we might refer to the Bowditch Island tale of Tasi and his nine brothers. The names of these ten little nigger boys were those of the numerals, Tasi's being the tenth, only now they are in reverse order, Tasi being number one. Thereby hangs the tale. The sister of the youths was carried off by a demon in his canoe. Next morning their parents gave each son stone axes, ten to the eldest and so on in decreasing numbers till poor Tasi had only one, bidding them make canoes (unknown before) and go off in pursuit. The wasps, who weave their nests, made sails for them, and from their method women learned to make mats (in West Africa and among the Algonkins weaving is learned by watching spiders—independent invention from natural causes!). All now started off: Tasi was left far behind. But he called to the canoes: "Let the waves wash you back," and each at once stood still, while his own was wafted onwards to the ogre's island. The ogre, suspecting a rescue, had tied a cord to the girl Hina's wrist, keeping the other end in his hand, while he remained in his underground cave. Tasi found her wandering about, and together they planned

the escape, when, tug! she was called back to the cave. Like other heroines in similar situations, she made an excuse to her captor—the cave was so hot and he was so sleepy, she would go for a stroll. When she reappeared, Tasi slipped the rope off and tied it to a tree (a similar incident occurs in a West Highland tale), and when the giant awoke he drew in, not Hina, but the tree. Meanwhile the other brothers had pulled back, but were once by one upbraided by their parents for their lack of success. When Tasi arrived with his sister, he was as naturally praised, and told that whereas he had hitherto been last and least of his brothers now he would be the first. So the meanings of the numbers were changed in his honour.

This tale is said by the natives to be an old one. It must be so, since some of its incidents involve mythical explanations—a sure test of antiquity—and much of it is metrical. It is thus quite possibly older than the advent of white men. Its *motif* is a common one in tales of the Clever Youngest Son type; he alone of his brothers rescues the abducted sister. Has it been borrowed, has it reached the island like driftwood from an alien shore? Two things are certain; it is purely native now, and it contains fewer incidents than similar European tales. We cannot say that primitive plagiarism must here have been at work. But those who are blind to the marvellous inventiveness of the savage will still be unconvinced.

J. A. MACCULLOCH.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Sick-room Fiction," by M. E. Francis.]

## FICTION

*The Angel of Pain.* By E. F. BENSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MR. BENSON has been hiring an angel—the Angel of Pain—and working him uncommonly hard. He has required him to exhibit the need of his presence for beneficent ends in human affairs through manifestations of his power in three cases specially prepared for him. After his passing in each case Mr. Benson says in effect: "There you are, you see!" But the worst of it is, we don't quite see, or see rather less than we did before. Let us take the cases. First comes Philip Home, a dominantly successful stockbroker of considerable cultivation, rather hard in the grain, but a good, straight fellow, with a tender place in his heart for two intimate friends, Tom Merivale and Evelyn Dundas. All he wants to round off his prosperity is a happy marriage, and of this he has just secured the promise from a girl whom he loves with every fibre (though she tells him honestly that she doesn't quite love him), when Evelyn Dundas, a meteoric, light-hearted young painter with a sweet, irresponsible nature, gives way to his passion for Madge, who utterly reciprocates it, and carries her off from under Home's very guns. For a while the double shock infuriates and brutalises him, but eventually, in great part through the gentle and healing influence of Tom Merivale, he conquers himself and not only forgives but befriends the two who have wounded him. A well-worn theme, no doubt; but Mr. Benson with his unflinching power to interest makes a very pretty story of it. Moreover, nobody would deny that Philip's chastening did him good. So there is one to the Angel of Pain. Now take the case of the friend who robbed Philip. Evelyn's marriage bids fair to crown a radiantly happy career with complete success. Society, after some wavering, pronounces his action justified by his and Madge's love for each other, and the two are staying with Lord and Lady Dover in Scotland when a shooting accident blinds and permanently disfigures Evelyn. Here, surely, is a great opportunity for Mr. Benson's austere angel. One can imagine him indicating long vistas of suffering and self-discipline, consecrated and made endurable by the devotion of a wife who would certainly never have failed Evelyn. But no. Dundas cannot face it and drowns



himself, or at least allows himself to be drowned; and, indeed, if we were left to make the inference that the Angel of Pain may sometimes prove too strong for weak natures, there would be nothing more to be said. But Mr. Benson will have it that Evelyn died "complete," and there we entirely disagree. The third case is even less satisfactory; moreover, from an artistic point of view, it seems to us entirely out of keeping with the rest of the book. For here the Angel of Pain executes a quick change, appearing for the occasion as the great God Pan himself. Tom Merivale was one who (as Professor Raleigh has said of Wordsworth) had acquired the art of the naturalist, the art of remaining perfectly motionless until the wild and timid creatures of his mind came about him. He lived alone in the New Forest, and in an exquisite sense of the joy of Nature found almost complete happiness. But because he shut his eyes to the sorrow of Nature, Pan, as he had anticipated, came and revealed it to him so hideously that he died of the initiation. We fail to see that any one benefited by this piteous consummation, except perhaps Pan himself, who seems to have enjoyed it. Is not all this symbolism a little clumsy, besides being anachronistic to its environment? Imagine the young Wordsworth (haunted by the cataract as by a spirit) killed by a Goat-God by the marge of Grasmere! The Angel of Pain, we think, finishes "one down." And that, too, when no one who thinks at all would dream of questioning the necessity of Pain.

*The Face of Clay.* By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (Murray, 6s.)

WE have read Mr. Vachell's story with a curious sense of wandering through a lovely and gracious region to the accompaniment of tragic music. To that music we did not always lend an exclusive ear—perhaps because of the beauty of the landscapes and seascapes about us and the interest of things seen by the way. But whenever it became insistent we listened with growing apprehension lest a string should snap at the critical moment as the result of extreme and continuous tension. We are still not quite sure whether this actually happened; if so, we gladly concede that Mr. Vachell, like a dexterous musician, has covered up the catastrophe with a skilful manipulation of pathetic chords, and we end after all upon a safe note. Yet the suspicion remains when all is said—that Michael Ossory, the protagonist, is not quite equal to the strain put upon him. In suggesting this we are far from disregarding a setting from which the tale draws its inspiration in quite a peculiar degree. Brittany, the cradle of many a fable and romance, is more than a background here, and Mr. Vachell goes far beyond the mere description of the azure and rose and green of her summers, of her mists, so full, too, of colour, and of the storms of her terrible coast. He shows us intimately her hamlets, ports and villages, the girls, gay, demure with their sweet dignity and their instinctive good taste, the men with the light-winged imagination, ready for flight within their sturdy frames—a population whose religion has been engrafted upon paganism, and which cherishes many a quaint belief and primitive superstition. Had Michael Ossory, the painter and genius, been a Breton of peasant ancestry, one might have accepted without demur the undying remorse for the mysterious "crime" of his youth which haunts and makes a "lost" man of him. But in making him an Englishman of education (even a Cornishman, saturated with Celtic sympathies), Mr. Vachell fails to convince us that he would have renounced not only his art, but a girl to whom he had been absolutely true, because another whom he had persuaded to sit to him for the figure had fallen in love with him, and, as he believed, committed suicide in despair. This is not quite all the story, and, while human nature remains what it is, one need not dogmatise. We only say that the events of this book take place ten years later and exhibit his culminating penance and forgiveness for that pitiful maid's tragedy. Téphany Lane ("Bretonne Bretonnante," as

she describes herself), Michael's girl-love who returns to help him in his distress, seems to us admirably felt throughout, while the repetition with variations of the older story, through which Clinton Carne receives his baptism of fire, something more than successfully eludes the difficulties that beset it. And Mr. Vachell scores a further success with several lifelike and sympathetic little sketches of subsidiary characters, both gentle and simple.

*Out of Due Time.* By MRS. WILFRID WARD. (Longmans, 6s.)

READERS of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's "One poor Scruple" and "The Light Behind," will expect the good things of literature at her hands; and in her latest book, "Out of Due Time," they will not be disappointed of them. Here is the simple, direct style—the outcome of natural distinction under fine culture—the serene, benignant attitude towards matters of controversy; the loftiness of thought that marked her former work. The book is on a high plane; of love-making in the ordinary sense of the word there is practically none, though two sets of engaged couples occupy the centre of the stage. The period is the early 'eighties and the theme the never-ending conflict between old and new presentments of eternal verities; in other words between faith and reason, the Church and Science. The upshot of it all is a counsel of patience and an object-lesson in the danger of hasty, premature action. Paul, Comte d' Etranger, born and educated a Roman Catholic, passes through a stage of infidelity and re-embraces the faith from a purely intellectual point of view. His religion was not, as his sister puts it, one "that men should die in, a religion of the heart." He foresees the inevitable conflict between modern critical methods and ancient statement of Catholic doctrine and tries to force the hand of Rome in the direction of liberty. Rome does her best to save him, but he persists; and the result is his condemnation and immediate recantation of faith. He ultimately returns to the Church, having learnt the lesson of patience and humility, and ends as a Dominican. He is a genius of a rather inhumanly cold and lofty type, and it is a little difficult to believe in his dominant fascination for the other three characters, whose lives are all sacrificed in some measure to his. His sister Marcelle, a noble, lovable woman of jealous southern temperament, is a much more vivid and compelling person. Some of the minor characters are admirably drawn, notably Miss Mills, the Bishop and the nameless ecclesiastical personage who calls on Paul just before his condemnation. There are many wise, deep things of the soul in the book and in its spiritual atmosphere the worldliest reader must find himself calmed and uplifted. The language is throughout restrained and dignified, and the scene-painting, though perhaps a little grey in tone, always delightful. The Catholic reader, be he Roman or Anglican, will thank Mrs. Ward for graving more deeply in his heart the motto of her heroine in regard to the faith: "Loyal je serai durant ma vie."

*Salted Almonds.* By F. ANSTEY. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

IN a preface as delightful as any of the stories which go to the making of the volume, Mr. Anstey explains that the name of the first story is not the reason for the name of the book; but that the name is symbolic of the volume's contents. It is—exactly. In spite of Mr. Anstey's warning we ate them all greedily at one sitting, and found no ill-effects, so excellently salted were they and with such a perfect flavour. But perhaps it would have been advisable to take them, as he suggests, one by one; to cherish them. That has often been a matter of debate—of brief debate, we confess—in the eating of almonds; but in this case we can vindicate the hastiness of our temperament, by the knowledge that these stories, unlike almonds, which may alas! only be eaten once, can be enjoyed a second and a third time. They are all so good that it would be hard to make a choice: who, for instance, could choose between

the story, "At a Moment's Notice," of a young man about town who loses his consciousness in a cab accident, on his way to lunch at a club in Pall Mall, "and as it is obvious that anything, even when lost, must be somewhere or other, his consciousness got mislaid for a while inside a monkey"—and the story of the staid solicitor who, by gazing into a snowstorm crystal in a toy shop, becomes transported to a castle, where a princess is at the mercy of a wicked guardian, and there slays the fearful dragon by offering him a "piece" thick with black-beetle polish, stuck at the end of his umbrella? And these stories are told by Mr. Anstey, which is as much as to say that they are told perfectly. Each one is a little masterpiece of construction and of fine writing. Study them for their workmanship, read them for their delicate ingenuity, or laugh over their neat wit and fund of humour; which ever way you are pleased to take them, they are an irresistible delight.

*The Sphinx's Lawyer.* By FRANK DANBY. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE lady who writes under the name of Frank Danby produced some years ago a book called "Pigs in Clover," and discovered at a stroke her *métier*, which she is discreet enough not to abandon. The animals have been driven home by this time, and the atmosphere is redolent of the sty. One turns away from it instinctively with a gasp of disgust. The book is irredeemably vulgar: vulgar in design, vulgar in execution. It dabbles in depravity with a kind of luscious gusto, that is too second-rate even to be amusing. It tries to endow vice, which is weak at the knees, with a halo (an endeavour that would amuse, if it did not sicken by its perpetual obtrusiveness). And through all this unsavoury slush runs a purpose—in such bad taste that it would be incredible if it were not clearly stated in the dedicatory letter—to awaken pity for a man of genius, whose personality is thinly veiled under the name of Algernon Heseltine. This purpose might be merely ridiculous; circumstances make it offensive; and the treatment manages to be shocking, although it is beneath contempt.

## THE DRAMA

### MR. ARTHUR SYMONS'S MORALITY

SOME weeks ago I prophesied that Mr. Arthur Symons would explode my views about Morality plays. It is very seldom that a dramatic critic lives or lasts long enough to see his predictions fulfilled in so short a space of time. I do not know whether *The Fool of the World* brought the scent of mediæval hay over the footlights, but I have seldom been more moved. Mr. Symons has chosen to be deliberately modern in his presentation of time-worn symbols, so that the effect produced on the audience is precisely the same as a Morality must have produced on the more intelligent spectators of the middle ages. Death is no longer the bogey of Holbein's Dance; he has become a fool in motley. The Spade, The Coffin, and The Worm are still the hideous realities that they were to a less sophisticated generation, but they have attained through the verse of Mr. Symons a new psychological interest, just as the vulgar gods of Greece become for us new entities in the poetry of Mr. Sturge Moore. Mr. Symons was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Miss Amy Sawyer for the dressing of his Morality, which I would have called a Mystery. The general level of merit displayed by his interpreters was remarkable, with the single exception of Mr. John Bate, who seemed quite unable to think of The Spade as a spade, and comported himself like a gawky artist's model.

The Fool of Miss Louise Salom evinced that literary appreciation of her part which I have so often remarked among amateur artists, and there is always a certain pleasure to me (*pace* Mr. Bernard Shaw) in seeing amateurs act, because of their enthusiasm and enjoyment.

It is particularly valuable in plays of this kind. Miss Salom can hardly be called, however, an amateur, owing to her wide experience in many difficult parts always sustained with admirable reserve. Although the words apportioned to Old Age seemed fewer than were given to Youth and Middle Age (and here I find fault with Mr. Symons in his symbolism), the part was rendered with marvellous skill by Mr. F. Stanley Smith, who by a paradox very common on the stage was the youngest of the performers. I have heard him compared, not inaptly, with the child actor, Salathiel Pavy, immortalised by Ben Jonson. Elizabethan experts will remember the pretty conceit by which Ben Jonson has explained his early loss. I hope that Mr. Stanley Smith may be seen and heard, not only in Elizabethan drama, in which he has already distinguished himself, but again in modern plays such as *The Fool of the World*, where the adequate rendering of small parts counts for so much. I cannot praise sufficiently the appearance of Mr. Hardy as the Coffin, though to say that he looked the part seems hardly a compliment, and I should be sued for libel if I said that pretty, talented Miss Millicent Murby resembled a Worm.

From this remarkable poem, which I hope may be published before long, I recall the following words, in order to give those who were not privileged to witness the performances some idea of its haunting magic:

All these praise me and kneel about my knees,  
The Glories of the World bow down  
When the bells chatter in my crown.  
I am the Fool of the World, come follow,  
As your hopes, are my bells hollow.

The production of Villiers de Lisle Adam's *La Révolte* on the same evening was not very satisfactory. To render the subtle character of Elizabeth was going beyond the capacity—I do not say of Miss Millicent Murby, but of any member of The New Stage Club. The play is rather like very dry champagne. On principle, you are very much impressed. As a literary duologue it is a great work of art, but it is not dramatic; it bored me when I saw it performed in French, and its interest from a stage point of view is archæological. The wonder is how Ibsen, if indebted to it at all, could have made these dry bones live.

It seems to me a great pity that the Stage Society should not amalgamate with the New Stage Club, The Literary Theatre Club and all the better dramatic societies. I am in favour of imperialism on the stage, if not elsewhere. *The Illicit Theatres Limited* would be a good name for the company. For the romantic symbolist and poetic drama they would obtain the services of that Cecil Rhodes of art, Mr. Charles Ricketts, and those Jameson raiders of poetry, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Arthur Symons. A powerful committee, consisting of two persons (with power to reduce their number), should decide as to plays and the committee would resign after each performance and not seek re-election, in order to be spared the pain of knowing what other members thought about them. The Stage Society, with its wealth and prestige, could be depended upon not to give us too much poetry and art for our money and would leaven the more romantic tastes of the other clubs. I have just written a morality play myself, prohibited by the County Council and the Censor, whom it satirises severely. It combines the poetry of Mr. Arthur Symons with the actuality of Brioux's *Maternité* and will satisfy, I hope, the aims and ambition of all these associations. The play will be performed at the Bijou Theatre, William Archer Street, Bayswater. Admission Free. No tickets are necessary, but every one must bring a copy of the ACADEMY of NEXT Saturday, and this will form the voucher, with date of performance. The play is entitled *Every Householder, A Mystery*, by

ROBERT ROSS.

## FINE ART

## STAATS FORBES AND OTHERS

How extensive was the late Mr. Staats Forbes's collection of pictures by modern French and Dutch artists is being gradually revealed to the public. When a selection from his acquisitions was exhibited at the Grafton Galleries last summer it was rumoured that more remained behind, but how much more we are only beginning to realise by the exhibitions of fresh works from this collection which keep opening in Bond Street and thereabouts. At the Leicester Galleries the exhibition of the Millet drawings has been succeeded by a selection from the paintings by Corot and others of the Barbizon group. Twenty-one paintings by Corot, representing all phases of the painter's art, from the very early *Near Auvergne* (18) with its precise, academic drawing, to such melting visions of his matured genius as *The Lake* (20), form the bulk of this exhibition, which also includes an interesting *Marine* (15), painted by Daubigny when he was obviously much under the influence of Courbet, two sumptuous little forest scenes (37 and 50) by Diaz, another Diaz-like forest scene (33) by Troyon and a glowing Monticelli (24), a masterpiece of tone and colour, with a lady's yellow dress miraculously contrasted against light foliage.

At Messrs. Hollander and Cremetti's galleries, 30 Old Bond Street, is another fascinating selection from Mr. Staats Forbes's modern French and Dutch pictures, also containing many works which were not shown at the Grafton Galleries, as well as some of the gems from that collection. Here is the early and almost commonplace Monticelli, *A Lady Reading* (30), painted during the artist's brief enjoyment of popularity and Court favour, and here also is one of the magical kaleidoscopes of jewelled colour, *The Garden Party* (70), which it was necessary for genius to starve in order to achieve. Here, too, is Rousseau's complete though unfinished *Forest Scene* (59), with the strongly drawn trees merely outlined on a golden brown ground—an admirable example for the student to study; and here, in addition to many other paintings by Rousseau's companions, is a whole gallery filled with water-colours and drawings by other French and Dutch artists. Of the former the most conspicuous, perhaps, are the contributions of Isabey, whose water-colours are apt to be more thoroughly satisfying than his oils; while among the latter Mesdag is represented by breezy seascapes, Boshoom by his inimitable church interiors, and J. Maris by *The Little Artist* (13), masterly in modelling, free in brush-work, and charming in sentiment.

Corot, Jacque and others of the Barbizon group figure largely in the exhibition with which Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons have opened their new galleries at 175-6 New Bond Street. But the gem of this collection is the magnificent early Mathew Maris, *The Girl at the Well* (23), as flawless in expressive drawing as it is soothing in harmonious colour. A portrait of a peasant boy, *Pas Mèche* (30), by Bastien-Lepage, curiously reminds one of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, while M. Lhermitte's more richly painted *Harvesters* (43) prepares one for the delightful collection of his pastels and drawings exhibited in the splendidly lighted gallery on the next floor. Though taking for his subjects scenes so akin as to be nearly identical with those chosen by Millet, M. Lhermitte never degenerates into a mere imitator, and, while he stamps each work with his own artistic personality, his renderings are so faithful to nature that they could only confirm Keats in his conviction that Beauty and Truth are one.

## RECENT ACQUISITIONS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM

THE Museum has recently purchased a pair of candlesticks of cast brass of the seventeenth century, decorated with floral designs on a black and white ground. They

have very large circular plates between the stems and the bases, which seem to have been a characteristic feature of the period. There are two plain candlesticks of brass of this type in the Museum, and in the Kremlin at Moscow there is a very large specimen in hammered silver-gilt bearing the English hall-mark for 1663-4. These candlesticks are exhibited with the other English enamelled objects in the Prince Consort's Gallery.

In two of the cases opposite the Leighton fresco of the Arts of Peace is a small collection of drawings in black and white by G. J. Pinwell and J. W. North, A.R.A.; they were prepared for the most part to illustrate the "Poems by Jean Ingelow," published by Messrs. Longmans in 1867. With them is shown a very interesting pen-and-pencil drawing by T. White of Pinwell himself at work; it is dated 1862.

In an adjoining case are some wood blocks upon which F. Walker, G. Du Maurier, Miss Edwards, Linley Sambourne and H. Furniss have drawn, but which have in some cases never been engraved. No print from the large cut block by Pinwell was ever published.

Five cases near the door of the Art Library contain a large collection of illustrated printed books on architecture, chiefly of the sixteenth century.

In the Architectural Court is the recently-acquired cast of the bronze monument of Archbishop Ernst of Magdeburg (1464-1513), executed by Peter Vischer in 1497, six years before the prelate's death.

Some important additions have been made to the collections of architectural details in carved stone, through the generosity of Mr. J. H. Fitzhenry, who has presented four examples of French origin dating from the time of Francis I. (1515-1547). They are exhibited at the north-west corner of the North Court. The most striking of them is a complete dormer window, standing some twenty feet high, from the Château de Montal, a ruined manor house situated on the high ground overlooking Saint Céré in the Department of Lot. This château was built for Jehane de Belsac, dame de Montal, and was begun in 1523; it is thus contemporaneous with the better known edifices at Blois and Chambord.

It was from one of these dormer windows, perhaps from this very one, that, as the story goes, Rose de Montal, forsaken by her lover, Roger de Castelnau, flung herself with the cry "Plus d'espoir," a motto which is engraved on the pediment of the window now in the Museum. The sculptured ornament includes a beautiful frieze of scrolls, demi-figures and *amorini* disposed symmetrically on either side of a central cartouche; on the pediment, besides the inscription, are two projecting busts and the figure of a headless warrior holding his skull in his hand. The arms of Montal and Balsac are carved below.

Next to it is the upper part of a similar dormer window evidently dating from the same period, as the crowned salamander in flames, which forms so striking a piece of ornament on this pediment, was a favourite device of Francis I.

Below is placed a portion of an arch-soffit from the Château de Bonnavat, situated some twenty miles from Poitiers, and built by Guillaume de Gouffier, Amiral de Bonnavat, a favourite of the same king.

The fourth example is a canopy for a statuette formerly in the church of St. Etienne du Mont at Paris. It is composed of delicate Renaissance work, betraying in its disposition traces of the Gothic style which even at that period were still apparent in French architecture. It is enriched with beautifully modelled figures, scrolls and shields of arms. Replicas of these shields may still be seen on the tall columns and brackets at the back of the high altar of St. Etienne.

We give these details, which have been officially communicated, in full, because it is only a week ago that we made a complaint of the lack of such news as they supply. We are still convinced of the need of a "Bulletin" dealing with all the public museums and art galleries in London and the provinces.

## MUSIC

## THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—VI

WITH the development of the sonata in its completeness as exemplified in the works of Beethoven, the technique of composition arrived at maturity in all directions, for the principles which underlay the structure of this form were found to be of wider application, and the laws of balance and contrast first discovered in connection with pure instrumental music became to some extent the basis of all musical utterance from the operas of Weber to the songs of Schubert. For the future, composers, whether they elected to write in accordance with the formal precedent of Beethoven, as did Mendelssohn, or whether they set before themselves other ideals, as did Berlioz and Liszt, could not choose but build upon his foundation, in so far as purely structural considerations influenced them. In the next generation, individuality had, except in a few rare instances, to find its expression in some other direction than the formal one, and this may perhaps be taken as the strictly musical cause of the Romantic Movement. But Mr. Dannreuther shows in this volume that its main cause was the influence of contemporary thought in literature, reacting on the art of music, which was now for the first time fully susceptible to such influences through having just attained to a perfection of technique. Two hundred years previously the Italian renaissance in art and literature had had so potent an effect upon music as to revolutionise its technique, but, owing to the narrow limits of sixteenth-century music, it could do no more. Now, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, this new movement found in music a soil prepared for its seed, one which should yield a manifold fruitage. Or, as Mr. Dannreuther puts it:

Romantic music is, in some sense, an off-shoot of literature; a reflex of poetry expressed in musical terms; a kind of impressionism which tends to reject formality, and aims at a direct rendering of its object; a desire to produce musical effects suggested by natural phenomena; an art, eager, sensitive, impulsive, which seeks its ideal of beauty through emotional expression.

Mr. Dannreuther is careful to point out that this romanticism was by no means new in the nineteenth century, and he quotes instances of it in the works of such early writers as Buxtehude and J. S. Bach. Beethoven was himself the greatest of "romanticists," and his later contemporaries, Schubert and Spohr for example, are hard to classify, so strongly is the romantic movement prefigured in their works of classical form. But it was with the second quarter of the nineteenth century that this influence from without overspread the whole art of music, and, even where its acceptance did not supersede the established principles of form, it became of such paramount importance as to modify those principles and often to obscure their presence.

Mr. Dannreuther has followed the plan of volumes iii. and iv., and has treated the various forms of music, opera, symphony, piano music, song, etc., separately; examining the influence of the poetic ideal with regard to each of them. In no case was this so beneficial as with opera, which of all forms requires the greatest elasticity of musical treatment, and more than any other had been bound by the shackles of convention. With *Der Freischütz* Weber inaugurated the new era by attempting and attaining an appropriateness in the music to the action and character, as well as what one may call musical scenic effects, which were closer and more consistent than anything hitherto achieved; and from this point onwards through the operas of Marschner and Schumann, until this movement found its eventual realisation in the romantic operas of Wagner, the story is carefully and sympathetically told. It is, in fact, his sympathy which makes Mr. Dannreuther's volume so successful. His task was infinitely more difficult than that of the earlier writers, since a great mass of the work he had to deal with is even

now a matter of controversy, and its ultimate position in the history of music is not wholly determined. This is particularly so with orchestral music, which was influenced by the romantic movement to such widely different ends as the overtures and symphonies of Mendelssohn and the symphonic poems of Liszt or the "Symphonie Fantastique" of Berlioz. He draws a distinct line, and the distinction is a useful one, between music which, like the first-named works, seeks to "express the prevailing emotion, the mood of some particular poem or story, or of some particular aspect of nature," and "programme" music, which, connecting certain phrases with definite facts, is only intelligible through a knowledge of the "programme," as is the case with Liszt and Berlioz and certain later writers, whose works do not fall within the range of the romantic movement. The first is beautifully exemplified by Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, which is evolved on purely musical lines despite its pictorial significance; the latter receives very full demonstration in a special chapter, in which Liszt and Berlioz are weighed in the balances. Though he calls programme music a "curious hybrid," "music posing as an unsatisfactory kind of poetry," Mr. Dannreuther's ardent sympathy with all artistic effort has saved him from onesidedness in this chapter, and throughout he is ready to do ample justice to the genius of both; but his closing words show what is his position with regard to the tendencies which their work embodies, and it is a position still worthy of consideration.

No doubt Liszt sincerely believed in the symbolical efficiency of his representative themes as Berlioz believed in the dramatic significance of "L'Idee fixe" and "La Mélodie caractéristique." Both the great illustrators were convinced that a close union of instrumental music and poetry is possible and desirable. Both masters may have erred in their method: and programme music, as they conceived it, may in the end prove to have been a dubious hybrid of insufficient vitality.

The short chapter on oratorios and cantatas rather chronicles the production of various works than offers any new criticism upon them. Of Mendelssohn's many works of this kind it would be well-nigh impossible to add any new comment, and Schumann's choral works were very unequal. "The huge posthumous publication entitled 'Scenen aus Goethe's Faust' is, in fact, a mere conglomeration, having no more real coherence than can be claimed for its rival, Berlioz's 'Damnation de Faust.'" More illuminating is Mr. Dannreuther's treatment of religious music in the following chapter, in which again Liszt and Berlioz become the two most prominent figures. The effect of romanticism upon church music, or at any rate upon music written to the words of the Catholic liturgy (not quite the same thing), was described by Liszt in a letter to the *Gazette Musicale* (1834):

For want of a better term we may call the new music Humanitarian. It must be devotional, strong, and drastic, uniting—on a colossal scale—the theatre and the Church, dramatic and sacred, superb and simple, fiery and free, stormy and calm, translucent and emotional.

It will occur [to most readers that of these pairs of epithets only one in each is generally applicable to the church music of Liszt and Berlioz; it is dramatic rather than sacred, and more stormy and emotional than calm and translucent. In discussing the "Requiem" of Berlioz, a short excerpt from the score is here quoted which shows his use of no less than eight pairs of kettle-drums and brass in proportion. Liszt's oratorio—"St. Elizabeth"—a work unknown in this country, is described as "something like an opera sacra," and neither it nor his "Christus" appear to shed any fresh light upon the hitherto unsolved problem of the oratorio form, though the descriptions and quotations are of great interest.

It was in piano music and in solo song that the best and most characteristic work of the romantic movement was done, for in song its very essence is that the music should reflect as nearly as possible the poetic idea and colour of the words, and in piano music the application of these



ideas proved able to produce specially appropriate and distinctive musical forms, of which the characteristic pieces of Schumann and the elaborated dance forms of Chopin exhibit an almost endless variety. With this phase of the movement Mr. Dannreuther has dealt with special success, as might be expected, since here he united with his musicianship the special knowledge of the pianist.

With a summary of the work of lesser men, including a notice of the Russian school, and a very generous tribute to the two Wesleys of English fame, the Oxford History of Music is for the present brought to a close; but as one closes this, the latest volume, one feels that it is not the last. No attempt has been made to bring it up to date. The fact that Brahms has only received incidental mention has been commented on as a "curious omission," and it is certainly proof positive of incompleteness. But Brahms holds a unique position; his music, though romantic in the best sense, is governed by deeper principles than those which actuated the enthusiasts with whose names this movement is most intimately connected. In the music of the present day one sees, or seems to see, almost as many new movements beginning as there are earnest-minded composers. Their name is legion. How many of these will prove worthy of what permanent record a work such as this gives it is at present impossible to say, but it is no rash prophecy to predict that a future volume of the "Oxford History of Music" will have to deal with a great school of composers who honour Brahms as their founder, and whose history begins with that of his work.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Cambridge Press has ready an addition to its series of facsimiles of rare books printed in England in the fifteenth century. The book reproduced is the only copy known to exist of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of Lydgate's "Assemble of Goddes" printed at Westminster about the year 1500, and the reproduction in photogravure is from photographs taken in the University Library at Cambridge. The Press is also issuing almost immediately the second volume of Dr. A. W. Ward's edition of "Crabbe's Poems" and the third volume of the Cambridge "Beaumont and Fletcher."

Publication of the great variorum edition of the Septuagint which the Cambridge Press has had in preparation since 1883, begins next week with the issue of vol. i., Part I., containing Genesis. As in the smaller Cambridge edition already published—Dr. Swete's Old Testament in Greek—the text is that of Codex Vaticanus, but the variations given, which in the smaller edition were confined to a few of the most important uncial codices, extend to all the uncial manuscripts, to select cursive manuscripts, to the more important versions, and to the quotations of the earlier ecclesiastical writers. The work has necessarily been the labour of many years, and its object is to present clearly and fully the evidence available for the reconstruction of the text or texts of the Septuagint.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. announce that Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Fenwick's Career," will be published on May 3, with four illustrations by Albert Sterner. Westmoreland, London, and Paris, the art-world of thirty years ago, and the rise and decline of a painter, form the subject of the book.—Early in May the same firm will publish "Wesley and His Century: A Study in Spiritual Forces," by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D., with a photogravure frontispiece from the portrait of John Wesley by George Romney, and four facsimiles.—On May 3 will appear "From a College Window," by Arthur Christopher Benson, and "A Vision of India," by Sidney Low, will be published shortly, with twenty full-page illustrations. This book is in no sense a reprint of Mr. Sidney Low's letters to *The Standard*, describing the Indian tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It treats,

*inter alia*, of such topics as Indian society, the present position of the Anglo-Indian, the Indian towns, the new sahib, industrial India, in camp with a district officer, and the Rajah.

The Oxford University Press announces for shortly after Whitsuntide a publication of some interest: "The English Hymnal," a new hymn-book for use in the Church of England as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer. Some of its special features are as follows: The inclusion of a large number of hymns not in other books, and the exclusion of feeble hymns or hymns that are never sung; the printing of hymns as their authors wrote them, the names of authors and translators being given at the head of each hymn, and the composer, name and measure at the head of each tune; hymns for special seasons, for Holy Communion and for the Commemoration of the Departed; Office Hymns for both morning and evening for all days in the Prayer Book Kalendar. New translations have been made where necessary. Processions and Litanies arranged as definite acts of worship. Introits, graduals, etc., for the year, with special devotions, such as the Reproaches and the Story of the Cross. Hymns for Men's Meetings, Mission Services, etc. A Table of Simple Hymns suitable for occasions when there is no choir. A Table of Hymns suggested for Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year to assist in the choice of hymns. The Editorial Committee consists of Messrs. W. J. Birkbeck, Percy Dearmer, A. Hanbury-Tracy, T. A. Lacy, D. C. Lathbury, and Athelstan Riley. There will be 744 hymns divided into twelve parts, and the book will be published in three editions; one music edition at 3s. net; two editions with words only, 24mo., 1s. net, and 32mo., 2d. net. Prospectus, specimen copies and full particulars may be obtained of the publisher, Mr. Henry Frowde.

Admirers of Mr. J. C. Snaith's recent novel, "Broke of Covenden," will welcome a new book from his pen, entitled "Henry Northcote," which will be published on Monday next, April 23. The book has for its hero a poor but rising young barrister, who after long waiting for briefs, at last dramatically seizes his opportunity. Messrs. Constable and Co. are the publishers.

The same publishers will also issue immediately "The Evasion," by Miss E. B. Frothingham. The scene is laid in America, and the book deals with two young men in love with the same girl. Bridge, motoring, and week-end house-parties are their principal entertainments.

On April 23 Mr. George Allen will publish "A Plea for Church Schools," by Hakluyt Egerton. This pamphlet is intended to explain why Churchmen claim, as a civic right, unpenalised opportunity to give Church teaching to Church children, as part of the national system of elementary education; and, also, why they cannot be content with the State-establishment of "Undenominationalism" or "Fundamental Christianity."

Maurus Jokai's famous Russian story, "The Green Book, or Freedom Under the Snow," forms a first volume in a cheap re-issue of famous works by European novelists, which Messrs. Jarrold and Sons are projecting. Each volume in the series will have a cameo portrait of the author on cover, and a photogravure frontispiece.—The same firm will publish shortly "Murray of the Scots Greys," an eighteenth-century romance by Mr. Laurence Clarke, dealing with the adventures of the notorious Lord Berkley, who once wrote a letter to George the First, offering to kidnap his son, the Prince of Wales, with whom the king had quarrelled, and ship him, a prisoner, to America. The hero of the novel is a young officer in the Scots Greys.

Messrs. Sisleys Ltd. announce that their new series of Classics de Luxe—the Panel-Books—will be ready on May 1. It is claimed that these dainty and richly embellished volumes recall the delightful editions of the eighteenth century and the aim of the publishers is to issue mainly those classics which have not been greatly reprinted in recent years. Goldsmith's "Life of Beau Nash," Le Sage's "Devil on Two Sticks," "The Memoirs

of Count Grammont" and "Decisive Battles of the World" are included in the first set.

Messrs. Blackwood have a Browning volume nearly ready for publication, the subject of which is not likely to awaken such pleasant anticipations as did the announcements of the books relating to the poet which have already been published this year. When the comments of Carlyle, Tennyson and others concerning "Sordello" are recalled, it takes some courage to undertake "An Exposition of Browning's Sordello." The work of the audacious writer, David Duff, B.D., "consists of a full paraphrase of the poem, with synopses of the different sections, side-notes, and notes on historical and literary references."

The disturbed condition of Natal will cause numerous readers of fiction to return with interest to Mr. Rider Haggard's stories in which that country and its native races are depicted. In "Nada the Lily" and "Allan Quatermain" the author is on his favourite ground. Not only does he give vivid descriptions of the country, and the racial characteristics of its people, but embodies these in interesting and dramatic stories. Sixpenny reprints of both of them are published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.

Dr. Jamieson Hurry, of Reading, the author of an exhaustive history of Reading Abbey, is about to publish through Mr. Elliot Stock a new and smaller work, entitled "The Rise and Fall of Reading Abbey." It will take a narrative form, but will give extracts from ancient documents, illustrations of seals, coins, charters, plans, as well as many illustrations of the building and its surroundings.

The late Mr. Thomas W. Shore, author of the "History of Hampshire," left behind him the manuscript of an exhaustive work on the "Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race," to which he had devoted a great part of his life. It deals principally with the vexed question of the settlement of England and the Tribal origin of the Old English people. The work will be edited by his two sons, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### AUTHORS' MISTAKES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You ask instances of authors' errors. In "The Antiquary" where Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour are overtaken by the tide at the foot of cliffs on the East Coast of Scotland, Sir Walter Scott describes the sun setting in the ocean, *i.e.*, the east.

W. P.

April 15.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice in this week's ACADEMY, that you ask for examples of mistakes made by authors. The following is a good, though perhaps not very obvious example of an anachronism.

In Grillparzer's *Sappho*, Act I., scene iii., occur the following lines, in which Phaon describes the impression that Sappho's verse made upon him:

Jetzt kam der Tag für des Gesanges Kämpfe  
Alkaios sang, Anakreon—umsonst!  
Sie konnten meiner Sinne Band nicht lösen.

Now Alcaeus lived from about 611 to 580 B.C., while Anakreon flourished about 530 B.C.

It is true that the exact dates of the birth and death of these early Greek lyric poets are uncertain, but it seems fairly obvious that Alcaeus and Anakreon could not have competed together as the dramatist depicts.

As I only possess the plain text of the play, I have been unable to ascertain what view the editors take of this passage.

P. P. SELVER.

April 17.

### AUTHOR WANTED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you or one of your readers will be so kind as to answer the following inquiry.

In October 1872, I was present at a Reading given by the late Mr. J. C. M. Bellew at the Pavilion at Brighton. One of the pieces

read was a poem called, I think, "The Captive Knight." The story of it was that a crusader knight, who had been taken prisoner by the Saracens and confined in a castle, heard in the distance the notes of a trumpet of his comrades. His hopes of a rescue were aroused and became stronger as the trumpet sounded nearer and nearer, but they were dashed and ultimately destroyed by the receding and final disappearance of the sound. The poem expressed the feelings of the Knight, that he was supposed to be the speaker. The charm of the reading was greatly increased by a trumpet accompaniment.

For long I thought that the author of the poem was Mrs. Hemans, but I have lately searched her works once or twice and cannot find it. Will you kindly help me?

J. W. C.

Reading, April 14.

## "PARADISE LOST" IN RUSSIA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reference to Mr. Maurice Baring's statement of the fondness of the Russian peasant for "Paradise Lost," reminds me that some months ago a correspondent of one of the papers (was it Mr. Baring?) mentioned he had discovered this in a journey with the Russian troops to Manchuria. He also added that there were several translations in the Russian language. It certainly strikes an Englishman as remarkable. Could not one of your Russian readers oblige us with some information on this interesting subject?

H. D. BARCLAY.

April 16.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

*The Highlands and Islands of Scotland.* Painted by W. Smith, Jr.; described by A. R. Hope Moncreiff. 9 × 6½. Pp. 232. Black, 10s. net.

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

*Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings.* Her Correspondence from 1720 to 1761. By her Great-Great-Niece, Emily J. Climeson. With illustrations. 2 vols. 9 × 5½. Pp. 601. Murray, 36s. net.

Cestre, Charles. *John Thelwall. A Pioneer of Democracy and Social Reform in England during the French Revolution.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 204. Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.

[Dr. Cestre sees Thelwall as "a representative of obscure mental tendencies in England . . . suddenly brought from potentiality into act . . . by the shock of the French Revolution."] Cartellieri, Dr. Alexander. *Philipp II. August König von Frankreich.* Band II. *Der Kreuzzug (1187-1191)* mit vier Stammtafeln. 9½ × 5½. Pp. xxxi, 360, and the four genealogical tables. Leipzig: Dyksche Buchhandlung. Paris: Le Soudier. n.p.

[The Second Volume of Dr. Cartellieri's great work. Bibliography and Index.] *Little Flowers of a Childhood: the record of a child.* 8 × 5½. Pp. xv, 167. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.

[The record of a boy who died at the age of four. With Portraits.]

### EDUCATION.

Eggar, W. D. *A Manual of Geometry.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. xxiii, 325. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.

[The author has rearranged the subject-matter of his "Practical Exercises in Geometry" in accordance with the Cambridge Schedule for the Previous Examination, and introduced the theorems along with the practical work.]

Board of Education. *Report for the year 1904 on the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Royal Colleges of Science and of Art, the Geographical Survey and Museum, and on the work of the Solar Physics Committee.* 9½ × 6½. Pp. 128. H.M. Stationery Office, 1s. 4d.

The Royal University of Ireland. *Examination Papers: a supplement to the University Calendar for the year 1906.* 8½ × 5½. Pp. 788. Dublin: University Press. n.p.

Peaker, Fredk. *British Citizenship: its rights and its duties.* With a preface by Sir John Lawson Walton, Attorney-General. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 159. Ralph, Holland, 2s.

[Mr. Peaker's object is to raise the standard of popular knowledge of public affairs. His book is in four divisions: The Legislature; Executive Government; The Judiciary; Local Government: with a chronology of constitutional history and an Index. His handling of the subjects is brief, clear and complete.]

Fiedler, H. G., and Sandbach, F. E. *A First German Reader for Science Students, comprising a Reader and Outline of Grammar with diagrams and vocabulary.* 9 × 6. Pp. x, 99. Moring, 2s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

Anstey, F. *Salted Almonds.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. vi, 312. Smith, Elder, 6s. (See p. 381.)

Vachell, Horace Annesley. *The Face of Clay.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 363. Murray, 6s. (See p. 381.)

McCarthy, Justin Huntly. *The Flower of France.* 8 × 5½. Pp. 323. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Hill, Headon. *The Avenger.* 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Read, Opie. *Old Lim Jucklin.* The Opinions of an open-air Philosopher. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 262. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Wister, Owen. *Lady Baltimore.* With Illustrations by Vernon Howe Bailey and Lester Ralph. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 406. Macmillan, 6s.

Triana, S. Perez. *Tales to Sonny.* With four illustrations by Dorothy Furniss. 5½ × 4½. Pp. 72. Treherne, 1s. net.

- Holland, Rupert Sargent. *The Count at Harvard*. Being an Account of the Adventures of a Young Gentleman of Fashion at Harvard University. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Boston: Page, \$1.50.
- Sigerson, Dora. *The Story and Song of Black Roderick*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 82. Moring, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Contains some of Mrs. Clement Shorter's beautiful lyrics.]
- Rean, Amy. *The Best Beloved and other Allegories*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 61. Fifield, 1s. net.

## HISTORY.

- The Cambridge Modern History*. Planned by the late Lord Acton. Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, Stanley Leathes. Vol. ix. *Napoleon*. 9½ x 7. Pp. xxviii, 946. Cambridge University Press, 16s. net.
- [The Consulate, by George Pariset. The Armed Neutrality, 1780-1801, by I. A. Walker and H. W. Wilson. The Pacification of Europe and France and her Tributaries, 1801-3, by Anton Guillaud. France under the Empire, 1804-14, by Professor Pariset. The Codes, by H. A. L. Fisher. The Concordats, by L. G. Wickham-Legg. The Command of the Sea, 1803-15, by H. W. Wilson. The Third Coalition, by Colonel E. M. Lloyd. The Napoleonic Empire at its height, 1807-9, by J. Holland Rose. The War of 1809, by August Keim. The Continental System, 1809-14, by J. Holland Rose. The French Dependencies and Switzerland, 1800-14, by H. A. L. Fisher and Professor Guillaud. The Peninsular War, 1808-14, by C. W. C. Oman. Russia under Alexander I., and the Invasion of 1812, by Eugen Stschepkin. The War of Liberation, 1813-4, by Julius von Pfugk-Harttung. The First Restoration, 1814-15, by H. A. L. Fisher. The Congress of Vienna, I., 1814-15, and II., 1815, by A. W. Ward. The Hundred Days, 1815, by Professor Oman. Great Britain and Ireland, 1792-1815, by G. P. Gooch. The British Empire, 1783-1815, by W. H. Hutton and H. E. Egerton. St. Helena, by H. A. L. Fisher. Bibliographies and Index.]
- Ancient Records of Egypt. *Historical Documents from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest*, collected, edited and translated with commentary by James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. Vol. ii. *The Eighteenth Dynasty*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xxviii, 428. Chicago: University Press. London: Luzac, \$3.00.

[For vol. i. see the ACADEMY, March 3, 1906, p. 213.]

## LITERATURE.

- Dalbiac, Lilian. *Dictionary of Quotations (German)*. With authors' and subjects' indexes. 8½ x 6. Pp. vi, 485. Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d.
- [Each quotation is translated, the translation being taken from "the best existing sources."]
- Lollée, Frédéric. *A Short History of Comparative Literature from the earliest times to the present day*. Translated by Mr. Douglas Power. 8½ x 6. Pp. xii, 381. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.
- [M. Lollée's book appears here in an English dress, which, so far as we have tested it, seems to be creditably carried out. Of the book itself we shall have more to say.]
- The Madonna of the Poets*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 126, xix. Burns & Oates, 2s. 6d. net. (See p. 374.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Van Dyke, Henry. *Fisherman's Luck*, and some other uncertain things illustrated, 7½ x 5½. Pp. 285. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- [Twelve sketches, mainly concerning fishing. American. Index.]
- The Century Magazine*. Vol. lxxi.—November 1905-April 1906. 10 x 7. Pp. 978. Macmillan, 10s. 6d.
- St. Nicholas*: an illustrated magazine for Young Folks. Vol. xxxiii. November 1905-April 1906. 9½ x 7½. Pp. 576. Macmillan, 6s.
- Twenty Years' Railway Statistics, 1886-1906*. 6½ x 3½. Pp. 208. Mathieson, 1s.
- List of Works on the Tariffs of Foreign Countries*. Compiled under the direction of Appleton Prentiss Clark Griffin. 10 x 7½. Pp. 42. Library of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office. n.p.
- [A briefly annotated catalogue of the books on this subject in the Library of Congress. General; Continental Tariff Union; France; Germany; Switzerland; Italy; Russia; Canada.]
- Magnússon, Eiríkr. *Notes on Shipbuilding and nautical terms of old in the North*. A paper read before the Viking Club Society for Northern Research. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 62. Moring, 1s. net.
- [Includes a glossarial Index.]
- Platt, William. *London and Londoners*, a book without statistics. 7½ x 5. Pp. 92. Simpkin, Marshall, paper 1s. net, cloth 2s. net.
- [Aims at giving "a really vivid and faithful picture of this London of ours, and the chief characteristics of the Londoners who inhabit it."]
- Gonner, E. C. K. *Interest and Saving*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xv, 172. Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
- [The normal and necessary existence of interest in society as it is, is briefly treated, and the main aim of the two essays is an analysis of the connection between interest and the process of saving whereby wealth is accumulated and capital supplied.]
- The Case for further Strand Improvement, 1906*. Edited by Mark H. Judge. 10½ x 7½. Pp. 30. Williams & Norgate, n.p.
- [The memorials to the County Council, reports of meetings, etc., and a list of members, of the Further Strand Improvement Committee, which has been formed to "promote a revision of the planning of the Strand so that the roadway may have its natural course direct to and from the Courts of Justice." With illustrations and plans.]

## PHILOSOPHY.

- Craig, Wm. Y., formerly M.P. for North Staffordshire. *An Essay on Man and Christian Civilisation*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. viii, 237. Constable, 5s. net.

## POETRY.

- Cranmer-Blyng, L. *An English Rose*. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 48. Elkin Mathews, paper 1s. net, cloth 1s. 6d. net.
- [Forty Sonnets and a few "Dialogues with Sa'di" by a writer who is well known for his work on Mr. Murray's "Wisdom of the East" series, besides his own "Odes to Confucius" and other works.]
- Gurdon, John. *Dramatic Lyrics*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 101. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.
- [The influence of Swinburne and Rossetti is very clear; but Mr. Gurdon has strength enough of his own to be no mere imitator. His verses show a rich and full music.]

## POLITICAL.

- Lord Curzon in India*, being a Selection from his speeches as Viceroy and Governor-General of India, 1898-1905. With a portrait, explanatory notes and an Index, and with an Introduction by Sir Thomas Raleigh, K.C.S., Legal Member of the Governor-General's Council, 1899-1904. 9 x 6. Pp. lii, 597. Macmillan, 12s. net.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 597. Nelson, 6d. net.
- Bohn's Standard Library. *A View of the English Stage*, or a series of dramatic criticisms by William Hazlitt. Edited by W. Spencer Jackson. 7½ x 5. Pp. xxiv, 358. Bell, 3s. 6d.
- [Mr. Jackson gives a brief introduction and there is a good index. He has compared the edition of 1818, of which this is a reprint, with the original newspaper articles, and supplied with brackets what was omitted.]
- Pierce the Ploughmans Crede* (about 1394, A.D.), transcribed and edited from MS. Trin. Coll., Cam., R. 3. 15, collated with MS. Bibl. Reg. 18. B. xvii in the British Museum, and with the old printed text of 1553. Edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxii, 73. Clarendon Press, 2s.
- The Christ in Shakespeare*. Shakespeare and the Bible. *Shakespeare*. A Reading from the Merchant of Venice. *Shakespeareana*. Sonnets with the Scriptural Harmonies. Interpreted by Charles Ellis. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 288. London: Bethnal Green Free Library, 2s. 6d.
- [This book was issued by Houlston and Sons in 1897, and some of it at least was published by Bagster in 1896. It consists mainly of excerpts from Shakespeare with parallel or similar passages from the Bible printed on the opposite page; many pages of Shakespeareana, original verses by the author, and the critical opinions of others occur in different parts of the book.]
- Nelson's New Century Library. *The Count of Monte Cristo*, by A. Dumas. In two vols. Pp. 1461. The Breakfast Table Series. By O. W. Holmes. *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table*; *The Professor at the Breakfast-table*; *The Poet at the Breakfast-table*. In one vol. Pp. 810. Each 6½ x 4½. Nelson, leather 2s. 6d. net, cloth 2s. net per vol.
- [India Paper; large type.]
- Seeley's Miniature Portfolio Monographs. *Gainsborough*, by Sir Walter Armstrong. Pp. xi, 222, with 32 plates. *The New Forest*, by C. J. Cornish. Pp. xii, 222, with 32 plates. Each 6½ x 4. Seeley, 2s. net each.
- The Simple Life Series. Salt, H. S. *Richard Jefferies, his life and his ideals*. Pp. vi, 119. Crosby, Ernest. *Tolstoy and his message*. Pp. 93. Each 7 x 4½. Fifield, each 6d. net.

## SCIENCE.

- Klages, Edward A. *On the syntomid moths of Southern Venezuela, collected in 1898-1900*. Pp. 22. MacGillivray, Alexander Dyer. *A Study of the wings of the Tenthredinoidea, a superfamily of Hymenoptera*. Pp. 86 and 24 plates. Schaus, William. *Description of new South American moths*. Pp. 57. Each 9½ x 6½. Washington: Government Printing Office. n.p. [From the Proceedings of the United States National Museum.]

## THEOLOGY.

- Sabatier, Paul. *Disestablishment in France*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 173. Unwin 3s. 6d. net.
- [With a preface by the translator, Robert Dell, and the French-English text of the Separation Law, with notes.]
- Lindsay, Thomas M. *A History of the Reformation*. In two volumes. Vol. i. *The Reformation in Germany from its beginning to the religious peace of Augsburg*. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xvi, 528. Edinburgh: Clark. International Theological Library. 12s.
- [Principal Lindsay's object is to describe "a great religious movement and its social environment." Book I. deals with the social, religious and intellectual life of the age which gave birth to the Reformation. Book II. starts off with Luther. Volume ii. will deal with the Reformation beyond Germany, with Anabaptism, etc., and with the Counter-Reformation. Chronological Summary and Index.]
- Curtis, Olin Alfred. *The Christian Faith*, personally given in a system of doctrine. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xi, 541. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Curtis is Professor of Systematic Theology in the New Theological Seminary, Madison, U.S.A. He "believes he has caught an important vision of the Christian faith as an organic whole of doctrine." The main clue to his "peculiarities of view and method" is the idea that "every man is a responsible moral person; but no man is complete in himself—he is made to be a fragment of an entire race."]
- Forrest, David W. *The Authority of Christ*. 8½ x 6½. Pp. xvii, 431. Edinburgh: Clark, 6s.
- [Dr. Forrest's chief aim is a practical one: to set forth what he conceives to be the true nature of Christ's Authority over us in all that relates to our religious belief and personal conduct.]
- Jastrow, Morris, junior. *Die Religion Babylonien und Assyriens*. Vom Verfasser revidierte und wesentlich erweiterte Uebersetzung. 9 Lieferung. 9½ x 6½ (contains pp. 81-160). Giessen: Töpelmann; London: Williams & Norgate, M. 1. 50.
- Literary Illustrations of the Bible. Edited by James Moffat, D.D. *The Books of Judges and Ruth*. 5½ x 4½. Pp. 144. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.
- [Dr. Moffat's plan is to set down passages of verse or prose in which the words of the Bible have been used or applied in a forcible or notable manner; and passages which develop aptly and freshly not the words but the idea of a Biblical verse.]
- The Church and the Commonwealth*: the visitation charges of the Rt. Rev. George Ridding, D.D., first Bishop of Southwell. Collected and edited by his wife, Lady Laura Ridding. 9½ x 6½. Pp. xii, 331. Arnold, 10s. 6d. net.
- [It was Dr. Ridding's intention to publish these charges. Lady Laura Ridding has omitted matters of local and temporary interest; since her forthcoming life of the Bishop will contain the information here omitted on the organisation and ordering of the diocese. The book has been very carefully and thoroughly edited, the sources of many of the quotations having been traced, and there is a full Index.]

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Bliss, Frederick Jones. *The Development of Palestine Exploration*, being the Ely Lectures for 1903. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 337. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.

- [Traces the history of the exploration of Palestine from the very earliest times to the work of the Palestine Exploration Fund, with a chapter on the Exploration of the Future. Index.]
- Gibson, Charles. *Among French Inns*; the story of a pilgrimage to characteristic spots of rural France. Illustrated. 8x5 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Pp. xx, 418. Hodder & Stoughton. Little Pilgrimages, 6s. net.
- [Travels, recounted partly in fictional form, in Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, Provence, etc. Illustrated from photographs. American. Index.]
- Hope Moncrieff, A. R. *The World of To-day*, a survey of the lands and peoples of the globe as seen in travel and commerce. Volume v. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x7 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Pp. viii, 266. Gresham Publishing Co.
- [This volume of the sumptuous and comprehensive survey of the world deals with South and Central America and the Spanish Main. Maps and plans, a large number of illustrations, many in colour, and a full and clear Geographical and Commercial Survey with statistics of the countries included.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

WE have before us Part 2 (6d. net) of Messrs. Newnes's *Atlas of the World's Commerce* (see THE ACADEMY, March 7, 1906, p. 269). Mr. Taylor's "Description and Geographical Distribution of the Principal Commodities of Commerce" is carried from Bluestone to Chicory; and the sheets, which agree in the main features with the two described in our number mentioned above, deal with Sugar and Cotton. We observe one thing with regard to this atlas—that, however little one may be interested in Commerce, one meets over and over again with admirable maps of various parts of the world, which will be as useful to the student of history or literature as to the economist. In the Sugar Map there are six inset smaller maps on a larger scale, in the Cotton Map, five. Among them are two different maps of India, each supplying something that the other lacks, and both wonderfully clear. We are beginning to think that the *Atlas of the World's Commerce* will end in being the safest and clearest guide to people who are studying subjects of all kinds. There can be no question that to the student of economics and commerce it is unique and indispensable.

The first edition of Mr. W. W. Vernon's *Readings on the Inferno of Dante* was reviewed at length by L. Villari in the ACADEMY of April 28, 1894. We have now received the second edition (2 vols. Methuen, 15s. net), which has been re-written to an extent that almost renders it a new work. The Readings are addressed almost exclusively to beginners, though they contain much which will be found valuable by the serious student. It would be difficult to imagine a better "scorta fida" than Mr. Vernon for one making his first acquaintance with the *Divina Commedia*. The text is printed in groups of a few *terzine* at a time, followed by a literal prose translation. These groups are joined together by a commentary or exegesis in large print; while questions of variant readings, obscure meanings, uncertain references—in short, all the Dante difficulties—are dealt with in notes in small type at the foot of the page. Thus the beginner, who is bewildered at the same time by the unfamiliarity of the language, the difficulty of the thought, and the never-ceasing allusiveness of Dante, is enabled to pick out at a glance from Mr. Vernon's book exactly what help or explanation he desires, and leave further subtleties till he is better prepared to grapple with them. The author aims chiefly at two things: one, to give the student an accurate verbal understanding of Dante's text; the other, to supply a reasonable and authoritative explanation of the allegorical, historical and theological implication which is to be found in every part of the poem. He is peculiarly well equipped for the accomplishment of both these aims. In the first place, Mr. Vernon's familiarity with the Tuscan, and especially the Florentine speech gives him an enviable advantage over students who only know Italian from books; for the language of Dante will never be understood unless it be recognised that he wrote in Tuscan and not in Italian as we know it. Many bookish students might be surprised—to take instances at random—at seeing "conca" translated as "cavity," and not "shell," "terra" as "city," and "bruno" as "black." But Mr. Vernon produces abundant evidence to prove that the primitive meaning in Tuscan of the word "conca" is an earthenware vessel in the form of a truncated cone, that "terra" is Tuscan for "città," and that "bruno" is Tuscan for "nero," the Tuscan for "bruno" being "marrone." Secondly, as to the further understanding of the poem. The Readings are based chiefly on the Latin commentary of Benvenuto da Imola, the intimate friend of Petrarch, who wrote about fifty years after the completion of the *Divina Commedia*. His utterances are valuable, because, although he was not a Tuscan but a Bolognese, he was near enough to Dante's time to speak in the full light of tradition and to understand many of the personal and historical allusions in the poem which have by the lapse of time become obscure or unintelligible, without some explanation such as he was in a position to supply. Such in brief are the qualifications of Mr. Vernon's Readings to be considered the best book for the English beginner in the study of Dante. The only criticisms we would venture to make apply to certain passages here and there where the author seems to fall below his usual standard of accuracy, adequacy and clarity. For instance, on p. 9 of vol. i., in commenting on the line, "la notte ch' i' passai con tanta pietà," he quotes Blanc to the effect that Dante here uses "this poetical form instead of pietà in the sense of anguish, torment, grief"; but on p. 42 of vol. ii. the obviously correct explanation is given,

taken from the Vocabolario della Crusca, saying that "pietà" is a poetical word, *not to be confounded with pietà = pity, compassion*, and means "anguish, pain, torment." On p. 29 of vol. i. occurs the phrase, "to travel by a different way from what he is doing," which startling piece of English is most unfortunately kept in countenance by one on p. 59 of vol. ii.: "and this will suffice to know about the first valley, and of they whom it holds in its fangs." On p. 95 of vol. i., talking of the abdication of Pope Celestine V., it is said that "the saintliness of the man by no means reconciled the Catholic universe to a Pope, whose office invested him with infallibility, acknowledging before the world his utter incapacity, his undeniable fallibility." Considering that Papal infallibility has only been made a necessary article of faith in our own time, the phrase above in italics seems to us somewhat misleading, applied to a Pope who resigned in the year 1294. Finally, on p. 248 of vol. ii., the word "assai" is rendered "enough," and on p. 286 of the same volume, "orecchi" is translated "eyes." We have dwelt on these inaccuracies and oversights merely because they are small imperfections in a really first-rate work of scholarship: they are not sufficiently numerous and important seriously to impair its undoubted and well-known value.


*The Happy Motorist*, by Filson Young (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net). In his latest book on motoring Mr. Filson Young has avoided technicalities, and dealt with his subject from the point of view of the man who, though willing enough to follow the prevailing fashion and replace his horsed carriages by motors, hesitates to make the exchange through sheer ignorance of all that pertains to the new locomotion. Hitherto the literature of automobilism has for the most part been far above the heads of "the common herd," who have yet to be initiated into the mysteries of sparking-plugs and change-speed gears. There are, doubtless, many, therefore, who will be duly grateful for "The Happy Motorist" with its brightly written chapters on the choice of a car, the management of the motor house, the duties of the driver, the little car, the family car, driving, equipment, and many other matters of supreme importance to those about to join the ranks of automobilists. Mr. Young has the gift of imparting useful advice in a singularly attractive fashion, but he is perhaps at his best when he forsakes the practical for the ideal, and speaks of the fascination the pastime possesses for its votaries. His own enthusiasm for the joys of the open road is revealed in every line, and his chapter on "The Happiest Motorist" must touch a responsive chord in the heart of many a veteran in the ranks of automobilists. "The beginning of things, the youth of the world, the childhood of life, these are Eternal Emblems of a happy freshness that lives incorruptibly in the memory, and retains its perfume of pleasure through years of custom or disillusionment. In any new discovery—especially one like motoring, which is associated with the world out of doors and brings into exhilarating contact with natural things—this freshness is the more acutely felt, because it is allied with a certain instinct of deep and binding root; a strong natural gladness that moves in the blood when the man of a civilised and indoor existence is led out into the sun. Truly the happiest day for the motorist, if he be young in years or heart, is that day upon which, for the first time he takes command of his marvellous toy."

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE honours of this week have been pretty evenly divided between Shakespeare and Miss Ellen Terry. To read the language used by some part of the Press, it would be difficult to know which was the greater—the poet, or the lady who has charmingly interpreted some of his creations. But we cannot grudge to an actress—least of all to Miss Terry—the slightest grain of the hail-storm of “consummates,” “superbs,” “exquisites,” “utterlys” and “perfects” that self-advertisement and sincere admiration in their respective proportions have set rattling about her ears during the past few weeks. We sincerely pity the people to come, who have nothing but the portraits, the legends, and the journalists’ superlatives to go to for a knowledge of Ellen Terry, just as we pity ourselves for knowing no more of Clive or Oldfield or Siddons, than can be learned by the same rather dreary means.

At His Majesty's Theatre Mr. Tree has been having a week—and a hard week—of Shakespeare; at Stratford Mr. F. R. Benson is holding his usual festival, and there have been the usual speeches, sermons and so forth (and, we may add, the usual bitter cold); the British Empire Shakespeare League and other educational bodies are busy, and we have all been turning our eyes back to the great figure who stands as the very voice of England at one of her greatest moments. Certain Shakespeare enthusiasms there are which strike us as odd. In the *New Shakespeareana*, for instance, conducted by the Shakespeare Society of New York, we find it announced that the society intends to publish in nine volumes the text of the 1623 folio on one page, and on the opposite page the text of each play as altered by the Restoration dramatists. Nine volumes full (or half-full) of the ineptitudes or vulgarities of D'Avenant, Otway, Tate and the rest! *All for Love* can be bought cheap, and what more can any one want?

One or two contributions to our collection of authors' mistakes were to be found in our columns last week, and *The Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* gives us another, which “the watchful publisher” (*rara avis in terris!*) “strangled at birth.” It is as follows: “In Mr. Downey's collection of Lever's letters, just published, we find John Blackwood pointing out such a blunder in the manuscript of ‘Tony Butler.’ Lever had described a garden scene between Tony and Alice on a fine summer night, whereas when Tony started in the morning in the cold and snow for Burnside it was clearly winter. In reply, the novelist confessed that he was unable to suggest how the night was so fine for Alice, and the morning so severe for Tony.” “Unable” here probably means “unwilling to take the trouble.” The reason is clear enough. If a novelist has any imagination at all, he has enough to control the weather, and he needs to keep a very sharp look out, if he is not going to contradict himself about the season and the sky when his mood changes. For, after all,

it is the mood that affects the weather quite as much as the weather affects the mood. A gleam of sunshine in December has set us all but dancing down the street; and on a perfect June day we have hunched our shoulders, and cursed the unseasonable cold.

A correspondent, H. D. B., writes to us, meanwhile, with reference to the letter of W. P., which appeared in our last issue, touching Sir Walter Scott's “mistake” in making the sun set in the ocean on the east coast of Scotland. H. D. B. is “not prepared to say that W. P. is wrong,” because he does not know the spot described; but he points out that at Cromer, on the east coast of England, the sun may be seen both to rise and to set over the sea. H. D. B. is perfectly right, as all visitors to Cromer will know: the sun, of course, does not rise all the year round exactly E. nor set exactly W. The point rather is: was Sir Walter, that “idle child,” properly aware of his facts when he wrote the passage, or was it merely that he happened to want a sunset for the purposes of the scene, and put it in without due thought? At any rate, he would not have been guilty of an error which we discovered some years ago in a manuscript novel submitted to us for an opinion. There, the very first sentence of the very first chapter led off with the setting sun shining through the east window of a church.

A very interesting letter from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop was sold at Christie's on Wednesday. It contains the whole of “Tam Glen” and another poem; and goes on to talk, among other things, of politics. Here is a splendid passage from it. “I, too, Madam, am just now Revolution-mad, but it is not the tarantula-frenzy of insulting Whiggism, like an ass's Colt capering over the generous hound breathing his last; mine is the enraged scorpion, shut up in a thumb-phial; the indignant groans and blood-shot glances of a ruined Right, gagged on the pillory of Derision to gratify the idiot insolence of . . .” The letter was bought by Mr. Quaritch.

The Report of the National Art Collections Fund is fully examined in another part of this issue; but we may be permitted to call attention to a very able and lucid article in Thursday's *Times* on the problem before the nation in general and the Fund in particular. That article pours proper scorn on those who “babble” about “artificially inflated” prices, and “seem to think that the value of a picture in the market can be fixed by their own arbitrary and personal estimate of its artistic quality.” It then proceeds to examine the various proposals for saving for the nation the treasures of art in private hands put forward by Professor Holmes, Mr. MacColl and others, and comes to the very sane conclusion that the best way of all is for individual lovers of art to become members of the National Art Collections Fund and subscribe.

The Princess Royal has consented to become patroness of a performance of Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* which is being organised, with the author's permission, by Miss Elsie Fogerty for the benefit of the fund being raised to procure a new site and building for Bedford College for Women, University of London, York Place, London, W. The following have also promised their patronage to the performance: The Duchesses of Marlborough, Sutherland, and Hamilton, Lady Leila Egerton, Ellen Countess of Desart, Susan Countess of Malmesbury, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, the Head Master of Eton, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lyttelton, Lord Avebury, the Right Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Acland, Sir Edward H. Busk, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, Sir Arthur Rücker, Principal of the University of London, and Lady Rücker, Dr. Churton Collins, Canon Barnett, the Rev. Russell Wakefield, and others. The performance will take place on Monday, June 11, at 3 P.M., at the Scala

Theatre, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road. This, we believe, will be the first time that Mr. Swinburne's tragedy has been publicly performed in England.

Millet's picture, *The Man with the Hoe*, lost in the San Francisco disaster, gave its idea and title to a poem by Mr. Edwin Markham, which appeared early in 1899 in the *Examiner* of San Francisco. Later in that year the poem gave its title to Mr. Markham's first volume of verse—dated from Oakland, California, and dedicated "to Edmund Clarence Stedman, first to hail and caution me," From "The Man with the Hoe," which, though it made a considerable impression seven years ago on both sides of the Atlantic, is now practically forgotten, we may quote a few lines:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world,

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
How will it be, with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries?

The frequent allusion to Santa Rosa in the telegraphic news of the week from California may have recalled to some readers that it was in the neighbourhood of that town, a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Thomas Luke Harris established the community known as the Brotherhood of the New Life. The place was known as Fountain Grove, and there, for a considerable period, Harris exercised his "primacy." Some of his books, notably "The New Republic," were printed at the press he set up. Now, at Fountain Grove, it will be remembered, Laurence Oliphant was for a time a resident. For some years past Mr. T. L. Harris, now in his eighty-fourth year—he visited England four years ago—has been resident in New York, and it is long since his community was dispersed.

Mr. T. Aldred (Southwark) opened the April meeting of the Library Association, which took place at the London School of Economics on the 23rd inst., with a paper on Stocktaking. Stocktaking from the earliest times was discussed and the catalogues of the Alexandrian library were quoted. The chief point, however, was the question of closing for the purpose. From the point of view of the borrower there is no doubt that closing for periods varying from three days to a month is to be deprecated, as it causes a great deal of inconvenience. An aspect of the subject which did not receive the attention it deserved is that of the continuity of the "reading habit." During these periodical stocktakings when the library is closed, many of the borrowers who are then deprived of their usual books lose some of the desire to read, and it sometimes happens that they do not trouble to resume that "habit." It is worth notice in this respect that "The Times Book Club" while removing to their new premises issued a double number of volumes to each subscriber.

The chief paper of the evening was on "Public Libraries and Public Opinion," written by Mr. J. Hutt, M.A.: (Lyceum Library, Liverpool), and read by Mr. Purnell. From the article in *Household Words* of 1851, possibly written by Charles Dickens, who was present at the opening of the Manchester Library in the following year, the attitude of the press was traced to the present time. *Chambers's Journal* has always taken an interest in the subject; in 1875 and again in 1900 articles appeared there. But the criticism is always adverse. Even "A Working Woman," the author of the articles which appeared in 1900, while admitting the value of the public

library to herself, complained that the working classes have no love for reading, and that libraries do not supply stimulating reading. Among recent attacks which were also described as uninformed and misleading were mentioned those in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Westminster Review*. In the latter the time-worn "fiction bogey" was again raised, to be "laid" in the *Library World*.

The ideal of the public library was laid down as "general culture." And it will not be until the generation now at school has grown up that the result of the present activity of public libraries will be evident. (A "fiction censorial committee" was suggested in the paper. This raises a subject of great interest and importance, and one which we hope to refer to in a future issue.) The broad democratic basis of the foundation of the public library was described as the chief cause of this jealous criticism (Mr. J. D. Brown, Islington). And although the public library was no doubt originally intended for the poorer classes, economic conditions have so changed that it is a false idea at the present time (Mr. E. A. Baker, M.A., Woolwich).

It is impossible to give in a small space any idea of the treasures that are to come under the hammer at Messrs. Sotheby's on Monday next and the three following days, when the libraries of the Rev. the Hon. Stephen Lawley, Mr. Arthur Ram, Mr. G. P. Wall, Captain Butts, and the Hon. Mrs. Skeffington Smyth are to be sold. Mr. Ram's books include first editions of "Jack Sheppard," Campbell's Poems, several of Dickens's novels, and several of Jesse's series of Memoirs, besides a number of other books of value, especially in the department of biography and memoirs. The Lawley library is strongest in modern literature. There are three or four first editions of Matthew Arnold, including "The Strayed Reveller," a first edition of the Bon Gaultier Ballads; and of Coleridge and Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads." Then there is the very rare first edition of Mr. George Meredith's "Poems" (1851), and of Stevenson's "Inland Voyage," while the Tennyson first editions include the 1842, two volume Collected Poems: "In Memoriam"; "The Princess," "Maud," and the "Idylls," and the Wordsworths, the "Lyrical Ballads" (1800) vol. ii., the "Prelude," and the "Excursion." White's "Selborne," and some Drydens and Waltons are among other interesting first editions.

In "The Salterns" Library we find the exceedingly rare first edition of Blake's "Poetical Sketches," besides Rossetti's Poems; a Kelmscott "Chaucer," uncut, as issued, and a good number of specimens of the work of the Ashendene, Doves and other presses. Among other first editions are a number of Ainsworths, "Pickwick," and several other Dickenses, Sheridan's *Critic*, Lamb's "Last Essays of Elia," and a number of works by William Combe, Lever, Pierce Egan, and R. S. Surtees. As "The property of a gentleman deceased" is entered the excessively rare first edition of Cervantes's "Novelas Exemplares" (Madrid, 1613). Among Mrs. Skeffington Smyth's books we find first editions of "Camilla," of Goldsmith's "Experimental Philosophy," Hazlitt's "View of the English Stage," and Byron's "Hebrew Melodies," "Prisoner of Chillon," "Marino Faliero," and "Sardanapalus." The four days' sale has also many very interesting early printed books, and illuminated manuscripts.

On Monday, April 30, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson will sell an important collection of early printed books and rare first editions. Amongst the first editions are Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" and "She Stoops to Conquer," Ayleyn's "Historie of that Wise and Fortunate Prince, Henri of that Name the Seventh" (1638), Braithwait's "Times Curtaine Drawne" (1621), Cartwright's

"The Preacher's Travels" (1611), and John Donne's "Death's Duell or Consolation to the Soul against the Dying Life and Living Death of the Body."

The Portico Library, of Manchester, from the librarian of which we publish a letter in this issue, is a venerable institution—for a Manchester institution—having been founded as long ago as 1806. It is particularly strong in historical and antiquarian books, among its treasures being Gau's "Antiquités de la Nubie," and the great Napoleonic "Description de l'Egypt," with its two volumes of text and twelve of plates. It owns also a first edition of "Tim Bobbin," a very rare book which even the British Museum lacks. The library is now to be rebuilt.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Society of Arts.—Arrangements for week ending May 5, 1906. Monday, April 30, at 8 P.M. Cantor Lectures: "Ivory in Commerce and in the Arts," by Alfred Maskell, F.S.A. Three lectures. Lecture II.—Early Christian and early Byzantine ivory sculpture—Uncertainty of the origin and dating of certain type pieces—Examination of the methods of recent German commentators—Examples considered (amongst others): British Museum Passion Plaques; Munich and Liverpool "Ascensions"; B.M. Pyx or vase with cover; B.M. archangel; Ravenna chair; Carrand diptych; Lorsch book-covers; Brescia casket; Bodleian bookcover; South Kensington bone plague with "Magi"; Alcester tan; and others—An attempt to throw light on some obscurities and difficulties from a different point of view from that usually accepted. (Illustrated by lantern slides and casts.) Tuesday, May 1, at 4.30 P.M. Colonial Section: "Social Conditions in Australia," by the Hon. J. G. Jenkins, Agent-General for South Australia. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart, G.C.M.G., late Governor of South Australia, will preside. Wednesday, May 2, at 8 P.M. Ordinary meeting: "Submarine Signalling," by J. B. Millet. Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S., will preside.

University College, London. (University of London).—Jevons Memorial Lectures, 1906. A course of lectures will be delivered by Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed on "The Application of the principle of Margins to the problems of wage-earning, unemployment, foreign trade and finance." On Mondays, at 6 P.M., beginning on Monday, May 7, 1906. A course of public lectures on Polish Literature: Slowacki's "King Spirit," a Messianic Poem, will be delivered by Dr. W. Lutoslawski, on Mondays, at 5.30 P.M., beginning on Monday, May 7. Comparative Law. Professor Sir John Macdonell (Quain Professor of Comparative Law) will deliver a course of lectures on Tuesdays, at 5 P.M., beginning on Tuesday, May 22, 1906, on Modern Labour Legislation. To be followed by a course of lectures on International Law. The Professor's prizes of £15 and £5 respectively will be given for the best Essays, showing sufficient merit, on: "The rights of belligerents and neutrals as to submarine cables, wireless telegraphy, and the intercepting of information in time of war." Candidates must have attended at least two-thirds of the lectures for the whole session, and have worked to the satisfaction of the Professor. Essays must reach the Secretary of the College on or before Monday, June 18. Two public lectures on "The Assyro-Babylonian Antiquities in the British Museum," will be delivered by Dr. T. G. Pinches on Tuesdays, May 24 and 31 at 4.30 P.M., in the Botanical Theatre. All these lectures will be open to the public without fee or ticket.

Royal Geographical Society.—Evening meeting, Monday, May 7, 1906, at 8.30 P.M. At the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. Paper to be read: "From the Victoria Nyanza to Kilimanjaro," by Colonel G. E. Smith, R.E. The Right Hon. Sir George T. Goldie, President, in the chair.

Linnean Society of London.—The next general meeting will be held on Thursday, May 3, 1906, at 8 P.M. The discussion on the "Origin of Gymnosperms," adjourned from March 15, will be resumed by Dr. D. H. Scott, F.R.S., Sec.L.S. A ballot will be taken in respect of Mr. Dharendra Lal Day, M.A., B.Sc., and Colonel John William Yerbury, late R.A.

Grafton Galleries.—Tuesday, May 2. Private view of the German Exhibition of painting, including the works of H. von Bartels, Benno Becker, Cairati, W. von Diez, Raoul Frank, O. von Fader du Faur, F. von Defregger, Freiherr von Habermann, Otto Hierl-Deoneo, Albert von Keller, Aug. von Kaulbach, Hermann Kaulbach, Angelo Jank, Julius Exter, Franz von Leubach, Carl Marr, Gabriel Max, Leo Samberger, Raffael Schuster-Woldan, Carl Seiler, Toni Stadler, Franz Stuck, Fritz von Uhde, Lud. Willroider, Ernst Zimmermann, Heinrich Zügel and others.

Æolian Hall.—Tuesday, May 1, at 9 P.M. Bach Concert in aid of the fund for the purchase of Bach's house at Eisenach and the endowment of a Bach Museum.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, Leicester Square.—Monday, April 30, at 1.10 P.M. Sale of early printed books and rare first editions including a selection from the Library of a Collector consigned from abroad.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—April 30-May 3 inclusive. Sale of the libraries of the Rev. the Hon. Stephen W. Lawley, Mr. Arthur Ram, Mr. G. P. Wall, the Hon. Mrs. Skeffington-Smyth and "The Salterns," Parkstone, Dorset.

## LITERATURE

### ENGLISH MYSTICISM

*Studies of English Mystics.* By W. R. INGE, D.D. (Murray, 6s. net.)

TEMPERATENESS is the note of the English mind. In matters of practice it aims at compromise: in matters of imagination it affects the material sublime. It keeps, in every field of thought, to the middle way. In the genius for pure speculation it is excelled by the Teutonic mind, and in the genius for logical systematisation it is surpassed by the French mind: but, possessing somewhat of the imaginative power of the northern races and somewhat of the practical power of the southern races, it combines these in an unrivalled genius for invention. In poetry and politics, in science and industry, and in some branches of art and philosophy, the English mind has been singularly creative. In the matter of religion, however, it does not seem to have exercised, as yet, any supreme and permanent influence on the rest of the world. This is partly due to its aversion from extremes. As it proceeds by the way of assimilation rather than by the way of rejection it works slowly towards a definite position. The Latin school of tradition has elaborated a compact body of doctrines; the Teutonic school of rationalism has developed a frame of mind; the English school of experience is still seeking for the middle way. Dr. Inge, for instance, holds that neither Roman Catholicism nor Protestantism possesses enough of the truth to satisfy the religious needs of the day, and that the special work assigned to the English Church is the development of a Johannine Christianity:

Thousands are craving for a basis of belief which shall rest, not on tradition or authority or historical evidence, but on the ascertainable facts of human experience. And the mystics, it has been truly said, are the only thorough-going empiricists. . . . It is to the study of religious experience that faith must look for the reinforcement which it needs against its many enemies. The religions of authority are tottering to their fall; but the religion of the Spirit is still near the beginning of [its] triumphant course.

It is sometimes said that the English are averse from mysticism. But there is no race in which there is a richer vein of idealism, a deeper sense of the mystery of life. The mystical literature of England is, indeed, as important as that of Germany or Spain. By keeping to the mean between speculative pantheism and devotional extravagance, English mysticism has acquired in the modern era a distinct and original character. In the spirit of reasonableness in which they write, the best English mystics of all ages resemble one another. The note of temperateness persists amid the vicissitudes of creed. This is seen very clearly in the works of the writers that form the subject of Dr. Inge's suggestive studies. Lady Julian, an anchoress of Norwich, and Walter Hylton, Canon of Thurgarton, represent the mystical side of that English renaissance of the fourteenth century which is illustrated by Langland, Wiclif and Chaucer; William Law is the greatest English mystical divine of the age of Pope and Addison; Wordsworth is the poet of the philosophical mysticism of the Romantic period. Dr. Inge also includes Robert Browning as a representative English mystic, but we scarcely believe that the author of "La Saisiaz" can be ranked among the seers of the divine vision. Valuable and illuminating as the "Studies of English Mystics" is, we think that there would have been an historical and a more interesting connection between the different lectures had the space occupied by the trite discussion of the didactic element in Browning's poetry been devoted to an exposition of the rational mysticism of the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century. These men are writers of far more importance than the English mediæval mystics. Lady Julian is an author of fine charm, and Walter Hylton is an author of agreeable distinction; but their charm and their distinction are a matter of style that



veils their want of profundity in the matter of thought. They reflect faintly a few of the ideas of the great Continental mystics of the fourteenth century. Their orthodoxy was, no doubt, a supreme merit in the age of Wiclif; but what one prizes most at the present day in a mystic is the insight into the fundamental problems of religion. This one finds in the Cambridge Platonists. The genius of the English race was not fully displayed until the latter part of the sixteenth century. In the space of a few years it built up a great literature, and then, wearying of the pageantry of an existence woven of "such stuff as dreams are made on," it turned with undiminished energy to the spiritual realities of life. Shakespeare was succeeded by Milton, and Bacon by the Cambridge Platonists.

Whichcote and his circle were the founders of the first authentic school of mysticism in England. To the sobriety of manner of the mediæval English writers they united a remarkable originality of conception. "That is not revealed which is not intelligible." This was the leading principle of the Cambridge Platonists, and they anticipated the method of Hegel in making mysticism a matter of rational exposition. A mystic cannot, by reason simply of his special gift of insight into the divine nature of things, claim any authority over the minds of other men. It is this arrogant assumption of superiority which has ever tended to reduce mysticism into an ineffectual element in the general life of the world. The mystic's vision of all things in God must remain for other men a mere dream unless he can "unfold its concentrated white light into new views of the many forms of nature and human life, with all the varied and definite hues and shapes."

Am farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben.

To affect men he must interpret the divine vision in terms of reason and experience. This is what the Cambridge Platonists essayed to do. Their system of philosophy has not endured entirely, but the frame of mind of which it was the expression has persisted and preserved from mere irrationalism and extravagance the best of the later English mystics.

Among these Wordsworth is supreme. Jelâleddin, a Persian writer of the thirteenth century, is sometimes said to be the greatest mystical poet of any age. We have read only a translation of his works, and cannot therefore appreciate his literary merit; but it seems to us that, as a mystical philosopher, he is surpassed by the author of "The Prelude" and "The Excursion." The English poet keeps to the facts of actual experience, and, without the adventitious pomp of luxuriant imagery and fanciful symbolism, he invests these facts with a glorious significance. To him the infinite is the finite seen *sub specie æternitatis*. The art with which he registers, not only those moods of ecstasy felt

When the light of sense  
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed  
The invisible world,

but the moods of common life, and the insight with which he traces the development of the higher states of soul and their connection with the lower, are an initiation into a practical mysticism of a high order. In manner he is the profoundest of poets, and in manner the simplest. From writers of the Oriental school, such as Emerson, from writers of the Teutonic school, such as Blake, and from writers of the Spanish school, such as Coventry Patmore, he is nobly distinguished by a spirit of awe and deep reverence that withholds him from vain and unseemly fantasticalness.

Growth is the sign of life. If English religion develops on the lines of English mysticism, it will be moulded by grave experience and temperate thought. Christianity, the Cambridge Platonists held, is not a divine science, but a divine life. It is a temper of mind, of which dogmas are merely symbolical expressions that change with the change of circumstances. It is as fluid a thing as life itself. Whenever it tends to harden into a set of rigid

doctrines and unchanging rites, and ceases to adapt itself to the religious needs of the age, persons with minds of a mystical cast withdraw from it, and lose themselves in an extravagant and base sort of spiritualism, and persons with minds of a worldly cast revert to a mechanical kind of Deism, in which there is nothing to stimulate and nourish the spiritual side of a man's nature. Mysticism is the vital force of religion.

## BAUDELAIRE

*Poems in Prose from Baudelaire.* Translated by ARTHUR SYMONS. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

*The Poems of Charles Baudelaire.* Selected and translated from the French with an introduction by F. P. STURM. (Walter Scott, 1s.)

... Unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster. . . .

THUS Poe, with a sort of uncanny prevision of his disciple, whose fate was so much more terrible than his own, and through whom, perhaps, he was to come to his own at least with those, poets and writers for the most part, for whom his own rather obvious melodies are too loud, too insistent: who are listening, it may be, for a softer music.

It is this softer music which Mr. Sturm has tried, really for the first time, to translate into English verse with much patient labour; not very successfully, perhaps, for somehow almost all the emotion, the subtle, shadowy life of the original, betrayed into captivity only by ænuius, seems to have escaped, so that, correct though they be, these Flowers of Evil are but artificial flowers after all, copied from the real blossoms that opened, it may be, only for Baudelaire.

The principal work of Charles Baudelaire dates from 1857, and in whatever way we may have come to regard him, whether as a classic or as a mere expression of decadence, his work has never been much read in England, even by writers, and not at all by the English people. Yet it is small in amount, very perfect in accomplishment, almost always faultless, and often exquisite. It is his most exquisite work that one of our own poets has cared to translate; for, while certainly "Les Fleurs du Mal" are the most famous of Baudelaire's works—given to the world as they were by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and advertised by a police prosecution, which serves to remind us what strange folk our fathers were—it is to the "Petits Poèmes en Prose" that we return again and again, finding there something more of the *nuance* which Verlaine has told us is absolutely necessary to Poetry and something less of the *couleur* that he condemns, than in "Les Fleurs du Mal."

Mr. Henry James, writing of "French Poets and Novelists," has been curiously unfortunate in his estimate of Baudelaire; indeed, so eager is he to condemn him, that he might be mistaken for one of those policemen who, no doubt, were appalled at the wickedness of "Les Fleurs du Mal," as they declaimed the verse from either side of the prisoner to the horrified correctional magistrate. "Baudelaire," says he, "was a poet, and for a poet to be a realist is of course nonsense"; and again: "To deny the relevancy of the subject-matter and the importance of the moral quality of a work of art strikes us as, in two words, ineffably puerile." Well, what is the subject-matter of Tschaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathétique": and what is its moral quality? and, again, what is the subject-matter of "The Wings of the Dove"? It was not of such "examination-paper questions" that Baudelaire was dreaming, but

of the miracle of a poetic prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme, subtle, and staccato enough to follow the lyric motions of the soul, the wavering outlines of meditation, the sudden starts of conscience.

It is just this musical prose, so alert, so self-conscious, always aware of itself, that Mr. Symons, with an art beyond

praise, has given us in his translations. He has caught the very emotion of the original work itself; a little faint, perhaps, a little far away; yet he has sacrificed nothing, no single hint or thought or half-word of Baudelaire's. He is absolutely accurate, but his accuracy has not killed the emotion; it is living there in that curiously pallid English, which in any other hands would almost certainly have been too robust a vehicle for the delicate, ambiguous French, where words are visions, creating for us worlds we have never seen, thoughts that overwhelm us and remain with us for days, moods that we are subject to, that have in them all the terror of experience, the agony of regret.

The "Petits Poèmes en Prose" are the work of a man who is in prison, whose intellect is dying of horror, whose soul is trembling with disgust. He is like a priest who celebrates an endless Mass before a Deity in whom he does not believe; and for him honey is a poison that has lost its savour and the salt of our tears is too sweet. For him the visible world has never existed: it is only in his own soul that he finds any reality—his own soul terrified and disgusted at the aspect of the world, at the dreams of men, that interpose themselves between him and the sun. Thus, when asked what he loves best, it is only after many repudiations that he decides it is the clouds that delight him:

The clouds which pass—over there—the marvellous clouds.

And he insists upon nothing but the mood, and thus as an artist he is always true to himself; he will never excuse himself from perfection, and, small though his work is in quantity, it is a monument. We see him at last robbed of everything, the tortured nerves that have driven him mad still impotently twitching, a dead man, though his eyes are still alive, long before he really died. And it is this man, a decadent, an æsthete, who, atheist though he be, in some not inconsiderable way is the founder of the modern symbolist school, which has already learned to look beyond him to those mystics who fled from the tyranny of the appearance into the profound reality which is God. All his life Baudelaire may be said to have sought in the dust and dirt for the lilies of the love of God, lilies that in his writings festered and smelt far worse than weeds that in our spring shall tower again spotless into the infinite pure sky. For, as we have been reminded: "We also are ancestors and stand in the sunshine of to-morrow."

#### MR. STURGE MOORE'S POEMS

*Poems by T. Sturge Moore.* Collected in one volume. (Duckworth, 6s. net.)

The author presents this book in a somewhat whimsical, or, at any rate, unusual form. Six little sheaves of poetry, each separately numbered for paging, are combined into one; each sheaf has a separate dedication; some sheaves—e.g., the first two and the fourth—consist of a single poem each; the others contain little groups of shorter poems; the bulk of the volume is classical, but lyrics of to-day or to-morrow are interspersed; the lament over Saul and Jonathan reappears in language mainly Biblical, but in broken and irregular rhymes: the least poetical poem in the whole book, a grim but dull dirge over Don Juan, stands side by side with one of the finest, that on Titian's "Bacchanal" in the Prado Gallery at Madrid. A corresponding caprice is apt to mar the rhyme—e.g., in "Pan" (p. 21), "live" and "with" stand for rhymes, as, in "A lament for Orpheus" (p. 18), do "ever" and "together," and, in "A Grecian Amphora" (p. 17), "many a story" and "live in story." The form "glid," for "glided," appears more than once; it is preferable to Mrs. Browning's terrible "glode," and logically may be defended by the analogy of "slid" and "chid;" but the sense of poetry suffers by the intrusion of oddities, and the ear protests against (p. 24, "The Centaur's Booty")

Hug thy wisdom, but hark: the child is here—

in a passage of blank verse: in "To Leda" (p. 11), the burning of Troy is strangely described as

Those shriek-pulsed towers that flamed.

In a word, the author has a leaning towards *queerness* in thought and expression, which jars upon the reader.

Beneath this rather irritating imperfection, there lies a vein of genuine poetic feeling, rising at times to real beauty and power. The pathetic half-human centaurs, Pholus and Medon, and their delight in the little human child whom Medon has carried away to their mountain solitude, are beautifully depicted: so is Pholus's memory of a still older centaur who loved a nymph:

She was not as a woman who grows old,  
Loses her charm and frees those whom she snared:  
Nay, till he died her beauty held him fast;  
No joy he knew, no change, but, in a trance  
He gazed upon her snowy languid form,  
And sought he knew not what within her eyes.

#### MEDON

I thought of him; for thou, long years ago,  
Hadst spoken sadly of his wasted life,  
And how his death was like a blasted tree's  
Ragged with dead moss, whitened with crumbling tinder,  
Gnarled, writhen, old, patient and desolate.  
For she, she left him as the white owl quits  
The old stump ere it falls; she left him young,  
Dreamy and calm as she had been before  
He found her like a sleeping water there,  
A mirror visited by all the stars  
And which at noon-day seems a golden shield  
Dropped by a Titan mid the rocks he hurled.

The very best of our poets might, we think, have been glad to have written these last four lines!

Not less fine is the passage in "The Rout of the Amazons" (pp. 27-9), where the Faun describes the dead Amazon, and the mystical music of the approach of Artemis and her train.

Mutely I prayed

That she to joy might even yet return,  
Then looked and saw the stars shine through the boughs,  
And far away I heard a silver sound.  
At first methought it was the rising moon  
Did make a music pure and clear as dew;  
But, lo! 'twas answered from the west, and soon  
Out of the south was gently born again. . . .

Then, over the plains and hills, the nymphs of Artemis sound their sorrowful music over each slain Amazon as they come upon her body, and finally, the vision of Artemis herself appears:

I, turning, saw one stand

With all the dignity and charm of night . . .  
Beside that prostrate sister of like grace.  
Then knelt she and laid both the arms to rest,  
Next straightened both the knees, and closed the shift  
Above the breast, ordered the dew-damp hair,  
And kissed the eyelids, having lowered them;  
Went then and gathered young ferns not far off;  
With these she covered up that lovely corse,  
Then drew a circle round it with an arrow,  
Saying some words of heaven,—some rare spell . . .

and then:

Sounding again that glory on her horn,  
She turned and passed away among the trees.

Less good than this, yet quite good, are "Pan's Prophecy," and "To Leda": the "Lament for Orpheus," immediately following the last-named poem, will attract, by its pathos, non-Virgilian readers. But scholars, we think, will find it an undue expansion, and to some extent a washing-out, of the nobly pathetic close of Virgil's Fourth Georgic: the topic will hardly bear rehandling. Of the lesser poems, with the lyric touch upon them, the best perhaps, is "Love's First Communion" (pp. 21-2 in the section named from "The Gazelles"); the last stanza has both strength and sweetness:

Ardent softly-breathing Even,  
What thou whisperest, that is truth;  
Through and through me throbs belief;  
By thy star, the first in heaven

Hesperus the early bright,  
Tell me, shall I love? "For brief,  
Brief thy days!"  
Song there is thus wails on youth,  
"For the May time, no time stays,"  
So it says;  
Speak then, speak, ere thou be night  
Dread with stars and extreme height.

The leading defect of the book is the inclination, probably unconscious, of the writer to express natural and often poetic fancies in an abrupt and eccentric form. But his touch on *mythological* subjects, and especially on half-human creatures, such as the Centaurs, the Faun, and Pan, would avail to redeem worse faults than eccentricity.

### A BISHOP ON THE CONGO

*Vingt-huit Années au Congo.* Lettres de Monseigneur AUGOUARD. 2 tom. (Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.)

WE hear so much nowadays about the Congo from persons who either have never been there or who pose as authorities after a very brief trip through that vast territory, that it may not be uninteresting to our readers to call their attention to the experiences of a man who has resided in Central Africa for almost a whole generation, and who has devoted himself untiringly to the amelioration of the negro's lot. There is no one whose name is more honourably or prominently associated with missionary enterprise than Bishop Augouard. His acquaintance with the blacks began in 1877, and it has continued down to the present day. A Zouave under General Charette in the war of 1870-71, he has displayed a soldier's courage in his efforts to extend Christianity, civilisation, and, we may add, the good name of France in the Congo regions. As a founder of missions he probably holds the record. He founded those on Stanley Pool and the Kasai, as well as on the Ubanghi. He began his African career as the priest at Gabon in Dahomey, and he is now Bishop of the whole of the French Congo. The story of his work as a missionary is told in two hundred and eighty-three letters, written chiefly to members of his family and now collected for publication. They are full of interest and life, and, although they naturally appeal most forcibly to French readers, no one who wishes to understand the African problem can overlook the information provided by this zealous and sympathetic labourer among the heathen millions of the French and Belgian Congos.

When he went out to Africa in 1877, nothing had been done to alienate the blacks from their savage practices and barbarous cruelty. The whites were indifferent, or at the best helpless. The King of Dahomey slaughtered three or four thousand innocent victims on his birthday, and if he wished to do honour to an European he invited him to the spectacle, which the white man was impotent to prevent and compelled for his own safety to behold. Remonstrance would have meant death. The sacrifices of the medicine doctors in the name of Ju Ju or fetishism were among the daily occurrences that M. Augouard recites as the horrors of the period when he first arrived in the country. Even after he had been there some years and the scene of his labours had been changed from Dahomey to the Congo, he wrote that "the practice of cannibalism exists on the Congo in a truly horrible degree." In his closing letters he calls attention to the marked improvement that has been effected in twenty-five years. The slaughterings by decree of kings, the sacrifices by order of priests, are ended, and, if cannibalism is not, its practice has passed out of the category of universal custom into that of a secret and, so far as possible, concealed proclivity, of which the black himself is either ashamed or under the eye of the law apprehensive as to the personal consequences. The Bishop's early letters dilate on the heavy and seemingly hopeless nature of the task before him. The later letters embodying the experience of nearly thirty years denote confidence

and hope in the ultimate regeneration of the blacks. Bishop Augouard has indeed only one misgiving. He does not conceal his fear that much mischief may be done by European visionaries who would treat the black man exactly as if he were a white man, and who protest through ignorance against much that has to be done in weaning the negro from his old savage ways, and above all things in accustoming him to regular, peaceful work.

Bishop Augouard, besides being a zealous missionary, is a practical man of affairs who has had to cope with great difficulties, and has overcome them by his own personal efforts as well as example. He has no belief in the ideas of arm-chair theorists who call for the creation of Utopias, which do not exist even in this ancient centre of civilisation called Europe. If the negro is to be raised permanently in the scale of humanity it must be done, he says, by hard work on the spot, and not by the drafting of model constitutions and regulations for his sudden conversion into an up-to-date European by his friends and admirers here. The motives as well as the knowledge of Bishop Augouard in expressing opinions that are associated with practical men of affairs, officials and statesmen, rather than with missionaries, cannot be suspected, although, as he seems himself to be aware, they are likely to evoke the clamorous protests of the emotional sympathisers with our black brethren.

Bishop Augouard's correspondence—which is especially valuable because it was certainly never intended for publication, and his editor gives the assurance that even now it has been published without the author's knowledge—contains very many references to the radical difficulty and problem in Africa. It is nothing more complicated to all seeming than to induce the black man to work as the white races have to. Some of the difficulties of the question are revealed in the following passage:

Work! Labour! There is the most important question, to which all others are of secondary importance. . . . From the moment of my arrival on the Congo, and more especially since my being placed at the head of the important Ubanghi vicariat, I have striven to put in practice two essentially colonising ideas. They are the spreading of the French language, and the creation of native labourers. . . . Our main object is to teach our pupils a trade so that they may contribute later on towards the economic and industrial development of the colony. But the task is not easy. . . . The blacks have no wants, and despite their primitive simplicity they fully realise that if the whites ask them to work it is only for the purpose of exploiting them.

This subject, especially with regard to the much discussed rubber collection, is dealt with in the following quotation, which states some of the difficulties well known to African administrators in English-speaking as well as French-speaking colonies of the dark Continent:

The want of labour is also a continual source of discussion and content. The natives sell ivory freely enough because they have a reserve stock, or because they can get it by an elephant hunt. But on the other hand they are disinclined to manual labour, and especially to the collection of rubber, because it often entails covering a good deal of ground in the forest. Still it is absolutely necessary to make the natives extract this precious gum on their own account, for if their work were paid by a daily wage the result would not cover the cost of collection. The black man works as little as possible, and it is difficult to superintend a considerable number when they are scattered in the forest looking for the precious liana. When the collection has been made they carefully refrain from bringing in the whole quantity collected. They skilfully conceal part, which they sell to the nearest rival, who is naturally ready to buy all that is brought him.

These extracts are interesting as referring to some of the minor details, but the whole question is treated in the following paragraph, which defines the problem with an exactitude approximating to the method of Euclid:

There is no use now discussing the legitimacy or not of the general division of Africa among the Great Powers. France has her good share of it, and whether she likes it or not she cannot stand aloof from this serious African question. The accomplished fact must be recognised. Let us have no delusions. Left to himself the black will remain steeped in idleness and ignorance as he has lived during centuries. A complete social condition of things has to be changed, and the way of living among an entire people is not altered in a day or without much effort. Over almost the whole of Africa work, and

specially work on the land, is a dishonour, and is left to the women r slaves. How is such a state of things to be changed, more specially as it accords so well with the heat of the climate, and with the long-inherited laziness of the unhappy blacks? Two ways offer themselves. The first is moral training by religion, which will make the blacks understand that work is not dishonouring. Further instruction will show them the need of learning different trades in order to raise themselves out of the state of inferiority and degradation in which they are at this moment. This must be a matter of time, for the missions and the schools are still not sufficiently numerous to extend their influence over the whole of the colony.

The second way would be more rapid and more effective, but it must be employed with great firmness combined with extreme prudence. It is enforced labour.

I already hear the exclamations of the negrophils who protest that this is simply a return to "the old slavery." By this reckoning the Frenchman is the most hardly used of slaves with his taxes, his prestations, his military service and his rude labour! By asking of the blacks only a tenth part of what is required of the whites in Europe marvellous results will be secured in Africa.

The black man having no wants and living only from day to day without troubling about the morrow will only work if he is forced to do so. The black man will only be civilised despite himself, and since France has extended her protectorate over these regions she has assumed the obligation of introducing progress and civilisation there. This theory, I do not doubt, will give rise to clamour, and many will cry out "Slavery!" I may reply that having lived on the Congo more than twenty-four years [in 1902] and having devoted my life to the unhappy blacks I am in a position to know what best would suit France and the blacks themselves.

Bishop Augouard's letters furnish exceptionally interesting reading, simply because he has known how to make his own life interesting despite the difficulties and depressing conditions in which it has been passed. The majority of men, whether missionaries or ordinary mortals, would have been disheartened by the trying and often sad experiences which he has borne with unflinching equanimity and steadfastness of purpose. The climatic conditions alone would excuse some diminution of zeal in those who, unprepared for what awaits them, go out to convert the heathen in tropical Africa; but M. Augouard contents himself with remarking in one of his letters that it would not do for persons afraid of thunder to come here, because it thunders for eight hours without ceasing every night during the wet season. A sad passage refers to the death in eighteen months of thirteen of the priests of his mission, all French and young men. But despite these saddening episodes, Bishop Augouard remains cheerful and confident to the end of this correspondence, which leaves him still in the active discharge of his episcopal duties. The extent of his diocese may be inferred from the fact that his congregations, spread over the whole of the French Congo, speak eighteen different languages. With the record of his work as benefactor of the negro races in their material condition, as well as their guide and would-be converter in a spiritual sense, fresh in our mind, his boast that "French missionaries are the best of Frenchmen, and the best pioneers of civilisation" does not seem unfounded or much exaggerated. But that it would be impossible to preserve the charm of style that characterises this correspondence, "Twenty-eight Years on the Congo" should certainly be translated for the benefit of the English student of African problems.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

### THE SAVIOUR OF THE DAUPHIN?

*A Friend of Marie Antoinette* (Lady Atkyns). Translated from the French of FREDERIC BARBEY. (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.)

THIS is—alas! that it should be so—a most disappointing book. Indeed, one is tempted to ask oneself, when wading through the excellent translation of M. Barbey's work, whether that distinguished writer really made the best of his material. M. Sardou, who contributes a little preface, evidently considers that, thanks to M. Barbey's researches, the mystery of Louis XVII. is on the eve of solution.

Would that we could agree with him; for it may be doubted whether any historical problem is of deeper and more painful interest to the student.

The friend of Marie Antoinette, whose romantic personality has been evolved from out of the past by M. Barbey, was before her marriage to Sir Edward Atkyns a beautiful young London actress of good character, who, as "Charlotte Walpole," won for some two years the suffrages of the eighteenth-century playgoer at Drury Lane. Shortly after their marriage Sir Edward took his bride abroad to Versailles, the French Court being in those days the Mecca of the English social world. Lady Atkyns, pretty, charming, and evidently even at that time more than a little "fond and foolish," was made much of by the Court, and Marie Antoinette, then in the zenith of her beauty and of her power, soon became really intimate with the young Englishwoman. If M. Barbey, who seems to have had the good fortune to find intact the whole of Lady Atkyns's voluminous correspondence, had only published those of his heroine's letters which describe the Versailles of 1780, he would have earned our gratitude. He has preferred to concentrate himself on Lady Atkyns's later relations with the French royal family; but here, again, when we get, as it were, at the kernel of the book, the volume is full of tantalising *lacunae*.

If we read between the lines, it becomes clear that Lady Atkyns was not only on terms of close friendship with the queen, and was trusted by her with every kind of state secret, but that she was also intimately connected with the many plots for the rescue of first one and then another member of the royal family. Novelists notwithstanding, a love of intrigue and of taking part in political conspiracies is seldom synonymous with either sense or mental power; the wise man and the sensible woman keep instinctively clear of such dangerous imbroglios. The course of Lady Atkyns's whole life proves that she was neither wise nor sensible, but she had, as the French say, the qualities of her faults: she was generous and enthusiastic, and spent her time, her health, and her money in futile attempts to rescue, first the royal lady to whom she was romantically devoted, and later the poor little boy known to posterity by the title which he never bore during his short life.

By dint of determination and, it is hinted, by the expenditure of a very large sum by way of bribe, Lady Atkyns actually spent an hour alone with Marie Antoinette in the Conciergerie, and she hoped to persuade the queen to change clothes with her and thus escape. Will it be believed that of that important hour M. Barbey gives no definite account, nor any details of the letter or document which must surely be his authority for stating that the interview ever took place? To our thinking he even fails to establish what is now generally admitted to be probably the fact: namely, that the miserable dumb child who finally died in the Temple had been substituted weeks or months before his death for the son of Louis XVI. Lady Atkyns always believed that the royal boy was actually freed by her exertions, and that he was on his way to the coast to be given up into her hands, when he was kidnapped by some person or persons unknown. But while we are given some sort of evidence which goes a long way to prove that one and probably two boys successively were substituted for Louis XVII., there is no evidence to show that the royal child ever left the Temple alive.

It should be added that the book contains interesting sidelights on the period, and that vivid glimpses are shown of many well-known and of some new and important personalities of that day. The Princess de Tarente's letters, given in the appendix, make excellent reading, and reveal a curious and ardent feminine personality. M. Barbey also resuscitates the amazing and amusing Baron Auerweck, who played so odd and ambiguous a rôle in the continental politics of a hundred and ten years ago, and whose memoirs, if any exist, should form fascinating reading.



## A SONG OF REMEMBRANCE

I AND my heart alone,  
In a world so fair,  
Found nothing to call our own  
Of all that was there.

I and my heart forgot,  
In the tears that we shed,  
All but the things that are not; . . .  
All but the dead.

## "THE GREATER LOVE"

Two loves I ever hold apart :  
Two loves, to make my life complete.  
One holds me folded to his heart,  
One draws me to his feet.

And he who loves as humans love,  
I give him part, but not the whole ;  
And he who loves as God above  
Has all my heart and soul !

ETHEL EDWARDS  
(Ethel Ashton).

## DAYS AND HOURS

OF the many bores that afflict the editorial mind it would perhaps be not much of an exaggeration to say that the greatest is the minor poet when he or she begins to celebrate the advent of a season. Those who have not had experience would scarcely believe the immense number of little poems which are annually written and submitted for consideration, on spring especially, and on summer, autumn, and winter as these come round. Not only so, but the approach of a month brings with it a cloud of verses. May, perhaps, inspires more than any of the others, but no single month is so unobtrusive but that it has been made the subject of innumerable poems. Year after year the same thing continues. It would appear that no sooner does the budding poet feel able to rhyme two words than he looks at the calendar to see what month it is, and down goes April, May, June, or one of the other twelve, with a poem to follow. It is true that not all the poems are on the same level of mediocrity. Now and then there arrives some fine piece of versification, the discovery of which is ample reward for having to wade through such endless piles of rubbish. It seems so easy, and yet in reality it is most difficult to write well on these simple themes. Any one who casts a retrospective glance over English literature will easily recognise on how very few occasions our greatest poets have been at their best in chanting, for instance, of the gladness of spring. We look to Shakespeare for excellence in nearly every department of poetry, and yet we doubt whether here he is so absolutely pre-eminent. The prettiest song of spring in the plays is, to my mind, the well-known one in *As You Like It*.

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding :  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This is fine, and renders delicately and beautifully, like the song of some woodland bird, the spirit of spring ; yet it is not Shakespeare at his very highest, and is not quite equal to that splendid ecstasy of

Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes :  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise :  
Arise, arise.

If Shakespeare did write the finest song of spring, this, we feel sure, was it, just as Ariel's song is the unequalled, unmatched and unrivalled song of the sea.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands :  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it feathly here and there ;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

But, if asked to name what, in my opinion, is the poem that conveys most of the very spirit of spring, I would not search in the pages of Shakespeare, but turn to a still older favourite. It is written in language that sounds uncouth to us now, and yet in spite of that has ever retained plenty of admirers from the thirteenth century, when it probably was written, till the twentieth.

Sumer is icumen in, loud sing cuckoo !  
Groweth seed and bloweth mead and springeth the wood nu !  
Ewe bleateth after lamb, loweth after calve cu,  
Bullock sterteth, buck verteth, merry sing cuckoo !  
Cuckoo ! cuckoo !  
Wel singes thu cuckoo : ne swick thu naver nu.

It is very difficult to show by analysis the difference between one fine piece of poetry and another, but if beside that we place such a little masterpiece in its way as, for instance, Mr. William Watson's "April," we can at least see that one star differs from another star in glory. Even Wordsworth is scarcely at his best as an interpreter in his poem "In Early Spring," and the well-known piece of Browning's, called "Home Thoughts from Abroad," has more of the spring feeling, but less poetry. Perhaps next to the piece we have quoted there ought to be placed Herrick's "Corinna's going a Maying."

Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morn  
Upon her wings presents the god unshorne.  
See how Aurora throws her faire  
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire :  
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see  
The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.  
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,  
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,  
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?  
When all the Birds have Mattens seyed,  
And sung their thankfull Hymnes : 'tis sin,  
Nay, profanation to keep in,  
Whenas a thousand Virgins on this day,  
Spring, sooner then the Lark, to fetch in May,

But there is just a suspicion of consciousness in those very appropriate adjectives that throws into contrast the spontaneous gladness of the unknown early singer, and we do not know of anything that renders the delicate, almost imperceptible melancholy of spring so splendidly as does a poet of the eighth century in lines which have been thus modernised :

Soon as ever thou shalt listen on the edges of the cliff  
To the cuckoo in the copse-wood, chanting of his sorrow,  
Then begin to seek the sea, where the sea-mew is at home ;  
Sit thee in the sea-bark, so that to the southward  
Thou mayest light upon thy lover, o'er the ocean pathways  
Where thy Lord with longing looks and waits for thee.

In these lines the charm is at once so poignant and so illusive that they rest us, we scarcely know why. The very air seems full of tender and beautiful poetry. If we turn from spring and summer, the poets have not really been more successful. There is, however, one winter picture which stands out above all the others. Needless to say it is Shakespeare's :

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
    Tu-whit!  
Tu-who! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—  
Then nightly sings the staring owl  
    Tu-whit!  
Tu-who! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

No doubt there are many people who would set up a different standard and select passages in their favourite poems that appeal to them more than the lines we have quoted. Sooth to say, it is always rash to declare that one's choice is the absolute best. To do that would be intolerant; yet the only honest and sound criticism must be the expression of one's own predilection, and though the best to one may not be the best to another it is always of great importance to know what sayings of men and women have served the purpose to fellow mortals which Matthew Arnold said was the function of poetry—that is to comfort and sustain. But that function can never be adequately fulfilled save by an art that is divinely perfect, because no one can possibly cherish a fine and poetical phrase or passage from poetry in which the eye is continually detecting a flaw. And, again, many of the pipings of poets, even of great poets, are thin, though sweet and musical. While considering the subject dealt with here, a thousand passages came into the writer's mind, yet of all that great number scarcely one but was wanting in something. It might contain a verbal infelicity, it might lack strength or emotion; but, whatever the cause, very little of the poetry dealing with the seasons was able to withstand the sifting process.

A.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### SICK-ROOM FICTION

FACTS are stubborn things, we are told, and the facts which obtrude themselves upon the helpless sufferer bound fast to a sick bed are of a particularly obstinate and unconquerable nature. Leaving out of the count such weighty matters as procrastination of business and the worries attendant thereon, the yoking of a weakened body to a mind abnormally active, there are certain minor facts which claim the attention of the patient with irritating persistence. That crack on the ceiling which would have so exactly portrayed the map of England if Devon and Cornwall had not been cut off by the cornice—how annoying to be unable to remove the obstacle, yet how difficult to construct the peninsula with such an impediment in the way! The wall-paper, at ordinary times bearing an innocent design of roses and foliage, now wreathes itself with grinning faces, the more repulsive because, though nose and mouth and eyes are there, the chin is wanting, and the green pigtail which completes the head is unevenly attached! Then the impatient wonder as to whether the greater comfort ensured by restoring the slippery pillow to its accustomed place would be worth the exertion of raising one's head; as to whether it would be expedient to ring the bell that the blind may be lowered, or whether on the whole it might not be more profitable to wait till somebody came in.

Such slight matters as these assume a quite unnatural importance, and the relief of having one's mind diverted and one's thoughts pleasantly occupied by the sayings and doings of imaginary persons is proportionately great.

From the very earliest age the aid of fiction is invaluable

in the sick-room as promoting repose of mind and consequently hastening recovery. I knew a baby boy once who, while still teething, was helped through many a feverish night by the recital of a certain tale, which in his inarticulate fashion he entitled "Tom-'n-d'-apple-tree." At intervals of broken slumber the little flushed cheek would be raised from the pillow and the little hand outstretched.

"Tom-'n-d'-apple-tree!"

Straightway the tired watcher began again, being speedily pulled up if Towzer barked a moment too soon, or if the delinquent Tom began his perilous slide down from the tree before Farmer Brown appeared at the gate.

Looking back upon one's own past, one's first definite recollections of fiction are invariably associated with physic. In one's nursery days the former served as an antidote to the latter. One sees again the railed cot in the corner by the fire, one feels all the importance of lying abed while little sisters' toilets are progressing; one could almost shudder in recalling the slow tread down the long passage and the opening of the door, revealing the advancing figure of old Nurse armed with cup and spoon.

A breakfast-cup, if you please! No cachets or tabloids were thought of in those days. On came the kindly old executioner, her wrinkled, apple-blossom face wreathed with meretricious smiles, her persuasive Irish tongue multiplying inducements and endearments.

"Now then, alanna, it'll be down in a moment! Shut your eyes and hold your nose, and it will be gone before you know where you are!"

How could one shut one's eyes when one was so anxious to calculate the extent of one's misery, or hold a nose at that time exiguous in nature and rendered slippery with ineffectual tears?

But the nauseous potion is disposed of at last, and Nurse cuts short the injured protests which succeed it by the welcome announcement:

"Now, mavourneen, I'll make ye some toast for your breakfast, and I'll tell ye a story."

The combination was too delightful to be resisted. Smiles succeeded tears as one selected one's particular "wanity" in the matter of toast, and composed oneself to listen. One discarded, of course, ordinary toast in favour of "French" toast, which, as every one knows, necessitates the buttering of the bread before submitting it to the action of the flames; or steamed toast, which was simply prepared by holding a thick slice close to the spout of a boiling-kettle. When quite saturated and buttered hot it afforded a very good imitation of a tea-cake, and possessed the further advantage of being extremely unwholesome.

The selection of the story took rather more time. Nurse only possessed three in her repertoire. "Blue-Beard," which was comparatively commonplace; "The Little Man and the Little Woman who lived in the Vinegar Bottle," which was exciting but short, and, moreover, tantalising to the juvenile mind as being wanting in verisimilitude; and "The Spider and the Gout," a delicious folk-tale which I have endeavoured to relate elsewhere ("North, South, and Over the Sea"). The "Gout" was always spoken of as if it were a living thing, and was supposed by the small listener to be a kind of insect. It would be impossible to describe the raciness which the narrative received from the quaint phraseology and varying facial expression of the story-teller. The "weeshy-dawshy" Little Man was of so sociable a turn that directly the stopper was removed from the vinegar bottle he popped out his head and invited somebody to dinner. Indignation of the "weeshy-dawshy" Little Woman, who pulled him down by the legs and thrusting forth her head, requested the guests to stay away. Obstinate goodwill on the part of the Little Man, who, pushing her aside in her turn, once more looked out upon the world and cried, "Company, company, come!" Fury of the Little Woman, who, reverting to her former tactics, inhospitably shrieked, "Company, company, go!"

The story was disappointing, nevertheless, in having no

definite end, whereas the other two, as we knew by experience, finished in the most satisfactory manner possible. One never doubted for a moment that Sister Anne would see somebody coming, any more than one troubled oneself over the misadventures of the Spider and the Gout in the rich man's and poor man's houses respectively, knowing, as one did, that by changing places all would be set right, and that the Gout would revel in velvet cushions and port wine, while the Spider spun his webs undisturbed in the cabin-window.

At a later period one fell under the spell of Dickens. Imagine the delight of the Christmas Books and the opening chapters of *David Copperfield* to an imaginative child! I have ever found Dickens a welcome visitor in the sick-room, though long familiarity has induced—not contempt, far from it indeed!—but a certain nicety of selection; one picks and chooses which scene shall be enacted for one's delectation before one rings up the curtain. The same applies to other giants of the craft: they are too big, too important to be permitted to dally long in converse with a sufferer. One is not in a condition to appreciate the subtleties of Meredith, the delicate art of Stevenson, and "the big bow-wow" of which Sir Walter Scott himself speaks is too noisy for the sick-room. Thackeray's occasionally uncomfortable views of human nature strike the prisoner there as painfully true; certain poignant passages in Hardy and George Eliot positively haunt one. Poor Fanny Robins dragging herself in her extremity to Casterbridge Union; the murder-scene in *Tess*; Hetty Sorrel's journey and its climax—such pages as these dwell in the memory, pervading feverish slumbers, weighing upon one in waking hours.

It may be noted, indeed, that the sick instinctively dread any strong call upon their emotions; this peculiarity is equally noticeable in the old. Anything that demands intense admiration, deep pity, violent abhorrence, whether in actual life or in the pages of a book, is felt to be a strain to which they are unable to make adequate response. In the feebleness induced either by illness or the weight of years one likes to be gently amused, not violently agitated—even by pleasurable emotions, to laugh in moderation, and not to cry at all. It is the young and healthy who in a manner revel in sorrow and take their joys seriously.

Sick-room fiction is best administered in selected portions; though other rich dainties are forbidden, the plums of literature may be indulged in without restraint. A few, a very few books may be read from cover to cover without undue excitement or subsequent pain. Such a book as "*Cranford*," for instance, or to cite more modern examples, "*Elizabeth and her German Garden*," or "*A Lane Dog's Diary*." And I know one author, only one, who is welcome to the invalid in her entirety.

A recent illness was lightened for the present writer by the sympathetic society of the incomparable Jane Austen, whose works were read aloud to her in succession and from beginning to end, just as she had reached the captious stage of convalescence. What a delightful company is that to which Jane introduces us! Sunny, high-spirited Emma, gentle Ann Elliot, Catherine so lovable in her *naïveté*; Elizabeth Bennet, queen of them all. And then Mrs. Jennings, Miss Bates, Mr. Collins—how life-like they are! Could anything be more graphic than that description of Admiral and Mrs. Croft's drive in the one-horse chaise, the Admiral holding the reins to which Mrs. Croft occasionally gives a better direction, judiciously "putting out her hand" whenever they were in danger of taking a post, falling into a rut, or running foul of a cart? Then the Admiral's joy over their lodgings at Bath, which he likes all the better because they remind him of those they had when they first kept house, a penniless couple, at North Yarmouth. "The wind blows through the cupboards in just the same way."

Not one of these personages but possesses its own individuality. After one has lived in their society for a day or two they assume such actuality that one is inclined to ask a chance visitor if Miss Woodhouse has been seen

lately, or: "How does my sweet Ann Elliot do to-day?" One has, moreover, a distinct consciousness of Jane's own personality—one could almost fancy her coming in round the screen, dressed in her brown muslin and carrying her useful little bag. One would submit to the application of any remedy which Jane might produce from that little bag, from lavender drops to hartshorn; and with what satisfaction would one watch that expressive face of hers with its bright eyes and humorous lips!

A recent biographer of Jane Austen has found fault with her for some remarks in her delicious gossiping letters to Cassandra; for one in particular, which describes, if I remember aright, a certain Mrs. So-and-so who appeared at an assembly "the same as ever—pink husband, fat neck, plain daughters and all." In this the commentator detects signs of impending shrewishness, and opines that the removal of Jane and her family to Bath came only just in time to avert that calamity. Dear Jane, how she would have laughed at such an idea! The same chronicler compares her humour with that of Dickens, to the disadvantage of the latter. But why Jane Austen and Dickens? The theory would seem to be worked out on much the same principle as that apparent in certain phrases with which we are familiar in the pages of Ollendorff: "The tooth-pick of the uncle is more valuable than the pincushion of the aunt." Jane Austen was quick-witted indeed, ready of tongue no doubt, and marvelously felicitous in her power of drawing a character by a mere stroke of the pen; but ill-natured—unkindly—satirical! One has but to glance at the pages of "*Emma*" to realise what she herself thought of such a fault.

Among all her heroines there is but one perhaps who is unsympathetic—the terribly sensible Eleanor Dashwood. Miss Austen has shown her wisdom in mating her with Edward Ferrers, who admires a fine country "because it unites beauty with utility," and who, looking upon a picturesque valley, remarks that "it must be dirty in winter." One feels a certain satisfaction in realising that this couple finally settled down in a small parsonage and never had more than five or six hundred a year.

Those endings of Jane's, how appropriate they are! How well one knows that everything will ultimately come right, and that all the couples will pair off in the most satisfactory manner possible. But this does not in the least spoil one's interest—one is curious till the very last chapter to know exactly how Jane will manage it, in what manner that deft hand of hers will remove obstacles and create stepping-stones. But she never leaves one in doubt. On the very first introduction of Mr. Elliot, though he is represented as a very pleasant and charming man, and, moreover, a person "of consequence," we are made to feel that Jane does not approve of him, and that Ann will never be persuaded into accepting him. In the same way we are not deceived when Catherine is ignominiously expelled from Northanger Abbey; and though she is but a poor parson's daughter, and the subsequent mention of her portion of three thousand pounds takes us somewhat by surprise, we are quite prepared to read on the last page: "Henry and Catherine were married, the bells rang and everybody smiled."

It is the old story over again: the story familiar to nursery hearers, how Sister Ann *did* see somebody coming, and how the woodcutter came in time to prevent Red Riding Hood from being devoured by the Wolf. Perhaps that is why Jane Austen's company is so acceptable during an illness; for the sick, as I have said, have many traits of resemblance to the old, and the old have much in common with little children.

M. E. FRANCIS.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "*Glamour and Vision*," by Edward Wright.]

## FICTION

*Simple Annals.* By M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL.) (Longmans, 6s.)

MRS. BLUNDELL says in her Foreword that a golden thread runs through the homespun of even the most commonplace life. In each of these stories she has followed the golden thread. The village girls are innocent and charming, the men are chivalrous—their purpose is invariably marriage, and courtships end, as they should, with wedding-bells. The seamy side of ignorance and poverty is kept in the background, even when the picture is of "Mrs. Angel," the uncertified midwife, who feeds babies with cinder tea and their mothers with muffins and whisky. The misery, disease and dirt for which the woman is responsible are not glossed over, yet Mrs. Blundell skilfully persuades us to feel some compassion for the poor old sinner when she is ousted by the new, up-to-date trained nurse. Mrs. Angel missed her occupation; she missed the babies in whom she had ever taken such keen interest and delight. So a baby is brought to her by a dying mother and left to her care: to "bits" and the tail of a smoked haddock and cinder tea. But the baby flourishes. The tune of the story demands that it should. We have no quarrel with Mrs. Blundell's optimism, for we believe that her sympathetic sketch of Mrs. Angel, for instance, is just as useful and far pleasanter than harrowing histories of the tragedies to be laid at her door. Indeed, our only quarrel is with her claim in the Foreword to call these charming fables "studies." For that, they are surely too slight and too determinedly optimistic. They are fine-weather impressions, and we all enjoy fine weather. But a persistent picture of it is just what reminds us that some never survive the storm.

*A Mender of Nets.* By WILLIAM MACKAY. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

JENNIE SEBBON, the real mender of nets, is a far less important personage in these pages than Daniel Wormald, the Nessborough Town Councillor, unless he may also claim the title in a metaphorical sense. In Wormald the author gives us an able, lifelike, and minute portrait of a rare type in municipal life. Born with a faculty for affairs, he is driven to his career by the impulse of his own aptitudes, moved neither by vanity nor self-interest, but by a desire to control the governing machinery of Nessborough for the progress and prosperity of the community. While still on the sunny side of middle age he finds himself rich beyond his youthful ambition, and the most considerable man in Nessborough. So far the author does not labour in vain to interest us in his paragon among civic magnates, who, endowed with every public virtue, has not a single foible that we can smile at, else we had liked him better. But no man is perfect to the modern biographer. Wormald, like many another great man, is dual natured; there is a world of difference between his public honour and his private conscience. Unluckily he falls in love, not with Miss Rutter-Johnstone, "the Parish Aunt," his fitting mate, did he but know it, but with the beautiful and ignorant Jennie Seaborn, or Sebbon, a mender of nets, whose parentage remains for ever a secret of the sea. This wonderful man of business and ruler of men, with all his tact and charm, and the irresistible way of him, is a shocking bad lover; he brings neither experience nor instinct to the wooing of Jennie, and makes a sad mess of it altogether. Love calls out the worst of him. He intrigues with the nuns against Jennie's religious convictions; he maroons her sailor sweetheart on some South Pacific isle; he is guilty of a baseness which is called "a little crime"; in fact, he is diabolically patient in evil doing until he brings the modest and loyal Jennie to his feet with the melodramatic cry: "Do with me as you will." It is all possible, of course, on the assumption that a lover, like a father of a family, is capable of everything, but the

manner of it strikes the reader as antiquated from so progressive and "up-to-date" a person as Wormald. Still, it is a fine, bold portrait of one aspect of him, and worthy a place among other successes from the same hand, though it is not perhaps altogether the happiest choice of character in general interest. Miss Rutter-Johnstone is a fresh and welcome creation; we recall nobody quite like her in modern fiction: a clever, all-round, manly woman, blessed with a sense of humour, and an utter indifference to ridicule, yet under her masculine attitude towards life not without feminine dreams, and even schemes for their fulfilment. Some light relief and amusement are furnished by Wormald's colleagues and that wise fool the Town Crier, and there are picturesque scenes and illustrative incidents of the hard lives of the fisher-folk. Mr. Mackay is a conscientious writer with a sarcastic touch in dealing with public men and public affairs; but though his satire is often keen it is rarely ill-natured. To do justice to his careful and elaborately worked out story, the reader should bring both leisure and an undivided attention to the perusal of these pages.

*Dearlove.* By FRANCES CAMPBELL. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

DEARLOVE, we are told, was the only child in all her family; a child of unexpected moods, and chiefly happy ones, not precocious yet strangely wise, devoutly pious and sometimes exasperatingly naughty. She is all this and more, and one of the most natural, lovable, amusing children to be found in or out of a book. She plays the chief rôle, and is the life of Mrs. Campbell's story of a "Summer's make-believe"; but there is also Reggie with his "ill body and beautiful soul," whose devotion to the strangers who take him into Dearlove's holiday scheme is as pathetic as Mrs. Campbell meant it to be. She tells her tale with complete understanding of children and their ways; and heart as well as skill goes to make it the charming book it is. A thread of grown-up interest runs through Dearlove's holiday, a chapter of family history, a spice of romance, plenty of fun, sunshine and kindness. It is an April story of smiles and tears, a book for readers of any age. Few will resist Dearlove, whatever her mood, or the charm and frank kindness of the Amherst family, one and all. Perhaps "Chris," Lord Inverona, will be the first favourite among the grown-ups; his management of Dearlove, his "boon companion" in her wildest moments, and his ways with Reggie are very prettily described. If in a future edition Dearlove's dream at the end of the book could be omitted, so much the better; it is so glaringly a dream for a purpose that it spoils the effect of the closing pages. Dearlove herself is too delightful and whimsical a character to drift lightly away into the reader's "forgettory."

*Mara. The Story of an Unconventional Woman.* By CHRIS HEALY. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

ALL the ingredients that go to the making of what is known as a powerful novel are in striking evidence in Mr. Healy's book: cheating at cards, a livid lash across the culprit's face, the untimely death of the hard-riding, hard-drinking, hard-living squire, usher the indomitable heroine, Mara, the squire's daughter of sixteen, into life, and life at its bottom rung—the workhouse, with the determination not to come back to her native village except as mistress of the house. Her adventures are on the same thrilling level, cunningly touched in with true peeps at "real life" behind the scenes—in the workhouse, in a Salvation Army shelter and other exciting places. The hero, too, is just what is wanted. A bad lot (drink and cards), he is pulled up on the downward path by a vision of Mara, who was his neighbour in the country in better days: he steadies himself and begins to work; gradually, through vicissitudes and an occasional sight of Mara, he prospers, and, just as he has been raised to a good salaried position at his works, his father dies repentant, or, rather, forgiving, and he becomes a peer of the realm. The "curtain" is equally power-



ful; and wedding-bells sound brightly to the accompaniment of the chink-chink of good golden sovereigns, after a moment of dreadful suspense connected with paralysis and Mara's face. We think it is a pity that Mr. Healy should have put his cleverly observed pictures of a certain side of life into such a commonplace and sensational setting.

*The House of Shadows.* By REGINALD FARRER. (Arnold, 6s.)

MR. REGINALD FARRER is, let us hope, a very young man whose omniscience may be modified by experience of life. It is difficult to say whether he is more ignorant of the society in which he places his characters, or of the church to which they belong. Marchionesses of ancient blood do not drink cups of coffee in the stalls of a theatre, nor do they drag into every sentence the name of the person they are addressing. We doubt too whether any great gentleman, such as the Dean in this story, would have lived on the moneys of a Church in whose doctrines he had ceased to believe. Mr. Farrer's grandees are of the stage and the penny novelette, and his humour smacks of farce. The Church Catholic, with the eternal mysteries underlying her dogmas and ceremonies, is not the rickety structure built on hell fire of Mr. Farrer's belief. His own religion, like the world before creation, is "without form and void." It is only bad taste that can load a novel with such terrible pathological details as those of Mr. Ladon's illness. Happily, the disease is neither common nor hereditary; but the less the public knows about it the better for its sanity. The victim, Tempest Ladon, is a north-country squire of ancient lineage, who marries a young Italian lady. Elena dies in giving birth prematurely to a son, and leaves behind her a casket of love-letters written, she says, to her husband, which he promises never to read. The son, St. John, in his turn, marries a beautiful middle-class girl and brings her home to his father, who hates her as she hates him. Meanwhile Tempest discovers that he is dying of sarcoma, and is so afraid of hell-fire if he commits suicide that he tries to persuade his son to take the chances of damnation and kill him. Ultimately the daughter-in-law is tempted into handing him the over-dose which ends him, but not before he has discovered that Elena's letters were written to an Italian cousin, who is the real father of St. John. There is not a lovable character in this unpleasantly morbid book, if we except the nebulous Dean and Lisa the cat; but it is clever enough to make us hope that, when Mr. Farrer has read more widely and thought more sanely, he may yet do good work.

## FINE ART

### THE ART OF THE PLAIN

WITH the most amiable intentions it is difficult to say any good of the Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery. To the applied-art section we can give praise almost unqualified, for it is severely limited, and the jewelled hair ornaments and pendants of the principal exhibitor, M. Lucien Gaillard, are of a chastened elegance, while there is often real beauty as well as richness in the more matronly jewelry of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin. But it is to other establishments in Regent Street rather than to the New Gallery that we are accustomed to go to view jewelry. Here we expect to see pictures and sculpture. Pictures and sculpture of a kind there are; but of a kind that will give the educated stranger a very poor opinion of contemporary British art.

Sophisticated persons know better than to expect great things from our two mammoth summer exhibitions. Already the provinces are waking up to the fact that we must look outside the Royal Academy and the New Gallery for what is most alive and sincere in modern art—witness the success of the International at Bradford, the New English at Liverpool, and the Scottish painters at Brighton—and though the suburbs are not yet freed from the awe inspired

by the numbers and titular distinctions of these summer exhibitors, the Londoner is no longer disposed unquestioningly to accept their work as great art. But being of a tolerant and merciful disposition he would not that either institution be destroyed for the sake of the ten righteous exhibitors who peradventure shall be found there. Searching for these ten at the New Gallery we begin to fear the moment for destruction has arrived. In the list at the end of the catalogue it is easy to find some dozen exhibitors whose work in the past has been counted unto them for righteousness, but if we take the novel course of judging these men not by their names but by their present exhibits we shall be saddened to find that communication with the New Gallery seems to have corrupted the manner of their art.

To Mr. Walter Crane we must ever be indebted for many decorative designs and story-book illustrations as beautiful as they are appropriate. But can our gratitude for those make us condone his *Prometheus Unbound* (170)? In colour it is crude, in drawing unsympathetic, and in conception it suggests far more the lawlessness of a *Sansculotte* throttling the imperial eagle of Order, than the heroism of a Titan who braved Jove's ire for humanity. Far preferable is the pendant allegorical picture *Spiritus Adversus Carnem* (163), by Mr. James Clark. A frank and obvious imitation of Watts's style of subject, it is at least a tolerable imitation of Watts's style of painting. To greatness, save in dimensions, it has no claim, but the figures typifying Flesh and Spirit are well-handled and the colour scheme is not unpleasant. Mr. Brangwyn's *A Wine Shop* (167), which hangs between these two, is something of a disappointment. Contrasted with the majority of the exhibits it is a masterpiece, for his paint has quality, his colour is rich and harmonious. But compared with what Mr. Brangwyn has done it is a minor work, a trifle heavy, a little dull.

Obtuse, indeed, must be the critic who regards inequality as a sin in a painter. It is through unsuccessful experiments that successful progress is made. Therefore let it suffice to express regret at the number of not altogether happy experiments made this year by capable artists. That a portrait-painter's standard of excellence should vary is natural and excusable. Some sitters must necessarily interest him vastly more than others, and few painters can afford to decline uncongenial commissions. Judging from results, one imagines that Mr. Lavery was more interested, and rightly so, in the winsome incarnation of English girlhood who posed for *Mary Reading* (154) than in his other sitters, while Mr. George Henry must surely have taken a keener pleasure in painting *The Hour Glass* (97) than in "knocking off" his child portrait of *Rosalind* (204). For the Academic banality of the latter we are inclined to censure Mr. Henry severely, till we remember that patrons have ideas about art, ideas which often prove the undoing of a too amiable portrait-painter. In *Summer Morn* (258) Mr. Henry is evidently experimenting with a light-effect, and possibly more interested in the view from the London window than in the young lady standing by. Undeniably it is clever, but its complete success is doubtful.

Mr. Sargent, declining to treat the New Gallery seriously, is represented only by oil sketches, of which a strongly characterised portrait of *Mr. Seymour Lucas* (134) is by far the best. The portrait of *Mr. Napier Hemy* (145) is unwontedly inexpressive, while his Syrian studies, welcome for their fearless rendering of unadulterated sunlight, are successful in parts rather than as wholes. Professor Herkomer's portrait of *Mrs. S. L. Lazarus* (216) unpleasantly reminds us that it took a Gainsborough to smother a canvas in blue and keep the scheme tender and harmonious, while Mr. Byam Shaw's portrait of *Miss Constance Collier* (155) is downright offensive in the exaggerated realism of the pink roses and purple robe in which his sitter is effaced. Sir P. Burne-Jones, Bart., also sends a portrait of the same actress (1) which is as passively uninteresting as Mr. Shaw's is actively meretricious.

Quality, that indefinable virtue, lacking in these and too many other paintings at the New Gallery, is found in the contributions of Mr. Alfred Withers, Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Moffat Lindner, Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and, of course, Mr. E. A. Hornel. But though their landscapes and open-air scenes are a much-needed relief after those of Messrs. MacWhirter and H. W. B. Davis, they merely repeat what they have done, and in some cases done better, for some years past. They show no advance, as Mr. Austen Brown does, while retaining all the quality which has long distinguished his work. For soundness of painting, expressive drawing, and rich harmonious colour his *By the River* (110) is without an equal here; while in *Meadow Flowers* (194) he shows a sensitiveness to the mysterious veil drawn by twilight, which reveals him as an unsuspected admirer of Carrière. This development in Mr. Austen Brown's art is seen to still better advantage in his beautiful *Mother and Son, 10 p.m.*, at the Doré Gallery, where Mr. and Mrs. Austen Brown are holding a joint exhibition. *En parenthèse*, be it noted, that some of Mrs. Brown's effectively decorative coloured woodcuts are also exhibited in the balcony at the New Gallery.

Returning, somewhat reluctantly, to the Regent Street emporium, we wonder whether Mr. Max Bohm's *Golden Hours* (91), of so rich a promise both in the colour and quality of the paint, is the happy result of Mr. Brown's influence.

That delight of Mr. Max Beerbohm and other eminent personages, the gold-fish tank in the Central Hall, sufficiently indicates the inability of the directors to obtain a single piece of sculpture worthy to form its centrepiece. Mr. Tweed's crouching nude, *Latona* (530), with an expressively modelled back, is the most important exhibit, while Mr. Derwent Wood shows a highly finished plaster head, *La Pensée* (522), and three attractive sketches for garden statues. Some models and statuettes by Messrs. Basil Cotto, Alfred Drury, F. W. Pomeroy, and Prof. V. C. Bonanni are moderately interesting, while Mr. Gustav Natorp's *Three Groups for Hyde Park Corner* (516) are about as delectable as the Achilles statue, no better, and perhaps no worse.

Evidently it is time for Mr. Austen Brown to remove to Zoar.

#### THE REPORT OF THE NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS FUND FOR 1905

THE National Art Collections Fund has just issued its second annual Report, which contains the record of a successful year. The Fund already numbered, at the end of 1905, six hundred and five subscribers, but it will need a large increase in membership before its permanent income is sufficiently large to enable it to acquire pictures of importance directly from their owners without the publicity entailed by the need of appealing to the public. Since the beginning of this year, however, the Fund has met with great encouragement and has strengthened its position very much by two events, not wholly unconnected. Its persistent efforts to secure the Rokeby Velasquez for the National Gallery have been crowned with success in spite of many obstacles, and just lately the King has been pleased to become Patron of the Society. The great interest aroused by the exhibition of the *Venus and Cupid* at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery and sustained by the announcement that an effort was being made to secure it by subscription for the National Gallery brought the Fund much more prominently before the notice of the public than the more modest achievements of the first year of its existence were able to do; and if all who confessed their pleasure in its final triumph by attending the delightful *soirée* given by the Society on March 13 at the New Gallery were to become subscribers to the Fund, it would attain at once to that influence and wealth which his Majesty's patronage will certainly bring more within its reach.

The chief event of 1905 itself was the purchase of Whistler's *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* (Old Battersea Bridge), which looked a forlorn exile, environed by early British Masters, in its temporary place on a screen in the National Gallery, but has now been removed to a more appropriate home among the moderns at Millbank. The other picture of the year was a small Cotman, presented to the National Gallery of Scotland. The illustration of this in the Report gives no idea of the merits of the picture to those who have not seen its colouring; the blues and yellows on which its charm depends are just of the kind which baffle the skill of the photographer. The British Museum received several drawings by the gift of individual members of the Fund. Among these was another Cotman, a remarkable drawing of a riverside fire at Norwich in 1829, a companion to one already acquired from the Reeve Collection. Of the three Italian drawings, one is of special interest from the fact, not mentioned in the Report, that it contains an inscription which, wrongly read, was the source of a false statement about Francia's death which was current in the older critical literature on that painter. A more modern work is the view of Westminster Bridge during its construction, by Canaletto; more modern still, the two characteristic drawings by Rodin in a style not likely to appeal to the public, but less mysterious than his water-colours in the recent International Exhibition. A beautiful jug of Rhodian ware, reproduced in colours, was purchased for the Victoria and Albert Museum with the assistance of the Fund; a Florentine *albarello*, or pharmacy jar, and a porcelain bowl of special interest were given to the British Museum, which also received a small collection of Anglo-Saxon jewelry, glass and pottery. A fine brazier in cast bronze, of Italian Renaissance work, was given to the Victoria and Albert Museum, through the Fund, by Mr. H. J. Pfungst, F.S.A.

But all these small contributions, useful and valuable as they are in filling gaps in the National collections, will interest specialists more than the general public. The purchase of the Rokeby Velasquez is altogether on a different level. The Report contains a fine photogravure plate of the picture, a statement of the sum for which its late owner sold it, and of that paid by the Fund for its purchase, a full list of subscribers and subscriptions, and, in short, all the information demanded somewhat prematurely by certain correspondents of the daily papers, who might have had the courtesy to await the issue of the Fund's official statement. Mr. Claude Phillips has contributed, moreover, an eloquent appreciation of the picture with an account of its pedigree, based on the researches of Señor de Beruete, which must for ever do away with the legend that the picture was damaged by fire at the Alcazar in 1734. That legend was based on a confusion of the *Venus and Cupid* with the *Psyche and Cupid* which appears to have perished altogether in the conflagration.

We regret to learn that a deficit of nearly £1500 has still to be made up to complete the purchase of the picture. The Secretaries of the Fund, at 47 Victoria Street, S.W., will welcome contributions towards this object or for the general purposes of the Society.

#### FORGOTTEN PAINTERS

To Messrs. Shepherd's exhibitions one goes with the pleasantest anticipations, for this firm has an enviable reputation for resurrecting the work of painters unworthily forgotten—a reputation ably sustained by the collection now on view at 27 King Street. In the sale-room the achievements of the minor painters of the Early British School too often masquerade under more famous names; at Messrs. Shepherd's the true authors find acknowledgment in the catalogue. No painting pretends to be better than it is, each stands on its own merits, with the result that we are not less but more interested in the portrait of *Mrs. Featherstonhaugh* (69), for example, when we learn that it is not by Reynolds but by his "drapery man,"

Mr. Peter Toms. R.A. Again, the *Portrait of an Architect* (103), by Bartholomew Dandridge, throws light on the authorship of more than one dubious Hogarth, just as the *Landscape* (115) by Thomas Hand, reveals an apt pupil of George Morland, a pupil whose work is not infrequently taken to be his master's. Morland himself is represented in this collection by a delightfully British portrait of *The Old Squire* (75), while a portrait and a fascinating study in three colours by Reynolds, a millboard painted on both sides by John Constable, a characteristic *Woodland Landscape* (110) by Patrick Nasmyth, and a full-length portrait of *Lord Belhaven* (80), by his father Alexander, the painter of Burns and the inventor of the "bow and string" bridge—all these, not to mention a Hoppner, an Etty and an unfinished David Cox, indicate the justness of the exhibition's claims to represent the greater as well as the lesser lights of Early British art.

But somehow it is always the lesser lights who interest us most at Messrs. Shepherd's. Perhaps their work has a novelty lacking in that of the more famous. The portrait group by William Dobson (1610-46) shown at Burlington House this winter revived interest in this British contemporary of Van Dyck, and his strongly drawn, soberly coloured portrait of *John, Lord Belasye* (68), confirms our high opinion of this early and ill-fated champion of British painting. Dobson may not have the elegance of Van Dyck, but he has all his strength and is a master of his craft.

Notwithstanding the fine classical ring of his name, Mark Anthony the painter (1817-86) is practically forgotten. The rich quality of his little picture of *Heifer* (70) proves that he did not go to Barbizon and work with the French Romanticists for nothing, that England might remember his existence as well as that of Troyon. One foreigner is included in this collection, the French painter, C. Michel. But his *Landscape* (107), with the luminous sky, is so akin to Crome in quality that we might call Michel's art British in sympathy if not in origin. A trio of artists' portraits must not go unmentioned, those of Richard Wilson and W. Collins by themselves, and that of Turner by J. T. Smith, the author of "A Book for a Rainy Day"; while no admirer of Mr. Tree should fail to visit Messrs. Shepherd's if only to see Zoffany's portrait of that favourite actor's double, *John Moody as Father Foigard* (126).

#### EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS

At the gallery of the *British Journal of Photography* 24 Wellington Street, W.C., an exhibition of photographic portraiture has been opened. It differs from the usual shows of camera work in being free from the brilliant waywardness and experimental tendency of the amateur. Herr Rudolph Dührkoop of Hamburg possesses the steadiness of purpose and certainty of method due to a long and full experience. A few of his works are so fine in style, in arrangement, and in chiaroscuro as to call to mind the principles of the early Flemish masters. Especially is this so in certain portraits of Hamburgers in civic robes and seventeenth-century ruffs. In domestic portraiture Herr Dührkoop carries photography farther perhaps than others have done hitherto. He is especially happy with children, in whose faces there shines the real spark of young life. *Maternity* shows a baby at the breast of its mother, and the colour-values of its little pink hand in relation to the fair bosom it presses are preserved with delightful truth. Breadth and strength of effect are characteristic of these pictures. In their making it has not been thought necessary to deny to the lens its legitimate powers of focus in a mistaken effort to gain results erroneously thought to be artistic. All the work of Herr Dührkoop is clear and rich in tone, and firm in definition. We think that much will be gained for the reputation of photography by his work, which shows firm faith in the well-established principles of design, composition, and arrangement of light. We detect no

flukes or accidents paraded as new artistic points of view, and it is a real satisfaction to note that these remarkable successes have been achieved without the slightest subversion of the obvious purposes of apparatus and materials. His published portfolio of photogravures must constitute the most extensive collection of portraits of celebrities ever produced by one man.

F. C. T.

## MUSIC

### CHORAL MUSIC—I

To read that the morning stars sang together is to realise that our ideals of melodious concord are as old as the foundations of the world, and that of all forms of music, the first, namely choral music, remains the most popular as well as the most enduring. It is a far cry from starry consonances to the war-songs of a savage people, from the Bacchic revels to plain-chant, from the Song of Miriam to the recent performances of the Leeds Choir or the London Choral Society. But they are all links in a chain which has never been broken since the earliest union of emotional or religious expression to fixed sounds. Beginnings of choral music then, we see, are lost in antiquity, or can only be traced to a myth, like the religion of the Japanese. The importance of the Greek chorus has passed into a proverb. But, delicate and complicated as the Greek system of music appears to have been, it was cultivated more as an accessory of the all-important drama than as an art in itself. When the drama decayed, music died out likewise. In its palmy days there had been legal provision for choruses. Plays being things of the utmost national and political importance, the successful poet whose work was selected for representation applied to a magistrate for a chorus. The best voices in several districts were then chosen and trained by a competent teacher; the expenses of the singers' maintenances and education being defrayed by men of wealth, called in consequence *choragi*. Great emulation prevailed among these rival choirs which were considered representative of their districts; and to the best a prize of a tripod was awarded after the play. This tripod became the property of a *choragus*, who in his turn dedicated it to a god, and set it up in some public place. At one time there was a street in Athens bordered with such trophies.

The Hebrews for their religious ceremonies employed soloists, choruses of men and women, and an orchestra. All these musicians were carefully trained in the Prophet and Levitic schools, and Kings David and Solomon each had a Chapel Royal attached to their court. The Song of Solomon was written for these court singers. It is supposed to have been a sort of pastoral play, or more probably—the drama being forbidden by law—a cantata rendered antiphonally by choruses in time to a dance. For the dedication of Solomon's temple, according to Josephus, two hundred thousand trumpets and trombones were constructed, likewise forty thousand stringed instruments; two hundred thousand garments of fine linen being also prepared for the chorus. In view of his era and nationality, it is impossible to suspect a Hibernian strain in Josephus, which might account for the magnitude of this description, but with all due respect to the historian we fancy the numbers here given must be overstated. However, no doubt this festival in every detail reached the climax of eastern magnificence, and Holy Scripture witnesses to the astonishing effect produced when "the trumpeters and singers were as one to make one sound." We can easily believe this. If, as some people suppose, Eternity stretches backwards as well as forwards, and could the as yet unembodied shades of Wagner and Mr. Strauss have been present among the viewless spirits who attend such gatherings, they must have felt their astral noses considerably out of joint.

After the Christian era, music for nearly fifteen hundred

years became the property of the Church, in whose schools it remained for a long time purely choral. As early as 314 we read of *scholæ cantorum* in Rome, under Pope Sylvester, where choirs were trained from boyhood in the intricacies of plain-chant. These schools led eventually to the foundation of the Sistine Chapel, the oldest institution of its kind still extant. Monasteries of northern and middle Europe, were not slow to follow Rome's example, and progress in choral music is largely due to these centres, as the discipline there being less severe than in Italy, national idiosyncrasies and innovations gradually crept in, and modified the rigorous simplicity enforced in the Papal dominions. About the eighth century the convent of St. Gall in Switzerland, with the Abbeys of Reichenau and Fulda, and later the schools of Würzburg, Mayence, and Ratisbon, and some of the English monasteries, instituted a more complicated system in their church services. That such developments were dubiously received even in the twelfth century is proved by the following excerpt from the *Speculum Charitatis* of Ailred, Abbot of Rivaux Abbey, Yorkshire (1109-1166). The translation is taken from Prynn's *Histriomastix*:

Let me speak now of those who, under the show of religion, do obpalliate the business of pleasure. . . . Whence hath the church so many Organs and Muscical Instruments? To what purpose I pray you is that terrible blowing of Belloes, expressing rather the crakes of Thunder, than the sweetnesse of a Voyce? To what purpose serves that contraction and inflection of a voyce? This man sings a base, that a small meane, another a treble, a fourth divides and cuts asunder, as it were, certain middle notes. One while the voyce is strained, anon it is remitted, now it is clashed, and then again it is enlarged with a louder sound. Sometimes, which is a shame to speak, it is enforced into a horse's neighings; sometimes the masculine vigour being laid aside, it is sharpened into the shrillnesse of a woman's voyce; now and then it is writhed and retorted with a certain artificial circumvolution. Sometimes thou may'st see a man with an open mouth, not to sing, but as it were to breathe out his last gaspe, by shutting in his breath, and by a certain ridiculous interception of his voyce, as it were to threaten silence, and now againe to imitate the agonies of a dying man, or the estasies of such as suffer. . . . In the meantime, the common people standing by, trembling and astonished, admire the sound of the Organs, the noyse of the Cymballs and Musical Instruments, the harmony of the Pipes and Cornets.

Besides monastic schools of music, succeeding centuries brought the institution of Chapels Royal, of which the earliest on record in England is that of Henry V. An old Latin poem mentions this monarch's *plena cantoribus ampla Capella* as though it were something of a novelty. When Rouen surrendered in 1419, John Page thus describes the King's triumphal entry into the fallen city:

So to the Minster did he fare,  
L of hys hors he lyght there.  
His Chapylle met him at the doore,  
And went before him on the floore,  
And songe a responce gloryus  
That is namyd—*Quis est Magnus?*

E §.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

SIR Martin Conway has written a history of Spitsbergen which the Cambridge University Press will publish shortly under the title of "No Man's Land." Though never an inhabited country, for part of every year since early in the seventeenth century Spitsbergen has been the scene of industries which have drawn to its beautiful but inhospitable shores innumerable visitors, whose fortunes, purposes and adventures are now to be recorded.

The Eragny Press, The Brook, Hammersmith, announces the publication of "Songs by Ben Jonson. A Selection from the Plays, Masques, and Poems with the earliest known Settings of Certain Numbers." The frontispiece, printed in four colours, has been designed and engraved on the wood by Lucien Pissarro. The border and initial letters have been designed by L. Pissarro and engraved by E. Pissarro. One hundred and seventy-five copies have been printed in red and black throughout with the "Brook" type on "Arches" linen hand-made paper with the Eragny

Press water-mark. Of these one hundred and fifty are for sale in England and America at forty shillings net. Ten copies on Roman vellum have been printed, and of the eight for sale two remain to be sold at seven guineas net.

Messrs. Pitman will publish in a few days Mr. Frederick Wedmore's new book, "Whistler and Others." Beside Whistler Mr. Wedmore deals with Watts, Constable, Etty, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Boudin, and Goya.

Messrs. Maunsell and Co. Limited, of Dublin, announce that the third number of the Tower Press Booklets will be "Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters," by Mr. George Moore. The essay consists, for the most part, of a lecture recently delivered in Dublin, and embodies many personal recollections of Manet, Monet, Degas and others of the Impressionist school who were amongst the friends of the writer.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has in the press and will issue shortly a new volume in the Mermaid Series—"The Best Plays of George Farquhar," edited, with an introduction, by William Archer. The plays reprinted are: "The Constant Couple"; "The Recruiting Officer"; "The Beaux' Stratagem"; and "The Twin Rivals."

Messrs. Alston Rivers announce that the publication of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's "The Heart of the Country"—a companion volume to "The Soul of London"—will be postponed from May 2 till May 9.

Dr. Alexander van Millingen, Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople, and a recognised authority and writer on all that pertains to the city, is the author of the volume on "Constantinople" which will form the next of Messrs. Black's Colour Books. Mr. Warwick Goble, who is responsible for the series of pictures which are the *raison d'être* of this volume, reveals the city under many aspects. We see it, for example, at early morning with its spires and minarets emerging through the haze as if it were an enchanted city of the "Thousand and One Nights." We get glimpses of the life in its streets, we are shown its flower-markets, its bazaars, its cafés, its walls, its churches, its mosques, its cemeteries; and various types of its inhabitants are the subject of special sketches.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A LIFE OF ECLIPSE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May we ask the assistance of your valuable columns to let the fact be known that the first complete life of Eclipse is in course of preparation, and that any references to this celebrated horse in contemporary literature, to his breeder, the Duke of Cumberland; to his purchaser, Wildman; and to his subsequent owner, Dennis O'Kelly, will be very much appreciated. Many facts have already come to light from private and unexpected sources which have enabled us to settle various questions hitherto doubtful, such as the birthplace, the burial-place, the authentic skeleton, and so forth. Many more letters, documents, prints, or paintings must still exist—besides those already brought to our notice by the generosity of their possessors—which will be of the greatest value. The monograph will be as completely illustrated as possible from contemporary paintings and engravings and other sources, and will contain detailed photographs of the anatomy of Eclipse and the most famous of his descendants, which should prove interesting both to biologists and breeders. A sketch of racing in the days when Eclipse was on the turf will be included, with biographies of his breeder, owners, and others connected with the sport of that time. It is important that the information should reach us before June 1, if possible, and all letters, manuscripts, prints, or pictures addressed to "Eclipse," c/o Mr. W. Heinemann, 21 Bedford Street, London, W.C., will be acknowledged before that date, and will be received not only with the greatest care, but with profound gratitude. Any originals reproduced will be scrupulously guarded from injury, and safely returned, and may be insured, if necessary, while out of their owner's hands, if a separate message to that effect is addressed to Mr. Heinemann.

With every confidence that our efforts to collect everything known about the most famous horse ever bred will meet with the indulgent and sympathetic assistance of all Englishmen who have facts to contribute, we are,

THE AUTHORS.

April 9.



## SMITH'S FOLLY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The ACADEMY is always informing. Last week it told me the origin of this hotel. It may interest other readers to know that "The round house on the shores of Torbay built by one Smith, a retired John Company man," is now a modern hotel. Probably many visitors are ignorant as myself, as to its origin. Comfort has been restored by English methods, but its Eastern character is still obvious.

The Hotel Redcliffe, Paignton.

L. C.

## AN EMENDATION OF HERODAS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am extremely sorry I cannot accept the new emendation of Herodas, which Professor Johnson (ACADEMY, p. 362) is kind enough to present especially to me. I thank him very much; but I think, that  $\epsilon\pi' \omega\mu\omicron\nu\delta\alpha\iota\lambda\omicron\nu\tau\epsilon\varsigma = \delta\alpha\iota\lambda\omicron\nu\tau\epsilon\varsigma$  (pour lacérer au vif) is impossible: (1) The metre does not allow it in the beginning of this verse, and the contraction  $\delta\alpha\iota$  for  $\delta\alpha\iota$  is excluded; (2)  $\delta\alpha\iota\omega$  is a word taken from the poetical language, used by Homer, the tragic poets, etc.; there seems no place for it in the vulgar diction of Herodas; (3) The poor boy is no slave, but the son of a—of course poor—townsman and an old citizen. "A sound thrashing" Metrotime wishes for him, but a laceration is a little too much even for an impudent schoolboy of ancient times. But I am very glad, that "l'entente cordiale" is universal for such an important matter as the full moon of the Greek Island-schoolboy Kottalos, which now can shine upon three friendly nations.

DR. MAX MAAS.

## "THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have before me as I write an old copy of the poem, "The Captive Knight," referred to by your correspondent "J. W. C." The description which he gives is entirely accurate. My copy is in the form of a song published by Chappell, the title-page setting forth that the words are by Mrs. Hemans, the music by her sister, and that the whole is "most respectfully dedicated to Sir Walter Scott."

After a preliminary symphony, "music at a distance," the ballad is given as follows:

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!  
And the Knight look'd down from the Paynim's tow'r,  
And a Christian host, in its pride and pow'r,  
Through the pass beneath him wound.  
Cease awhile clarion! clarion wild and shrill!  
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice, be still, be still!

I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!  
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,  
And their pennons wave by the mountain stream,  
And their plumes to the glad wind float.  
Cease awhile, etc.

I am here with my heavy chain!  
And I look on a torrent sweeping by,  
And an eagle rushing to the sky,  
And a host to its battle plain.  
Cease awhile, etc.

Must I pine in my fetters here?  
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,  
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,  
And the trumpet in mine ear.  
Cease awhile, etc.

"Music advancing" (symphony)  
They are gone! they have all passed by!  
They in whose wars I had borne my part;  
They that I lov'd with a brother's heart,  
They have left me here to die!  
Sound again, clarion! clarion pour thy blast!  
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past!

W. B. LEIGH.

April 22.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have pleasure in referring your correspondent "J. W. C." to her Tragedy, "De Chatillon: or the Crusaders," Act v. scene i., for Mrs. Hemans's poem, or song of "The Captive Knight," of which, it is said, Sir Walter Scott never was weary. It will be found in the Complete Copyright Ed. of her poems, published by Nimmo. The words were set to music by her sister and biographer, Mrs. Hughes.

W. STARKEY.

## THE PORTICO LIBRARY, MANCHESTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am compiling a history of this Library, which has existed for exactly a century and shall be much obliged if you will request any of your readers who may have letters, documents, newspaper-cuttings

etc., relating to the early history of this Institution to communicate with me.

The Portico Library,  
57 Mosley Street, Manchester.

ERNEST MARRIOTT,  
Librarian.

## THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My consent to an official connection with an "Early English Drama Society" was given with no other thought in mind than that of thereby accepting a certain degree of responsibility and of promising something in the way of personal work. Indeed I had already spent some time in looking over Old Plays, with the interests of the Society in mind, when the ACADEMY of March 24 surprised me. Your issue of March 31 now answers the question I wished to ask of my good friend Dr. Furnivall; and it is clear that, however much I should always be inclined to comply with any request made by Mr. Farmer, I must in this instance show my friendship towards him in the manner found necessary by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Bradley.

JAMES W. BRIGHT.

Johns Hopkins University, April 12.

## THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—English is, as we all know, an allusive language, but even so can we excuse the following sentence, which appeared in the ACADEMY of April 21: "There are two plain candlesticks of brass of this type in the Museum, and in the Kremlin at Moscow there is a very large specimen in hammered silver-gilt bearing the English hall-mark for 1663-4."

I wonder if your correspondent has ever seen that candlestick in the Kremlin at Moscow. The said Kremlin contains, in addition to the arsenal and barracks, three cathedrals, three or four palaces, half a dozen churches or so, at least one convent and one monastery, and a variety of national monuments and other side-shows: the whole is enclosed by a high wall which is about two kilometres in circumference. Looking for a needle in a haystack would be easy work compared to looking for a candlestick in the Moscow Kremlin. Inquiries on the spot might prove useless, for it is not every English tourist who can pronounce the Russian word for candlestick, which is, I believe, podsveychnik!

S. T. S.

[The sentence our correspondent complains of was quoted direct, with the rest of the article, from the official communication.—ED.]

## A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I venture to think that your readers may be amused by the following curiosity of literature.

The story is in two parts.

Part I.—When Mr. Churchill published his book on "The River War," it was criticised in the *National Review* by Colonel Ivor Maxse, C.B., D.S.O., who expressed surprise that the book should have been written by any one who had once been an English officer and still presumably considered himself an English gentleman.

Part II.—A book entitled "Seymour Vandeleur" was recently published by the same Colonel Maxse. It deals in part with the same River War and represents, with slight alterations, a large number of sentences and even paragraphs from the unsoldierly and ungentelemanly work, which the Colonel had so forcibly condemned.

This must be regarded as an act of reparation all the more beautiful in that it has been done by stealth, and it would be interesting to learn whether Colonel Maxse will blush to find it false.

I enclose evidence and beg leave to subscribe myself,

HERBERT VIVIAN.

April 21.

From seventeen pages of closely typewritten "evidence" sent us by Mr. Herbert Vivian we select one or two of the most striking points of resemblance:

## SEYMOUR VANDELEUR

p. 157.

At 2.30 it moved on by moonlight and trickled man by man through a gorge.

Suddenly in the stillness of the night drums were heard beating a mile to the front.

p. 158

The Dervishes must be on the alert! Would they charge the head of the column in the defile? But the sound died down. It had been the usual call to prayer.

## THE RIVER WAR

p. 225.

The Sirdar moved on again with the infantry at 2.30. The moon had risen over the rocks.

p. 226

The column of nearly 6000 men had to trickle through one narrow place in single file. . . .

Suddenly, a mile to the southward, rose the sound of the beating of drums. . . . The Dervishes were prepared. Perhaps they would attack the column before it could deploy. Then the sound died away. . . . It was no alarm but only the call to the morning prayer.

p. 166.

One Dervish shell penetrated the Abu Klea at the water-line and entered the magazine, but did not explode. Several shells struck the Metemma. Commander Colville, R.N., on the Tamai, was severely wounded in the wrist, and casualties occurred on all the boats. . . . The bold riflemen in the tree-tops were frequently dropped like young rooks on a spring day.

p. 172.

Experts both at home and on the spot had no hesitation in denouncing the desert railway as the scheme of a lunatic.

p. 197.

Every day at dawn some of Broadwood's squadrons rode forth (p. 198) to reconnoitre . . . in the scrub. It is not an easy country for cavalry. The wide belt of mimosa-trees and dōm-palms by the river was fresh and green and beautiful to behold owing to the rich alluvial soil deposited by the annual flood. Brilliant parrots and other bright birds flitted amongst the trees.

No precaution which the Sirdar's experience could suggest was neglected. A staff officer, familiar with the country by daylight, guided the leading brigade. Careful patrolling guarded against surprise, and the four brigades marched in separate squares on a broad front ready to use their rifles if attacked.

p. 206.

A pale yellow flash in the midst of a ball of white smoke marked the exact spot and then the crack! of the explosion came faintly back, like an echo . . . the air above the trenches became dotted with white puffs dealing out shrapnel bullets.

Then gradually, the strange scene became almost monotonous, and many a weary infantry-man dozed into sleep.

p. 225.

But at this critical moment one of the gun-boats swung down-stream and at short ranges plastered the Kerreri hill-sides with shrapnel and maxim bullets. . . . The infuriated Dervishes baulked of their prey turned upon Broadwood with renewed vigour and pursued his elusive squadrons three miles down the river bank. . . . Broadwood's squadrons . . . merely played with the angry Dervishes.

p. 262.

One shell struck the Abu Klea on the water-line, and entered the magazine. Luckily it did not explode. . . . Three shells struck the Metemma. On board the Tamai, which was leading, Commander Colville was severely wounded in the wrist . . . and on each boat some casualties occurred. . . . (p. 263) By the Nile all the tops of the palm-trees were crowded with daring riflemen, whose positions were indicated . . . when some tiny black figure fell, like a shot rook, to the ground.

p. 286.

Many other persons who were not consulted volunteered the opinion that the whole idea was that of a lunatic.

p. 384.

Colonel Broadwood was further instructed to reconnoitre. . . . The country on either side of the Athara is covered with dense scrub, impassable for civilised troops. From these belts . . . the dōm-palms rise in great numbers. All the bush is leafy, and looks very pretty and green by contrast to the sombre vegetation of the Nile. Between the trees flew green parrots and many other bright birds.

The Sirdar had neglected no precaution which thought and experience could suggest. . . . (p. 418) Many of the officers were familiar with the intervening ground. An officer of special knowledge . . . maintained the true direction. Careful patrolling prevented surprise . . . the open desert enabled the troops to march on a comparatively broad front, and to make effective use of their rifles if attacked.

p. 423.

Over the centre of the zeriba a pale yellow flash and a round white puff showed the bursting shell. The wop! of the distant explosion came back, like the echo of the report.

p. 424.

Gradually even the strange sight became monotonous. . . . The men began to sit down again. Many of them actually went to sleep.

Vol. 2.

p. 125.

But at the critical moment the gun-boat arrived on the scene and began to blaze and flame from Maxim guns, quick-firing guns, and rifles. The range was short. . . . Exasperated by their disappointment, the soldiers of Osman Sheikh-ed-Din turned again upon the cavalry, and, forgetting in their anger the mobile nature of their foe, pursued the elusive squadrons three long miles (p. 126) to the north. The cavalry . . . played with their powerful antagonist.

## A QUESTION OF TEXT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me a few lines in which to defend myself from a quite unjust charge brought against me by the reviewer of certain editions of Beaumont and Fletcher which appeared in your issue of April 21? In discussing the lines in the *Elder Brother*:

Where the Violet and the Rose

The blew Veins in blush disclose,

he remarks that, in the second, "The" is the reading of the folios [*sic*, though the play only appears in one folio] and quartos, and that the substitution of "Their" is my "clever emendation." Were this

so the fact of the deviation not being recorded in a "Variorum" edition would have merited a far severer censure than the gentle reprimand he bestows on me. But the facts of the case are not as he represents them. It is Cambridge "Red" not Bullen "Slate-blue" that is at fault. "Their" is the reading of the first edition (1637) as well as of all subsequent texts deserving any regard, namely the quarto of 1651 and the Egerton manuscript. "The" is a late corruption which I did not think worth while recording. I should state that the quarto text which appears in the Appendix to the Cambridge edition, so far from being the first, as there stated, is a late reprint of 1650-60 in which the original date, 1637, was fraudulently retained. The fact that the Cambridge editors imply that "The" is the reading of all old editions and of the manuscript, will show how far trustworthy is the edition which has so taken the fancy of your reviewer. I am sure that when the facts are placed fairly before him he will be the first to acknowledge the slight error into which he has been led and to withdraw his charge against me. The other points he mentions do not concern me. I leave it to the editors of the other plays in the volume to defend their texts as best they can.

May I at the same time thank you for your most kind review of my book on Pastoral Poetry? I wish I could claim the authorship of the phrase "love in vacuo" which your reviewer justly praises. As I stated on p. 154 it is the property of that acute critic Professor Raleigh.

WALTER W. GREG.

Park Lodge, Wimbledon, April 23.

[Our reviewer writes: My strong predilection for the "the" and "in" reading led me into error: and I hasten to apologise for attributing the "their" reading to an emendation of Mr. Greg. The folio of 1679, however, and the Q. 2, of which he sometimes collates the readings, have "the," and in a "variorum" edition a variant of such importance should be noted. Indeed, the phrase, "which I did not think worth while recording," throws a strong light on the very point of our complaint against this "variorum" edition—that it is a work of caprice, not scholarship. Of this Q. 2 which Mr. Greg is now in a position to condemn, he writes in his introduction: "It should be observed that Q. 2, though dated 1637, was probably not printed till many years later. It contains the same ornaments, etc., as Q. 4, which may have appeared at any date previous to 1661." The Egerton manuscript, to which he pins his faith, is considered by the Cambridge editor to be "doubtful," and accordingly its variants are printed separately.]

## "PARADISE LOST"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will very kindly allow me to correct several errors into which your critic has fallen in criticising my adaptation for the stage of Milton's great epic poem; and I would ask you please in fairness and justice to me, to give this letter the same place of prominence in your journal as you have given to your strictures on my work, i.e., in your issue of the 14th inst. I desire to say at the outset, that your critic has not studied my preface carefully, nor is he correctly familiar with the life and history of Milton's works. I speak of "learned and unlearned criticism" in my preface, and I regret to say your critic's remarks come under the latter category. He is quite in error in stating, and it is pure conjecture on his part that Milton felt he could not make a good tragedy out of his epic, for it is a fact and common knowledge that blindness alone prevented his accomplishing his task. You seem to forget that if a man writes a tragedy it is his one supreme desire to see it rehearsed by himself and produced, and as he became blind he realised how hopeless such a task would be since he never got farther than the notes he penned, and which I refer to in my preface. Your critic further entirely forgets that Milton by the very words by which he described tragedy, i.e., as regards the drama and quoted by me, shows that he fully knew that the notes he had made were satisfactory to himself, and the further proof is, that as he received £23 (not £18 as you quite erroneously state) this alone was an incentive to complete the tragedy. I am quite aware of the fees paid in Milton's time, but there were sufficient theatres ready to produce his plays or any other author's, but as he realised what I have already stated, he with great sorrow abandoned his idea. Your critic's statement, therefore, that he was "afraid" to carry out his design is supremely ridiculous and pure idle conjecture.

I have not rushed in as you state to repair the effects of Milton's timidity, but I have tried in a spirit of reverence in a task that has taken me nearly two years to use his own words and methods throughout; whilst experts and others have pronounced my work to be excellent. The words you quote of mine are used for stage purposes, and if you or your critic had the slightest knowledge of stage technique, etc., you would realise that if you can get the same situation in a few words, it is a triumph to do so, and I have merely discarded Milton's lengthy lines, and used what has conveyed the same idea in a few for stage purposes. This is a licence allowed to all playwrights and as I claim to be one of considerable experience and also as a theatrical manager, your critic's facetious and uncalled remarks that I am "good enough" to say that the poem is "throughout great," are very petty and pointless.

The censor did not refuse me a licence because of the nature of the play itself, which as an adaptation he praised to me very highly, personally, but because it was "scriptural" and against the Lord Chamberlain's rules!

Finally, I have not "timidly" used any words, but strongly and

eagerly the correct ones for "ethereal" *does scan* as I mean it, i.e., for stage purposes, and "heavenly" does not at another situation on the stage. The play will be performed, if possible, in London, whilst it is about to be translated into several foreign languages for representation abroad. It has already been very largely welcomed and read here, i.e., with intelligent and careful interest by educated people.

You need to take a great and broader view of it, if you will excuse my saying so, and rise superior to minor details, trying also to grasp the real merit and purport of a sincere effort as a whole.

WALTER STEPHENS.

April 23.

[If the justness of our critic's observations had stood in need of support, no better means could have been discovered than the above letter, which we print in full, and without further comment.—Ed.]

### "THE ROMISH CHURCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of the "Madonna of the Poets" in last issue I find the following: "we do not quite get the same feeling as in the stately periods of the Romish Church." Considering the position of the Catholic Church, its antiquity, its history, etc., does it not show bad taste to write in this contemptuous fashion? We, Catholics resent it, as offensive. Have we not a claim to courteous treatment in your columns and protection from such coarseness?

EDWARD T. QUINN.

Ballybrack, Co. Dublin, April 24.

[We do not clearly see the reason for Mr. Quinn's violent letter. Can it be the substitution of three letters for two—of "ish" for "an"? We can scarcely believe it, for Mr. Quinn must be well aware that it is long since intelligent people, either Catholic or Protestant, have ceased to discover or to intend any insult in the use of the word "Romish." And, if Mr. Quinn were a regular reader of this paper, he would surely know that in the office of the ACADEMY the Church of which he is too hasty a champion is held in the highest veneration.—Ed.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

*English Costume.* Painted and Described by Dion Clayton Calthrop. 1—Early English. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 80. Plates xviii. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

[To consist of four volumes, which will eventually be issued in one book. Each volume will contain about twenty full-page illustrations in colour and numerous thumb-nail sketches in the text. The three remaining periods dealt with will be as follows: "Middle Ages" (ready in May); "Tudor and Stuart" (ready in September); "Georgian" (ready in October).]

Newbolt, Frank. *The Etchings of Van Dyck.* Plates xxxiii. The Master Etcher Series. 11½ x 8½. Newnes, 7s. 6d. net.

Birch, Mrs. Lionel. *Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., and Elisabeth Stanhope Forbes, A.R.W.S.* With eight reproductions in colour and thirty-two other illustrations. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 123. Popular Modern Artists series. Cassell, 5s. net.

[Deals, in a popular manner, with the lives and work of Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes and with the Newlyn School.]

Index omitted from vol. i. of *Simpson's History of Architecture.* Longmans, *Gratis.*

The Langham Series of Art Monographs: *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, by H. W. Singer; *Goya*, by Richard Muther. 6½ x 5. Pp. 70, 64. Siegle, 1s. 6d. net each.

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Macmillan, D. *George Buchanan: a biography.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 292. Edinburgh: Morton, 3s. 6d. net.

[A biography on the same plan as Mr. Macmillan's "John Knox"; intended for readers who do not possess Dr. Irving's or Dr. Hume Brown's fuller biography.]

Morris, Henry. *The Life of John Murdoch, L.L.D., the Literary Evangelist of India.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 185. The Christian Literature Society for India, 3s. 6d. net.

### FICTION.

Diehl, Alice M. *Love—With Variations.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 328. Long, 6s.

Forbes, Lady Helen. *Lady Marion and the Plutocrat.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 317. Long, 6s.

Middlemass, Jean. *A Veneered Scamp.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

*Tracks in the Snow*, being the history of a crime. Edited from the MS. of Rev. Robert Driver, B.D., by Godfrey Benson. 8 x 5½. Pp. 281. Longmans, 6s.

Le Queux, William. *Whatever a Man Soweth.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 306. White, 5s.

MacFall, Haldane, and Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *Rouge.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 311. Brown, Langham, 6s.

### HISTORY.

Kaempfer, Engelbert, M.D. *The History of Japan, together with a Description of the Kingdom of Siam, 1690-92.* Translated by J. G. Schencher. 3 vols. 9½ x 6. Pp. lxxxix, 1120. Glasgow: MacLehose, 37s. 6d. net.

[Since its original publication in 1727, Kaempfer's History of Japan has not until now been reprinted in full. In the original edition the maps and illustrations were engraved as folio sheets, and bound in at the end of each volume: in this edition they have, for greater convenience,

been placed in their proper positions through the text; and while obvious printer's errors of spelling and punctuation have been corrected, Kaempfer's spelling of Japanese names has been retained.]

### MUSIC.

Newman, Ernest. *Elgar.* The Music of the Masters series. 6½ x 5½. Pp. 188. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

Dewar, Douglas. *Bombay Ducks.* An account of some of the every-day birds and beasts found in a naturalist's Eldorado. With numerous illustrations from photographs of living birds by Captain F. D. S. Fayer. 9 x 6. Pp. 304. Lane, 16s. net.

### PHILOSOPHY.

Sturt, Henry. *Idola Theatri.* 9½ x 6. Pp. 344. Macmillan, 10s. net. [A criticism of Oxford thought and thinkers from the standpoint of personal idealism.]

### POETRY.

Tilston, Rev. Thos. *Dramatic, Lyrical, and Idyllic Poems.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 245. Simpkin, Marshall, 6s. net.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Jókai, Maurus. *The Green Book; or Freedom Under the Snow.* Famous Works of European Novelists series. 7½ x 5. Pp. 470. Jarrold, 3s. 6d. net.

Stanley, Arthur Penhryn. *The Bible in the Holy Land.* Popular edition with illustrations. 7½ x 5. Pp. 204. Murray, 1s. net.

Moehler, John Adam. *Symbolism, an Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences Between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings.* Translated from the German by James Burton Robertson. 8½ x 5½. Pp. xxii, 513. Gibbings, 6s. net.

Welsh, R. E. *The Challenge to Christian Missions.* Sixpenny Series. 8½ x 6. Pp. 77. Allenson.

Babelon, Ernest. *Manual of Oriental Antiquities, including the Architecture, Sculpture, and Industrial Arts of Chaldaea, Assyria, Persia, Syria, Judaea, Phoenicia, and Carthage.* New edition, with a chapter on The Recent Discoveries at Susa. 7½ x 5. Pp. 352. Grevel, 7s. 6d. net.

Low, Sidney. *The Governance of England.* Second impression. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

IN the May number of the *National Review* there is an article by Miss Eveline Godley on "A Century of Children's Books," which was well worthy of greater elaboration. The writer looks back with amusement at the very instructive works for children published during the early reign of Queen Victoria—the Sandford and Merton type of book—but it is open to doubt whether the attitude of superiority is quite justified. It is laughable, no doubt, to think of the moral lessons and general instructiveness which we thought suitable to children in the early days of Queen Victoria, but are we not going to the other extreme to-day?

The child of to-day is indeed unfortunate if it happens to be born to literary parents, because the creature is studied and observed and watched and made notes of just as if it were some extraordinary animal in captivity. We can easily imagine a writer fifty years hence looking back on the words of wisdom which have proceeded *ex oribus parvulorum* in the early years of the twentieth century, and some attempt will be made to trace the future career of these small prodigies. The majority, to be sure, will be old men and women by the time they are thirteen years of age. Indeed, they often look like prematurely old people before they have done with infancy, and our coddling is just as foolish as was the discipline of the nineteenth century.

Something might have been said about the picture-books in common use. Few people seem to realise that the beginning of taste must be in the nursery, yet even in expensive and otherwise beautiful books that can only be meant for people able to afford luxuries, pictures which are, in spite of all their colour, really vulgar and debasing often find a place. Among such we would classify all those wretched attempts at humour where the supposed fun consists in fitting the head of one animal to the body of another: in giving a dog's head, for example, to a man's body. Absolute truth to nature should be insisted upon even in these early days, though it must be obvious to any one that it is easier to produce a laugh by some small mechanical device than by that closeness of observation which is able to discern what is naturally amusing.

Members of the Honourable House, known at Harrow as the Park, will be amused at a certain passage in a dialogue between Pater and Filius in next month's *Cornhill*. A certain Archbishop of Canterbury (as Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., tells us through the pen of Mr. Walter Frith) was known as "The Beauty of Holiness"

—which reminds us of a certain famous passage in "The Picture of Dorian Grey." At one time this Archbishop was Headmaster of Harrow, and this is the story Mr. Frith has to tell: "He was rather a little chap and the boys called him Jacob. One night he was coming home and saw a rope hanging down in the street from one of the windows of that very house. He suspected one of the young gentlemen was out larking about the town, and coming under the window, caught hold of the rope. The young gentlemen above thought it was the signal of their pal's return and hauled him up. When his face was level with the sill, and they saw who it was, they cried 'Jacob, by George!' and dropped him. He said he was a good deal shaken." The joy of the "young gentleman" must have depended largely upon the personality of the victim. There would be no joy at all in dropping Temple; very little in dropping Benson. It may be indecorous—but we can imagine an hilarious delight in dropping Randall Cantuar.

For the rest, Mr. Walter Frith's "Talk with my Father" is sprinkled with amusing and informing facts. "What was the first picture which ever had a rail round it at the Exhibition" [we need not add "of the Royal Academy"]? is a fair specimen of the important points of art which it settles; and "There's generally been what one may call a picture of the year, hasn't there?" is the easier sort of question it answers. There has, indeed, and: "First-rate, nearly all of them" is the comment of the staunch old ex-R.A. Todgers's, as we know, can not only do it when it likes, but can't help doing it, when it lodges in Burlington House, W. But the succeeding comment is interesting. "Why, look what a wonderful drawing a student has to do now to get into the Academy schools at all. I saw some the other day, and I'm sure I couldn't have done them, never, at any time." Nohow! Contrariwise! we do not believe it. Mr. Frith could always draw anything he wanted to, even Miss Herbert of the St. James's—and we hope that, now he has given up painting, his wonderfully green old age may at least draw on itself for several further instalments of such yarns as his son here records.

Our notes on the inaccuracies of illustrators and authors have brought forth an interesting article from a writer in a provincial paper, who cites several errors we had overlooked. The author of "Don Quixote" makes the party at the Crescent tavern eat two suppers in one evening. Scott in one chapter of "Ivanhoe" gives the Christian name of Malvoisin as Richard, subsequently altering it to Philip. Pope makes a weasel eat corn. Kingsley makes John Brumlecombe read the prayer for "All sorts and conditions of men," though in the time of Elizabeth the Prayer Book did not contain it. Sir Archibald Alison speaks of "Sir Peregrine Pickle" when he means Sir Peregrine Maitland; and the same author translated "droit de timbre" as timber duty, "a howler" which is only equalled by Victor Hugo's translation of "Firth of Forth": "premier de quatre."

Three other errors quoted by the writer occur in a book which—we confess it without shame—we have never read. That book is Ash's Dictionary. Gawaine here is "a sister to King Arthur"; esoteric is "an uncorrect spelling—exoteric." The word exoteric "belongs to those lectures of Aristotle which any one had the liberty to hear." But the most amusing blunder of all is in the definition of "curmudgeon." Johnson, in his Dictionary, adds after the meaning of the word, "unknown correspondent," thereby indicating his authority. Ash ingeniously gives: "Curmudgeon (from the French cœur, unknown, and merchant, a correspondent), a miser, a churl!"

The First Folio of Shakespeare after the "wore and tore" of a chequered history has reached its old home again. It now lies in Case 22 in the Bodleian Library, and is open at its most interesting page. For this rediscovery makes a definite original contribution to Shakespearean criticism. For forty years the volume was chained close to its present resting-place for the edification of the graduates of the University. The comparative use shown by the delicate state of certain pages teaches us something of the popularity of the separate plays. *Romeo and Juliet* especially attracted the academic mind, and the Folio now lies open at the Balcony scene.

It was the Larke, the Herauld of the Morne:  
No Nightingale: looke Loue what envious streakes.

If we may denote the wear of this play by the number 10, we may realise the comparative attractiveness of *Julius Cæsar* (9), *The Tempest* would be represented by 8, and *Henry IV. Part I.*, *Cymbeline*, and *Macbeth* each received the amount of wear shown by 7. We are surprised to see that *King John* was not more popular. This evidence of contemporary literary opinion is the more valuable, since the wear has been caused by successive readers in a public library. Sceptics may assert that during its years of travel, it must have been subjected to private use. The unbroken condition of the back disproves this conjecture. It has not been tortured on a reader's knees. It was treated with due respect, as became a book chained in an exceptionally accessible position in a public room.

There has been some misunderstanding as to the reasons of its departure from the Bodleian. The book is now a national treasure, and it is well that its history should be clearly known. Certain writers have conjectured that it was abstracted in the troublous times of 1663. It is not easy to steal a chained volume. Also, in the accounts of the Bodleian is an entry to the effect that £24 were received from Richard Davis, the Oxford bookseller, for "superfluous Library Books sold by order of the Curators." With the arrival of the edition containing seven new plays, the First Folio lost for a time its interest and value, and so was sold as superfluous. Many such "mid-night darlings" have been sold in blissful ignorance.

The Folio has another peculiar feature. It is the copy selected by the publisher for permanent preservation! It was sent in sheets by the London Stationers' Co. in 1623 or 1624, according to an arrangement similar to the privileges now enjoyed by the four great libraries under successive Copyright Acts. It is the identical copy that was bound by William Wildgoose, the Oxford binder. The original broken corners now hang limply, but Oxford is to be congratulated on regaining possession of the most interesting copy of the most important printed book in the English language.

The extra-territorial notice of copyright is, it appears, after all a mere bogey. Judge Wright has decided that no copyright notice is required on copies of an English edition to safeguard the American copyright. This reverses the decision of Judge Kohlsaat commented upon in the ACADEMY, February 10. Although the result of this litigation is eminently satisfactory and rational it cannot be doubted that it comes as a surprise to American lawyers. It is to be hoped that it will not give pause to the movement in favour of elucidating the meaning of the American Statute with unmistakable clearness in the forthcoming American Copyright Code. It is not impossible that the case may go to a yet higher court, and, as we all know, anything may happen there. For the moment, however, it may be safely assumed that the piracy of English editions of American copyright works will be

"off" in the United States. The United Dictionary Company showed enterprise worthy of a better cause in importing copies of "Webster's Brief International Dictionary" from England—from which the American copyright notice had been deliberately omitted—photographing them and making plates with a view to issuing a reprint. Judge Wright, in effect, came to the conclusion that the American Statutes are only applicable on American soil and that the legislature never intended to render compulsory in England or elsewhere formalities not required by English or foreign law. The case seems to settle the question for the time being and in any event will serve to make piracy more unpopular than ever.

Messrs. Smith Elder are making an interesting experiment in issuing an *édition de luxe* (delightful phrase!), in two volumes, of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel "Fenwick's Career," which we notice in another column. But it is an experiment which, we think, is little likely to meet with success, and we do not anticipate a return of the "library" novel at half a guinea a volume. The innumerable editions of "pocket classics"—every month heralds the appearance of a new series—have destroyed a possible market; for the public which buys modern novels is, for the most part, unacquainted with the classics, and few readers will pay a guinea for ephemeral literature with a choice of the "immortals" before them at prices ranging from eighteenpence to three-and-six.

A correspondent complains that the Shakespeare celebrations in London on April 23 were very inadequate. "The ceremony in Leicester Square," he writes, "may have been well meant but it was extremely ridiculous. One of the speakers there talked chiefly of the Education Act and another was pathetically dull. The 'wreath,' which may have been the best which limited means could provide, was a bundle of hedge-clippings, to all outward appearance. The crowd which collected in curiosity was like the 'wreath,' for it contained hardly a decent coat or hat—not that appearances matter—and a good deal of the riff-raff of the population of London, male and female. I am convinced that there were not half a dozen in that crowd who knew anything at all about Shakespeare, and the pity of it is that they had not the chance of learning something then and there. In the afternoon there was a tea-fight among lady journalists and some good singing at Essex Hall, and in the evening more tea and more singing (not all good and not all Shakespearean songs) in Clifford's Inn Hall. The last function was redeemed by the presence of Dr. Furnivall and a few other ardent spirits, but it seemed hardly worthy of a festival which, after all, comes only once a year. The day for me, who attended these three ceremonies, was very mournful, and might have been more usefully and pleasantly employed."

Medwin, in his "Conversations of Lord Byron," records an interview with the poet at Pisa. "You tell me," said Byron, "that Baron Lutzerode has been asking you for some authentic particulars of my life to affix to his translation of 'Cain,' and thus contradict the German stories circulated about me, and which, I understand, even Goethe believes. Why don't you write something for him, Medwin? I believe you know more of me than any one else—things even that are not in the book." "My friend the Baron," replied Medwin, "is a great enthusiast about you, and I am sure you would like him. . . . Shall I bring the Baron?" "I have declined going to Court," answered Byron, "and as he belongs to it, must also decline his visit. I like neither Princes nor their satellites. . . . I will make my peace with your amiable friend by sending him a 'Cain,' and 'Don Juan' as a present, and adding to the first page of the letter an impression of my seal with the motto *Elle vous suit partout*. This will please the German sentimentalist."

The two presentation copies of "Don Juan" (first edition) and "Sardanapalus, a tragedy; The Two Foscari, a tragedy; and Cain, a mystery" (first edition) are included in what will probably be one of the most interesting book sales of the year—to be held at Messrs. Sotheby's on the 25th and 26th of this month. Perhaps the most important collection is that of Mr. E. W. Hussey, which includes, beside seven Shakespeare quartos, the very rare second edition in quarto of the spurious Shakespeare play, "A Yorkshire Tragedie, not so New as Lamentable and True," and the first edition of "The First Part of the True and Honorable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. As it hath bene lately acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of England, his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare," which have been ascribed to Munday, Drayton, Wilson and Hathway.

The Shakespeare quartos are: (1) "A Midsommer Night's Dreame"—the original edition with the Roberts imprint. (2) "The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the Saide Merchant, in Cutting a just Pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three Caskets"—the first edition. (3) "The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France, Together with an ancient Pistoll"—the third quarto. (4) "M. William Shakespeare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaied before the King's Majesty at White-Hall uppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Servantes, playing usually at the Globe on the Banck-side"—the second quarto. (5) "A Most pleasant and excellent Conceited Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wives of Windsor. With the Swaggering Vaine of an Ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym"—the second quarto. (6) "The Whole Contention betweene the two famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the tragicall ende of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt. Divided into two Parts, and newly corrected and enlarged"—the rare first edition, to which the "Pericles" was originally joined in publishing. Some one has written the erroneous date 1622 after the imprint on title. (7) "The Late, and much admired play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures and fortunes of the saide Prince"—the third quarto edition, published with the "Whole Contention between the two famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke" mentioned above.

There are also first editions of "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," and "Little Dorrit"; the extremely rare original edition, before the numbering of the plates, of Blake's "Songs of Innocence, 1789, the Author and Printer W. Blake," seventeen leaves printed in colours and touched with colour by the artist himself; and a first edition of Tennyson's "The Last Tournament," of which less than a dozen copies are recorded. A number of old illuminated manuscripts are included in the sale, and among them one of the most noteworthy is "Le Roman de la Rose," by Guillaume de Lorris—a beautifully written manuscript of the early fifteenth century, by a French scribe, red and black Gothic letter. Two other interesting manuscripts are the "Le Pelerinage de la Vie Humaine" of De Guilleville, which has been often compared with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Lancelot du Lac et Autres Romans de la Table Rond"—an important early manuscript in prose of the Arthurian Legends. The manuscript was sold by Messrs. Sotheby for £400 in 1871.

What may fairly be described as the most remarkable collection of the works of George Cruikshank ever brought to the hammer will occupy Messrs. Sotheby on May 7 and five following days when they will dispose of the Cruikshank portion of the library of the late Mr. Edwin Truman. The catalogue, which has an appropriately illustrated title-page, is divided into the following sections: Books, Chap Books and Pamphlets, Book illustrations (*mostly in proof state*), Etchings, Caricatures and Broad-sides, Theatrical Caricatures and Portraits, Unique Large Paper Copies of Caricatures, Etchings and Caricatures (*in Reid's Catalogue but repudiated by Cruikshank*), Songs Music Titles, Lithographs, Drawings, Books in Sheets, Engraved Copper Plates, Wood Blocks, and the inevitable last section called "Miscellaneous." The completeness of the "Cruikshankiana" will make the catalogue of great future value.

Mr. Haldane announced in the House of Commons on Monday that considerable progress has been made with the official History of the War in South Africa. The first volume will probably be out by midsummer, and it is expected that the second and third volumes will be out about the end of the year and the concluding volume in 1907. It seems likely, therefore, that the hope held out to the House in 1904, that the work would be completed in three years' time, will be realised. Even so, it must be acknowledged that the official historians are very leisurely, for they have access to every document on the subject and a good deal of money to back them, which are advantages to be set against the loss of Colonel Henderson which so crippled the undertaking in its early days. The *Times* history consists already of three volumes, and it is quite likely that the fourth will be published before the first volume of the official history appears. Yet many of the subscribers to the *Times* history complain, somewhat unreasonably, of the delay in publication.

*The Fortune-Teller*, by George Morland, bequeathed by Mrs. Behrend, and the *Venus and Cupid*, presented by the National Art Collections Fund, have been added to the national collection and are hung in the Gallery at Trafalgar Square. *The Conversion of St. Hubert*, by the Meister von Werden, *The Adoration of the Kings*, by the Meister von Liesborn, *The Annunciation*, by the Meister von Liesborn, which have been on loan in the National Gallery of Scotland since 1862, have been returned to Trafalgar Square and are now hung in Rome XV., together with a small picture of *The Virgin and Child*, ascribed to Martin Schoen, which was formerly hung in the Board Room.

#### The following are among forthcoming events:

Society of Arts.—Arrangements for week ending May 12, 1906. Monday, May 7, at 8 P.M. Cantor Lectures: "Ivory in Commerce and in the Arts," by Alfred Maskell, F.S.A. Three lectures. Lecture III.—Applications and uses of ivory in the industrial and decorative arts—Religious statuettes and figures of mediæval times—Pastoral staves and other liturgical accessories—Caskets, marriage coffers, mirror cases, combs, and other domestic articles—Arms and hunting horns—Tankards—Tobacco graters—Portrait medallions—Chessmen and draughtsmen and boards—Ivory sculpture in India, China, Japan—Musical instruments—Furniture and inlaid work—The working of ivory: the lathe and turnery—Forgeries of works of art—Ivory sculpture at the present day in France, Belgium, and England—The position of ivory sculpture, with a plea for its encouragement. Tuesday, May 8, at 8 P.M. Applied Art Section: "Damascening and the Inlaying and Ornamenting of Metallic Surfaces," by Sherard Cowper-Coles. Henry Hardinge Cunyngghame, C.B., will preside. Wednesday, May 9, at 8 P.M. Ordinary meeting: "Bridge Building by means of Caissons, including remarks upon Compressed Air Illness," by Professor Thomas Oliver, M.D., LL.D.

The Dante Society Lecture.—May 9, Rev. Sebastian Bowden: "Dante and St. Thomas Aquinas." Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., in the chair. June 13, Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D.: "The Companionship of Dante." Sir Theodore Martin, President, in the chair.

The next production of the Stage Society, which will take place at the Scala Theatre on May 13 and 14, will be Hermann Sudermann's *Johannisfeuer*, which has been translated by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Grein. The play will be produced by Herr Hans Andresen.



## LITERATURE

## A NOVEL OF THE STUDIO

*Fenwick's Career.* By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE life of George Romney has not only been frequently written, but it has supplied crude materials out of which imaginative work both in prose and verse has been fashioned. During the course of the last two or three years it has been brought into considerable prominence chiefly owing to the painter's connection with Emma Hart, who afterwards became Lady Hamilton. Probably that had something to do with Mrs. Humphry Ward's choice of a plot. She has taken the facts of Romney's life and transplanted them in a most literal manner into her book. The only difference is that whereas Romney was a man of the eighteenth century and a contemporary and rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, she places her hero in the nineteenth century and provides for him fictitious rivals who, no doubt, will be identified by the curious in such matters with some of the leading artists of the day.

The novel is emphatically an old tale with a new and very modern setting. Its comment—and we must say that there is a great deal of comment—is to a large extent the babble of the studios: art criticism is very freely mingled with the narrative in "*Fenwick's Career*." How little invention Mrs. Humphry Ward has bestowed on her plot will be apparent from a mere statement of the parallel between Fenwick and George Romney. Romney was the son of a cabinet maker of Dalton-in-Furness. Afterwards he was apprenticed to Edward Steele, a local portrait painter. He began his life as an artist by painting portraits, and married Mary Abbott, a peasant woman of the neighbourhood. After marriage, he left his wife and children and came to London, where he attained considerable success before going to Paris to complete his studies in 1764. In the novel before us, the curtain rises on the painter's studio, where he is at work on the picture of Bella Morrison, an ill-tempered and by no means good-looking young lady of the provinces, who complains that Fenwick makes her upper lip "miles too long," gives her a "nasty staring look," and a mouth she is ashamed of. Thus does the novelist insist at the beginning on the vexatious life of a local portrait painter—a life that no man with the artistic temperament could endure for very long. Fenwick himself has an uncle in the upholstery business, and his father has kept a bookseller's shop, so that he might have been first cousin to the cabinet maker who begot Romney. As a matter of course, he had quarrelled with his father, had picked up some knowledge of drawing at an art school, and in the midst of his early painting met his future wife, Phoebe. The father of his model advances sufficient money for him to go to London, and, though making very strong objections to it, his wife consents that he should go while she and the child are left behind.

He is a man of some talent and very great ambition, loud-voiced, rude, insistent. Like many young men, he undervalues those already in the field, and thinks he will carry the world before him:

Millais, Leighton, Watts,—spent talents, extinct volcanoes!—Tadema a marvellous mechanic, without ideas:—the landscape men, chaotic,—no standard anywhere, no style. On the other hand, Burne-Jones and the Grosvenor Gallery group—ideas without drawing, without knowledge, feet and hands absurd, muscles anyhow. While as for Whistler and the Impressionists—a lot of maniacs, running a fad to death,—but clever—by Jove!

He is also possessed of a fatal gift for writing, a gift that causes him the loss of many commissions. With this bad equipment, and leaving his wife in a passion of unconquerable tears, he goes off on his pilgrimage to the metropolis—not as we may suppose Romney to have done, on the top of a coach, but in a modern and hum-drum railway train. His next appearance is in the middle of a

coterie of artists in London, where he has the good fortune to find Lord Findon, even as Romney had the good fortune to find a patron in the Duke of Richmond, and Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

Lord Findon has a married daughter, Madame de Pastourelles, who fills a part that might have been suggested half by the duchess and half by the versatile Emma, only she is built on more saintly lines than either of them. With her, after many years, Fenwick falls in love—even as Romney fell in love with Emma Hart. But this is long after Phoebe, in a passion of jealousy, had visited his studio in his absence, and, seeing the portrait of her whom she considered her rival, had destroyed it, and, to all seeming, had passed completely out of his life. Even in such circumstances Fenwick is not really untrue to his first love, the relations between him and Madame de Pastourelles being more or less platonic in nature until the very end, and even then the novelist makes it clear that he seeks for her friendship rather than her love. The writer is Mrs. Humphry Ward, and it will be quite understood that the atmosphere of the book is, generally speaking, one of high-toned morality. Fenwick's artistic ruin is not brought about by vice or his going astray in any one particular direction, but he is one of the men who seem born to kick against the bricks. He rages at the Royal Academy, by which he is well treated at the first, though ultimately he quarrels with it; he is jealous and envious of his fellow painters, and altogether seems a very undesirable person to live with. Whether consciously or not we cannot determine, but Mrs. Humphry Ward has not endowed him with the real artistic temperament: that temperament which would make painting the be-all and end-all of life—which would hurry a man to a great achievement even though he were accursed like him of whom it was said, "Heshall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." He divides his attention between two mistresses, trying to be a writer as well as a painter. There is an old and well-known but very significant story told of Ruskin and Turner. The art critic was holding forth with his usual copious eloquence to the artist himself one day about a picture on which Turner was engaged, and in due time he stopped to hear the artist's comment. Turner took the clay pipe which he usually smoked out of his mouth and made this profound remark: "Yes, painting is a rum thing, it is"; and that, perhaps, is the best attitude of the artist. His province is not to write about his art, but to act. It is with painting as Wordsworth said it was with poetry, every great man must make his own following. So, therefore, in spite of much writing on the part of Mrs. Humphry Ward about Fenwick, we reluctantly come to the conclusion that he had not the root of the matter in him, and he certainly was no Romney.

If we turn from the painter's side of the novel to look at it as pure literature, the criticism that one is almost compelled to pass upon the work is that the characters are somewhat wanting in life and full-bloodedness. If Madame de Pastourelles had possessed a little more of Emma Hart's spirit she would have been a more interesting character, though perhaps not furnishing such innocuous reading for the benefit of the Young Person. Lord Findon, as the Mæcenas of the piece, is somewhat of a lay figure. The painters are drawn with a considerable amount of vivacity and individualism and furnish what is perhaps the best reading in the book, though we are made to see a good deal of the more sordid aspect of art and, what is still more fatal, it is exhibited in a rather sordid light. The peasant wife, again, seems to be drawn on rather hesitating lines, as though the novelist were not quite sure what to make of her. It is probable that Mrs. Humphry Ward does not quite understand the simple strength of peasant men and women. Most of the striking characters in her novels are the creatures of fashion and luxury, or belong at any rate to circles where refinement is the rule; but much that distinguishes them is pure tinsel and it would test the strength of this popular novelist if she would

endeavour to give us a study of men and women that has no meretricious attraction, and no "topicality," to use a journalistic word. The idea of taking a well-known story of the eighteenth century and fitting it up with the gear and tackle of the nineteenth century savours of a direct appeal to popularity more than of attention to what is perhaps the noblest of all arts, that of creating a work of imagination.

### COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

*A Short History of Comparative Literature, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE. Translated by M. DOUGLAS POWER, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.)

EVER since the Natural Sciences attempted to dominate the realm of knowledge, it has been the habit of those who must be in the movement at all costs to demand for their pursuit the dignity of a science. So we saw the late Professor Max Müller claiming for the study of language the exactitude which is said to belong to botany or physics. So another enterprising scholar presumed to establish the mythology of the whole world upon a definite basis with the simple help of the sun and the moon. And more recently an eminent critic has claimed that his craft is a branch of Darwinism or Haeckelism. In other words he has said that a poet is "a complex instance of natural selection, obvious and almost geometrical, yet interfering not a whit with that counter-principle of individual variation which is needful to make the poet not a parasite upon his artistic ancestors, but an independent output from the main growing organism." M. Loliée would carry this nonsensical jargon a step further, and invites us in a short history of some four hundred pages to make a comparative study of universal literature.

If M. Loliée's book have any clear meaning, it is that the literatures of all countries are organic growths, each having its permanent distinguishing marks, and differing one from another in a constant ratio at each stage of their progress. As you distinguish this race from that by noting facial angles and measuring skulls, so at a glance you may part one literature from another. The French, for instance, "are especially appreciative of noble linguistic style." The Germans, on the other hand, "are endowed by nature with a strongly marked international sense." For England not much may be said. "Common sense is the characteristic mark of British talent." Is it? Is common sense the quality which most easily leaps to our mind when we consider Shakespeare or Ben Jonson, or Byron or Shelley? Italy fares not much better than England. "Save for certain notable exceptions, the profounder side of nature," says M. Loliée, "has often escaped the Italian, nor does he know mankind deeply or truly." Alas, poor Italy! At the outset it seemed that Spain was to fare better than her neighbours. "Spanish literature is profoundly original," we are told. But there is a fly even in this pot of ointment. "To conclude, we must make this observation"—thus M. Loliée—"namely, that the appreciation of the beauties of nature and the simple pleasures of family life are almost totally absent from Spanish literature until the advent of the last contemporary novelists." Fancy that!

Now, the worst of these hasty generalisations, made in the name of a false science, is that they leave the poet, the philosopher, the historian, out of the account. They imply that literature is a plant which will grow of its own accord if only you give it enough water. But literature does not grow. It is made, as chairs and tables are made. The one thing necessary to its production is not natural tendencies or racial qualities, but the artist, and he comes only after his own way and at his own time. If you put a certain seed in the earth, a turnip will surely be the result; but how shall you contrive the growth of a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, or a Tennyson? The poet, indeed, is not the product of his age. It would be nearer

the truth to say that the age is the product of the poet. And without a pseudo-scientific dogmatism no more can be said than that the age and the poet reciprocally influence one another. Shakespeare was born not of his generation but of his father and mother. His genius belonged to himself and to his ancestry. By no method in the world shall you docket it as the outcome of the national temper and the wise government of the Tudors. Among the many thousands of Englishmen, born into the sixteenth century there was but one Shakespeare, and to attempt to bring this splendid exception under a general rule is bad criticism and foolish science. A man of genius will give expression to the poetry which sings in his brain, whether he be French or English, and we shall not understand his music the better if we throw him hastily into a heap with all the poets who speak his own tongue. And how does M. Loliée arrive at his generalisations? By guesswork or by counting heads? In either case he wastes his time. If he have a natural gift for guessing, let him exercise it not on literature but on conundrums. And if he arrive at his conclusions by counting heads, let him at least respect the rights of minorities. He says that the simple pleasures of family life are absent from Spanish literature. If he will read the "Exemplary Novels," perhaps he will be persuaded to change his opinion.

In order to make his comparison complete, M. Loliée takes us at a gallop over the whole course of literature. With breathless speed we are hurried from the abode of prehistoric man to Egypt, to India, to Greece, to where you will. It is not surprising that in this rapid rush M. Loliée often stumbles and falls. Rarely indeed does he keep a tight hand upon the rein, and his steed, whether he call it Literature or Science, gives him many a nasty fall. In other words, he either blunders or tumbles into commonplace. He is always tripping between falsehood and truism. Of Homer he has nothing more illuminating to say than that "we may not ignore the fact that for thirty centuries Homeric creations have presided over the destinies of all literatures." And the scientific method does not prevent him from sinking into the lowest pit of sentimentality. "The very name of Sappho enables us," says he, "to realise that inspiration can ennoble and regulate the most passionate love." There is the true accent of Pecksniff. And is it not consoling to be told that Euripides "took a happy medium tone between baseness and moral elevation"? As we come down the ages M. Loliée is still further at fault. Chaucer, he discovers, "brilliantly headed a series of national writers in England," and "the English imagination was ready to follow him." And who followed him, think you? Dryden and Leigh Hunt "in the modernisation of some of his tales"! From which it is clear that our professor of Comparative Literature looks no deeper into poetry than its plot.

In dealing with English literature M. Loliée is singularly unhappy. He sums up the talent of Goldsmith in these ingenuous words: "He was a kindly but severe moralist, and one of the most original writers of his country. His irregular life was not always in correspondence with his idealist literary work." Of Marryat he says no more than that he "followed Dickens," which is untrue. He has discovered that "the exotic Stevenson affected the heart of the nation with the Imperial sentiment." In the name of Comparative Literature he assures his readers that Howells and James are "the authors of the best novels in the English language at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century." Concerning this, indeed, there is no dispute. "England herself," we are told, "is the first to bear witness to it in her journals and reviews, and the avowal is all the more remarkable as she herself possesses at the present time novelists of great talent, such as George Meredith, the subtle portraitist of feminine character, and Thomas Hardy, the gifted analyst belonging both to the Romantic and the Modern School." We wish M. Loliée had told us where this avowal had been made, and had

also explained how, in the cause of science, he can divide Mr. Hardy into two unequal portions.

We have read this work with dismay and disappointment. We had fondly hoped that the day had long since gone by when a list of the hundred or thousand best books might masquerade as literature. And even as a list M. Loliée's work is incomplete. For he seems to say nothing of Pope, and he mentions Rabelais by accident. Sciolism such as this is not merely useless. It encourages idle readers to the hypocrisy of pretending a knowledge that they do not possess. And as for M. Loliée's comparisons, they are fit only to be made at a penny-reading. It remains to add that the book is very ill-translated, and that it bristles with misprints.

### ALICE'S LOOKING-GLASS

*The Mirror of the Century.* By WALTER FREWEN LORD.  
(Lane, 5s. net.)

It is to be hoped that the Countess of Tankerville is not so unfortunate as to receive many letters like that addressed to her by the author of this book and printed as an introduction to it, for it is a long epistle and, sooth to say, we find it more than a little dull. The only thing that tends to enliven it is a very singular attack on the reputation of Thackeray. We are told that Mr. Ruskin's famous "Poison" sums him up not unfairly. "After Shakespeare one is glad to be alive; after Thackeray one is horribly ashamed of oneself." He even attributes to Thackeray the lapse of the great middle-class of England from political authority to contented insignificance. On the other hand it is amusing to find him taking Thackeray's disciple, Anthony Trollope, who has been described as Thackeray with all the poetry left out, and praising him up to the skies.

Mr. Frewen Lord, however, does not keep long to literature. He seems to think novels were written chiefly for the purpose of propagating political opinions. He tells us that for thirty years "shouts of pagan exultation went up as estate after estate went out of cultivation," which is absurd, as Euclid says. "Finally, as a result of attacking alike our land and our manufacturers, we find our sons and daughters starving in the streets." This will amuse those who heard Mr. Asquith's Budget speech, or who heard Mr. Chamberlain himself extolling the youth of this country only a few nights ago. However, political argument would be out of place here. One can only offer sympathetic condolence to the Countess of Tankerville, on whose unoffending head this long and dismal letter has been poured. The opinions in the book are precisely such as might have been expected from the introduction. Mr. Frewen Lord appears to have waded through a vast quantity of novels seeking not mere literary merit but the political or moral lesson they conveyed. The first sentence of his criticism is: "The art of George Eliot dominates the world of romance as the dome of St. Paul's dominates the city of London." Yet the next sentence seems to show that this declaration is not so confident as it looks, for he admits that during the last twenty years critical opinion has greatly changed in regard to her work. There are not many whose judgment is worth having who would endorse his opening sentence. But indeed the opinion is too absurd to call for comment. It seems quite natural that Mr. W. E. Norris should follow George Eliot in this curious assembly. He is described by Mr. Frewen Lord as the Gainsborough of English novelists. Of course we have all obtained great pleasure from the novels of Mr. W. E. Norris, who in truth is simply a very genial and pleasant disciple of Thackeray; but the very strong opinions here expressed can only tempt the reader into disparaging a favourite author. It is much to be regretted that living writers should be hauled before the public in this way. Naturally enough, Jane Austen, who comes next, is not

highly valued by this serious critic. He is dumbfounded because Macaulay acclaimed her "Shakespearean" and Mr. Howells found her "divine."

The rush and riot of Shakespearean life, its tumultuous passions, its hell-black tragedies, and its glimpses of heavens undreamed of—I do protest that all these things would be vastly improper in Miss Austen's world.

It would be extremely pleasant to hear Macaulay dealing with this sort of stuff. The following passage, will, we think, satisfy most inquirers as to the value of the criticisms before us:

Miss Austen will have none of this. Her heroines are ordinary healthy young women who live the most ordinary lives imaginable, and they are perfectly drawn. Even so Gerard Dou's cats are perfectly painted, even to the very iridescence of their whiskers. They are very bad cats, destitute of all the points that mark the good cat; and one cannot help wondering, was it worth while?

We next have the Brontës, and then comes W. M. Thackeray. The passage in the preface prepared us for Mr. Lord's criticism, but it is interesting to discover on what his opinion is based. For one thing Thackeray is accused of not being the accurate mirror of the clergyman of the nineteenth century. The conclusion arrived at is that "his picture of the Church is one of those half-truths which are so much more damaging than downright falsehoods." As Thackeray did not set out to paint the Church but only certain individuals who happened to be connected with it, the criticism is not very relevant. He is also accused of misrepresenting the Civil Service in the person of Jos Sedley, and probably Thackeray would have been much amused by being told that he had caricatured those many amusing people of his who claim to be descended from the Irish Kings. The gem of the whole criticism is the fault that is found with the novelist who, when describing the death of Lord Steyne, did not follow the exact facts about Lord Monmouth. Our critic goes on to say:

The extra scenery and machinery employed by Mr. Thackeray tell us nothing more than Mr. Thackeray's private opinion of Lord Steyne's future life. Why all this brutal invective? Disorderly behaviour in a man of mediocre rank would have hardly attracted Mr. Thackeray's attention. It is not because Lord Steyne was wicked, but because he was a marquis, that Mr. Thackeray denounced him. Exalted rank, like high character and lofty aims and noble achievements, must all be attacked and denounced, and until life is reduced to a desert of colourless drudges Mr. Thackeray will continue to disapprove. Even so, as Mr. Trollope observed, Mr. Thackeray worked himself into such a state of mind that a man could not mount his horse or put on his gloves or order his dinner without being called a snob.

Now let us take Mr. Frewen Lord in a moment of unwonted gaiety and listen to him while he sings the praises of Charles Dickens:

Lovers of Dickens the world over find in their worship a veritable freemasonry of mirth. Care drops from our shoulders and anxiety from our brows when we remind each other that Mrs. Nickleby decided to call Smike "Mrs. Slammons." In moments of depression, and even of misery, life becomes less wearisome when we murmur: "The Baron Sampson Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play? Ha! 'tis well, Marchioness! but no matter. Some wine there, ho!" Delightedly we cap passages; and while listening with joy to some reminiscence of the Fat Boy, we await the moment when we can slip in, "If the law says that, the law is a ass."

It were a profitless business to follow this author further. Indeed we find it impossible to realise the standard of ideas which makes such a judgment as he sets down possible. On every possible occasion he says the thing that is exactly wrong with a perversity that never deviates into illuminating criticism. To call these essays on certain novelists a mirror of the century was not the happiest inspiration. The nineteenth century was an extraordinary one, and marked by special characteristics of its own, but the feature that distinguished it was undoubtedly the scientific discoveries it brought forth. Not in the pages of Anthony Trollope and Mr. W. E. Norris is its spirit mirrored, but in the changes that have come over religion, science and philosophy.

## AN ANTIQUE SONG

*The Dawn in Britain.* By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. Vols. i.-ii. (Duckworth, 4s. 6d. net each).

I chant new day-spring, in the MUSES' ISLES,  
Of Christ's eternal Kingdom—Men of the East,  
Of hew and raiment strange, and uncouth speech,  
Behold, in storm-beat ship, cast nigh our Land!

But thou, dear Foster, Britain's Muse, record,  
What antique wights dwelled ere in this sweet soil;  
Who kings, of sacred seed, bare o'er them rule;  
What gods adored then the blue-pictured Britons.  
Sith tumults, great war-deeds of Britain's sons;  
And erst of glorious BRENNUS in Mainland,  
Who conquered Rome, and Italy did burn; . . .

THE first lines of the poem are enough to announce to the reader that he holds in his hand the most unexpected book of the year—an Epic on old-fashioned lines, and on a subject which is antique and obscure. The eight Books which have been published tell of the early history of the Gauls both in Britain and on the mainland, and—after a gap in the narrative—of the voyage of Joseph of Arimathea and his companions from Palestine to Britain, and their reception by the people of the island. The four which, we understand, are to follow will presumably deal with the Christianising of Britain. It is to be feared that the first pages, besides giving some idea of the strangeness of the work both in scheme and matter, will do a good deal towards making most readers feel disinclined to go further and discover its poetical qualities. For it soon becomes apparent that the poet writes a language of his own. From his use of the signs of punctuation to the structure of his sentences, the author's style is one which is not only entirely different from current speech, but which has never been an accepted manner in any period of English. Archæology is of the essence of the poem. Mr. Doughty has turned to the distant past for his form and his subject: he has drawn upon it for words, expression and illustration; but this is not all: his sentences are cast in a semi-classical mould, which imparts to the verse a full and peculiar rhythm by no means unpleasing when once the ear has grown accustomed to it. Yet he is consistent in his mannerisms; and, if we except his frequent use of ancient words and atavistic orthography, his language is, after its own fashion, unambiguous and perfectly intelligible. His verse with its inversions and ellipses has, together with all the involution, all the clarity of the Latin hexameter poetry.

We have spoken first of those features of "The Dawn in Britain" which are hindrances in the way of the reader, because they are precisely the aspects which are bound to make the first impression upon one to whom the book may be recommended quite casually (as it was to the writer of this article) and who has never heard Mr. Doughty's name before. Such a reader will in all probability not only feel discouraged by the numerous difficulties, but he will begin to doubt the possibility of a work so obviously built-up being also inspired—of so much learning and artificiality co-existing with poetry. But if he will read on for a little time until he is familiar with the style, he will soon find his attention riveted to some "episode" or passage of peculiar interest, such as the incident of Queen Corwenna reconciling her sons, who had taken up arms against each other, or the chivalrous combat between the Gaulish King Brennus and the German Heremod, or the journey of Odin to inquire of Balder in Hel. Other particularly salient passages are those relating the crossing of the Alps by the Gauls and the taking of Rome, and, later in the poem, the sacrilegious spoiling of the temple of Apollo. But perhaps the passage which will best bear extracting is the account of how the image of Samoth's god journeyed in the sacred waggon drawn by two white colts from Kent to Stonehenge. We regret that it is too long to quote in full:

Cropping the tender herb, those colts draw forth,  
With tardy wavering pace. Wend barefoot choirs,  
Of white-stoled druids, all chanting where they trace:  
With whom much people, which have crowned their heads,  
With guirlands, and that carol on green grass  
Descends this sacred pomp, from shire to shire:

See, how the goddess, Mother of the Year,  
Her virgin youth reneweth! late, having doffed  
Her russet homely weed of winter teen,  
She takes new raiment, on her, of high tide,  
With silver knops and buds of living gold.  
The earth her garden is, wherein she goeth  
As Dawn's sweet breath; and all, with green, beds, decks,  
And gentle flowers, like a bride-chamber floor.

Through moor, through moss, and many an oozy ford,  
And bourn, they tread; that, in his hollow brinks,  
His pebble-streams, in reverence of the god,  
Withholds; that might they, dry foot, overpass.  
Through launds, and by sweet-smelling underwoods,  
Which guirlanded with honeysuckle locks;  
Where windflower blows, and dew-dropt daffodillies,  
With robin, meddled in the thicket grass;  
And loved maylilies, most of heavenly grace,  
And pure ambrosial breath: where vermeil-white,  
Are blossomed boughs, of cherry and the thorn;  
And strew wood-apple blossoms, their forest path.  
Be these wild garden-grounds of Britain's woods.  
Bow down their sprays, the latticed boughs of oaks;  
And seem to crown the Britons' antique god,  
With budded bronze. Bordering these breathing pines,  
Beyond the forest, lies fair champaign, wide;  
Sweet with wild thyme, and gift of the sun-god;  
Which flower of broom gilds widewhere, and the arms  
Of thorny honeyed whin, that heathbell shrouds;  
In whose frail trembling crocks, the wild bee sleeps.

But it would be a poor compliment indeed to Mr. Doughty if we were to recommend his work to our readers on account of its brilliant passages; for, ornamental as they are, they are not essentials. That which has chiefly and finally impressed us in his poetry is the vivid and convincing imagery of the whole narrative—the wonderfully living idea he has given us of a past which to most men is but dimly imaginable. His archæology is not that of Bekker's "Gallus," nor that of a certain learned but unreadable volume on the Attic Theatre. It is more akin to that of Robert Browning in "Balaustion's Adventure"; that is to say, it is vivified and illumined by poetic imagination. It seems as if the author must himself have fought and hunted with bow and spear in the primeval forest, listened to the bard singing the legends of the heathen gods, and noticed the impression made on his companions by their first sight of the Romans, a people of strange lineage and speech. Though his material be entirely derivative, the poem which he has made out of it could have been written by no one else. His writing is intensely individual; his art is the expression of his own personality. His utter disregard of accepted conventions makes it clear that he has written to please himself and not to win the applause of indiscriminate readers. To predict wide or immediate popularity for his book would be optimism run wild; we sincerely hope, however, that these two volumes may receive sufficient attention to encourage the author to publish the rest of the poem.

## THE MONASTIC IDEAL

*Life of St. Alphonsus de' Liguori.* Edited in English from the French of AUSTIN BERTHE by HAROLD CASTLE, M.A. 2 vols. (Duffy.)

ALL great enthusiasm demands admiration, as a form of that most precious of men's endowments—vitality: this it is that makes the book before us valuable to the general reader, that vitality is its keynote. Father Berthe, a member of St. Alphonsus's Order of the Holy Redeemer, wrote in French the life of a man who was a saint because he never wavered for an instant in his enthusiasm for his



cause. Father Castle, who has edited the English edition, has not let this fire of enthusiasm abate: he, too, was so impressed by the life at which he has worked, that he left a brilliant career to follow in the track of St. Alphonsus, and his devotion is seen in the elaborate care with which his work is done. And so there is an atmosphere of peace in the book which is due partly, no doubt, to its aloofness from what is known as the world, but which is due also—chiefly, perhaps—to the extreme devotion both of the saint to his work and of the writers to the memory of the saint's life. Father Castle's work is a free translation from the French, with much of his own added—and it is a translation into scholarly English: but on reading the volumes we were conscious of another hand, writing in a style quite other than that of the notes which are Father Castle's own and of large portions of the translation: a hand that writes slovenly English and favours the outpouring of unctuous religion without simplicity and often almost naively out of context. We made inquiries, and discovered our conjecture to be well founded. Father Castle's manuscript was subjected to authorities at Rome and returned in a state that was unrecognisable: and though the book may in its present state offer safer guidance to the devout, its literary worth has been deplorably impaired.

The chief facts in the life of St. Alphonsus, Msgr. de' Liguori are these: He was born on September 27, 1696, took his degree of doctor in the year 1713 at a very early age, and scored success upon success as a barrister at the Neapolitan bar. He was always of an intensely religious temperament, but it was not until 1726 that he was actually ordained priest, having become in 1723 a novice at the Congregation of Missions. His father, Don Joseph, was much opposed to the step, having filled his heart with ambitious dreams for his son's worldly future, which were on the point of being realised when they were irrevocably ended by the act of renunciation. In 1732 he founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, the special object of which was the instruction of the rural poor. Their first house was in Scala, eight miles from Salerno; but a little later the headquarters were transferred to Ciorani, and in 1743 to Nocera dei Pagani, which is still the chief house of the Order. All the difficulties which Alphonsus encountered in founding his Order are fully described; but special care is given in the present edition to what is known as the *Regolamento*. When he was a very old man—eighty-three years—the Order, his love for which, we read, was second only to his love for God, was threatened with destruction by a regal decree of illegality: his Congregation was weakened but was not destroyed. The old man's strength sustained the condemnation, and, before his death on August 1, 1787, at Nocera dei Pagani, he had the joy of knowing that it was firmly re-established.

Alfonso [we quote from Jannoia] was of middle height, but his head was somewhat large and his complexion fair. He had a broad forehead, a beautiful eye a little blue, an aquiline nose, a small mouth, pleasant and rather smiling. His hair was black and his beard which he cut short with scissors but did not shave, well grown. . . . Being shortsighted he used spectacles which he took off when preaching or speaking with women. . . . He could be great with the great and little with the little, adapting himself to all to draw all to God. . . . He was always recollected. . . . He was an enemy of a pleasant and easy life, yet the more austere he was with himself the kinder and more compassionate was he with others.

In his love for animals he resembled St. Francis, and we read that "one brother who had thrown a cat which had annoyed him out of the window was deprived of his fruit for eight days in punishment of his cruel action." Again, his students once gave him two doves, and the doves became so friendly with him that they sat upon his shoulders and fed from his hand during meals: when the saint thought that they had taken enough he said kindly, "Now away with you," and then they immediately flew away to their cage. But, unlike St. Francis, St. Alphonsus became a bishop and wrote many theological works and

tried by his writing to thwart the progress of the "infidel Voltaire." It is interesting to learn that a rumour came to Naples that Voltaire had been converted and that St. Alphonsus wrote to him, by a friend in Paris, a long letter of congratulation upon the event, begging him to publish a recantation of his past infidelity. The letter was never delivered: the rumour, it is needless to say, was not founded upon any fact.

The book ends with an epilogue, which is called with considerable beauty "St. Alphonsus in his Congregation," and which gives the history of his canonisation and the history of the Order from 1787 to 1905. The whole aim of Father Castle, which is seen in his delightful notes, has been to emphasise the human side of the saint's character, that he might not seem a peerless paragon so much as a very human man whose saintliness lay in the triumph of his spiritual nature over weakness. That third hand has helped to obscure his aim: but it is none the less apparent. Few men, indeed, have not experienced a weariness or disgust at the pressure of the world. "The time is out of joint," cried Hamlet. "The world is too much with us," wrote Wordsworth in one of his most inspired moments. The instinct that drove men to renounce the world will never die; but that instinct does not now drive the men it obsesses only into a monastery. Freedom is what they crave; and they are not anxious, as a rule, to exchange one set of fetters for another. Rather, like Thoreau, they live upon themselves: little by little eliminating the necessities of life, which are the present fetters. For civilisation has done away with the boisterous, unruly element, to escape which the quiet and the peaceful were forced to become monks or be slain. The world has grown more orderly and complaisant: it exacts other tributes from its adherents. There is no need for a recluse to join an order for protection: he can do without, as much as in him lies, and no one interferes. We are not less religious: but our religions are more varied with the greater experience of mankind—though all religion is at heart the same, leading a man a little further afield than the limits of his own personality, so as to bring him into communion with the great force of life, which is the spiritual force.

From link to link it circulates  
The soul of all the world,

which Keats celebrated when he wrote, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty"; which Browning realised when he wrote:

Then life is—to wake not sleep  
Rise and not rest, but press  
From Earth's level . . .  
To the heaven's height, far and steep . . .  
Where Power is Love.

And Shelley's words, "To fear himself and love all human-kind," might have been spoken by St. Alphonsus and might be hung in red letters on the walls of any monastery.

Who shall limit human ways of reaching humanity's ideal? Who wishes to do so lacks reverence for the soul of man, which, in all its strange lapses and twistings, contains what is divine and what is infinite.

#### LETTERS FROM SAMOA

*Letters from Samoa, 1891-1895.* By MRS. M. I. STEVENSON.  
Edited by MARIE CLOTHILDE BALFOUR. (Methuen, 6s. net.)

STEVENSON'S reputation is passing through the usual vicissitudes. Mr. Kipling excepted, no writer of our time was more widely or loudly acclaimed in life. At his death the praise of him went up in still greater volume wherever he had been read; and then, in less than a year, signs of what is called "reaction" began to appear in the

customary way. More particularly his style, which had been so much admired and enjoyed, was objected to as rather painfully artificial; a fault, we venture to think, which would have remained obscure to this day if he had not described with Rabelaisian exaggeration his labours to acquire a style. Since then, some critics more critical than others have even asked whether, after all, he should not be rated as a very superior writer of books for boys; the authority for that view being also supplied by Stevenson himself, when he sent the manuscript of one of his best stories to the editor of a boy's magazine. Yet a good many of us keep in being the belief that Stevenson was a man of fine inventive and discerning imagination as well as of keen descriptive power, and therewith (especially remembering certain essays of his) a writer of admirably choice and meaning English, however come by. Through these gifts he will regain his own again after awhile—new generations of young authors, not improbably, poring upon "*Virginibus Puerisque*" in hope of catching from it the art of good writing. Lucky for them if they succeed. Meanwhile we of unaltered faith go on reading him from time to time, with a ready welcome for all that can be told of the writer. Not that much remains to be told, if anything. Substantially, all has been said—there can be little more to learn in any way.

We have now before us "the second and last instalment" of his mother's letters, "written during her journeys to Samoa and her life there in the household of her son, up to her return home after his death." After the first fifty pages, they are full of the small significant particulars which men too often neglect, even with the great example of Boswell before them, and which few male creatures know how to describe as multitudes of women do without taking thought. Therefore this last batch of letters is always interesting, although Vailima was but a little world and the life there much of a muchness day after day. Nor is anything described in these letters that is new to us. We have seen it all before, either in glimpses or in full displays, and yet, for the reasons suggested, the book is an interesting one for all Stevenson's friends and lovers, though all it does is to revive and sometimes to vivify impressions already recorded. The Vailima house, the Vailima household, its employments, its dissipations, the atmosphere of it and the strangeness and beauty of its surroundings, are vividly described by a pen which is not literary and yet has all the point and effect which "come naturally" to the most unambitious women whenever they sit down to write. There is no conscious attempt, for example, in the letter that fills pages 54 to 57, but it is a full and finished description all the same, with the prime merit of making itself memorable without awaking the least effort of memory. And as we go on with our reading again we see how brave a fight Stevenson made against an unconquerable weakness which yet was not that which overcame him at last. It is highly probable that, by calling up his vital forces, his work (being what it was) combated the malady which he and his friends believed would be the ending of him. And so we may still believe it would have been, if the work had not wrought good and harm together. But he could not take it easily, this work. Sometimes it excited him to absolute exhaustion, and so prepared and brought on the fatally sudden blow that ended his life and all its great capacities. So we may reasonably think at any rate.

As to his fame, that is like a great many other things in the keeping of the ages. No writer of the last fifty years has died without a wave of depreciation following his death. It was so with George Eliot, with Robert Browning, with Anthony Froude—to take only a few examples—and no doubt the whirligig of time will bring in his revenges. It takes no very exhaustive knowledge of English literature to enable one to put a finger on authors whose reputation has lain under a cloud, and then come out shining and more resplendent than ever. We do not say that Stevenson will so emerge, but he may.

## IN THE FOREST

THOUGH I have borne the brunt of 'battled spears  
Unflinching, 'neath these boughs that writhe and twist,  
My heart is as a wren's heart when she hears  
The litch-owl calling through the evening mist,  
And falters frail—a thing of fluttering fears—  
Before some shadow-plumed antagonist.

Quaking, I ride; yet know not what I dread.  
Naught stirs the boding silence save the sound  
Of beechmast crackling 'neath my horse's tread,  
Or some last leaf that rustles to the ground;  
And long it seemeth since the sun, blood-red,  
In sea on sea of night-black boughs was drowned;

Though dark hath not yet fallen; wavering gloom  
Sweeps through the brake, and brims each hollow dank;  
Empty of light, the stirless pine trees loom  
Against the glistering sky; and grey and lank  
The shadows rise, as ghosts from out the tomb,  
And, closing, follow at my horse's flank.

But them I fear not; nor the beasts that lurk  
Beneath the cavernous branches, crouching low,  
Whose famished eyes burn on me through the mirk;  
Spellbound, they spring not; 'neath the cleaver's blow,  
Their desperate fangs would snatch the blinded stirk,  
Yet quail before the doom to which I go—

The unknown, death-plumed horror that, at last,  
From its old ambush in the heart of night,  
Leagued with long-thwarted perils of the past,  
Shall swoop upon me with unswerving flight.  
Drink, while ye may, the light that fades so fast,  
O eyes that shall not see the morning light!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

## YE VERDANT GROVES, YE SYLVAN SHADES

THE eighteenth-century view of Nature has been exposed by criticism, time after time; and whenever its poets discover a little true observation or pastoral sentiment, they win an excessive applause in which they are most effectually hid. Dyer, for example, has suffered by the bright light in which his verses have lived for the past century. Not content with showing that "Grongar Hill" had a charm, Wordsworth said extravagant things about the terrible "Fleece"; no critic has since added discrimination to enthusiasm; and in the end a pretty loud laugh is likely to come. Aesthetically, of course, Gray's Virgilian sentiment is more important; and, historically, so are Thomson's observation and brave efforts to digest it in an unpropitious day; but is there not also a definite and inalienable charm in the average eighteenth-century poet's view?

It has seemed to me that the critic, travelling with his wonderful "nose of a rhinoceros" through time, is apt, however many volumes he may obtrude, to win something less than the whole truth by cleaving faithfully to his historical point of view. He finds little observation and magical sentiment in the eighteenth-century masses; and that is true enough: but he never clearly acknowledges that they may yet have for us a singular delight. It is much like the delight of a pretentious old building which all the architects condemn, except Time. The thing has a way of assaulting the heart which the canons do not explain.

Take Goldsmith, for example—a writer who usually set little store by his descriptions of Nature, his "*Natural History*" notwithstanding. My own fancy aiding, I gain a rich and pleasing impression from a few lines of his,

with nothing apparent in them but facile observation and (I think) a genuine sentiment; for example, this, from "The Deserted Village":

No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, cloak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries . . .

In its place it is more effectual than things of our own day, far more truthful and melodious.

The few readable pages of Shenstone, again, especially when they are met unexpectedly after the "Ode to a young lady somewhat too solicitous about her manner of expression," are more moving than a critic could show to be probable. Perhaps the fact that Shenstone died long ago, after a foolish pathetic life, is not without its influence upon my impression; but what I would insist on is that, though there are a hundred men living now who can stuff their verse or prose with more natural history than he, yet he has a power distinct from theirs, a power that we should do ill to explain away or ignore. I would even admit to finding a true rapture in his

O sweet disposal of the rural hour . . .

So, too, in the stanzas on herbs in "The Schoolmistress," beginning

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak.

Even Smollett—I fancy the critic's ears twitching at his very name—Smollett has, imbedded in his songs and odes and satires and history and fiction, a few lines that taste of the country purely. If they stood alone, or in the work of a professed encomiast of Nature, they would be vain; but, where they are, such lines as these in his "Ode to Leven Water" are full of enjoyment and life:

Pure stream in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;  
No torrents stain thy limpid source;  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,  
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;  
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
The springing trout in speckled pride;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war;  
The silver eel and mottled par. . . .

And who, in reading the lesser eighteenth-century poets, has not been delighted, as by some indiscretion in a too severe existence, by even so conventional a touch as that of Ambrose Phillips in his "To Charlotte Pulteney"?

Like the linnet in the bush  
To the mother-linnet's note  
Moduling her slender throat.

Such things, in their setting, remind me of the old London merchant, faithful to London for half a century, who lay on his deathbed and replied to one who asked whether there was anything he needed: "Yes, Marlborough Downs and the rain."

But what, above all, is pleasant in these bewigged poems, is the truly rural sentiment. The poets are mostly townsmen, preferring the town. Of the modern sad passion for Nature they have nothing: they simply love the fields in their season. Now and then they go out into the country, and in their *fêtes champêtres* there is something gay and foreign from us which calls up a vision of fields more unspoiled than they are now. There were elves in those days; country people saw them, if poets failed: if you were returning after nightfall, from a day's shooting, you might see the torches that lit the King of the Cats to his grave. The country had always been there, and was to be there for ever. It had not yet assumed the "pale cast of thought." They greeted it and smiled, as men once greeted Helen, not thinking of her immortality. And so the words which they used in praise or

description of Nature were less profuse, less precise than ours. When Dr. Thomas Parnell talks of early shepherds "printing long footsteps in the glittering grass," we have to fill in, each to his taste, what that blithe lover left out. When he says "a grove" he means as much as Mr. — when he writes a score of sonnets; and he and many others give us a feeling that they have been out in the country and have liked it, but thought it an unliterary experience of what Gay calls "amusing thoughts and peaceful hours." To glance for a moment at prose—there are pieces in Fielding which, for pastoral sentiment, cannot be challenged by anything in our more elaborate style. They are of a genuine rusticity, while in the finest things of a late day, the landscape is pensive with a by no means rustic sentiment. It was a day when literature seems to have been diffident of making use of anything which was not suitable for polite discourse. There was little poetry which might not have been written, on a full stomach, in a drawing-room. The great literature of Nature represents rather the unsocial thoughts of men—thoughts sometimes ejaculated in most intimate conversation, sometimes not at all in speech. Such thoughts were not suited to the common methods of the eighteenth century, though they are not absent from the work of the greater men. But it would be rash to assume that, because men did not express many unsocial thoughts, they had them not. Men did not often write love-lyrics in Chaucer's day, yet I suppose they loved. Thus, the frugal lives of these commonplace poets imply—it is uncritical to say so—much that is common to humanity but unexpressed; and they suggest as well. They had their conventions, their personifications, their nymphs and Ohs, for which in some moods we can spare some tender mockery. At least, it should be tender, since it is hard to foretell of what conventions we ourselves are to be accused by an enlightened posterity.

E. T.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### GLAMOUR AND VISION

IN one of his excursions into the field of criticism in "Traffics and Discoveries" Mr. Rudyard Kipling sums up in a striking manner the extreme view of the romantic school to which he belongs. He cites two famous passages in modern poetry. One is the verse in which Keats conveys in a few lovely words the mood of ecstasy excited in him by the nightingale's song, that

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

The other is that description of the unearthly chasm in the garden of Kubla Khan—

A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!—

in which Coleridge embodies in a phrase the spirit of malign beauty that informs the artificial paradise of the opium-eater. These two passages, Mr. Kipling says, are pure vision; the rest of English poetry is mere literature. Mr. Kipling has a violent manner of expression, but one can perceive his point of view. It is one from which the two sorts of ecstasy in poetry are confounded. There are four ways in this world. Some people only know of one; many recognise two; Mr. Kipling, like Thomas the Rhymer, has learned to distinguish three:

O see ye not yon narrow road  
So thick beset with thorn and brier?  
That is the Path of Righteousness,  
Though after it but few enquire.

And see ye not that broad, broad road  
That lies across yon lily leaven?  
That is the Path of Wickedness  
Though some call it the road to Heaven.

And see ye not that bonny road  
That winds about yon fernie brae?  
That is the road to fair Elf-land  
Where you and I this night maun gae.

He relishes so keenly the way of glamour that he mistakes it for the way of vision. Certainly for the quality of magic the two phrases of Keats and Coleridge are incomparable. Even in the ancient ballads, from which the poets derived somewhat of their inspiration, there is nothing of equal power. The cry of Douglas as he rushes into the field in the "Battle of Otterburn"—

But I hae dreamed a weary dream  
Beyond the Isle o' Sky,  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I—

which is perhaps the finest thing of the sort in our popular poetry, does not throw over one's mind so deep a spell. Neither is there so potent a glamour in the refrain of the "Lyke-Wake Dirge":

This ae night, this ae night,  
Every night and all:  
Fire and fleet and candlelight,  
And Christ receive thy saul!

But the dirge is very impressive. In the strange rhythm and the strange words there seems still to reside that eerie feeling that overcame the mediæval mourners as they chanted the burden over the body of the dead. It has a rude incantatory power, and it was this power which the later poets of the romantic school, such as Poe and Rossetti who lacked the imaginative energy of Keats and Coleridge, tried to recover by reverting to the primitive method of the refrain. Poetry is the most ancient form of magic. An hypnotic effect is produced by a rhythmical repetition of words of mysterious sound and dim similitude that bewilder the imagination, and then subdue it. All fine verse has something of this quality of charm. It is the entrancing element in poetry which distinguishes it from the reasonable art of prose. But such refrains as those which Poe and Rossetti employ are now rather ineffectual. The mind of the child and the savage may still be susceptible to the rudest form of incantation; the mind of a cultivated man of poetical temperament is only to be won by the fine and gradual sorcery of intricate rhythms, of syllables in musical array, and of subtle overtones of sentiment arising from the magic collocation of words. Yet when a cultivated man is overpowered by the glamour of poetry, he is carried away by a mood as irrational as that which the Red Indians excite in themselves by their necromantic chants. He becomes a creature of instinct, isolated in the midst of a universe in which everything is a mystery. Superstitions which interest him in his reasonable hours merely as matter of anthropological study, regain somewhat of their authority over his mind and arouse in him dim emotions of panic and wonder. Under the spell of the poet he lives over again the life of the savages out of whose spiritual experience the sombre substrata of his own soul have been slowly built. Like them he projects his personality into the world of inanimate objects and so enlarges the means of human expression. There is no "pathetic fallacy" in this. It is a pathetic reality. We are at times moved by actual and powerful feelings which can only be represented in this way. There are some moods, as Mr. W. B. Yeats observes, which men can only express by thrusting their souls into the heart of rocks and peopling again the earth with fairies and spirits of darkness. The poetry of the school founded by Coleridge and Keats derives its inspiration from that part of the subliminal region of the mind in which primitive ways of feeling are secreted, and in which, as Keats said in a letter to Reynolds, the

Imagination brought  
Beyond its proper bound, yet still confined,  
Lost in a sort of Purgatory blind,  
Cannot refer to any standard law  
Of either earth or heaven.

That is one kind of ecstasy; but Keats divined that there was a higher kind. A few weeks after composing the letter in question, he said to Reynolds:

I compare human life to a large Mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe. . . . We no sooner get into the second Chamber . . . than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight. However, among the effects this breathing is father of, is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of Man, . . . whereby this Chamber becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors are set open—but all dark—all leading to dark passages. . . . To this point was Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when he wrote "Tintern Abbey," and it seems to me that his Genius is explorative of those dark Passages . . . Here I must think Wordsworth is deeper than Milton.

Keats's letter is one of the most illuminating pieces of criticism in our language. His insight into the secret of Wordsworth's greatness is derived from a sense of similar power. "Now, if we live and go on thinking," he said, "we too shall explore them [the dark Passages]. . . . We read fine things, but never feel them to the full until we have gone over the same steps as the author." When he wrote, he too was losing his delight in the glamour of

The light that never was on sea or land,

and was seeking in the way of the mystics for the vision that comes when

With an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy  
We see into the life of things.

Keats explains very clearly in one of his later letters, in which he speaks of the world as a "vale of soul-making," the essential doctrine of mysticism, but he seems never to have had the direct illumination which Wordsworth describes:

I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

This is pure vision. In all the literature of mysticism one cannot find the ineffable experience of enlightenment adumbrated in terms of equal simplicity and power. Other writers use all manner of symbols in the matter, some of which are perilously ambiguous: Wordsworth conveys his feelings in plain, unfigurative language, and yet with incomparable effect. It even seems to me that the most inspired passage in Shakespeare:

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep;

sounds a little mundane besides the "Orphic song" of Wordsworth.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

## FICTION

*Tracks in the Snow.* By GODFREY R. BENSON. (Longmans, 6s.)

IN this history of a crime, "edited from the manuscript of the Rev. Robert Driver, B.D.," Mr. Godfrey Benson has strongly reinforced criminological fiction with a story carried out, as the stock advertisement phrase has it, upon entirely new lines. And very excellent lines they are. We do not remember reading such a clever murder story since Grant Allen's "The Curate of Churnside." Intellectually it is to the ordinary detective story as a humane judge is to policeman X, and those who have



grown a trifle weary of the rivalries between professional sleuth-hounds and cadaverous amateurs in detection may embark without fear upon this voyage of psychological discovery. Just at first, perhaps, there may be a momentary impression that the rector of Long Wilton is a little over-anxious to tell his story well, but if so it is rapidly succeeded by an interest in and sympathy with him which is sustained to the end of the book and constitutes one of its chief charms. Mr. Benson has done wisely in keeping the light steadily upon the little group of four (three travelled and experienced men of varied attainments and the rector) who dined with Eustace Peters at Grenville Combe on the eve of his murder. In this way, for the usual village gossip, parish annals and police-court records, are substituted glimpses of life amid widely different environments which lend breadth to the whole. Where the more ordinary detective story stock-in-trade is drawn upon it is always with admirable point and skill. That little thumb-nail sketch by defending counsel of a "most deleterious cleric," with a prejudice against the (unorthodox) prisoner and an animus to defend a certain suspect arising from a sickly sentiment towards his (suspect's) daughter, betrayed when he fled to her from an ailing family at Florence, is a delightfully humorous misrepresentation of the real facts of the case. From the tangled skein of preliminary possibilities the wary reader will of course refuse the first thread offered him, but all the loose ends are deftly manipulated, and when he has fast hold of the right clue there is no lack of excitement. Nor does the interest abate with the collapse of the plots against the "deleterious cleric" and the hunting down of the murderer, for by means of a subtle confession Mr. Benson has us absorbed in considerations of motive and character till the close of a very able book.

*Richard Baldock.* By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

MR. MARSHALL follows the fortunes of Richard Baldock, from birth to prospective marriage with an heiress, with great pains and without a hasty step; his style moves like the coming of old age, with slow insistence. As a mute protest against the usual indecent rush of modern novels, the book is invaluable and wins our support; but even a mute protest may be wearisome, and wearisome Mr. Marshall is apt to be. He is inclined to overweight in his sentences, to use long words for their own bad sake; in fact, in his desire (and it is a proper desire) to lend importance to his theme, he has been led to walk on stilts at times. And by this mistake he does not gain his wish and loses grace. This is most apparent in his treatment of Richard when Richard is a very little boy: his character is crushed under sheer phraseological weight, as the little ant is crushed in the great epic when he is styled "parsimonious emmet." Neither the child nor the ant can survive it. But as Richard grows in years he seems also to grow into closer sympathy with his creator; the writing becomes less stilted and there is much finer observation and wise deduction. His novel-reading phase, when he comes in contact with John Meaking (an excellent character-study) in the second-hand bookshop, shows deep and original insight. And here Mr. Marshall is too interested in what he has to say, not to say it as directly and simply as he can. We read these chapters over two or three times, and each time with renewed pleasure. They are so good that we felt, and still feel, a certain disappointment that Mr. Marshall should have thought it necessary to make what seems an unworthy concession in the matter of the ending. Richard is too well done to sink into a conventional hero.

*The Light.* By Mrs. HAROLD GORST. (Cassell, 6s.)

THE story of "The Light" follows closely upon the lines of "This Our Sister." It is, however, in some respects a more finished book, more even in narration, more restrained, not so horrible in its scenes and their details; moreover,

in "The Light" the idiom and the slang of the slums are less startling. Yet, even with these grateful concessions to hypersensitive readers, "The Light" is a tale of almost unbroken misery and temptation. That there should be many sordid scenes in it was but natural to the theme; others there are which are none the more pleasant for being resolutely lifelike; but both author and reader go through them with courage though not, perhaps, without mutual doubt of their acceptability. Margaret Durnley, a naturally honest, decent-minded servant, leaves her first situation in disgrace, and spends two years in a workhouse with her blind baby while she is still in her teens. By that time her friends have died or have disappeared: in such ways the author is obliged to dispose of every person who is kind and helpful to Margaret, either as a means of punishment or of ultimate redemption. Constantly exposed to the dangers of simple, unprotected comeliness, as constantly buffeted and beaten in a desperate struggle to keep herself and her child "respectable," the poor girl is not always ready to echo the cry: "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world." Even the most sensation-hardened reader must be moved at last to question why everything should go so persistently, cruelly wrong with Margaret, despite her own sterling qualities. No lot in life, even in the slums, is without some compensation, some moments of ease and even of content. That there should be such alleviations may be difficult of comprehension to most of us, and yet more difficult to describe convincingly by even the most observant of outsiders; but they exist, and should not be excluded from a study of this kind. What Mrs. Gorst gives us is a composite picture of the miseries of half a dozen poor "women of the people" under one name, painted with unflinching realism, in strong colours, and almost without shading or gradation. Not many years ago such a story as "The Light" would have found but a cold welcome from the general reader: now it belongs to a class of literature sanctioned by a passing fashion. Yet, strangely enough, but distinctly, Mrs. Gorst's novel has something in common with those old-fashioned religious story-books which demanded not so much repentance and atonement for sin as some definite turn to spiritual conversion. In this tale it is Timothy, the blind child, who shows his mother "the light." A mere gleam it is, but enough to enable her to find her way, through the most painful sacrifice a mother can make, towards some measure of future peace. Mrs. Gorst is not successful in her treatment of such menfolk as appear in her pages, but her landladies, laundry-girls, and cottagers deserve praise as individual and truly excellent portraits.

*George's Whims.* By PHILIP WHITHARD. (Allen, 6s.)

GEORGE'S other name is Harcourt, and he is very large, even fat, and forty, and eccentric to the verge of lunacy. His sister knows his eccentricity, and, fearing it, places him under the guardianship of her nephew, who is wise and twenty; and ward and guardian journey to Charmouth and live there together for a month. Mr. Whithard writes of their adventures, which are ingeniously contrived, with neatness and a sprightly dexterity. But he is a little apt to run a joke to death, and that strikes any one who has a feeling for jokes as unkind, especially when some of the jokes thus done to death are good jokes. For example, one old lady with a stentorian voice makes our eye twinkle, but the second old lady with a voice as stentorian dims the twinkle with a tear of regret, of annoyance even, and annoyance is a mood which it takes much pleasantry to tickle away. Twice, at least, Mr. Whithard annoys noticeably in this respect; and each time he has succeeded in smoothing away the annoyance. This redounds to his credit, as far as his invention is concerned, but points to weakness of workmanship, which will doubtless strengthen with practice. These Whims of George are, we think, his first attempt; let him learn restraint, and he will be able to give scope to his wealth of fun. Even as it is, his book

is most amusing: George's whim of craniology, which makes him measure the heads of the Charmouth people, and his strenuous effort to be a Viking and raid the coast of Wight, are delightfully funny.

*Mr. Baxter, Sportsman.* By C. F. MARSH. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MR. BAXTER is a shooting man whose single-hearted aim in life is to keep fit in order to kill his birds clean: though he likes cheese, we are told, "he never touches it, he feels it for days and is behind his birds at once"; and when, later, it comes out that his cellar is stocked with—not vintages—but three tons of shot specially "made" to ensure uniformity of pattern, the reader will not be unduly surprised to learn that, having failed to educate his niece to the high-standard of keenness and proficiency he deems requisite in his favourite sport, he feels that the only thing left for him to do is to find her a husband who will satisfy his exacting demands. His choice falls on a friend's son with whom he has a truly wonderful day's shoot, during which a ring of dead pheasants lies around the great gun "for a distance of sixty yards" and 140 cartridges account for 125 head killed. A yet more marvellous coot drive is described in which eighty-six fall to Mr. Baxter's guns. No wonder "Barry had heard of such shooting, had read of it . . . but had never before seen it, and the sight awed him." It was enough to awe any one. The rest of the book—describing this same Barry poaching and selling his father's game for pocket-money; his entanglement with a village girl; and his subsequent escape from his troubles—is uninteresting, and fails to convince the reader that such a sequence of events as here described ever did or was likely to take place.

## FINE ART

### SHAM ANTIQUES

AT Messrs. Dowdeswell's Mr. Byam Shaw is showing a small group of nine works. Paintings would be an inadequate term, because so many other things beside paint have gone to their making. In two or three of the nine Mr. Shaw is content with the usual resources of the painter, and these, despite a certain crudity of colour, are the most pleasing of his exhibits. But in the remaining works he lapses into Byzantine barbarisms, freely using gesso, inlays of mother-of-pearl, coral and other inexpensive precious stones. Nor does he make even a skilful use of his foreign ingredients. For example, in the picture called *Hope*, a string of real coral beads appears to be trickling out of the lady's chin, seen in profile. A fifteenth-century Italian would have known better than to use beads of exactly the same size to express a row circling a woman's rounded breasts. He would also have had the advantage over Mr. Shaw in that his models would have been of his own period and not of an aggressively modern type.

Mr. Byam Shaw's intentions are usually better than his achievements in colour, and his design of *Flora* if executed in black and white, might have expressed beautifully a beautiful idea. But in what poses as his principal work, *The Neglected Invitation*, there is no special beauty or originality of conception. This picture of the Saviour sitting at a long, empty banqueting-table, seems a rather commonplace subject treated in weak imitation of Gentile di Fabriano. The reactionary mediævalism of the Pre-Raphaelite movement seems to have touched bottom in such tired works as these. However much an artist may admire the work of such men as Vincenzo Foppa and the like, he should remember that they were trying to get as near to life as they could. If they had been alive to-day they would not have been so foolish as to shut their eyes to all that has been learnt in painting since their time. And when they learnt that beads could be rendered in paint as they have been rendered by Jan Van Eyck in his

splendid portrait group at the National Gallery, they would have thrown away their bits of coral and mother-of-pearl as any self-respecting painter of to-day would do. For a modern painter to have recourse to the jeweller's stock amounts to little less than a confession of impotence. Colour, liquid or solid, should be gently but firmly taken away from Mr. Byam Shaw, who has done and still could do delightful things in black and white. And if he urgently desires a change of medium, he should turn his attention to iron-work, in which his real gift for decorative design might find a more congenial outlet, and his rather forceful handling a more suitable material.

### WATER-COLOURS IN PALL MALL AND ELSEWHERE

Now that Arthur Melville is no more, the Old Water-colour Society is resuming in the realm of art a position analogous to that occupied by the House of Lords in the world of politics. If the exhibitors in Pall Mall do nothing in particular, they do that nothing reasonably well compared with the exhibitions of the Institute and younger societies. It is to be regretted, however, that so many of the more capable contributors have been won over to the use of body colour, for this breaking away from the purer and more truly national style tends to make their drawings, or paintings—call them which you will—a little dull. Pigment upon pigment will enrich the quality of an oil painting. Wash upon wash inevitably deadens the glow of a water-colour. The maidenly virtue of this medium is its purity; trouble that, and whatever else be gained its loveliest charm is lost.

Inasmuch as they respect their material, not attempting to make it do the work of another medium, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Robert Little, Mr. Herbert Marshall, the veteran Mr. William Callow, and even Mr. Reginald Barrett, despite the hardness of his colour, present street scenes and landscapes with a freshness lacking in the work of many artists otherwise far more distinguished. Mr. E. J. Sullivan, for example, is a much stronger draughtsman, a more original and decorative designer, but in *The Victorian* (74) he strives after an effect more proper to pastel, and pleasure in a charming composition is lessened by the sight of a medium whose highest virtues are ignored.

Mr. R. Anning Bell's idyllic compositions, *The Garden of Sweet Sound* (38) and *The Finding of the Head of Orpheus* (132) are rich in colour, varied in types, poetic in conception, and thorough in craftsmanship. Nevertheless the Venetian spirit in his work would breathe more easily in oil or tempera and needs greater spaces than sheets of Whatman paper if it is to expand to its fullest development. In his water-colours, as in his oils, Mr. Sargent astonishes by the dexterity of his handling, but the colour of his *Bedouins* (179) is a little crude; while Mr. Walter Bayes seems to have left his decorative convention in search of greater truth in lighting. When he has pushed his researches a little further his second manner may be a greater improvement on his first than at present it appears. Mr. George Clausen's work is always interesting, and his *Emptying the Sack* (143) is full of movement, simple and expressive in drawing, and impressive in depth and unity of tone. Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. James Paterson, Mr. Arthur Rackham, and other regular supporters of the society send exhibits which are pleasant and eminently characteristic, but too close akin to previous efforts to need further comment.

Some idea of what the Old Water-colour Society's exhibitions might be, in happier circumstances, is given by the collection of water-colours and black-and-white drawings at 5 Old Bond Street. The contributors are Messrs. D. Y. Cameron, Joseph Crawhall, Wm. Nicholson, W. Orpen, J. Paterson, J. Pryde, A. Rackham, E. J. Sullivan, and J. M. Swan, and to say that each is well represented is sufficient to prove how attractive is Mr. Paterson's new exhibition.

Mr. Crawhall, who has a wall to himself, is especially well represented, his water-colours on brown holland, such as *The White Horse* and *The Chinese Goose*, being as exquisite in colour as they are masterly in draughtsmanship. Mr. Orpen's portraits and Mr. Paterson's nude *Dryad* in a landscape are other notable exhibits.

Of the water-colours in the London Sketch Club's sixteenth exhibition, at the Graves Galleries, Mr. A. J. Mavrogordato's London street scenes stand out as at once the most decorative and the most distinctive. Mr. Montague Smyth's *Sea on East Coast*, Mr. Burnside's *Low Tide*, and Mr. Starr Wood's frankly conventional humorous drawings count among the most pleasing and least pretentious of the remaining exhibits. At the same galleries are water-colours of Ireland by Mr. Baragwanath King. As topographical records of very beautiful scenery they may prove satisfactory, but they are so literal, so lacking in individual vision and personal treatment, that their artistic interest is insignificant.

Miss Amelia Bauerlé, whose dainty designs will be remembered by all readers of the "Yellow Book," is showing at Messrs. Clifford's (21 Haymarket) a collection of water-colours and etchings, some realistic, practically all decorative, and many illustrative of fairy tales and poems. With her, Mrs. F. M. Unwin is showing child portraits and scenes from child-life in town and country, the title of the joint exhibition being "Dream Children and Real Children." Reality can scarcely hope to compete with such delightful dreaming as Miss Bauerlé's, but both exhibitors handle their mediums with a delicacy and affectionate discretion which the robust male might well imitate.

#### HISTORICAL PORTRAITS AT OXFORD

THE Committee of the Third Exhibition of Historical Portraits has succeeded in bringing together an interesting and fairly representative collection of portraits of personages who died between 1714 and 1837, the period in which English art gradually freed itself from foreign influence and culminated in the masterpieces of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. The early years of the eighteenth century were, as Mr. Lionel Cust says in the introduction to the Catalogue, "a period of gestation in England," and we need not therefore be surprised, when we look round the walls of the Exhibition, to find a certain number of miscarriages. In an exhibition of historical portraits many pictures must necessarily be admitted irrespective of artistic merit: so in the case of the daub which attempts to portray the features of *John Kyrie* (24), the saintly Man of Ross, the painter is forgiven for his subject's sake. Among the earlier English painters Jonathan Richardson is represented by three portraits, Joseph Highmore by an excellent portrait of *Edward Young* (77), and Hogarth by the curious *Assembly of Artists* (83) from the University Galleries. There are also examples of the works of Thomas Hudson and William Hoare. *Thomas Rowney* (80) by the Swiss artist Adrian Carpentier (the Catalogue prefers Adrien Carpentier) is so delightfully pompous that his portrait is worth mention if only on that account. The exhibition will probably interest most because of the fine group of paintings by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. As regards Reynolds, attention may be called to the portraits of *William Markham* (159), *Richard Robinson* (133), *Thomas Warton* (119), and to the portrait of *Edward Gibbon* (131) lent by the Earl of Rosebery. An unusually good opportunity is afforded of comparing this last painting with the *Gibbon* (130) by Romney, from the collection of Earl Beauchamp. Both portraits are well known, but it is a great advantage to have them hanging side by side. Hayley has said of the Romney that "the countenance is delicately exact in resemblance and truth of character, but the subordinate parts are very far from being entitled to praise." The historian is sitting at a table before three volumes of his *History*, to which he points with outstretched forefinger.

The effect of that forefinger is lamentable, and whatever admirable qualities Gibbon's face may express one cannot help being reminded of Boswell's epithet, "affected fellow." The portrait by Reynolds is admirable in its delineation of character, and leaves one convinced, without having recourse to books and finger, that Gibbon was a great historian and almost a philosopher. A good specimen of Romney's skill with nothing untoward uppermost is his *John Oglander* (118). The best portrait in the Exhibition is Gainsborough's *Welbore Ellis* (144), where all the finest traits of that artist's work are found—the skilful harmonising of tones (here rust-red and dark green), and the aristocratic grace and bearing with which he always invested his subjects. Three portraits by Allan Ramsay (123, 177, 184) should not be missed, and of those by Sir Thomas Lawrence special attention may be called to his *William Eden* (165), painted in a very free and pleasing style. There are, moreover, several portraits by Hoppner, Opie, and Owen, and a group of pastels by Lewis Vaslet, who, although uninspired, knew how to picture a face and leave some character in it.

## MUSIC

### CHORAL MUSIC—II

IN the fifteenth century the English school of music was justly celebrated, and indeed for a period of a hundred and sixty-one years (1400-1561) shared with the Netherlands the glory of being the foremost in the world. That English singers ran the Flemish very close is proved by the verdict of the Venetian Ambassador to the Court of Henry VIII.—a man who was doubtless familiar with the famous services at St. Mark's in Venice, conducted by the great Flemish Master, Villaert. "The Music," he reports, "was sung by His Majesty's choristers, whose voices are more heavenly than human. They did not chant like men but gave praise like angels." However, Flemish singers were in great request all over Europe, and it was the ambition of every court to have a choir-master from the Netherlands attached to its chapel. The most famous of these was Orlando di Lasso, who for thirty-seven years trained the chapel of Duke Albert of Munich in the most perfect style of polyphonic singing ever known. Such establishments were too costly to be maintained outside courts, and were therefore called *Scholæ Palatinae*; while their peculiar system up to the seventeenth century retained its name of *mos palatinus* or Imperial style. The choristers were, for the most part, boarded and lodged under the choir-master's roof, and received a good deal of severe discipline as well as instruction at his hands. Indeed, from a very early age the theories of music in most singing-schools seem to have been vigorously enforced by the rod. The whip used by Pope Gregory to impress the plainest form of plaint-chant on his pupils in the sixth century was for a long time exhibited as a relic, together with the book of modes and hymns compiled for their use. And the following complaint written by one Thomas Tusser after the Reformation shows that the protestant choristers of Wallingford fared no better than little papists:

O shameful time, for every crime  
What toosed ears like baited beares  
What bobbed lippes, what yerkes, what nips,  
What hellish toies,  
What robes, how bare—what colledge fare,  
What bread low stale, what penny ale  
Then Wallingford, how went thou abhorr'd  
Of silly boies!

In the previous century the children attached to the Chapel Royal of Edward IV., were domiciled in his palace and seem to have fared well. The board was plentiful daily: "two loaves, one messe of greate meate,

ij galones of ale." But these poor little warblers seem to have entered such institutions unwillingly enough, for we read of the existence of a sort of musical press-gang—officers who explored country districts, and were empowered by warrant to seize all children and youths "with good breasts, for service in the Royal chapel."

The first amateur choral society known was established at Prague in the twelfth century, and was doubtless formed by the scholars who had finished their course in the church choirs. A little later we hear of the *Currendani*—choral schools which educated poor pupils free of cost. On festival days these little *Currendani* went in procession through their different towns, singing in the vernacular, and in return for their sweet canticles received slender alms. These institutions were continued after the Reformation. The higher Cathedral schools trained a certain number of boys and youths called *Alumni*, who were also boarded and lodged; in return for this they were obliged to give their services to the church choirs and orchestras. The education thus imparted was of so excellent a nature that we are not surprised to read that Luther and Bach were among the *Currendani* and *Alumni* of their day. In large towns, after their terms in the schools had expired, these bands often united and formed *Collegia Musica* of their own for the better pursuit of a beloved art, and from such an institution the famous *Gewandhaus* orchestra of Leipzig originally sprang. In places of less importance amateur music-lovers sometimes joined with the *Currendani* to form choirs called *Cantoreyen* (from Cantor—choir-master or director), which made the performances of elaborate compositions possible.

England, above all other countries, remains the home of choral music. With her it is, indeed, a national art, a thing of natural development, whose beginnings can be traced back to the sixth century. As early as the twelfth century Giraldus wrote of the marvellous quality of our North Country voices, and noted that folk-melodies were sung in two parts by the people and even by their children—an unusual achievement in those days. Four centuries later the country was saturated with songs of all sorts. Chappell says: "Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, costers whistled, each trade and even the beggars had their special songs." Izaak Walton writes delectably of the gypsies' chorus, and milkmaids' ballads, heard in idyllic surroundings "under the sycamore-tree," he says, "on the primrose-bank and looking down the meadows." Milkmaids, it would appear, from all time, have had an especial gift for song. Pepys in 1662 speaks of these wenches as "coming home in pomp with their milk; sometimes they have musique go before them." Here is a pastoral indeed! Buxom Moggy and black-eyed Sukey, and Mally and Kate coming lilting through the green lanes with their foaming pails balanced on head or hip, and preceded by pipes and tabors. The waiting-maids, the barbers, the charity-school children, the guilds of tradesmen were all trained in music. In 1741 a certain madrigal-society, composed chiefly of "mechanics and weavers from Spitalfields," used to meet regularly at a tavern called "Twelve Bells" in Bride Street. A century previously, one Thomas Britton, "a small-coal man," instituted musical meetings, during which coffee was served at a penny the dish. We do not go to concerts at coal-shops now, nor do we encourage warblings from our hair-dressers and parlour-maids—not as an accompaniment to their personal services to us, that is to say. But lyrics are still fostered in the dairy, as may be seen by one of Thomas Hardy's most charming pages. Said that dairyman whom we all love: "These gam'sters," alluding to certain refractory cows, "do certainly seem to keep back their milk to-day. Folks, we must lift up a stave or two—that's the only cure for 't." Upon which, we are told, "the band of milkers burst into melody."

The plant that is destined to live must keep its roots in the soil, and though it is a long climb from a milkmaid's ballad to the Oratorio, the seed which blossoms ultimately in our concert-halls is still nursed in rural

England's heart. It is pleasant to think that choral music remains, in the best sense, a popular art with a race whose countenances in the Roman slave-market drew from the founder of Gregorian chant the exclamation, "Not Angles but Angels," and whose singing ten centuries later the Venetian deemed more heavenly than human.

"They did not chant like men, but gave praise like angels."

E#.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A COMPLETE edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell on behalf of the various publishers of his books. The new "Pentland edition" is to consist of twenty volumes (at ten guineas the set), the first of which will be issued in the autumn.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce that they have arranged for the publication of an octavo volume on "Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical," which has been compiled by Mrs. Aria, and is illustrated by Mr. Percy Anderson with sixteen full-page plates in colour and about eighty pictures in the text.—About the middle of the month the same firm promise "The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe," written by himself. Sections of the book deal with the chief life-work of the author, the successful building up of a school of chemistry at Manchester, and the endeavour which resulted in Owens College obtaining full University powers. The history of technical education, in which Sir Henry played a considerable part, is dealt with, and a picture of Parliamentary life from 1885 to 1895 is given.—Early in June Messrs. Macmillan will publish Sir Frederick Treves's book on "Dorset" in the Highways and Byways series.

On May 11, the anniversary of Fontenoy, Messrs. Blackwood will publish a history of "Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession 1741-48," from the pen of Mr. Francis Henry Skrine. The book is to have an introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has in the press and will publish shortly a new volume in the Library of Literary History: "A Literary History of Persia from Firdawsi until Sa'di (A.D. 1000-1290)," by E. G. Browne, sometime Lecturer in Persian at Cambridge. This is a continuation of the volume published in 1902, which treated of the literary, religious and intellectual life of Persia from the earliest times until Firdawsi. The present volume deals with Persian literary history (in the usual and more restricted sense of post-Muhammadan literary history) down to the Mongol Invasion, the sack of Baghdad, and the Fall of the 'Abbásid Caliphate. It thus includes, besides Firdawsi and Sa'di, the majority of the famous classical and many minor poets of Persia, and notable prose writers of every class. Such matters as the Sufi Mysticism, the history and tenets of the Assassins, and other religious sects of this period, and the technique of Persian poetry and rhetoric are also discussed with some detail, and due attention is paid to contemporary Arabic literature.

Messrs. Putnams will publish shortly a volume of the collected poems of Mr. Edward S. Tylee. The book, which will appear under the title of "Trumpet and Flag and other Poems of War and Peace," contains a selection from the writer's numerous contributions to the *Spectator*, *Speaker* and other periodicals, together with some additional poems.

Messrs. Harper will issue immediately a new book by "Christopher Hare," the author of "The Most Illustrious Ladies of the Italian Renaissance." It is entitled "A Queen of Queens and the Making of Spain," and is an account of Spain in its grandeur under the great Queen Isabella. The book deals also with the period of the Moorish dominion and the events which led up to the union of the Provinces and the rise of Spain as a Christian Power.



The new and fourth edition of "Lady Nairne and Her Songs," by the Rev. George Henderson, of Monzie, will contain some interesting and hitherto unpublished particulars concerning John Stewart, friend and secretary of Prince Charles Edward in 1746. Mr. Gardner, of Paisley, hopes to publish the book at an early date.

Messrs. Constable have in the press and will publish shortly Mr. Alonzo Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men." The book differs from the work of Lincoln's other biographers in aiming to concentrate the reader's attention on the one element of his personality which continually grows in significance: his mastery over different types of men as well as over himself. Chapters deal with his physical, intellectual, and early political life; and his relations with Douglas, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Fremont, and McClellan. A bibliography is included.

A new work entitled "The King's English" is about to be published by the Oxford University Press. The book deals with questions of vocabulary, syntax, "airs and graces," meaning, ambiguity and style, and there is a very full index.

"A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," by Professor Banister Fletcher and Banister F. Fletcher (Batsford), is, we understand, to be translated into Russian by M. Robert Böker, of St. Petersburg, to whom the Russian rights of translation have been sold.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie is publishing a volume on "Literary London," by Mrs. Elsie M. Lang.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A QUESTION OF TEXT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reviewer holds my edition of the *Elder Brother* to be "a work of caprice, not scholarship" because I have failed to record the reading of certain late editions. He is welcome to the phrase if it pleases him. I should only like to point out (1) that the term "Variorum Edition" applies, and always has applied since first used in 1803, not to an edition in which all variants are recorded (such as the Cambridge Shakespeare) but to one in which the notes are drawn from a variety of sources (as in Furness's Variorum Shakespeare); (2) that I explicitly stated in my introduction that I made no pretence of recording all variants and gave the rules which had guided my selection; (3) that I convinced myself by a careful collation of all seventeenth-century editions that the pseudo-1637 text was of no authority, being a mere trade reprint of the first quarto, and that I consequently only quoted its readings in cases where a divergence among the better texts made it desirable to record the readings of all. Whether these methods were capricious and whether the work based on them must, as a consequence, lose all claim to scholarship, I willingly leave to your readers to determine. In any case, I am not responsible for the general scheme of the edition, which, like most things, is probably not ideal. It is the editor of the Cambridge, not of the Variorum, Beaumont and Fletcher who purports to give all variants, but, as I have already shown, fails even to record those of the first edition. I in no way pin my faith on the Egerton manuscript, but merely record its reading as that of an independent authority which it undoubtedly is.

WALTER W. GREG.

Park Lodge, Wimbledon, April 28.

[Our Reviewer writes: "I was interested to read Mr. Greg's letter. In it he seems to illustrate more clearly than ever my point of variance."]

### THE POETRY OF ASIA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Sturge Moore in his "Literary Causerie" in the ACADEMY (March 24) on "New ideas for old" refers to the letter I wrote on "Shelley and Eastern poets." He grants that Hafiz, Jelaludin Rumi and the other Sufi poets of Persia may also be the greatest. But as he does not know their language, he is quite satisfied with hearing what England and Europe say about poets and poetry. He seems to think that Asia (the continent *par excellence* of poetic and religious thought) is a "dumb world"! Now, does senility mean "dumbness" in the sense in which he uses that word? Asia spoke her earliest words definitely, clearly, with pathos and poetry and passion to the listening world a few thousand years before Plato was born. She uttered her final words of wisdom with the brilliant Arabic civilisation in Spain and with the men of letters who flourished under Soliman the Magnificent in Turkey. From that time she has practically retired from

the gaze of the European audience. She has not given, since then, any new light to the world perhaps. But, be it ever remembered that her old light is unquenchably bright, expressing an infinite number of great things. She does not need anything more than modern science to rejuvenate her, as one Asiatic country has already shown.

Mr. Sturge Moore feels the need "of general ideas and agreement on them in regard to the interpretation of the use and value of poetry." Now, poetry is the dream of a paradise which an individual forms for himself. An idea of a national temperament can be formed by mixing together the fragrant essences that may be found in the paradise, conceived by each individual poet of a particular country. By this selective process, we get an idea of the poetry of different nations. In spite of some small differences, the various countries of Asia have agreed as to the principal characteristics of all great poetry. Poetry of the highest kind must be spontaneous and not elaborately wrought and polished. It must be melodious, for all true poetry should possess the power of enchanting the human mind. It must burn with various-coloured lights, sparkling with images of faint and far things seen and unseen. Our eyes and ears should be capable of carrying the images and the sounds of poetry to the seat of our soul which then soars upwards into supersensuous regions. Thus, all poetry dealing merely with humanity as it is, is on a lower plane than that which reveals and describes the heights which all cultured men aspire to reach. It is with such tests of great poetry, that Aryan and Semitic Asia considers Valmiki and Firdansi, Hafiz and Jelaludin Rumi, as the greatest poets of the world. Your Hegels, your Edwin Arnolds, and several others have acknowledged the supreme merits of these incomparable masters. How the European poets strike Oriental readers is not the question just now. What we look forward to is the further interchange of ideals between East and West. The East is learning not only physical sciences from Europe, but many other subjects also, whilst the West is studying with greater diligence now the philosophy, arts and literatures of the Oriental world. From this mutual exchange of thought, a new and more cosmopolitan method of artistic and literary criticism ought to result, which would embrace in its purview the work done not only by "England or Europe but by Asia and the whole world."

V. B. MEHTA.

Bombay April 14.

### "QUOUSQUE TANDEM—"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As "Horror plumed" has brought me to death's door, may I breathe my last breath in a feeble protest? No one can deny the literary distinction with which the best of our evening journals is edited. Imagine, then, my emotions when, on taking it up to-day, my eyes fell on the words, "The illogic will be, etc." "Illogic!" May I, on the same principle, charge that paper with "illiberalism," or acquit it of "illunacy"? Before I had recovered from this shock, I read in another column, "I for one reluctant at this apocalypse." Because the folly of some critics is "blatant," may I be allowed to "blate"? Talk of "dying of a rose in aromatic pain," as Pope does! Such a death is merciful compared with mine.

Alas! would that this were all! A friend urges me to "keep in touch with modern thought": may I urge him to "keep in step with modern music"? A bookseller presses on me "an up-to-date pamphlet": may I ask him for "a down-to-level speech"? We are told that the great curse of the country is "unemployment": may I congratulate Mr. Chamberlain on his "unambition," and bewail the "unfeeling" of children in our nation schools? Even the ACADEMY, if I mistake not, has talked of an "outstanding event": \* may I claim for myself that I am a "back-sitting man"? After this, it is a trifle to be told that "we are completely disillusioned": we shall soon be "cheerfully disenennued." A few days ago I read in a leading newspaper some such sentence as this: "One looks carefully at the picture, and then one sees (what one failed to notice at first) that one is mistaken in supposing it to be melancholy." "Le moi est haïssable," said an eminent Frenchman: what would Swift and Addison, "one" asks, have said of "one"? It is bad enough that Shakespeare should have been guilty of the attempt to neutralise "sans," and Milton "debel": but at least their sins are lost sight of in a blaze of glory.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

P.S. Pray forgive me for being "obsessed" (!!) with this subject.

[\* We think not.—Ed.]

### "ONE": THE LADIES' PRONOUN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—One took up one's ACADEMY this week and turned with interest to the article on "Sick-Room Fiction," by M. E. Francis. One had not read far before one was attacked in force by "the ladies' pronoun"; with increasing testiness one began underlining the thronging "ones" until the fair page of one's ACADEMY was quite spoilt for one. I counted eight sentences commencing with "One." A single sentence contained four: "How could one shut one's eyes when one was so anxious to calculate the extent of one's misery"; and there were forty-six in the whole article! This astonishing discovery caused me to investigate further, but in all the other twenty-two pages of the ACADEMY (advertisements included) I could not find more than thirty-eight "ones," and most of these were poor inoffensive numerals.

Can any one explain why it is that this little word has become monopolised by ladies as their own personal pronoun? I feel fairly confident that "M. E. Francis" is a lady: masculine writers seem instinctively to get along without using this pronoun, whilst lady writers simply cannot avoid it. I remember coming across, in Margaret Black's short life of R. L. Stevenson, a single sentence containing eight "ones"! The author of "Sick-Room Fiction" spoke of "certain minor facts which claim the attention of the patient with irritating persistence"; this ladies' pronoun has always seemed to me one of those minor facts.

Wallasey, Cheshire.

T. HERBERT KENDRICK.

[That our correspondent does not know so eminent a woman of letters as M. E. Francis (Mrs. Bluntell) excites some surprise. The use of "one" is the monopoly of neither sex.—Ed.]

#### PREPOSITIONS AT THE END OF SENTENCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In elementary books on English Style a rule is often given that prepositions should not be left over to the end of sentences but should precede their object. The argument from Comparative Philology, which shows that prepositions are in origin adverbs, is no doubt too remote for militating against this rule. But the other day I had the curiosity to dip into Swift's "Tale of a Tub" for the special purpose of testing whether he observed such a rule. I had no difficulty in discovering "it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in" (p. 98 in edition of 1766)—where modern purists (who also object generally to the omission of the relative) would have the unmusical "in which I am, etc." So again we have (p. 108) "a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to," and (p. 125) "whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them." Since the inferior class of modern grammarians are very positive on the point, I may quote a now forgotten authority. Campbell in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," Bk. III., ch. iv. § 2, p. 342 (2nd ed. 1801), says of "the frequent suppression of the relatives *who*, *whom*, and *which*," "this, I imagine, is an ellipsis peculiar to the English, though it may be exemplified from authors of the first note" and of three cases in which he declares the construction to be used the third is "when it is governed by a preposition." He gives as an example, "To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to" from the *Spectator*, No. 438. Further on (p. 346) he deals with the very point at issue. "In every other language," he says, "the preposition is almost constantly prefixed to the noun which it governs";—here, of course, he is in error—"in English it is sometimes placed not only after the noun, but at a considerable distance from it, as in the following example, 'The infirmity was indeed never so full as on this day, *which* I was at some loss to account for'" (*Spectator*, No. 440). He adds: "the singularity of the idiom hath made some critics condemn it absolutely. That there is nothing analogous in any known tongue ancient or modern, hath appeared to them a sufficient reason. I own it never appeared so to me."

I suspect ignorance is in part the parent of this rule. To end a sentence with half of an infinitive, "the rudimentary *to*" is, naturally, horrible to a cultivated taste. The caveat entered against this construction has, perhaps, been misunderstood. Ignorance too of the true nature and origin of prepositions has, as Campbell shows, had much to do with the rule. What might have been a good reason for it, viz., that the construction created obscurity, in point of fact does not exist: " (obscurity) is seldom or never the consequence."

T. NICKLIN.

Rossall School, Lancs.

#### THE WOLF OF BADENOCH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Were there two such characters?

The late Sir T. D. Lauder issued a novel under the above title, founding it largely on the career of Prince Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, a younger son of King Robert II., who reigned from 1371 to 1390. He was Lord of Badenoch, a wild forest district of Inverness, then infested by wolves; he died in 1394, *s.p.l.*, and his Earldom of Buchan passed to a nephew; but he left five natural sons, the eldest of whom, another Alexander, was afterwards Earl of Marr.

This last Earldom has its own history, for Thomas, the thirteenth Earl having died, *s.p.*, his sister Margaret, having married William, first Earl of Douglas, 1377-1384, their daughter Isabel Douglas became Countess of Marr. She married twice, her second husband being Alexander Stewart, the "Wolf of Badenoch"; this second marriage, however, was by a forcible abduction, yet she made a free grant of all her honours and possessions to her *said husband* who, at her decease in 1419, resigned all to the Crown, obtaining a fresh grant in 1426, with remainder to his own natural son Sir Thomas, who, however, predeceased him, without issue; having married a cousin named Elizabeth Douglas, Countess of Buchan, then a widow, who married again; he being styled Earl of Garioch.

This Alexander Earl of Marr was Ambassador to England in 1406, 1407, and 1416; he died in 1435, when his titles reverted to the Crown and were claimed by the Erskine family. Was the "Wolf," who married the elderly and widowed Countess of Marr, father or son, or

Alexander Stewart? Our author, named above, says it was the Earl of Buchan; Burke's "Extinct Peerage" calls the "Wolf" *son* of this Earl of Buchan, and Earl of Marr.

A. HALL.

April 21.

#### AUTHORS' MISTAKES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As H. D. B. has raised the point may I again refer to Sir Walter's "mistake"; H. D. B. says he does not know the locality. I do,—otherwise I had not written. The position of Cromer relatively to the Wash does admit of the sun setting in the sea. Fairport is Arbwath, the good people of which to this day point out Monkbarrow, Knockmarnock, Glenallan, and other places referred to in the novel, and a glance at the map will show that the nearest points at which it might be possible for the sun to set in the sea are Fraserburgh on the north and Fife Ness on the south.

With regard to the "mistake" itself a learned and observant friend with whom I once discussed the passage suggested that Sir Walter described a storm he had seen on the West Coast. The sudden change from dead calm to storm, "the mass of waters," the size of the waves, and the whole atmosphere of the description are Atlantic rather than North Sea. Storms on the latter are not to be despised but their characteristics are different.

W. P.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Even Homer nods sometimes, so presumably neither the publishers nor his niece Miss Koscoe should be blamed, but the late Mr. Richard Holt Hutton himself, for the reproduced error in his Dickens critique. It was *not* Martin (as he has it) but Jonas Chuzzlewit to whom Mr. Pecksniff proposed the surprising of his daughters. Before this slip caught the eye of the present writer in "Brief Literary Criticisms," he was always impressed with the idea that the accuracy of the late editor of the *Spectator* was surpassed only by his brilliancy, and he still inclines to that view. Is he in error?

A. W.

West Hampstead.

#### THE PORTICO LIBRARY, MANCHESTER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will kindly correct the statement in last week's ACADEMY which says "the Portico Library is now to be rebuilt." This is not so. Various structural alterations *have been* made recently with a view to increased comfort and accommodation, but these improvements were made in keeping with the character of the Institution.

ERNEST MARRIOTT,  
Librarian.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### ART.

Wedmore, Frederick. *Whistler and Others*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 222. Pitman, 6s. net.

[Deals with: The Place of Whistler; Venetian Painting; Fantin and Boudin; Richard Wilson; Goya; The Rise of English Water-Colour; Romney and Lawrence; Raeburn and Zoffany; Ruskin; Constable's "English Landscape"; Etty; Large Water-Colours; Hine; The Field of the Print Collector; The Norwich Masters; Thomas Collier; Pictures by Orchardson; Charles Keene; Paris and Fulleylove; D. V. Cameron; Still Life; The Art of Brabazon; and the Personality of Watts.]

The National Gallery: *The Dutch School*. By Gustave Geffroy. Art Galleries of Europe series. 9½ x 7. Pp. xxxiii. Plates lxiv. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

Prideaux, S. T. *Modern Bookbindings: their design and decoration*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 131. Constable, 10s. 6d.

[Deals almost exclusively with modern book-binding in England and France. Illustrations of binding by Zaehnsdorf, Rivière, Morrell, etc.]

##### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Clayton, Joseph. *Bishop Westcott*. Leaders of the Church 1800-1900 Series. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xii, 192. Mowbray, 3s. 6d. net.

[The author gives an account of the life and teaching of Bishop Westcott, and—in accordance with the aim of the series—dwells more on the social and religious teaching than on the details of episcopal biography.]

Morris, J. *Makers of Japan*. With Illustrations. 9 x 5½. Pp. 330. Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.

[Sketches of twenty-two makers of modern Japan, with portraits. The author's aim has been to convey a general impression of Japan and her people, and of the working of reform, as exemplified in the lives of some of her patriots.]

##### EDUCATION.

Madame de Staël's "L'Allemagne." Edited by H. W. Eve. Pp. xxi, 229, 2s. 6d. net; Victor Hugo's "Notre-Dame." Edited by L. Delbos. Pp. xxvii, 434, 3s. 6d. net; Gautier's "Trois Grotesques" (Villon, Cyrano de Bergerac, Scarron). Edited by H. J. Chaytor. Pp. xxii, 125, 2s. net; Flaubert's "Salammbô." Edited by E. Lauvrière. Pp. xlvii,

- 272, 3s. 6d. net; Lamartine's "Jocelyn." Edited by E. Legouis. Pp. xxxv, 245, 3s. net; "Madame Campan's Mémoires," 1785-1792. Edited by H. C. Bradby. Pp. vii, 170, 2s. 6d. net. Higher French Series. Each 7 x 4½. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
- [“Intended for upper forms of Public Schools, for University and private students, and for all those who are interested in modern French literature and want guidance to choose therefrom the best and most characteristic works.” The general editing of the series has been undertaken by Mr. Leon Delbos.]
- Richmond, Ennis. *In Youth*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 147. Alston Rivers, 2s. 6d. net.
- [A series of addresses to parents on the up-bringing of children—the majority read before the Parents' National Education Union.]
- Egerton, Hakluyt. *A Plea for Church Schools*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 46. Allen, 6d. net.
- [“This pamphlet is intended to explain why Churchmen value Church teaching, why they claim for it State recognition, and why they claim that recognition as a civic right.”]
- The Story of Joan of Arc*, by Andrew Lang; *The Story of Captain Cook*, by John Lang. The Children's Heroes Series. 6 x 4½. Jack, 1s. net each.
- [Volumes similar in character to those in Messrs. Jack's "Told to the Children" Series.]

## FICTION.

- Cornford, L. Cope. *Parson Brand*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 352. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- [Short stories.]
- Green, Anna Katharine. *The Woman in the Alcove*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 327. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *Fenwick's Career*. Illustrated from drawings by Albert Sterner. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 468. Smith, Elder, 6s. (See p. 422.)
- Hutton, Baroness von. *What Became of Pam*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 340. Heinemann, 6s.
- Crespigny, Mrs. Philip Champion de. *The Grey Domino*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 341. Nash, 6s.
- Sons of the Milesians*. By the Countess of Cromartie. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 306. Nash, 6s.
- Syrett, Netta. *Women and Circumstance*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 349. Chapman & Hall, 6s.
- [Short stories.]
- White, Stewart Edward. *Blazed Trail Stories*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 277. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- [Short stories.]
- Le Queux, William. *The Mystery of a Motor-Car*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 336. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Drury, Major W. P. *Men-at-Arms*. Stories and Sketches. 7½ x 5. Pp. 236. Chapman & Hall, 3s. 6d.
- Prideaux, Mrs. H. Maxwell. "Returned With Thanks," and other stories. 8 x 5½. Pp. 119. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Benson, Arthur Christopher. *From a College Window*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 326. Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.
- [Twelve of the eighteen essays which comprise the volume have appeared in the *Cornhill*. Papers on The Point of View; Growing Older; Books; Sociabilities; Conversation; Beauty; Art; Egoism; Education; Authorship; Criticism of Others; Priests; Ambition; The Simple Life; Games; Spiritualism; Habits; Religion.]
- Bax, Ernest Belfort. *Essays in Socialism New and Old*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 336. E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.
- [Rather more than a third of the contents of the volume has been published before in a little book entitled "Outspoken Essays." Some of the rest of the essays have appeared in Socialist and other periodicals; the remainder are new.]
- Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution*, showing the operations, expenditures, and condition of the Institution for the year ending June 30, 1904. 9½ x 6. Pp. 780. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- Whisperings from the Great*. An autograph album and guest-book compiled by Constance A. Meredyth. 10½ x 7½. Frowde, 21s. net.
- [For each day are given at least five excerpts from poems by great writers, one quotation or more being from the works of a French author.]
- Jaures, Jean. *Studies in Socialism*. Translated, with an introduction, by Mildred Minturn. 7½ x 5. Pp. 174. Independent Labour Party, 1s. 6d. net.
- [The third volume of The Socialist Library, under the general editorship of Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald.]
- Nicholson, William T. *Man, or Problems Ancient and Modern relating to Man, with Guesses at Solutions*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 238. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.
- Hyslop, James H. *Enigmas of Psychical Research*. 7½ x 5½. Putnam's, 6s.
- [Supplementary to the same author's "Science and a Future Life." "While I have discussed Telepathy and Apparitions more exhaustively than before," says Dr. Hyslop, "I have added much material on Crystal Gazing, Coincidental Dreams, Clairvoyance, and Premonitions, with some illustrations of Mediumistic Phenomena"!] ]
- "The Queen" *Newspaper Book of Travel*. A Guide to Home and Foreign Resorts. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 504. Cox, 2s. 6d.
- [A resumé of the practical travel information which has appeared in the "Queen" from 1894 to 1906. Sixteen maps and forty-six illustrations.]
- Lord, Walter Frewen. *The Mirror of the Century*. 7½ x 4. Pp. 268. Lane, 5s. net. (See p. 424.)

## NATURAL HISTORY.

- Halsham, John. *Every Man's Book of Garden Flowers*, with short directions for their culture. 128 Illustrations from photographs, by Henry Irving. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 375. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.
- [A sound and useful little book dealing with varieties of border and bedding flowers usually grown in British gardens. From considerations of space, roses, climbers, shrubs and rock plants have been omitted.]

## POETRY.

- The Poetry of Badenoch*. Collected and edited with translations, and notes, by the Rev. Thomas Sinton. 10½ x 6½. Pp. xxxvii, 576. Inverness: Northern Counties Publishing Company, 21s.
- [Translations of the Gaelic poetry are placed in a separate section of the book.]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Le Sage's *The Devil on Two Sticks*. (Introduction by Malcolm Hine); Anthony Hamilton's *Memoirs of Count Grammont* (Introduction); Byron's *Don Juan* (Introduction by Frank Banfield). The Panel Books. 6½ x 4. Sisley's: silk cloth, 2s. net; lambskin, 2s. 6d.; and rough Persian, 3s. 6d.
- Twelfth Night; or What You Will*. Edited by Morton Luce. The Arden Shakespeare. 9 x 6. Pp. 195. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Sacred Poets of the Nineteenth Century: *James Montgomery to Anna Letitia Waring*. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. 6½ x 4. Pp. 396. Routledge, 1s. 6d.
- The Works of Thomas Love Peacock*. Vol. ii. ("Crotchet Castle"; "The Misfortunes of Elphin"; "Gryll Grange"); *Borrow's Bible in Spain and Romany Rye; Spectator Essays* (in 6 vols.) vol. iii.; and Aristotle's *Ethics*, translated by D. P. Chase. New Universal Library. 6½ x 4. Routledge, 1s. net each.
- Smith, Alexander. *Dreamthorp*. A book of essays written in the country. With a biographical and critical introduction by John Hogben. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 281. Melrose, 2s. net.
- Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 535. Sixpenny Classics. Nelson.
- Tales of the Spanish Main*. By Mowbray Morris. Illustrated. Pp. 357. *God Save King Alfred*. By the Rev. E. Gilliat. Illustrated. Pp. 422. *Three Rascals*. By Raymond Jackberrns. Pp. 208. Each 7½ x 5. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. each.
- [New editions of children's books.]
- Fabre, J. H. *Insect Life: Souvenirs of a Naturalist*. Translated from the French by the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." Preface by David Sharp; edited by F. Merrifield. Illustrations by M. Prendergast Parker. 7½ x 5. Pp. 320. Macmillan, 2s. 6d.
- Trollope's *The Kellys and the O'Kellys*. 6 x 3½. Pp. 680. New Pocket Library. Lane, 1s. 6d. net.
- Twelve Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel Brighton*. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A. 8½ x 6. Pp. 96. Sixpenny Series. Allenson.

## SCIENCE.

- Parr, G. D. Aspinall. *Electrical Engineering in Theory and Practice*. With 282 Illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 447. Macmillan, 12s. net.

## THEOLOGY.

- A Day-Book of Short Readings for Use by Busy People*. Advent to Trinity. By the author of "Præparatio." Preface by the Rev. Geo. Congreve. 8 x 5½. Pp. 509. Masters, 6s. net.
- Benn, Alfred William. *The History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century*. 2 vols. 9 x 6. Pp. 983. Longmans, 21s. net.
- The Communion of the Christian with God, Described on the Basis of Luther's Statements*. By Wilhelm Hermann. Being the translation of J. Sandys Stanyon, revised throughout, and enlarged and altered in accordance with the fourth German edition of 1903 by K. W. Stewart. 7½ x 5. Pp. 356. Crown Theological Library. Williams & Norgate, 5s.
- [Mr. Stewart has incorporated the numerous additions of the later German editions; and the arrangement in chapters and paragraphs has been discarded. Dr. Hermann's own new summary and division in the fourth German edition has been followed exactly.]
- Henslow, Rev. Prof. G. *The Spiritual Teaching of Christ's Life*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 253. Williams & Norgate, 5s. net.
- [In a former volume—"Christian Beliefs reconsidered in the Light of Modern Thought"—Professor Henslow sketched the present conception of "the Church's doctrines"; in the book before us he "emphasises the teachings rather than the dogmatic beliefs which have arisen out of the Gospel Memories of Jesus Christ."]

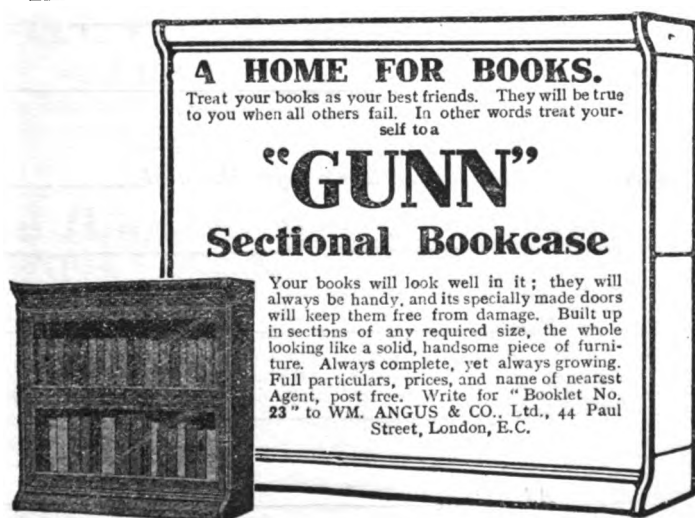
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There, is, for instance, the pious wife who recommends her husband to lend his last fifty pieces to God rather than put them out to usury, on the practical ground that Heaven gives the highest interest. (A popular modern hymn written by an eminent bishop now deceased preserves the same idea.) The good man takes his wife's advice and bestows his fifty pieces on the beggars in the church porch. The need for repayment becoming pressing, he returns on his wife's advice to the same porch, where he picks up a small piece of money. With this he buys wine, bread and fish, and, when the fish is cut open, it is found to contain a precious stone which fetches three hundred pieces from the first jeweller. Heaven, it will be seen, pays 500 per cent., a rate of interest for a short loan certainly not obtainable in any other quarter. Not all the legends are of this naive description. Some are dignified and beautiful and express a real, if undeveloped, spirituality; others are rigorously orthodox, such as that which tells of the Blessed Virgin's strong disapproval of the works of Nestorius. All are the natural and spontaneous outcome of childlike imaginations, to which the supernatural was more natural than the natural; of simple souls who felt themselves to be literally and almost tangibly compassed about by a great crowd of witnesses. Mrs. Alexander has done her work admirably. Her translation is in excellent English, and reads like an original; she has given us an altogether delightful book.

*A descriptive catalogue of the manuscripts in the library of Pembroke (Clare—Queens') College, Cambridge.* By Montague Rhodes James (Cambridge University Press).—Dr. James's work of cataloguing the manuscripts of the College Libraries at Cambridge goes on apace, the latest catalogues to appear being those of Clare, Pembroke, and Queens'. All scholars who have had occasion to work on Cambridge manuscripts know the excellence of the series, but it seems to us a pity that in catalogues which can hardly ever be superseded Dr. James does not pay rather more attention to his merely descriptive work. Ambiguous sentences like, "Skin over boards (once red)" are not infrequent, and inversions such as, "Binding dark green morocco of cent. xviii early, with gilt tooling" are somewhat aggravating. To the Pembroke catalogue is appended a list of fifteenth-century printed books by Mr. Ellis H. Minns. It was a piece of work worth doing, and Mr. Minns has done it well.

*The Deeper Sources of the Beauty and Expression of Music.* By Joseph Goddard (William Reeves).—This little work is an extended essay on musical æsthetics. It is evidently the outcome of much careful thought on a subject which has proved peculiarly baffling to a number of profound thinkers. Darwin and Herbert Spencer attempted to solve this problem, the cause of the expressive power of music, and failed from their initial inability to grasp what that expressive power really is. Darwin says: "Music arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, rage, etc. It awakens the gentler feelings of tenderness and love which readily pass into devotion. . . . It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardours of war. . . . The sensations and ideas thus excited in us by music . . . appear from their vagueness yet depth, like mental reversions to the emotions and thoughts of a long past age." This idea of "arousing emotions" is of course the vain imagining of an unmusical mind and has only to do with the grosser forms of music allied with other arts, the third-rate ballad and the opera. Although Mr. Goddard succeeds in analysing the expressive power of single phrases to some extent he is not ultimately more successful in grasping the root of his problem. His frequent appreciative allusions to the sentimental works of Gounod betray his attitude towards musical expression and prevent his really perceiving its larger issues. The expressive power of "form," the development and combination of musical ideas are left out of count and appear unappreciated by him. His conclusion appears to be akin to if not identical with that of Herbert Spencer since he explains the expressive power of music by the influence of speech. Unfortunately Mr. Goddard's arguments are obscured by an awkward and opaque style of writing which often makes it difficult to understand him when he is treating of a very simple matter. His book is worthy of notice as a personal contribution to a much debated question.



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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s., Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

SELDOM we suspect, has the Royal Academy listened at its annual banquet to so brilliant a speech on Literature as that delivered last week by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. There are still memories of the speeches made by Charles Dickens on these occasions, and inquirers will be told how fine they were. We do not doubt it. From the comfortable, after-dinner point of view, they must have been much finer than this thought-packed, philosophic stuff of Mr. Kipling's, which, however smoothly it may have flowed and however often it may have raised laughter, has proved too much for most of the reporters, and yields more every time we study it.

The dangerous magic of words—a fire with which men play—the last importance of truth, the dependence of literature on the national life—these were three of many topics on which Mr. Kipling touched. And his last story, of the rain-doctors who could not get good and general rain because the head-men were running about hunting jackals and the little people running about chasing grass-hoppers, exactly illustrates the causes of our present dearth. Our head-men are hunting jackals and our little people chasing grass-hoppers all day; and in the evening we collect to hear the men with the words tell stories, and, so long as we are amused, we do not care that most of the stories are neither good nor true. How could they be when we give the men with the words nothing out of which good and true stories can be made?

Our great fault is that we come more and more to look upon literature as an entertainment, a refuge from the trouble of living, instead of the greatest aid to living which an age, which is not an age of faith, has left to it. We make far too much of the stories, while our lives grow pettier, less strenuous and less true every year. By a coincidence, within a very few days of the report of the Royal Academy banquet, one of the papers contained an account of a speech on Literature, delivered by Mr. Edmund Gosse. "Literature as an Entertainment" was its title: and, so far as may be judged from an abbreviated report, it was—as it surely would be—a very graceful, interesting and polished speech. It dwelt on the the pleasures of literature, on books as a solace and a joy, a "recreation and amusement as a remedy for dullness and weariness"—not as a guide "through the active stress of life." That is just it. Tired of chasing grass-hoppers, we come round the fire to hear the stories, and never observe that the stories ought to nerve us to do something better than chase grass-hoppers.

It is that attitude to literature which is responsible, more than anything else, for the barrenness and pettiness of the literature we make. Mr. Kipling referred to "the

bare half-hundred words breathed upon by some man in his agony, or in his exaltation, or in his idleness, ten generations ago" that "can open to us the doors of three worlds, or stir us so intolerably that we can scarcely abide to look at our own souls." That is good, but there is more to be said about it. Literature is more than a record; it is the creator of character, purpose and feeling, the inspirer, the maker of the future as well as the preserver of the past.

The man with the words whose words live is the man with something more than the words. He is the man with sight and understanding. He sees and feels before he speaks. And the feelings, the characters, the lives of most of us are built to an almost incredible extent on what he has seen and told us. But for our acquaintance with literature, we should find in the beauty of a sunset, or a noble deed, or human love, not a quarter of what we find in them now. Literature, in fact, makes life, enlarges the capacity of every man, doubles or trebles his power to feel and to do, and so fits him, not to hear more stories and find a new and more subtle pleasure every time he hears them, to become an æolian harp giving out a new note under every soft air of style, but to be more of a man and more of a doer than he was before.

Much ingenuity has been expended upon the production of Birthday books, but we imagine that the Death book which Katharine Tynan has published under the title of "The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead" is something of a novelty. The idea seems to be that when you lose a friend or an acquaintance you should inscribe his or her name under the proper date, where you will find space left for the purpose, while on the opposite page is a text of Scripture with some pieces of poetry that may serve as comfort in time of affliction. We open the book at random, and find that on May 3 the text of Scripture is: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and the verses of poetry are:

For He hears the lambs' innocent call,  
And He hears the ewes' tender reply;  
He is watchful while they are in peace,  
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts.

King John.

The scheme of the book strikes us as being very interesting but the result rather lugubrious.

The book suggests a question as to the wisdom of conscious bewailing and mourning of the dead. In no other creature but man is this desire very highly developed, though one of our contemporaries from time to time entertains its readers with pathetic stories of birds and beasts that have died heart-broken at the loss of a mate. On the other hand, the hard-hearted sportsman and naturalist has proved by cruel experiment that, if you shoot a bird near its nest, the chances are that its survivor will have another mate in the course of an hour or two. Humanity is always rather proud of its emotions, and nurses its grief for the dead; but a wiser, though perhaps a more stoical emotion would urge a man simply to turn over the page and forget. Mrs. Hinkson appears to be of quite a different opinion; but what a mournful book hers will be after it has been kept for twenty years or so! It is easy to imagine a time when the owner would turn over the pages, evoking from every leaf ghosts of those whose laughter had once rung in his ears, and whose lips, perhaps, he had pressed. And the prospect, in the words of a famous writer, "do not over-stimulate."

A conference of library and educational authorities, promoted by the Library Association, took place at Birmingham on Thursday, May 3, too late for inclusion in our last issue. As we explained recently in these columns, this was the first of a series of three conferences to be held at local centres. It is suggested that the next should be held in London, and should be as influential as possible (Mr. Councillor Abbott, Manchester). Public libraries are doing a work which was not thought of some years ago; and the idea of these conferences is to bring the people to the books (Lord Mayor of Birmingham). The work the public library is now doing can only be increased with the expansion of the educational life of the country by radical alterations. These alterations, forming the subjects of two resolutions which were unanimously passed by the conference, are being embodied in a Parliamentary Bill (by Mr. Fovargue) which, it is expected, will be presented at the London conference.

The principle embodied in the first resolution, that children should be accustomed from an early age to collections of books is a good one. But there is some doubt about the wisdom of placing public libraries under the control of the local educational authorities (Mr. A. Capel Shaw, Birmingham). [We have elsewhere defined the public library as "a huge co-operative book club to meet the needs of both sexes, of all ages, of all classes of the people. And although its primary aim has now become, indubitably, educational, it is not concerned either with education alone, or in its educational objects with children only."] The question of school libraries *versus* a public library section for children is one of importance. The public library, even when the children's library forms a separate department, is too advanced (Mr. R. Cary Gibson, King Edward's Grammar School), and children should study the best books under the instruction of their teachers (Mr. Ballinger, Cardiff). But the cost of the formation of school libraries is considerable, and the children's department of the public library makes the child more familiar with a collection of books than would otherwise be the case (Mr. Dent, Aston); and it is only by means of the public library that the "reading habit" can be continued to any appreciable extent through life. The art of bibliography might profitably be taught at an early age (Mr. H. R. Tedder, The Athenæum, S.W.).

We have dealt recently with the extension of the Public Library Acts to county areas; and in an earlier number, at some length, with the exemption of public libraries from the payment of local rates. These subjects, together with the removal of the rate limitation, formed the clauses of the second resolution, and will be included in the omnibus Bill.

We have before us "Miscellanea," Part I., published by the Rymour Club, Edinburgh, a new body, which has for its objects "the collection, with a view to the preservation and study, and eventually the editing and printing, of ballads, lyrics, and other rhymed material, and of ballad and other tunes, unprinted, or of rarity and in danger of being lost, more particularly such as illustrate Scottish dialect, manners, and music in former days." The President of the Club is Mr. John Geddie: its Secretary, Mr. Alan Reid, F.S.A., of The Loaning, Merchiston Bank Gardens, Edinburgh; and it has forty-nine members, besides many corresponding members, and a few honorary members. Something of the same sort of work is being done in England by the Folk-lore Society, and has been done for a small corner of it—in a spirited but not very scientific fashion—by Mr. Baring-Gould; and it is work that deserves all encouragement. But this first number of "Miscellanea" is a little disappointing in that it does not rescue from oblivion much or anything that is genuinely Scottish.

Mr. J. Liddell Kelly, writing from New Zealand, contributes a paper on "Children's Rhymes and Rhyme Games" which is full of quaint things; but both the other two articles concern what is really English. The "Ballad of Jack Munro," though taken down in Scotland, is old English (probably, suggests Mr. B. J. Home, of Revolution or even later date); and d'Urfey's original of "Within a mile o' Edinboro' Town" is, of course, purely English, though it is, we learn, current, in some of its more respectable versions, in Scotland, and is never heard in England. The interest of both these papers and the ballads they preserve cannot be denied; but it is a great thing to limit the field of work, and we should like to see the work of the Club strictly confined to Scottish tunes and rhymes. Still, it is unfair to pass judgment on a single number, and that the first; and the Rymour Club has our good wishes for the success of an enterprise that has long needed scientific and thorough promotion.

Those of our readers who are interested in Russia or Russian literature will be glad to receive the announcement of a new Journal, *La Revue Slave* (50, rue Molitor, Paris), which will be devoted to the affairs of the Slavonic peoples and their relations with France and England. The object of the organ is to bind together the many peoples that compose what we call Russia, and to spread intelligence among the French and English peoples of the political and intellectual life in that country, the result anticipated being the firmer friendship of the three nations concerned. The *Revue Slave* has our cordial good wishes.

The new editions of Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp" have revived a momentary interest in that writer, whose literary career began with the publication of "A Life Drama" in 1852, and closed with his death in 1867. Smith's only novel, "Andrew Haggart's Household," was published in 1866, both serially—in *Good Words*—and in book form, by Mr. Alexander Strahan, and has never been reissued. An appreciation of Smith's genius and work, seven pages in length, written by Alexander Nicolson, appeared in *Good Words* for March 1868. In "Last Leaves," with memoir by Patrick Proctor Alexander, published in 1868, there occur some sentences in Smith's essay on "Literary Work" which might have been written yesterday. "All the defects of our present literature," he wrote, "may be summed up in a word—want of style. And the reason is not far to seek. Literature has become a profession. Books are written too hastily, and to serve a purpose too immediate. . . . The world does not need new thoughts so much as it needs old thoughts recast."

Some idea of the joys and woes of an author may be deduced from the following statement by Professor Ernst Haeckel, contained in a recent letter to the Rationalist Press Association: "As many members of the R.P.A. are interested in my work, 'The Riddle of the Universe,' they will be pleased to hear that two hundred thousand copies have been printed of the German original; that it has appeared in fifteen different translations, including recent translations into Japanese, Chinese and Hebrew; and that more than six thousand letters have reached me in regard to it in the last six years." It certainly requires a philosophic mind to appreciate the receipt of a thousand letters a year continuously and on the same subject: even the large circulation of the book hardly comes as a compensation for this affliction.

The fine collection of lithographs by Whistler presented last year by Mr. Thomas Way to the Print Room of the British Museum has now been completely mounted and arranged for the inspection of students. One hundred and fourteen subjects are represented out of the one hundred

and sixty described in the second edition of Mr. T. R. Way's catalogue. The subjects missing are chiefly those printed in Paris, with the addition of a few experimental sketches of which only two or three impressions were ever taken. The portraits of Mallarmé and Henley are among the *desiderata*. The total number of proofs included in the gift is larger, however, by fourteen than the number of subjects represented, since in several cases trial proofs and rare early states were given in addition to an impression of the finished lithograph. The source from which the proofs come is a guarantee of their quality, and the Museum is much to be congratulated on the receipt of so valuable and munificent a gift.

At the same time, the entire collection of Whistler's etchings at the Museum was rearranged and placed on sunk mounts. The series is notoriously incomplete, but the representation of the earlier works of the master is extremely fine, so far as it goes. His later style is represented only by the *Twenty-six Etchings*, chiefly of Venice, and a few other isolated examples.

Messrs. Carfax and Co., of Bury Street, St. James's, have recently bought the entire Butts collection of William Blake's drawings. This is the finest and most complete private collection. They will be exhibited during the months of June and July, and Sir William Stirling Maxwell has consented to lend his picture of *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, Blake's largest and most important work. Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Graham Robertson are also contributing from their collections. This exhibition, therefore, may be anticipated as possessing unique interest and value.

The sale of engravings at Messrs. Sotheby's on Monday includes several interesting things. Perhaps the most important is J. McArdell's mezzotint of *Mary, Duchess of Ancaster*, whole-length, after Hudson, a proof before any letters, cut close excepting the inscription space. Then there are Fisher's mezzotints of Laurence Sterne (first state) and Lady Elizabeth Lee (second state), after Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides others after the same painter, by J. R. Smith, Bartolozzi and others; line engravings after Romney, Turner, Faithorne, Greuze, Van Dyck, etc.; a good set of Wheatley's *Cries of London*, and among engravings in colours, Ward's *Louisa Mildmay*, Morland's *Delia in Town*, by J. R. Smith; Reynolds's *Countess of Harrington and Children* and *Theophila Gwatkin as Simplicity*, by Bartolozzi. There are also one or two modern etchings, including Mr. C. J. Watson's *London Thoroughfares*, in the original wrappers.

On Empire Day, May 24, will appear the first number of the new series of a very popular illustrated paper, *The Navy and Army*. It is at the suggestion of a large number of Naval and Military Officers that the paper has been revived, and expressions of approval and good-will have been received from the most prominent members of both Services. *The Navy and Army* will, as before, be a sixpenny fortnightly; but the changes which the last ten years have seen in the men, the methods and the material of the Services make the new series of the paper particularly needful and welcome. It will keep pace with all the developments of the citizen-soldier movement and hold continually before the public the workings of the General Staff; and by means of illustrations and articles it will record the aims and doings of the two Services all over the world.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—On Saturday next (May 19), at three o'clock, Sir James Dewar will deliver the first of a course of two lectures on

"The Old and the New Chemistry." The Friday evening discourse on May 18 will be delivered by Professor Arthur Schuster on "International Science."

Society of Arts.—Monday, May 14, 8 P.M. Canton Lecture. Mr. George W. Eve, R.E., on "Heraldry in relation to the Applied Arts" (Lecture I.) Wednesday, May 16, 8 P.M. Ordinary Meeting. Mr. Clayton Beadle on "The Development of Watermarking in Hand-made and Machine-made Paper."

Royal Microscopical Society.—The next meeting of the society will be held on Wednesday, the 16th instant, at 8 P.M., when there will be an Exhibition of Pond Life.

The Musical Association.—Thirty-second Session, 1905-6. The seventh meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 15, at the King's Room, Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, Conduit Street, W., when a paper will be read at 5.15 P.M. by Dr. F. G. Shinn on "The Study of the History of Music: a consideration of some of the prevailing methods of study and a plea for the adoption of more rational ones."

Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain.—Exhibition of Works of Members of the Birmingham Photographic Society at 66 Russell Square, W.C., from May 1 to June 16. Admission on presentation of visiting-card.

Home Arts and Industries Association.—The twenty-second Annual Exhibition of wood-carving, inlay, metal repoussé, embossed leather-baskets, pottery, bookbinding, handspun linen, woollen and silk fabrics, pattern-weaving, tapestry-weaving, carpets and rugs, plain needlework, smocking-embroidery, lace, knitting, stencils, toys, etc., will be held in the Royal Albert Hall, from Thursday, May 17, 1906, to Monday, May 21, inclusive. Demonstrations will be given in hand printing, velvet-weaving, wood-carving, inlay, pot-throwing, metal work, leather embossing, basket-making, bookbinding, spinning and weaving in flax and wool, lace-making, and toy-making. On Saturday, May 19, at 4 P.M., Mr. T. R. Ablett will lecture on "Observation Drawing," illustrated by lantern slides.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Sale of Engravings, comprising a portion of the collections of the Earl of Lovelace and others. Monday, May 14, at 1 P.M.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.—Sale of the libraries of the late Mr. Collingwood Chown and others. May 14 and 15.

University College, London (University of London).—May 12 at 11 A.M. Professor Priebisch will give a lecture (for Honours and Post Graduate Students) at the British Museum. Subject: Development of German Literature; illustrated by original Manuscripts.

Royal Meteorological Society.—An ordinary meeting will be held in the Rooms of the Society, 70 Victoria Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, May 16, at 4.30 P.M. Papers to be read: (1) "An Instrument for testing and adjusting the Campbell-Stokes Sunshine Recorder," by Dr. W. N. Shaw, F.R.S., and G. C. Simpson, M.Sc.; (2) "The Development and Progress of the Thunder Squall of February 8, 1906," by R. G. K. Lempfert, M.A.

St. James's (Hampstead Road) Dramatic Society.—Performance of *One Summer's Day*, by H. V. Esmond, at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place, on Wednesday, May 16, at 8.45 P.M.

## LITERATURE

### THE MODERN SPIRIT

*From a College Window.* By A. C. BENSON. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

It may be necessary to explain what we mean by the words used as the title of this article. Such phrases as "up-to-date modernity" and so forth have come to indicate a type of mind very different from that of Mr. Benson, who is refined, cultivated, and almost cloistral in his expression. What we mean to imply is that his mind appears to be suffused with modern thought and modern ideas. It is, in a high and good sense, an echoing chamber out of which issue in limpid and musical language thoughts that are "in the air" at the time of writing. The themes dealt with in the book are many of them such as essayists of all times have treated. The author laments with pleasing elegance that he is growing older, and gathers to himself comfort such as scarcely could have dawned on the mind of him who wrote the "De Senectute." Though it is impossible for him to take part, as he once did, in the elastic and joyous games of youth, he finds his pleasure in the song that the kettle sings on the hearth, the new book into which he will look as he has his solitary cup of tea, the conversation with fresh and youthful students; and he ends with a pleasing glimpse of the best side of college life:

I pass out into the court, the lighted windows of the Hall gleam with the ancient armorial glass, from staircase after staircase come



troops of alert, gowned figures, while overhead, above all the pleasant stir and murmur of life, hang in the dark sky the unchanging stars.

In the literary essays which find a place in this volume there is the same elegance, accompanied perhaps by a perceptible lack of the strenuousness with which Carlyle, for instance, would have treated the same themes. Mr. Benson tells us of the bore who has written a novel and insists in reading it aloud, of the fine dame who adds authorship to her other fascinations, and of the people generally who play at being literary. In regard to reading he speaks rather of the minor comforts :

The object is to get clear conceptions, to arrive at a critical sense of what is good in literature, to have a knowledge of events and tendencies of thought, to take a just view of history and of great personalities ; not to be at the mercy of theorists, but to be able to correct a faulty bias by having a large and wide view of the progress of events and the development of thought.

To this it is quite permissible to answer that the genuine and whole-hearted lover of books can give no reason. As an essayist of a very different kind has written : "there is no why." As soon as a book is taken up with a set purpose, it means that the schoolmaster is abroad. The reading for its own sake, the reading that is unconscious of any ultimate end, is at once the most genuine and that which has most effect. In that lies the true objection to all those lists of books that ought to be read. The mind working naturally and without constraint will seek out what is necessary for its own nourishment and, acting quite unconsciously, is for ever gathering to itself that which is needed to build up the pillar of experience which is the property of every individual mind. According to our conception, the only essential to be kept in view is that reading is always second-hand knowledge and that it possesses a true value only when it comes to amplify or to purify that which we already possess. From the moment of birth experience is coming to us, and no experience of others can be useful unless it can be dovetailed into our own. Or, to put the matter in an old schoolmaster's formula, the known is the foundation on which that which was previously unknown must always be built. Mr. Benson's attitude is well shown in the passage wherein he declares : "Direct bookish talk is my abomination." He prefers a "delicate allusiveness, an aptitude for pointed quotation." Of course, tastes differ, and we can imagine few conversations more interesting than that with a man who has mastered a book and out of his full mind points out its beauties and its defects. How much delightful reading do we owe to enthusiasts of this kind ! Naturally enough, Mr. Benson bewails the change in popular taste. He sees something pathetic in the shelves of old books at the University, written, many of them, so carefully and so lovingly hundreds of years ago and now scarcely ever opened, while the great book factory pours out from groaning presses an endless stream of literature as ephemeral as the snows of autumn. Again, in his essay on conversation we find the same kind of epicureanism peeping out. The professional conversationalist is at bottom a dull dog. We can well sympathise with Carlyle in the following story :

He was asked to dinner to meet a great talker, who poured forth a continuous flow of jest and anecdote until the meal was far advanced. Then came a lull ; Carlyle laid down his knife and fork, and looking round with the famous "crucified" expression on his face, said in a voice of agonised entreaty, "For God's sake take me away, and put me in a room by myself, and give me a pipe of tobacco !"

Dinner-party talk is, as a matter of fact, a very futile thing, unless the company has been very carefully selected. You may go to hundreds of dinners and hear again and again the same graceful but superficial comments on the topics of the day, talk of theatres to which no thoughtful man would willingly listen, talk of music and fashion, talk of clubs and wines and tobacco, of motor-cars and the other resources of civilisation. How different it is when two or three men who think earnestly on the same subject and yet disagree profoundly on particulars in regard to it meet in some friend's room and over their pipes and a

glass of whiskey and water enter with zest into the subject which they have at heart ! Talk, as a rule, suffers more from being too copious than from being restricted. Much of it reminds us of the game of chess. Two inferior players will sit down to discuss a position and will argue and contradict and suggest and theorise, until we are weary of hearing them. On the other hand, two experts looking at the same position will waste little of their energy in words. "Yes, white does so-and-so, and black's reply is —," and a shrug of the shoulders ends the discussion. They see the merits of the position and are ready to advance to something else. No doubt, in ordinary society it would be a drawback if everything were taken seriously, and he, indeed, would be an austere man who did not recognise how beautiful is the ripple and flow of conversation at an average dinner-table. There is nothing whatever in it ; nobody seems ever to have thought of anything, and, if they have, their deepest ideas are kept carefully in the background. It is all on the surface, like sunlight playing on rippling water, and for digestive purposes it may be counted good, but in no real sense of the term can we admit this to be conversation. Indeed, it is curious, though many have observed it, that the most agreeable talks frequently occur at an inn with complete strangers. You meet a man—chance may even cause you to form the acquaintance of a lady whom you have never seen in your life before and are never likely to see again—and some accident, it may be an error of the cook or a false step on the part of the waiter, forces you into speech. A spark is, as it were, struck from the flint and a most interesting conversation follows. Probably you may think that, if the same person were to be met daily, he or she would become the greatest bore imaginable. All the freshness, all the novelty, all the originality have been poured forth in one conversation, and it really is a blessing that those who take part in it have to direct their steps in different ways in the morning. No doubt, the pleasure is largely due to the doing away with reserve. You can be frank to a stranger where you would not be frank to your intimates ; and it is possible that the stranger may touch sympathies and even bring out the avowal of weaknesses that your nearest and dearest have never suspected.

Among the more general subjects discussed by our author is that of egoism, and here, perhaps, more than anywhere do we feel the lack of depth to which allusion has been made before. There is no gainsaying that the strong man is usually an egoist. His very strength lies in the knowledge and belief that he is somebody, that he has a mission to perform in the world, and that this mission is the most important thing in it. Even great writers must be more or less consumed with this passion. They could not have achieved greatness unless it were by continually brooding over their own dreams and thoughts, and probably the combination of a strong egoism with wide and universal sympathies is that which leads to the highest pre-eminence. In the article on Art, Mr. Benson has said something like this. He writes :

There are very few people who are highly developed in one faculty who do not pay for it in some other part of their natures. Below the emotion itself their sits enthroned a hard intellectual force, a power of appraising quality, a Rhadamanthine judgment. It is this hardness which has so often made artists such excellent men of business, so alert to strike favourable bargains.

It is impossible for us even to glance at the many subjects dealt with by Mr. Benson in this book, and all that he says invites us to argue and dissent : but at the same time it is no more than justice to say that he is always suggestive, and writes in a style that must commend itself to every lover of letters. Occasionally there is just a slight tendency to become precious, as when he writes of : "the bewildering beauty and aromatic scents of those delicate toys of God which we call flowers," but at a time when a boisterous roughness tends to debase our language we can readily forgive a fault of over-refinement and cultivation. Mr. Benson has earned our gratitude by the publication of this book.

## NAPOLEON

*The Cambridge Modern History.* Planned by the late Lord ACTON. Edited by A. W. WARD, G. W. PROTHERO, and STANLEY LEATHES. Vol. ix. "Napoleon." (Cambridge University Press, 16s.)

OVER a dozen writers have contributed to the new volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," which consists of seven hundred and seventy-one pages, and a very valuable general bibliography of works dealing with the subject-matter, which in itself extends to over one hundred pages. The reviewer, however, is restricted in his operations by lineal, or rather lineage, measure more than by avoidupois, so that no attempt can be made to criticise as a whole a book of this size and these varied contents, as would be more easily done if it were all from one pen. A treatise on Napoleon which contains contributions from Dr. Holland Rose, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Dr. von Pflugk-Hartung, and Dr. A. W. Ward is bound to be good in parts, and this book is no disappointment in that respect. But there are, unhappily, gaps filled with second-rate productions, which detract considerably from the value of the whole. No period, as the editors point out, was so completely dominated by a single personality, and yet it is a period which cannot be regarded from any one standpoint to the exclusion of the others. It is the incidental aspects of the period which are treated with the greatest skill in this volume.

The Napoleonic régime was not one which fostered the free expression of ideas, but French literature was enriched by Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, who continued in France the opposition to Bonaparte which had been started with far-reaching effect in other countries by Wordsworth, Schiller and Fichte. Dr. Holland Rose and Professor Pariset are able exponents of this "Idealist Revolt," just as Mr. H. E. Egerton is of so different a subject as the history of the English Colonies, or Mr. L. G. Wickham-Legg of the Concordats, and it is a sign of the more scientific study of history that so catholic a view of the period has been taken in this volume.

It has been noted that the chief writers of the Napoleonic régime were in the opposition, and this in spite of Napoleon's profession that his "*canaille* would have become the best educated in the world." It may not be the fancy of a hero-worshipper which attributes this fact not so much to repression as to the personality of the Emperor. He would always do everything himself, and he invariably did it better than any one else would have done it. So Sainte-Beuve recognised the literary quality of the St. Helena writings, the prompt imperious brevity, the exquisite clearness, the occasional beauties of sentiment and eloquence; and Mr. Fisher, in making the inevitable comparison, says that "Cæsar has more formal eloquence; Napoleon has more romance, more passion, more vibration." We can only speculate what the result would have been if that great intellect had been devoted entirely to literature. Archibald Forbes enunciated this idea paradoxically some years ago, when he wrote that the "first Napoleon, if only he could have been a little truthful occasionally, would have eclipsed Julius Cæsar [as a war correspondent], and knocked William Howard Russell into a cocked hat." Napoleon as a writer and his attitude towards literature, art, and science are subjects most attractively discussed in this book: the legislator, the financier, the administrator, are all set before us with skill and judgment; but it must be confessed that "the little corporal" is, after all, the man we love and like to study.

There has always been the danger that the Napoleonic period should be regarded exclusively as a long series of battles, but that view is apparently now to be discarded for the opposite, since there is not a single map or plan in this book to help the reader who tries to devote his attention to the military history. It is often stated that the study of military history is not understood in this country, in spite of the large number of books annually

published on the subject; and there appears to be some truth in the assertion, since foreign writers—very good writers, too—have had to be called in to chronicle the campaigns of 1809, 1812, and 1813-14. Whether equally good military historians could not have been found in the United Kingdom is a matter of opinion, but there can be no doubt that those English writers on military affairs who were selected are not, on the whole, in the first class, and even the excellence of a few contributors will hardly atone for this. Nor is the resultant hotchpotch of a kind which would have appealed to Lord Acton.

To this military side of the question Colonel E. M. Lloyd contributes two important chapters on the third coalition, which are more readable than scholarly. Than his style and arrangement of his materials nothing could be more pleasant, but he has not been at the pains to write a definitive account of his period, and he dishes up the story in much the same way as every former writer has done. The legend, for example, of the loss of some thousands of Russians in the lakes of Satschan and Mönitz is one which was kept alive for a great many years, and which, owing to the picturesque inventions of Marbot and Ségur, is familiar to everybody. Colonel Lloyd repeats the oft-told tale with an air of assurance which is quite delightful.

Many were drowned [he writes] in trying to cross the thin ice of the lakes. It is uncertain how large a deduction should be made from the 20,000 of the Thirtieth Bulletin, or even from the 2000 of Thiers; but, at all events, 30 guns were afterwards recovered from Lake Satschan.

As a fact, when the lake was drained, a few days after the battle of Austerlitz, there were found twenty-eight or thirty guns, one hundred and fifty corpses of horses, but only two (some say three) human bodies. Dr. Holland Rose contributed an article on this fable to *The English Historical Review* about four years ago, and it was re-published in his "Napoleonic Studies"; but Colonel Lloyd is content to go his own way and to allow the lakes of Telnitz to go on playing the same part as did the "snows of an exceptionally early winter and the flames of Moscow" in the Napoleonic version of the campaign of 1812. Colonel Lloyd, however, is a far better historian than Professor Oman: the former writes at any rate with a soldier's insight into military affairs and with a sense of proportion; the latter reminds us more of a certain old Irish guide on the field of Waterloo than of a Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Mr. Oman writes on the Peninsular War and on the Hundred Days, subjects which might have been treated with skill and knowledge by Mr. Fortescue and Monsieur Henry Houssaye if the editors had sought nothing but the best. Whether those writers were approached or not does not matter now. M. Houssaye and other writers have told us all about the Waterloo campaign, and we can look forward with confidence to Mr. Fortescue's treatment of the Peninsular War in his new volume of the History of the Army. Mr. Oman has a trick of irritating his readers by stating a fact and not the cause, assuming that his statement is all that will be required by the student, and it is in this respect that his work is unprofessional. His remarks on the late arrival of Ziethen's corps at Waterloo are a good example of this, while his account of Wellington's advance on La Belle Alliance shows so little mastery of the importance of the movement that it reads more like the end of a hurriedly written answer in an examination than anything else. These are, unfortunately, not the only respects in which the history falls short of being perfect. Instead of Captain Mahan or Mr. J. R. Thursfield we have Mr. H. W. Wilson writing on the naval history of the period, and not even after his amusing contributions to the story now appearing in a half-penny paper can it be affirmed that Mr. Wilson is to be considered very seriously as a historian. So complicated a subject as that of Napoleon demands treatment by the very best of writers, if only because it has already so enormous a literature; and now that military history

forms a special branch of study at the Universities, the military operations should be treated with the greatest care. One of the best chapters in the book is that by Monsieur Pariset on "France under the Empire, 1804-1814," but even that is typical of the whole volume. The chapter contains much that is very interesting but rather superfluous, and very little about Napoleon's armies and their organisation. Yet the subject, we should imagine, must be grasped if there is to be any proper understanding of that wonderful series of wars. Nor is there any excuse for its partial neglect, since M. Jean Morvan's masterly study of *Le soldat impérial* was published quite recently and is obviously known to Monsieur Pariset.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher is one of the chief contributors to the volume, and his work is uniformly good: his chapter on the Codes in particular is a clear exposition of an intricate subject. Even if we should prefer that Lord Rosebery had written the last chapter, entitled "St. Helena," we can offer no criticism against Mr. Fisher's account of the last phase. Mr. Fisher is especially good in his short final essay on Napoleon's significance in history and his legacy to France. His account, too, of the last scene comes as a recompense to the reader who has found much to which to object in this long volume.

The last faint sounds [he writes] caught from his lips as he expired on May 5, 1821, are said to have been, *France, armée, tête d'armée, Joséphine*; and so in the midst of the great hurricane he passed out of life, charging at the head of his ghostly legions. De Tocqueville has written his epitaph—"He was as great as a man can be without virtue."

### THE GREEK OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

*A Grammar of New Testament Greek.* By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, M.A., D.Litt. Vol. i. Prolegomena. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 8s. net.)

*Johannine Grammar.* By EDWIN A. ABBOTT. (A. & C. Black, 10s. 6d. net.)

FROM many points of view Greek stands alone in the languages of the world alike in its character and in its history without a parallel. It gives, as none other, "a soul to objects of sense and a body to the abstractions of philosophy." It is, as none other, to use the words of H. Nelson Coleridge, "as universal as our race, and as individual as ourselves." Again, the language of ancient Greek changed with changing times, but never perished; it was originally broken up into dialects, and attained its full perfection in the Attic, the dialects perishing but not the language, which became Hellenistic or Common. "As great poetry by virtue of its own vitality remains a living and a quickening force to successive generations," to apply the recent words of the present Oxford Professor of Poetry, Mr. Mackail, so the greatest and most beautiful of all languages has survived all the forces of destruction wielded for its annihilation by the conquerors of Greece. The modern Greek requires no translation of either Homer or the Greek Testament, for he can read and enjoy both. The fact is that there is a greater difference between the English language of the present day and the language of Chaucer than between the modern and the ancient Greek. The recent discoveries of the papyrus documents and inscriptions, writes Dr. Moulton:

show with startling clearness that we have at last before us the language in which the apostles and evangelists wrote. The papyri exhibit in their writers a variety of literary education even wider than that observable in the N.T., and we can match each sacred author with documents that in respect of Greek stand on about the same plane. The conclusion is that "Biblical" Greek, except where it is translation Greek, was simply the vernacular of daily life. Men who aspired to literary fame wrote in an artificial dialect, a would-be revival of the language of Athens in her prime, much as educated Greeks of the present day profess to do. The N.T. writers had little idea that they were writing literature. The Holy Ghost spoke absolutely in the language of the people, as we might surely have expected He would.

We may add that in more than one sense the Vox populi est Vox Dei. In the history of Common Greek as told by

Dr. Moulton the author has more than utilised the learned labours of Bloss and others. The Greek text adopted is that of Hort and Westcott. The work is a most valuable contribution, and in some cases an illuminating commentary on the mind and purpose of the sacred writer, and we still look forward with eager interest to the grammar of which the Prolegomena is the herald.

The term "Johannine Grammar" scarcely does justice to the prominent merits and distinctive aim of Dr. Abbott's valuable and scholarly work, which brings out more adequately than any existing commentary on St. John's Gospel the meaning of St. John as derived from a correct interpretation of the peculiar language and grammatical form used by the evangelist, so remarkable for creating ambiguities very difficult of explanation. To a very great extent Dr. Abbott here does for the language of St. John's Gospel, what he did for the language of Shakespeare: to quote his own words, he

assumed that Shakespeare wrote, with a style of his own, in English that he read and spoke. Hence North's Plutarch, Florio's Montaigne, the Elizabethan dramatists—and especially his own works compared with one another—were treated as safer guides to his meaning than Milton, Dryden, and Pope. A similar assumption is made in the Johannine Grammar. The Johannine language in general has been carefully classified with a view to the elucidation of particular passages; and the LXX, the Synoptists, the New Testament as a whole, Epictetus, and the Papyri of 50-150 A.D. have been recognised as safer guides than writers of the third century and far safer than those of the fourth. This assumption is even truer about John than about Shakespeare, to whom was given, in some measure, the very rare privilege of anticipating, or shaping, the language of posterity.

In this connection it may be noted that, as in Dr. Abbott's work on the "Grammar of Shakespeare," he "assumed" the dramatist's pre-eminence as "a great poet," so he here states his conviction, founded on "grammatical inferences," that St. John was also "a master of style and phrase, as well as an inspired prophet." In support of such an inference the work from beginning to end bears continuous and conclusive testimony. This, too, is its main drift and its special characteristic. The plan here adopted is that of discussing critically the evangelist's use of the various parts of speech, beginning with the Greek article. It is in his treatment chiefly of the Greek article, adjective, and verb, that the critic's power of illuminating the obscurity and bringing out the full force and beauty of many passages of the highest interest is most apparent. Take for instance the reduplication of the article with the adjective, especially in the utterances of Our Lord or in weighty sayings about Him, as in "I am the Vine, the true Vine" (John xv. 1)—"*ἡ ἀμπελος ἡ ἀληθινή*." Here, as in many cases, the Greek adjective is made emphatic by the reduplication of the article (one before the noun, and one after the noun), which reminds us of the formula for the emphatic adjective common in Shakespeare and in other poets, as in his "*farewell, a long farewell*," "*a frost, a killing frost*," where the adjective is made emphatic by being placed between the repeated words it qualifies. In his treatment of the verbs, one of the most remarkable is that of the verb *ἐκρύβη* (St. John viii. 57 and elsewhere), which is twice rendered as a middle voice in the Revised and Authorised Versions, "hid himself." Against this Dr. Abbott urges the usage of New Testament Greek, which requires the passive "was hidden," and also Origen's answer to Celsus, who charged Jesus with cowardice for *hiding himself*.

If [writes Dr. Abbott] Chrysostom is right in calling Christ's "conveying himself away" (from the pool of Bethesda) an act of "hiding," then there are three such acts in John, each followed by an expression of unbelief or hostility on the part of the Jews, or by some evangelistic statement about unbelief: (1) "He conveyed himself away," (2) "He was hidden and went out of the Temple," (3) "He went away and was hidden from them." The last seems intended as a climax, implying the final departure of the Light so that it was "hidden from" the Jews.

Again, the verb *κλίνω* wrongly rendered (St. John xx.): "bowed" (the head) said of Jesus is here rightly rendered "laid his head to rest." This is in accordance with the force of *κλίνω* (a couch, or bed), a place of repose, and in harmony with Hellenistic usage, and is supported by

Origen: "*inclinasse caput super gremium patris*," and with St. John's expression of Christ as "*being* in the bosom of the Father." The chapter Dr. Abbott devotes to the *Repetitions* so characteristic of St. John, goes far to confirm Bishop Westcott's theory of "the witness to Christ in the Fourth Gospel as of a sevenfold character." This is analogous to the more frequent recurrence of the number *seven* in the Book of the Revelation than in any other part of the Greek Testament. In conclusion, we gather that three most instructive lessons may be learned from a close perusal of this most learned treatise. (1) That a careful study of a writer's style, so characteristic of this work, as in the repeated use of certain words and phrases, is a most useful key to the mind of the author and to the meaning of his words, and often reveals delicate shades of meaning which would be lost without such a key. Further, it shows that inspiration does not obliterate personal character, and each inspired writer delivers his divine message in a manner natural to himself. (2) These pages point out in many cases the fact that the textual readings adopted by the Revisers admit of considerable doubt and discussion, and hence appears the necessity of a new and careful recension of the Greek text. (3) Last, that, even where the textual readings are generally accepted, our increased knowledge of Hellenistic Greek within the last thirty years makes it imperative to revise the renderings of the Authorised Version and the Revised Version in accordance with our more adequate present knowledge.

T. H. L. LEARY.

#### UNFORTUNATE MISS BEAUCHAMP

*The Dissociation of a Personality.* By MORTON PRINCE, M.D. (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Prince's "biographical study in abnormal psychology" reminds us, in the topic treated, of M. Flournoy's book on "*Hélène Smith*," named "From India to the planet Mars." Both savants have studied extremely eccentric women, who seemed each to contain two or more personalities in one body of flesh. But *Hélène Smith* was amusing in her secondary state—she unfolded romances about life in Mars and about her previous existences as an Arab princess in India and as somebody else at the Court of Louis XVI. She wrote in the Martian language, and had a few scraps of more or less Sanskritish nature. Her subliminal self knew things in an odd way, and if she never did any feat quite supernormal, still, she came pretty near doing so. The amateur in abnormal psychology found *Hélène* interesting.

Dr. Prince's Miss Beauchamp the amateur of abnormal psychology finds distressingly dull. She may be interesting to members of the medical profession, just as a gumboil may have meritorious points. But Miss Beauchamp's oddities (she has several distinct personalities) are far from gay. None of them soars through space and time on the pinion that the Theban eagle bears, and that wafts *Hélène Smith*. Miss Beauchamp's various personalities are all irredeemably suburban, even the freshest of them is a *bourgeoise* mint. The supernormal is quite out of their line. Miss Beauchamp, a sensitive but blameless person normally, suddenly finds herself, and other people find her, somebody else, B 1, B 2, or B 3, but all the three of them differ chiefly because they are tiresome in different ways. Miss B. herself was a somnambulistic child, and subject to hallucinations, but we do not gather that these hallucinations were "veridical." She was not even second-sighted. She was only hysterical, and not one of *les hystériques qui mènent le monde*. She was hypnotised, for the good of her health, and we are sorry, for she seems to have been her normal self before she was hypnotised; later her name, if not exactly Legion, is B, B 1, B 2, B 3. The various B's, as far as they recognise each other's existence, are not on very friendly terms. They have different

tastes, different health, and dress their hair differently. Would it not have been better for the genuine B. if she had never been hypnotised?

Dr. Prince applies his observations of the B. hallucinations to "the visions and voices of historical" (not hysterical) personages, and infers that *these* "hallucinations were sensory automatisms generated by their own thoughts, conscious or unconscious." That is a good old orthodox view of the case; but take the instance of Jeanne d'Arc, or of Socrates, both were persons of extraordinary health, mental and moral, and of surpassing strength and vigour. They were not "neurasthenic" females, nor had they ever been hypnotised by a medical man, or by any other person, like Miss B. Miss B.'s personality called Sally could cause hallucinations in the other personalities, just in proportion to the morbidity of the subject. When Miss B. was quite her normal self, Sally could not hallucinate her at all (p. 512).

But Socrates and the Maid were usually in the prime of health, and when wounds or bad treatment in prison made Jeanne ill, we hear nothing of her visions and voices *then*. Moreover, the historical evidence for the veridical character of Jeanne's visions and voices, in several cases, is as good as the historical evidence for her victories and her martyrdom. It is Monsieur Quicherat who says so, a deeply learned palæographer and historian, and not *un croyant*, in the Catholic sense. He had the courage to speak out on this matter. How the silly visions of the morbid hypnotised Miss B. can give us a line to the veridical visions of Jeanne, a girl who did the military work of two strong knights, as the Duc d'Alençon bore witness, one is unable to understand.

Miss B. was herself again, such as herself is, at the period when the book was finished. Let us hope that she may never be divided against herself any more. It is not easy for the amateur to estimate the value of this work to the members of the healing profession, but every one must recognise that it is most conscientiously done. Dr. Prince promises another volume on the philosophy of the subject; on hysteria, hallucinations and other freaks of human faculty.

#### RETROSPECTIVE RAMBLERS

*More Famous Houses of Bath and District.* By J. F. MEEHAN. (Bath: B. & J. F. Meehan, 12s. 6d. net.)

*Literary Rambles in the West of England.* By ARTHUR L. SALMON. (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.)

ODYSSEUS was an ideal traveller. "Many were the men," says Homer, "whose towns he saw and whose mind he learnt." Odysseus could no more have spent all his days in Ithaca than could Mr. Pickwick have been satisfied "to gaze on Goswell Street for ever." These great men journeyed as observers of character and manners; and perhaps the traveller of to-day can have no sounder motive for his wanderings. Exploration and adventure are to some minds a more tempting lure, of course, and most people pack their trunks in quest of mere diversion. Other travellers there are whom for lack of a fitter appellation we may term retrospective rambles. The dog-roses and honeysuckle of a June landscape, children playing about cottage doors, a long white road edged with the vivid blue of succory—these things move them less than the thought of the famous persons who trod of old the paths they are treading now. They "hear a voice" we "cannot hear," and it is more to them than the notes of lark or nightingale. In cities their converse is with shadowy wayfarers, whom the workaday world forgets: and in some cases notable books have emanated from this communion with the silent voices.

The retrospective Rambler cannot and doubtless does not expect a public so large as that which hungers for records of sports and peril at the Equator or highly coloured descriptions of Japan as she will be to-morrow; yet he has his public, a patient, childlike public (to say truth), if not



a very extensive one. Only five hundred copies of Mr. Meehan's book were printed, and all have been subscribed. This is a tribute to his earlier work on the same subject. Of Mr. Salmon's papers the first half-dozen have already appeared in the *Western Morning News*. The two books have more in common than would at first appear. Mr. Meehan's title would lead us to expect a large amount of architectural and historical detail, such as is found in "Jones' Views" (published at the Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square, 1829) and similar volumes descriptive of "the seats, mansions, castles, etc., of noblemen and gentlemen" in the United Kingdom. The chief interest of works of this class lies in their illustrations—those of Jones are excellent—the text having an esoteric claim on the noblemen and gentlemen in question and their families. In the main, as when discoursing of King's Weston, Farleigh Castle, Lacock Abbey, and so on, Mr. Meehan shows himself to be of the school of Jones, yet with a difference: his text is more voluminous, his illustrations less frequent and less satisfying. But, whether because the supply of famous houses ran short, or from whatever cause, he goes far, elsewhere, to suggest that his title is a misnomer. Thus, in three sections devoted to the career of John Arthur Roebuck, "a Bath politician," it is difficult to regard 10 Gay Street, 29 Circus and 1 Queen Square, as famous houses because Mr. Roebuck's inevitable aunt resided in the first, his future wife in the second, and he himself was a lodger in the third. That there is no evidence to prove that Major André lived at 22 Circus, in spite of the statement of a misleading mural tablet, Mr. Meehan himself admits, yet goes on to narrate at considerable length André's familiar and melancholy history. The tragic death of an Earl and Countess of Sutherland in Bath "lodgings" (address not given) is made an excuse for a lengthy account of the Sutherland family, together with some superfluous remarks on the qualities of its present representatives. General Wolfe certainly used to visit Bath, but the fact hardly seems to call for a full description of his career, not omitting the famous death-scene which all of us have known since we were short-coated. However, if Mr. Meehan's subscribers do not object, no one is the worse; but we question whether all of them will suffer gladly such a phrase as "the giddy throng of fashionables then at Bath"; and "Attendance was given to the Rooms" (to Mrs. Sherwood) is a cryptic saying. The pleasantest and least hackneyed thing in the book is the paper on Southey's schooldays at Corston Manor Farm, a sort of Dotheboys Hall.

When writing about Southey, Mr. Meehan shows his kinship with Mr. Salmon, who does not give us any Bath stories (Mr. Meehan tells us all about Mr. Pickwick's card-party at the rooms), but has a good deal to say about literary Bristol. With no other illustration than a rather ordinary photograph of Tintagel for frontispiece, Mr. Salmon's book must stand or fall by its text. Mr. Salmon cannot, any more than Mr. Meehan, be acquitted of dragging in extraneous topics by the head and shoulders. The poet Gay was born in or near Barnstaple. Well: but he left it in boyhood, and his one or two bare allusions to the West Country scarcely justify the inclusion of a sketch of his career in a book of western rambles. "George Borrow in Cornwall" sounds promising, but there is scant performance. Borrow, at the age of fifty, made a walking tour in the Duchy, and left some notes of his journey which "enable us to realise," says Mr. Salmon, "how delightful the issue might have been if he had produced the book on Cornwall, which he certainly contemplated." The notes, however, appear to furnish little more than a bare itinerary. To write of Herrick at Dean Prior is to attempt to succeed where the Israelitish brickmakers failed. Herrick tells us something in his verses, the rest is conjecture. He abused Devon and its people, yet he lived in the county thirty years. What is the explanation? Alas! Mr. Salmon can only offer us the stones of surmises, and we arise from his article tantalised, with empty bellies. One of Mr. Salmon's studies is to be

highly praised, and that is his paper on R. S. Hawker. Hawker's miseries and consolations are portrayed with sympathy and tenderness. But in "With Coleridge and Tennyson at Clevedon," and still more in the chapter on Quantocks, Mr. Salmon does not rise to the height of the occasion. Commonplace writing on such subjects is unendurable. We turn with relief to Cottle's record of the day he spent with Coleridge and Wordsworth at Allfoxden. In Mr. Salmon's book are certain repetitions which point to haste, and he might easily have avoided such very ugly expressions as "to come out on top" and "destined to become a Laker." He who writes about the poets should pitch his style higher than this. We bear no ill-will to the retrospective Rambler: on the contrary, we stand indebted to earlier masters in this vein for much pure pleasure. But we have regretfully to assert that its latest exponents have in these excursions disappointed our hopes. Their books should have been much better than they are.

### A PEOPLE AT SCHOOL

*A People at School.* By H. FIELDING HALL. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

WHEN Mr. Fielding Hall first penetrated to the teak forests of Upper Burma and settled at Ningyan, King Thibaw was on the throne. That was only some twenty years ago. There were no roads, only tracks. Each village was self-contained and self-governed: there was no aristocracy of any sort, no ruling class, no endowed church. "They had the omniscience and arrogance of a boy who hardly believes any world can exist outside his garden wall; who thinks he is the receptacle of all knowledge and has no fear, because he does not know what numerous things there are to be afraid of outside. . . . They were as children who had not yet been to school." Now there are railways, and steamboats and the telegraph. But no Burmese King rules at Mandalay: good or bad, his kingdom has passed away: and Burma has become a province of the British Empire. Civilisation has quietly advanced upon them, and the people who have lived for hundreds of years secluded in their great valleys, happy, careless, free as children in the nursery, have been put to school under our Civil servants, who have themselves just left a University. The changes that have taken place since the annexation in 1885 have been, as may be imagined, enormous: and at first sight appear more extensive and deeper than is actually the case. Perhaps there is nothing more interesting than this test of modern civilisation which is given when civilisation at its best comes into sudden contact with a nation that has existed for centuries in oblivion of its methods—to see the effect of new ideas, to note exactly how fundamental the changes are: whether the people become more prosperous and happier and better; and to watch the civilised, too, under the new light that is cast upon them. For in no other way is the essential in man brought out so clearly, and thrown into such prominent relief. The strong wind blows away the chaff of mere convention and habit, however thickly it may lie; and there remain the few grains which are important and valuable. Then we discover, with something of surprise may be, how small in reality is the difference between the civilised and the uncivilised, and how that difference is not wholly to our advantage.

It is with such questions as these that Mr. Fielding Hall deals. And no one could be better qualified to deal with them than he. How intimate is his knowledge of Burmese customs and how actual is his sympathy with Burmese thought, every one knows well who has read that very fascinating book "The Soul of a People." The present volume has the same wisdom and charm; but the matter is treated from another point of view: in some ways perhaps a less attractive point of view, as it is a more material one. But there is the same splendid lack of narrowness and officialdom, although he shows the

organisation of the present government in all its minute workings. His knowledge of that great machine is as intimate as his knowledge of the material upon which it is at work. He writes, moreover, without prejudice; and he is master of a style which is as clear as it is graceful. He gives a vivid picture of Burma before the annexation: of the desultory guerilla war that followed: of the slow settling down of the people, and of the gradual spread of civilisation. And though he himself is a pawn in the movement, he is able to rise and survey the whole position and see what the new power has touched and what it has improved; what it can never touch and what its touch has bruised.

## A LOST PICTURE

[I dreamed one night that the lost paintings of Wu Taotze, the greatest of Chinese masters, were unrolled before me. On waking, I could remember none distinctly except one, of which these lines are a transcript.]

I saw a Goddess in the evening step  
Between two mountain-pillars, tall as they;  
There she stood pausing on one foot advanced,  
With head inclined: and a slow weight of hair,  
In hue like distant pine-forests, unrolled  
Over her shoulder, down one side: her hands,  
Still stretched out to the tops of either hill,  
Seemed touching yet relinquishing their touch,  
As she gazed downward; at her feet a smoke  
Rose, amid blue woods, from the roofs of men.  
The heights of evening trembled with new stars:  
And in her eyes were stars, but not like those  
In heaven, that see not: these were thoughts that shone  
Kindled by what they looked on: in deep hearts  
The hiding terrors, the unwhispered hopes,  
The suffering of infinities confined,  
Breathed in the pale mist up from homes, all peace  
In growing dimness, while that Tenderness  
Inclined above them, whose immortal eyes  
Held what had been, were she a mortal, tears.

LAURENCE BINYON.

## THE LATE FATHER GENERAL OF THE JESUITS

### A REMINISCENCE

FATHER LUIS MARTIN during life was constrained to keep as much in the background as any of his predecessors. This was the inevitable result of the fault-finding, intolerant tone of too many continental journalists on the subject of the Jesuits. Now that he is gone, it will not be an annoyance or an unkindly act for a friend to describe in a few words the character of one whose fate it has been during life to excite much curiosity and to remain almost unknown.

It was my good fortune to see a good deal of him ten years ago. One noticed, of course, at once, the characteristics of a Spaniard, the swarthy complexion, the black hair and large, dark, quick-glancing eyes, the facile dignity of bearing, the ready, suave and well-turned speech, and the warm heart which soon declared itself for the side it took, even in conversation. These qualities were common to many of his race, and, before we come to what was distinctive, a few words about his life-story will be in place.

He was born in the little town of Malagar de Fermental in 1846 of parents belonging to the middle class, who sent him when he was nine to the *petit séminaire* at Burgos. On the completion of his college course he felt a strong attraction to the Society of Jesus. His father, who had

other plans, at first refused his consent, but granted it when the seriousness of the call became unmistakable, and at the age of eighteen he began his Jesuit training at Loyola, the family castle of St. Ignatius, in which the founder first heard and followed a Jesuit's vocation.

Of the long training prescribed by the Order nothing more need be said here, except that he distinguished himself in the theological schools, and that the first office entrusted to him was the chair of Lecturer in Theology. He was then put at the head of the house, though only thirty-three years of age, and he afterwards presided over the Jesuit college at Salamanca. After a year or two at Bilbao employed in preaching and other works of the active ministry, he became Provincial in 1886. In 1892 the General, Father Anderledy, fell ill, and on his death-bed named Martin as Vicar until a General should be elected. This took place in the October of the same year, when Martin was chosen for the post. Last year cancer attacked his right arm, and after much suffering, borne with heroic courage, he passed away during Easter week.

These leading events in his life correspond with the developments of his character. Bred to piety, it became the chief concern of his life. I have seen religious-minded men of many countries and creeds, but never one who brought to the cause more thoroughness of mind, heart and will, nor one who strove more consistently to see and to resolve in the light of prayer and according to the principles of Christian revelation. Bound though he was by his office to work double tides at correspondence and interviews, it was a marvel to see what hours he gave daily to meditation and the liturgical prayers and services of the church. And all this with the naturalness and facility of a man who has practised an art from childhood and is unconscious that there was anything beyond the ordinary in what had become to him so easy.

The next obvious characteristic was the ruling mind. It will have been noticed that he was put into command at the first opportunity and was left at the head of affairs until the end. And no wonder, for he was a born leader, strong, fearless, quickly decided, swift and resolute in execution. His force of character, refined by long intellectual training and enthusiasm for holiness, marked him as an ideal religious leader. Yet he was not a martinet, and I have heard his government contrasted favourably in this respect with that of his predecessor, whose Swiss descent and German training predisposed him to greater rigidity of discipline.

At times, of course, one heard him spoken of unfavourably. A man of his strength and utter unworldliness is sure to be occasionally styled brusque, or magisterial, or behind the age. But whatever truth there may sometimes have been in such criticisms, they did not endure. The frequency of his acts of kindness, the sense of his earnestness, the evidence of his lofty motives, inevitably caused minor complaints to lose their force, fade away and disappear.

Here I may mention some smaller matters, which, however, to English people at least, may not seem insignificant. Father Martin was the first General of the Society who spoke English fluently, and he taught himself the language amid the labours of his generalate. He was also the first General who visited England voluntarily. Father Rothaan, indeed, also did this, but during an enforced exile. Father Martin read and appreciated English newspapers.

The last point of character which I desire to note corresponds with his early training amid scenes historically important for his Order. He was fond of history, scientific history, to a degree which is rare everywhere, and especially in those countries where speculative science and literature attract so much attention as to withdraw interest from research. As my personal acquaintance with him was formed whilst I was studying under his auspices in the Vatican Archives, it was natural that his conversations with me should often turn on

history, and I was surprised to find how firmly he held to true principles.

Not only did he see that history which shall endure must be written with a first-hand knowledge of original records, but he also perceived that history must be as uncontroversial as photography, and must portray good and bad indifferently, without encomium or excuse, save that which arises from a fair representation of the circumstances of the case. This he had learnt, not so much from his own historical studies, for which he had never had much opportunity, but in the course of giving aid to historians.

It was his ambition to see the history of his Order written fully and scientifically, but he knew that much preparation would be necessary. So he promoted archive-work, the publication of essays and studies on debated points and special periods, even though the theme was not integrally connected with Jesuit history. He encouraged me, for instance, to face the still but half-solved Mary Stuart problem. Many such investigations, he knew, would be necessary before the ground would be clear for the Jesuit historian to tell his own story without endless digressions. But these inquiries would take years, and he used to tell me that he feared he should never see the first volume of the history he desired. Father Astrain's volume on the Society in Spain, however, he did see, and Father Hughes's History of the American Jesuits is going through the press, while as for historical materials I need but mention the names of Fathers Duhr and Braunsberger, Mercier and Tacchi Venturi, and the title of the great series "Monumenta Societatis Jesu Historica," to remind those interested in the subject how much has been achieved, and how much is in progress.

Father Martin's patronage of history and literature should prove a valid title to esteem and recollection with the world at large. The Jesuits, houseless and scattered in France, not even yet able to return freely to Germany, and threatened in many other countries, may well mourn a leader so constant and so high-minded. But for himself, I feel sure that no man, fully conscious of all he was doing, ever steered his bark across the bar with a more steadfast hand.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

AN AUSTRALIAN VERSE-WRITER—  
VICTOR DALEY

THERE died in Australia, at the end of last year, Victor James Daley, a writer of verse who had become prominent in the young literature of his adopted country. Daley furnishes an interesting illustration of the literary characteristics of the Celt, as described by Mr. Havelock Ellis in February's *Contemporary Review*. Born near Armagh, Ireland, in 1858, of an Irish father and a Scottish mother, he could trace descent from an ancient sept of bards, the O'Dalys, whose motto was "Laudes cano heroïum." He journeyed to Australia when he was twenty, and for the remainder of his days was occupied chiefly in writing verses contributed to the Australian Press, and in particular to *The Bulletin* of Sydney. The precarious livelihood thus earned was sufficient for a volatile, improvident Irishman without capacity for persistent labour; and during twenty years scarcely a week passed without the appearance of some new example of his facile talent. Daley wrote rhyme as easily as most people write prose—wrote fancifully or tenderly, humorously or satirically; and his name and work are familiar to every reader in Australasia. His death at a comparatively early age was an occasion of general regret.

A single book, "At Dawn and Dusk," published in 1898, does not adequately represent Daley's liberal gift; but in

that book, as elsewhere, he shows reason for varying slightly Mr. Ellis's definition of Celtic characteristics in literature. "In the first place," said the critic, "always there is presented to us the remote as remote. . . . In the second place the Celtic poet's method is always decorative." It is suggested that instead of declaring that the Celtic style is both "remote" and decorative, it would be better to say that there are two orders of Celtic style, the "remote" and the decorative—the former rare, and merging (sometimes in the same person: e.g., Keats) into the latter, which is common. Victor Daley, despite his Lowland Scottish tincture, was a writer typically Celtic in the decorative style: literally speaking, "whatever he touched he adorned." But his style was not in the least "remote": he had no "glamour": never wrote as if he were walking in the kingdom of a half-forgotten dream. His mind was a *camera obscura* in a world sunlit, and his art was to picture his reflected vision in splendid verbiage.

Her eyes are black as midnight,  
Yet in their depths doth dwell  
A light like starlight shining  
Within a holy well.

Her lips are like pomegranates,  
That in the summer glow,  
Outside the latticed windows  
Of the seraglio.

Her breasts are golden goblets,  
So pure, and chaste, and fine;  
Two cups like moons of splendour,  
And full of royal wine.

Her brow is like a banner,  
That leads a royal line;  
Her hair is like the darkness  
In branches of the pine.

Her slender limbs are lilies,  
Slow swaying in the stream,  
Her feet in scarlet slippers  
Like pearls in rose-leaves gleam.

It is verbal embroidery rather than poetry: as Mr. Ellis also has pointed out, the effect produced by such work is that of sumptuous tapestry.

In literary character and capacity, Daley was very like Tom Moore—to whom, by the way, Mr. Ellis surely is wrong in ascribing "remoteness" in the Celtic sense. Moore "looked into his mind and wrote," instead of looking at reality; but this is a practice not uncommon among writers of all races. Many a student of literature can visualise from words a stronger image than he gains from actual seeing. Indeed, literary students often walk blindly among facts, and their eyes are opened only when an artist, such as the late Stephen Crane, tells his vivid vision in printed words. Doubtless Moore relied greatly upon impressions thus received at secondhand; but the "remote" impressions of the Celt are different. We comprehend that Moore is describing the procession of images in a mental mirror, rather than writing of things directly seen; but his art never leads us into those twilight and other-worldly regions that are the Celt's peculiar domain. He has no mystery. His world is romantic, or passionate, or sorrowful; but it is always the world we know, however exalted by the power of fancy. Wherever we journey we recognise our familiar space of three dimensions. But the really "remote" Celt dwells in the Fourth Dimension, in a land set awry to common notions, a land of neither night nor day, where always a green light glimmers through dark and endless woods, and shadows flit to and fro without a sound. Whoever has breathed that enchanted air with "La Belle Dame sans Merci," will look for it in vain with Thomas Moore.

Victor Daley had so many of the qualities of Moore that one could cite his verses in support of nearly all that Mr. Stephen Gwynn has written of the latter poet. Possibly there is a greater weight of thought in Daley's work, with occasionally a tinge of bitterness. He wrote these lines on "London":

Sad, sad is she, and yearns for mirth :  
With voice of golden guile  
She lures men from the ends of earth  
To make her smile.

The student of wild human ways  
In wild new lands ; the sage  
With new great thoughts ; the bard whose lays  
Bring youth to age ;

The painter young whose pictures shine  
With colours magical,  
The singer with the voice divine—  
She lures them all.

But all their new is old to her  
Who bore the Anakim ;  
She gives them gold or Charon's fare  
As suits her whim . . .

She sits beside the ship-choked Thames,  
With Sphinx-like lips apart—  
Mistress of many diadems—  
Death in her heart !

He pictures a musing God surveying the world, and  
declaring at length his weariness with Man whom he has  
made. Then,

With all its glories ripe  
The Earth passed, like a spark  
Blown from a sailor's pipe  
Into the hollow dark.

His mind was not absorbed by the Irish land he had  
left, but he regarded it fondly and sadly :

. . . O, the Hawthorn is a Queen,  
And the daughter of a King,  
And amidst her branches green  
The sweet brown thrushes sing . . .

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen,  
And the daughter of a King,  
And amidst her branches green  
The thrushes sadly sing . . .

O, the Hawthorn is a Queen,  
And a Lady fair and grand,  
And the thrushes sing the keen  
Of the Dead—in Ireland.

The theme of Daley's verse is often thus sorrowful : "he  
painted his dream of joy upon a canvas of regret." Never  
precisely lyric, when he wrote tersely and spontaneously,  
he could reach something that is almost a lyric effect :

We bought a volume of Anacreon  
Defaced, mishandled, little to admire,  
And yet its rusty clasps kept guard upon  
The sweetest songs, the songs of young desire,  
Like that high song once sung by Solomon.

My sweetheart's cheeks were peonies on fire ;  
We saw by the bright message of his eyes  
That Eros served us in bookseller's guise . . .  
I turn the faded leaves, but She is gone :  
Ah, for the poetry in Paradise !

There's Honey still and Roses on the earth,  
And lips to cling, and jugs to drain with mirth ;  
And lovers walk in bliss ; but She is gone . . .  
Anacreon ! Anacreon !

He was master of dexterous epithets :

This homely, gracious, green, familiar Earth . . .

Often he revised old images beautifully :

Your heart is trembling, like a dove  
New-caught, within your breast—as though,  
With struggling pinions, rosy Love  
Were prisoned in a drift of snow.

Occasionally Daley's work is touched with grave emotion,  
as in these lines for a dead child :

There is some pleasant shore—  
Far from His Heaven of Pride,  
Where those strong souls who bore  
His Cross in bliss abide—

Some place where feeble things,  
For Life's long war too weak,  
Young birds with unfledged wings,  
Buds nipped by storm-winds bleak,

Young lambs left all forlorn  
Beneath a bitter sky,  
Meek souls to sorrow born,  
Find refuge when they die . . .

Child Jesus walketh there  
Amidst child-angel bands,  
With smiling lips, and fair  
White roses in His hands.

I kiss thee on the brow,  
I kiss thee on the eyes—  
Farewell ! Thy home is now  
The Children's Paradise.

Daley wrote ironic verse too, after the manner of Heine,  
and many verses with a gaiety like Thackeray's. He wants  
the "personal weight," the deep passion, that belong to  
great poets ; but he wrote so much that is brightly or  
tenderly fanciful, so much that is richly phrased, that in  
Australia he is cherished high among the minor singers.  
His talent was displayed typically in those longer pieces  
where he narrates or meditates, and in stanza after stanza  
showers pictorial epithets and allusions profusely. The  
following are from "A Sunset Fantasy" :

So, hand in hand, we watch the sun  
Burn down the Western deeps,  
Dreaming a charmed dream, as one  
Who in enchantment sleeps ;

A dream of how we twain some day,  
Careless of map or chart,  
Will both take ship and sail away  
Into the sunset's heart.

Our ship shall be of sandal built,  
Like ships in old-world tales,  
Carven with cunning art, and gilt,  
And winged with scented sails

Of silver silk, whereon the red  
Great gladioli burn,  
A rainbow-flag at her masthead,  
A rose-flag at her stern ;

And, perching on the point above  
Wherefrom the pennon blows,  
The figure of a flying dove,  
And in her beak a rose.

And from the fading land the breeze  
Shall bring us, blowing low,  
Old odours and old memories,  
And airs of long ago—

A melody that has no words  
Of mortal speech a part,  
Yet touching all the deepest chords  
That tremble in the heart :

A scented song blown oversea,  
As though from bowers of bloom  
A wind-harp in a lilac-tree  
Breathed music and perfume.

And we, no more with longings pale  
Will smile to hear it blow ;  
I in the shadow of the sail,  
You in the sunset-glow.

For, with the fading land, our fond  
Old fears shall all fade out,  
Paled by the light from shores beyond  
The dread of Death or Doubt.

And from a gloomy cloud above  
When Death his shadow flings,  
The Spirit of Immortal Love  
Will shield us with his wings.

He is the lord of dreams divine,  
And lures us with his smiles  
Along the splendour opaline  
Unto the Blessed Isles.

That is Daley in the characteristic manner which,  
adapted to a hundred similar dreams with scarcely less  
effect, Australians have learned to appreciate and in its  
measure to admire.

A. G. STEPHENS.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Bertrand de Born," by  
M. H. H. Macartney.]



## FICTION

*The Flower of France.* By JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.  
(Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IN "The Flower of France" Mr. McCarthy writes a well-considered, stirring historical romance, and adds one more to the group of portraiture that bears the name of Joan of Arc. It is a convincing and dignified picture, and may be dwelt upon with sympathy and admiration. The story opens in Domrémy, and from that point conducts the "Maid" through triumph and failures to the stake in the market-square at Rouen. The author wisely keeps to the lines accepted by authority, conscious, probably, that no invention can heighten the wonder of the known facts of Joan's life, nor give to them an added touch of poetry, mystery, tragedy. He has, however, taken some little liberties, as was only to be expected. In addition to the voices, Joan is endowed with the gift of second sight, which brings in some striking scenes; and La Hire displays qualities and graces not accorded to him by tradition. A further touch of romance connects Joan with Catherine, the mistress of the "gentle Dauphin." The Maid's bargain with heaven—it comes to that—for the salvation of Catherine's soul raises a nice question of spiritual duty and sacrifice. Of course, the motive might appeal strongly to an exalted religious mind, but it is out of harmony with Joan's purpose and her singleness of aim. To her the cause of France was the cause of God. She could not be ignorant that she was the living standard, the rallying-point for a disheartened and distracted country, and that failure personified in herself would at least retard the success of her mission, divinely inspired as she believed it to be. We are grateful to the author for sparing us the attempt to tell the story in the language of the period; but in avoiding that mistake he need not have adopted common phrases and catch-words which came into use last year, and next year will be out of date.

*The Count at Harvard.* By RUPERT SARGENT HALL. (Boston: Page, \$1.50.)

THE Count is a kind of American "Babe, B.A." That is to say, he is one of the "best men" at Harvard University and gaily leads what is known in parlance of the modern Babe (masquerading in the cap and gown of the undergraduate) as "the push." It is interesting to note the difference of custom and convention and to note, too, the golden thread of resemblance which is to be observed in *das ewig bábliche*, even as it is to be observed (we are told) in that far more variable quantity—*das ewig weibliche*. Mr. Hall relates the Count's doings with sufficient gusto and vividness to make the Count a living person; we see him playing tennis, playing golf, playing baseball (this game we found a little hard to follow); we are with him in the editorial den of the *Lampoon*; with him as he conducts the rehearsal of his opera; in the examination-room, where he behaves shamefully; at his late breakfasts and his early morning suppers—and his company is always or nearly always pleasant, for he is amusing and irresponsible. So, also, we remember, was the Babe, B.A. But the Count does not so wholeheartedly adopt the charming pose of tiredness. He is more vigorous. He is not obliged to take a bath well-filled with eau-de-Cologne after meeting an undesirable: he skirt-dances with a sail and not with a sheet. There lies the essential difference. He is what a spinster aunt would call more manly. . . . We recommend the book to the punters on the Cher, this summer term.

*The Shadow of Life.* By A. D. SEDGWICK. (Constable, 6s.)

ANY one who in reading Pater's wonderful portrait of Sebastian van Stork has felt within him something vibrate in answer not only to the perfect beauty of the writing, but to the strange aloofness of Sebastian from life, will read with pleasure and appreciation Miss Sedgwick's

latest book. We do not mean to suggest any comparison in the matter of expression, though Miss Sedgwick writes with grace and distinction; but the character of Gavan in the "Shadow of Life" is akin, and extraordinarily akin, to that of Sebastian. "Surely! these transient affections marred the freedom, the truth, the beatific calm of the absolute selfishness which could not if it would pass beyond the circumference of itself; to which at times with a fantastic sense of well-being he was capable of a sort of fanatical devotion." That expresses the attitude of Gavan, or more truly, perhaps, the attitude which the book shows him struggling to attain, as he feels instinctively that on those lines only can his personality develop to its full height. The drama of the book lies in the fact that, though life is to Gavan an illusion, yet life calls to him unceasingly in the form of a woman, endowed with all the beauty of vitality; and chiefly for her sake he is forced to stifle the call of life. The book is deeply sad, but the thought in it is so strong and the treatment so sensitive that never for an instant does it sink into the slough of morbidness. The least faltering in grip, the least weakness in writing, and the book would have been a failure: a splendid failure, no doubt, but still a failure. There is no faltering, there is no weakness: the book is an achievement, and an achievement on a high and unusual plane. Such work fills one with deep respect. Caviare to the general, by the few it will be kept and read and re-read.

*Women and Circumstance.* By NETTA SYRETT. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THIS volume of short stories we read with considerable interest and a tinge of disappointment, because nearly every story is well conceived and nearly every story should have been better executed. All are marred by a fatal fluency, which enabled the writer to express herself before her subject was deeply enough imagined to be expressed with point: in consequence there is a lack of grip and a lack of depth about the stories, and they do not hold the attention as they should. They meander and spread, like a stream in a waste of sand, and disappear. No channel is cut. The stories, like the men and women they present, are without stamina, and so they appear morbid and dismal, where they are meant to appear poignant and sad; and in the one story that bears the stamp of gladness the stamp is blurred to a smudge of unreality. The scheme of the story, "The Idealist," is excellent—to make a girl who is a dreamer realise how a part of life has passed her by; but the way in which it is worked out is so commonplace that we feel no thrill of sympathy for her envy of the servant-girl whom she sees kissed by a lover. Rather are we irritated by the weak and false sentiment into which the story is allowed to peter out. "Borderland," the first and longest story in the book, is in our opinion the best, though more ought certainly to have been made out of the man who had the power of reading the thoughts of others. When Miss Syrett escapes from the snare of her fluency and sees the true nature of bitterness (that cheapest of life's commodities) her work will gain incomparably in value: at present it is spoiled by that fluency of execution and that streak of bitterness in her point of view—faults which in their own sphere are more akin than would at first sight appear to be the case.

*The Story and Song of Black Roderick.* By DORA SIGERSON. (Moring, 3s. 6d. net.)

A VERY charming and quaint little book is this of Mrs. Clement Shorter's; a romance told in prose and verse. In the first part we are on earth, watching the Little Bride pine away and die because her grim lord loves her not; in the second we are in heaven or hell or the space between, waiting on the devotion of the Little Bride, whose soul by self-sacrifice saves that of the Black Earl. The whole story is mediæval in tone, very daintily told, and full of tender grace.

## FINE ART

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY—I

THAT the two paintings likely to provoke most discussion at this year's Academy should each be the work of an American artist can give but moderate satisfaction to well-wishers of native talent. The place of honour on the west wall of Gallery III. is allotted to Mr. Abbey's *Columbus in the New World*, but doubtless many will consider that its position should have been given to Mr. Sargent's portrait group of four Baltimore professors, unquestionably the most successful painting of large size. The black gowns of these professors and the severe collegiate interior in which three are seated, present the painter with a sombre colour-scheme, which indirectly gives dignity to his composition and sobriety to his handling. The lighting is effective, and the whole work is well knit together in tone, but the grouping is too artificial to give complete satisfaction. Three professors are patently sitting for their portraits, while the fourth comes towards them, a little late for his appointment. Rembrandt and Hals, who have transparently inspired Mr. Sargent in this work, would have secured a homelier arrangement, and neither would have allowed the four sitters to concentrate their attention on the painter.

Far more natural, and thereby the more effective, is the grouping in Mr. James Sant's rendering of *The first Lady Fellow (Mrs. Frank Crisp) being admitted to the Linnean Society*, a painting which ably commemorates an interesting occasion with harmonious colour and graceful handling. The simple realism which is the merit of this group is not to be expected in Mr. Abbey's large decorative design, but the American painter might well have emulated the coherence of the Englishman. As a whole, Mr. Abbey's design suffers from the painter's hesitation between a decorative and a more realistic treatment. The figures, notwithstanding their stained glass attitudes, are treated with moderate realism; but the decorative accessories—including the shadows—are arbitrarily conventional, while a bewildering and confused effect is given to the whole by the flight overhead of a large number of flamingoes, whose colour is less suggestive of plumage than of pillar-boxes the worse for wear.

That England possesses many native artists capable of equalling or even excelling Mr. Abbey's essays in decorative painting cannot easily be ascertained at the Royal Academy. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, whose sumptuous panels for the International Exhibition at Venice now form part of the permanent decoration of the Leeds Art Gallery, is by no means adequately represented. His *Venetian Funeral*, which occupies the East wall of Gallery VIII., is decorative in arrangement, strongly drawn and richly painted, and its leaden hues may be suitable to the subject. But the cold heaviness of the colour-scheme chills and oppresses the spectator even while he recognises the quality and merits of the painting. In the same gallery, with due pomp of drapery, are exhibited by Royal Command two State portraits destined to be hung in the Canadian Houses of Parliament. We have rarely seen such tawdry presentments of Their Majesties except on the booths at a country fair.

More coherent than Mr. Abbey's and far more pleasing in colour is Mr. Frank Craig's smaller decorative painting, *The Heretic*, which has been bought by the Chantrey Trustees. The crowd of soldiery is well handled, and the bright reds which dominate the colour-scheme, if vivid, are less metallic than Mr. Abbey's. Essentially dramatic in conception, it just escapes coming within the province of melodrama, though the expression on the fair heretic's face is decidedly intense. As proving that the claims of younger decorative painters are not wholly ignored, it is worthy of note that the Chantrey Trustees have also acquired from the Old Water-colour Society Mr. R. Anning Bell's *Garden of Sweet Sounds*. Mr. Craig and Mr. Bell—whose *The Archers* shines among the Academy water-

colours—are better endowed than many a painter represented in the Chantrey Collection. Nevertheless, it will be questioned whether the achievements of either strictly comply with the conditions laid down in Chantrey's testament. Of the two remaining painters favoured by the Trustees, Mr. David Farquharson, A.R.A., is already sufficiently represented at the Tate by his *In a Fog*; and his *Birmam Wood*, the merits of which are marred by its oil-cloth surface, shows no such advance on previous efforts as to warrant a second purchase. Mr. C. D. Leslie's *The Deserted Mill* is neither better nor worse than the similar landscapes he has exhibited at Burlington House for many years past, and, since he has been a full Academician for thirty years, this first recognition of his art by the Trustees is either too early or too late.

Few, indeed, are the insiders whose exhibits this year show any improvement on previous efforts. Almost the only exception is Mr. Clausen, who each year progresses to a truer realisation of sunlight illumining the earth. In *The Green Fields* and two other small pastorals Mr. Clausen treats Millet's subjects with Monet's truth to natural colour, and the expressive simplicity of his drawing, the unfailing balance of his composition, the beauty and truth of his colour and the creamy texture of his paint, unite to make these exhibits the most admirable contributions to the exhibition. The strongly painted, sunny, rustic scenes of Mr. La Thangue, and the harmonious low-toned pastorals of the new Associate, Mr. Edward Stott, stand out as thorough expressions of sincere feeling amid much that is conventional, commonplace and meretricious. But like Mr. East, Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, and other artists to whom we referred in noticing the collection at the New Gallery, Mr. La Thangue and Mr. Stott merely repeat what they have said before.

Mr. Solomon's soundly painted portrait of *Sir Aston Webb* is an advance on his previous efforts in portraiture, but it would be folly to be too sanguine as to the permanence of this improvement, in view of his operatic rendering of *St. George rescuing the prima-donna* (295). Mr. George Henry more than atones for any disappointment given at the New Gallery by his delightful *The Blue Gown*, not only the best of numerous portraits of women at the Academy, but the most complete thing this gifted painter has accomplished of recent years. Of many portraits also hung in the third Gallery, few call for special commendation save the dignified and well-characterised head of *Sir Francis Younghusband*, which occupies the corner now habitually allotted to Mr. Orchardson. *The Duchess of Northumberland* is painted by the President in his usual careful but arid manner. The foreshortening of the right arm is unduly exaggerated, and the extreme minuteness with which accessories of costume and surroundings are depicted emphasises details till the sitter herself sinks into secondary importance. Mr. Sargent's *Portrait of Maud, daughter of George Coats, Esq.*, painted with a simple directness which recalls Manet, is artistically far more pleasing than his presentation portrait of Lord Roberts, in which the truculent splendour of the uniform overshadows the individuality of the wearer. Mr. Harrington Mann's *The Fairy Tale* is delightful, not only for its rich harmonious colour but also for the natural and decorative grouping of the children, while Mr. W. W. Russell's *The Jewel* must be reckoned among the most distinctive works in the unusually attractive Gallery II. Here, in addition to Mr. Sant's Linnean picture and Mr. Clausen's landscape already mentioned, are a well-painted fantasy of night-gowned children wandering in *The Land of Nod*, by Mr. Charles Sim, Fritz Thaulow's *Entrée du Chateau Royal à Copenhague* painted with his usual power but with unusual discretion, and Mr. J. M. Swan's diploma picture, *Tigers Drinking*. Many will regret that Mr. Swan has chosen to be represented in the Diploma Gallery as a painter rather than as a sculptor, but this moderate-sized painting amply testifies to his ability as a draughtsman, while in colour and surface quality it represents the painter at his best.

To the sculpture, which contains no work of outstanding merit, and to the water-colours, of which the same may be said, reference must be made in a further article, but the Black and White Room deserves more immediate attention if only for the work of the two new Associate Engravers. Mr. Strang contents himself with sending two cleanly etched portraits, and the expressive simplicity of his line may be profitably compared with the tentative drawings of Mr. Seymour Lucas, while Mr. Frank Short's beautiful translation of Turner's *A Yorkshire Dell* is a welcome contrast to Mr. Pratt's rendering of *H.M. Queen Alexandra; After Luke Fildes, R.A.* Other works of merit in this room are Mr. Brangwyn's large etching, *Santa Maria della Salute*, Mr. Hyde's *The Storm Cloud*, Mr. Shepperson's delightfully suggestive drawings (1316, 1334), Mr. Hanslip Fletcher's austere wash-drawing of Wren's house in Billingsgate, and Mr. T. R. Way's poetical lithograph of *London Bridge*.

Among the less famous Academy exhibitors from whom, as usual, comes a very large proportion of the most pleasing work, a leading position must be assigned to Mr. J. Buxton Knight for his admirable landscape *The Hamlet: Winter Sunshine* (156); to Miss Marion Powers for the Chardin-esque still-life in her two virile interiors, *The Bouquet* (270) and *Preparations* (824); to Mr. Harold Knight for the silhouette in his arrangement in grey and black, *The Girl and the Letter*; and to Mr. Ambrose M. Patterson for his well-painted and unjustly "skied" portrait of a guards officer (496). Mrs. H. Creamer's decorative portrait of a girl at a mirror, *The Purple Scarf* (353), would deserve higher praise were it less reminiscent of Mr. C. H. Shannon. It is amusing to note how often the disciples of a distinguished outsider forestall their master in securing academic approval. Moreover, in fairness to Mrs. Creamer it must be said that Mr. Bernard Partridge's portrait of his wife (54) is equally reminiscent of Mr. William Nicholson, while Mr. J. J. Shannon—who seems to have abandoned his more personal eighteenth-century convention—and Academicians innumerable struggle with more or less success to imitate Mr. Sargent. When we look at the flaring light blues in Mr. Shannon's *Mrs. Herbert M. Sears and her Daughters*, or the insistent pink in Mr. Dicksee's *The Duchess of Westminster*, we sadly recall the prophetic words of John Hoppner, in that the masters, as well as

the students, losing sight of the great authorities in art, are content to follow the popular painter of the day. This, as defects are easily imitated, unfortunately flatters the indolent, and entraps the unwary; and is naturally productive of a uniform mode of practise, that not only tends to paralyse genius, but obstructs the course of effective improvement.

### THE FRENCH SALONS

FOR the benefit of "the general" it is almost necessary to explain precisely what are the Salons or picture-exhibitions in Paris, because during the last four or five years they have all changed in one way or another, either their local habitations or their names, or both; or else they have changed from non-existence to existence. The oldest institution—the oldest by far—that of the Société des Artistes Français—corresponds in almost every point to our Royal Academy. The "old salon" it used to be called when the first dissident salon—corresponding to our New Gallery—which is now sixteen years old, was still young. Comparatively, the name still holds, seeing that the Artistes Français are giving their hundred and twenty-fourth exhibition. But "Salon des Champs Elysées" and "Salon du Champ de Mars" used also to be distinctive epithets of the old and the new respectively. Then the old exhibition building was pulled down to make way for the Universal Exhibition of 1900: for the same reason the "new salon" had to quit the Champ de Mars. Since 1901 both these societies have been housed back-to-back in the new Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts in the Champs Elysées. Now as the "new salon" is by its official title that of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, while it has

to take, in fact, a back seat in the Palais des Beaux-Arts; as, finally, there is an École des Beaux-Arts which has its home in the Rue Bonaparte, and has no connection whatever with either of these societies, though it corresponds pretty closely to our Academy school, and though it, too, has its official building and at certain times its own exhibitions: it is evident that for the uninitiated there are plenty of elements of confusion. But I must add the fact that the newest of new salons is that of the Indépendants, which has its show on the same bank at Cour la Reine. For brevity however I shall simply distinguish the three shows as the old salon, the new salon, and the Indépendants.

For any one in search of a new sensation I am not sure but that the last is the one to be recommended. As Whistler used to say: "There's madness about." And the general effect of walking through this "independent" show is to make us doubt whether we have not been transported in the night to some planet where the laws of form, of colour, of all else that goes to make art, are strange and new; if not to a new planet, say to the Laputa island where, it will be remembered, "there was a man born blind who had several apprentices in his own condition. Their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling." I guess that here, too, 'tis a question of reconstructing art on some new principle, which may work excellently when perfected, only that I was in the same case with Gulliver. "It was my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lesson." I guess this, because I am told that there is a similar "independent" school of music which considers harmony the element in that art which should be avoided at all risks. It is only fair to say that there are some good pictures, *rari nantes*, even at the Indépendants.

The other two galleries have adopted a custom which may be recommended to our Royal Academy. They set apart one room for "a one-man show." In the case of the old salon the one man is M. Henri Martin. As I can claim to have followed this painter's career at any rate for the last fourteen years, and almost always with admiration, at a time when he was practically unknown in England and only slightly recognised in France, it is with something of personal gratification that I witness this apotheosis. The room is given up to two vast decorative subjects, in effect *rus* and *urbs*. On one side are reapers at their toil, girls dancing, simple rustic love-making. The other side is more open to criticism. What are these city-folk doing? The *profani* will ask: "Are they watching *ballons volants*, such as are often sent over Paris in the summer time, that they seem such Johnny Head-in-airs? The answer is, I suspect, that their attitude is *symbolique* of the more spiritual life which should distinguish citizens: perhaps, according to M. Martin, it does. Symbolism apart, the fine attitudes of the rustic figures, the brilliancy of light and colour in both series, are things most notable.

Such large decorative pictures are distinctive of the French picture-shows and, therefore, the most worth considering. When they deal naturally with "actualities"—as MM. Sieffert's *Dockers*, or Henri Delacroix's *Vie des Champs*, they command our respect, while monstrosities, such as Rochegrosse's *La joie rouge*, command a sentiment exactly the opposite. From the date of his first decided success with the *Chevalier aux fleurs*, this painter has steadily declined. Jean-Paul Laurens is one of the few older painters who can still do fine work; and one, at least, of his two artist sons, J.-Pierre Laurens, has two pictures of high merit: *The Cliffs*, the best of the two. It is one of the few good landscapes in the exhibition. Others are a *Moonrise*, by M. Didier-Pouget, oily but good, and Mr. Pratt's *Chanson d'été*. M. Chahas's *Nageuses* is very nearly the most attractive thing in the gallery. Two clever heads are Nos. 413 (by Mr. Congdon, an American), and 472 (by A. Dechenaud). But more worth noting, because among so many vast *lartines* they are like to

escape notice, are M. D'Estienne's *Jeune fille bretonne*, a marvel of delicate workmanship, and M. Suau's *Vielle femme du Cantal*. A Hungarian Styria has some strong work, evidently of the school of Muncaczky.

Scarcely any space, alas! remains to me to speak of the new salon, which of late years has fallen behind the old, which at first it much surpassed. Putting aside the attraction of the show of Carrières, for which one room is set apart, and excepting for two English painters, Mr. Lavery and Mr. Rupert Bunny (Nos. 195-8), I scarcely know what would remain to keep up its ancient glories. Mr. Lavery is so well known in England that I need not speak of him. He exhibits three good portraits (Nos. 735-7), and the *Bridge of Grez*. Mr. Bunny is, like Henri Martin, essentially a decorative artist. His (briefer) career, too, I have followed, and expect not less of him than of his senior. But he has never yet had mural decoration put in his way. Charles Cottet is one of the best of the great men (*gros bonnets*) of the new Salon: his triptych of portraits, and his *Sunset on Pont-en-Royans* are both fine pieces of work. Undoubtedly there are other clever things—MM. Guirand de Scovola's portraits, Gaston Latouche's *Fête de nuit*, Besnard's portrait of M. Barrère, a snow scene by Thaulow (No. 1148), etc. But, as we have seen as good and better work by these artists before, it is impossible to be enthusiastic over their achievement.

C. F. KEARY.

## MUSIC

### BACH'S HUMOUR

EVERY one who has listened with any attention to the music of J. S. Bach will have discovered that among its manifold attractions, perhaps the most obvious is an abundant sense of humour, which suffuses his work and especially comes to his rescue to prevent his learning from becoming pedantry. In spite of what looks like a persistent determination amongst, at any rate, his English admirers to ignore this, and to dwell only upon the deep expression of great things, which is the life and soul of his music, again and again his humour asserts itself. It is the salient feature of many of the fugue subjects of "The Forty-eight"; it plays daintily over the suites and concertos; it even finds a place in the organ loft, and has its word to say in the course of many of his great organ works which are seldom heard out of church. Nor is it in the least incompatible with such surroundings or of a kind to interfere with a perfectly serious expression of high thoughts. Humour is not frivolity: the preacher may be the better for it; without it, indeed, he has often come to grief. It may save his dignity, instead of imperilling it, by enabling him to distinguish the great from the little, the real from the unreal. Humour of this kind enters Bach's church compositions, and over and over again saves a cantata from heaviness. In the Christmas Oratorio, typical of his festal works, it plays over the graceful weaving of voice and accompaniment, and sometimes almost places them in a competition of rapid and joyous little figures, as in the tenor aria, "Haste, ye shepherds." In the Passion Music we least expect to find this quality, yet even here instances might be quoted without casting a moment's doubt upon the deep seriousness of Bach's purpose.

But sometimes he indulged in a purely humorous type of composition, in fact in a musical joke, of which the Cantata, "Der Streit zwischen Phöbus und Pan"—*Dramma per Musica*, Bach calls it—is an excellent example. We are rarely given an opportunity in London of hearing these offshoots of Bach's genius, and the performance of this work lately at the Bach Memorial Concert at Æolian Hall was quite an event of importance amongst recent music-makings. The concert itself was a noteworthy one, the principal artists headed by Mr. Henry J. Wood, who

conducted a contingent of the Queen's Hall orchestra, all generously giving their services with the object of contributing towards the purchase of Bach's house at Eisenach, and the endowment of a Bach museum therein. The "Phöbus und Pan" cantata was far from being the sole example on the programme of Bach's humour. The second Brandenburg concerto overflows with it. A violin, trumpet, flute and oboe are the quaintest quartet, and they carry on a delightfully brisk and amusing dialogue. One minute the trumpet and flute are in animated discussion, when the violin bustles in and asserts itself, while the oboe always makes its strident voice heard above the rest when it chooses. This is the spirit of the first and last movements, while the middle movement is one of the most purely beautiful and contemplative that Bach ever penned. The trumpet is left out, the oboe is hushed to an expressive melancholy, and the three solo instruments ponder in loving fashion over the beautiful subject above an accompaniment of muted strings. Again, the dainty suite in B minor for flute and strings, the solo part played to perfection by Mr. Fransella, is full of the most delightful fun. Of course, another side of Bach's character was well represented. The beautiful cantata, "Schlage doch," which was recently discussed in connection with the Bach Choir concert, was well sung by Miss Maria Philippi; Mrs. Edgar Speyer's playing of the Chaconne was broad and dignified, and Mrs. Henry Wood sang the aria, "Ich ende behende mein irdisches Leben" in careful style. Last of all came the "Phöbus und Pan" cantata. Six characters make up the *dramatis personæ* and they were allotted thus: Miss Lillie Wormald (Momus), Miss Maria Philippi (Mercurius), Mr. Henry Turnpenny (Tmolus), Mr. Harold Wilde (Midas), Mr. Frederick Ranalow (Phœbus), and Mr. Frederic Austin (Pan). This "Dramma per Musica" is as free from the drama as possible. It is a succession of dialogues in recitative between the various characters with strongly individual arias for each, and at the beginning and end a "Coro," in which the six voices combine. When we first open the score, the general outline and plan, as well as the texture of the writing, look so much like that of his church cantatas that we are inclined to fear lest the likeness should have the appearance of parody. But in performance this is not so, unless it be in the recitative, where Bach's use of certain progressions of harmony and outlines of melody is so conventional that in the rather characterless dialogue of this work he often approaches very nearly to the less deeply felt parts of the narrative recitative in his church music. But apart from this there is no confusion. All the music stands as definitely upon the one side of the barrier that divides the sacred from the secular as the most light-hearted of his church cantatas stands upon the other side. The bustling triplets of the orchestral parts of the first "Coro," tossed from the fiddles to the oboe parts and from them to the flutes, or rumbling about among the basses, suggest a tone painting of the "wirbelnden winde" upon whom the voices call. When Phœbus and Pan have met, and in pompous recitative boasted each of his own musical prowess, the soprano (Momus) aria "Patron, Patron," follows. This, written with figured bass accompaniment only, required some editing for modern performance, but Herr Felix Mottl's edition, clever though it is, takes some liberties with the harmonies as indicated by the figures. It was, however, very effective as sung by Miss Wormald, its sprightly, mocking character being well grasped by her. Then comes Mercurius, who ordains the contest between the two, Phœbus choosing Tmolus as his judge, Pan choosing Midas. The efforts of the combatants are represented by two arias. That of Phœbus is richly scored for flute, oboe d'amour and muted strings. As representative of serious art, it is long and complicated, employing every device of sustained and florid singing dear to the heart of the operatic singer of that day. It is so very much better music than the languishing love-song it parodies that it is not very surprising that Mr. Ranalow took it too seriously and made it sound solemn. But Pan's solo could not be



mistaken. He puts so much energy into it and jumps about so excitedly, that the words become:

so wack-ack-ack-ack-ack-ack-a-ckelt das Herz.

Short of physical jumping, Mr. Austin sang it with excellent realism. When the judges give their verdict, each must needs sing a long aria to describe his reasons for so doing. Of course each supports his own candidate, and then they all bully poor Midas for giving a candid opinion, one, moreover, in which I believe that most of the audience at this performance concurred. He supports Pan in a very spirited aria, beginning with the name of his hero upon the high tenor A. Mr. Harold Wilde sang this in excellent style, taking the high notes with perfect ease. However, Midas only gets the ass's ears for his pains, and when Mercurius has moralised further upon the subject, Bach points the moral in a recitative sung by Momus, impressively accompanied by strings, whereas the others had only the "continuo." This point was, however, not apparent in this performance, in which the orchestra accompanied throughout.

Du guter Midas, geh' nun hin  
Und lege dich in deinem Walde nieder,  
Doch tröste dich in deinem Sinn;  
Du hast noch mehr dergleichen Brüder,  
Der Unverstand und Unvernunft  
Will jetzt der Weisheit Nachbar sein,  
Man urtheilt in den Tag hinein  
Und die so thun, gehören all in deine Zunft.

It does not, perhaps, make the joke the sweeter to learn that this was Bach's answer to an unfavourable newspaper criticism, but if the words, which are not his own, are bombastic, the music is throughout too good-natured to let the repartee sound malicious, and, as the attack made upon him in "Der Kritische Musikers" was really ignorant and "unverständlich," the retort was well merited. This jocular sermon to musical critics ends with a short ode in praise of music, in which all the voices and full orchestra bear a part; and thus ended a very delightful concert.

H. C. C.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE most important addition which is proposed for "The World's Classics" is a complete Shakespeare in about seven volumes. The text is being edited by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, and he will write a preface to each play, adding a bibliography. The first volume is to contain a newly-written, long introductory essay on Shakespeare and his art by Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Frowde hopes to have a portion of the edition ready in the autumn. It will be printed in the clear type always used for this series, on ordinary paper and on thin paper for the pocket. Among the editors of other volumes in preparation are Mr. R. Warwick Bond, Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, Mr. T. Seccombe, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. A. Waugh and Judge Willis.

In the "Twenty-three Tales by Tolstoy" newly translated by Mr. and Mrs. Maude, are some stories not contained in any of the "complete" or "collected" editions of Tolstoy's works.

It is hoped that at least one hundred volumes of "The World's Classics" will be ready by the end of the year, and they will be procurable in the new pocket edition as well as in the more familiar form.

On May 17, Messrs. Methuen will publish Mr. F. M. Gostling's translation of M. Anatole le Braz's "The Land of Pardons." The book contains fifty illustrations, of which ten are in colour.—The same publishers promise, on the 21st, Mr. Richard Davey's "The Pageant of London," in two volumes illustrated in colour. The first chapters deal with Roman, Saxon, and Danish London; accounts of the aspect of the city in Norman and mediæval times are given; and the Tudor, Elizabethan, Caroline, and Georgian eras receive due attention. At the end of each

chapter will be found a list of the principal and most accessible works, ancient and modern, on the subject treated, and in addition to this the writer adds a list of the principal remains and relics of old London, illustrative of each period, to be found in old churches, houses, etc., and in various museums.

The Essex House Press announce that they have now ready "Mendicant Rhymes," a new volume of verse by Laurence Housman.

Messrs. Everett and Co. will publish shortly an interesting book—"From Valmy to Waterloo": extracts from the diary of Captain Charles François, translated and adapted from the French by R. B. Douglas, with a preface by Jules Claretie. François was with Napoleon throughout his extraordinary series of campaigns, and in his diary he records, with grim bluntness and simplicity, his own adventures, his own views of events, and the talk of his comrades round the bivouac fire.—The same publishers have in the press a humorous novel by Fox Russell: "The Escapades of Mr. Alfred Dimmock."

Under the title "The Undying Past," Mr. John Lane will publish on May 15, a translation by Beatrice Marshall of Sudermann's great novel "Es War."—Mr. Lane has also in the press a book from the pen of the late Mr. F. L. Austin—"Points of View."

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish shortly a book on "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall," by W. R. H. Trowbridge.—A small volume on the "History of Jewish Literature, from the Fall of the Temple (70 C.E.) to the Era of Emancipation (1706 C.E.)" by Mr. Israel Abrahams, Reader in Rabbinic Literature at Cambridge, is promised about the same date. The book, which is introductory to a larger work on the same subject, deals in a general way with the Talmud, the mediæval poetry, the mystic Kabbala, and other subjects.

E. Grant Richards will publish in the course of a week or two an open-air anthology entitled "Traveller's Joy." In this collection Mr. Waters has attempted to provide, as he says in his preface, a guide to those flowery wildernesses which lie a little off the beaten track. The book is to have end-papers in colour.—"Venus and Cupid: An Impression in Prose after Velasquez in Colour," is the title of a little book which will be issued during the next two or three weeks by the same publisher. The number of copies printed will be limited to three hundred and fifty on hand-made paper, and twelve, to which will be added a reproduction in photogravure of the Rokeby Venus, on Japanese vellum.

Mr. Philip Welby will publish about the end of May a new volume of poetry by Mr. A. E. Waite. The book, "Strange Houses of Sleep," is divided into four parts: (i) Shadows of Sacraments; (ii) The Hidden Sacrament of The Holy Graal; (iii) The Poor Brother's Mass Book: containing a method of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice for children who are not of this world; and (iv) The Book of the King's Dole, and Chantry for Plain Song: A Greater Initiation.

The next volume of "The Makers of British Art" will be Lord Leighton of Stretton, by Edgcumbe Staley. In addition to a full biography and an appreciation of his merits, the book gives a list of Leighton's works and matter for student-critics and general readers.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE BIRD CROCODILE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Singular as it may seem, this anomaly, which is rejected by the editor in "Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight," may be accepted as a confused verbal complex, in mediæval natural history.

To put it shortly, it arises from a misspelling of the Biblical *cochatrix*: thus, arranged chronologically; in the year 1210 we find *coquatrix*, by 1250 it varies to *chocatrix* and *cocodrille* or *corcodillus*; in 1263 *cocatrix*, in 1266 it is *calcatrice*, in 1300 *cokadrille* and Wycliffe

has cokedrill. These last forms resemble the Italian *cocodrillo*, Spanish *crocodilo*; so the cockatrice develops into the better known crocodile.

Now it is explained that all this is put for the *ichneumon*, a sort of parasite which attends the genuine crocodile, and is the Egyptian weasel; the crocodile is not described as such in the Old Testament, but is there symbolised by the word Leviathan to identify Egypt.

The result is that the prefix "cock" does produce a "bird-crocodile"; but I have not access to the context known to "Mr. Collins"; still the prefix is different, in composition, to the suffix in "woolfes and wolfebirds."

A. HALL.

Highbury, N., May 3.

### "QUOUSQUE TANDEM—"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I wonder if your much-afflicted correspondent, "A Student of Literature," ever studies the works of Charles Lamb. If so he has evidently forgotten the following passage from "New Year's Eve":

"I am not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluctant at the inevitable cause of destiny."

I have not time to consult Sir Thomas Browne, from whom it is possible that Lamb may have borrowed what seems to me a brave enough word, but I trust your correspondent will not accuse me of "blating," if I say I am quite content to borrow from Lamb.

B. N.

### SHAKESPEARE AND WORDSWORTH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Though I would not display the impertinence of crossing swords with Mr. Edward Wright, I could not help wondering how many would subscribe to his opinion that "the most inspired passage in Shakespeare sounds a little mundane beside the 'Orphic song' of Wordsworth."

Is it the knowledge of Wordsworth's egotistical character that prejudices one against lines beginning "I have felt"? It seems to me that though it is "pure vision" the lines convey a single experience, personal and positive, and for this reason my thoughts revert not more to the subject in hand than to the writer himself.

Shakespeare's lines are impersonal and suggestive. Looked at from a more general point of view are they not therefore greater art?

MAX PLOWMAN.

### PREPOSITIONS AT THE END OF SENTENCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—How can it be accounted for that in conversation sentences frequently end with a preposition while in writing this is avoided? Swift had the courage to use the conversational arrangement and we seem to hear him speaking. A person who in talking places the preposition as he would in writing exposes himself to the remark, "Why you talk like a book," which is not considered complimentary.

J. BUCKLER.

### ONIONS AND VINEGAR

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Readers of the ACADEMY must certainly be among those who loathe blatant adulation arrayed in the guise of literary criticism; yet having read my copy this week I was tempted to ask: Upon what meat do these our critics feed that they are grown so—lean? Lent being ended, why continue the diet of onions and vinegar? Rapiers and battle-axes! What weapons, Mr. Editor, you must have served round last week! Surely there is a happy mean between indiscriminate applause (reminding one of ubiquitous introductions) and wholesale slaughter. Did it so happen that in all "the making of books" none came forth whereon your reviewers could bestow one grain of unstinted praise? Should such a dearth occur again, may I beg of you to depute one critic to extol the merits of some time-honoured classic just to remove this battlefield impression?

M. P.

[If M. P. will look over last week's ACADEMY again, he will not, we think, find it so full of onions and vinegar as he gathered from his first reading.—ED.]

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

Rembrandt, a Memorial, 1606–1906. Parts IV. and V. Each 14½ × 10½. Pp. 12. With 7 plates. Heinemann, each 2s. 6d. net.

McKay, William D., R.S.A. *The Scottish School of Painting*. Illustrated, 8 × 5½. Pp. 369. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

Jouin, Henry. *Jean Goujon*. 10½ × 8. Pp. 105. Paris. Librairie de l'Art. 3f. 50.

[Another volume in the excellent semi-official series of "Artistes Célèbres," published under the direction of M. Paul Leroy. M. Jouin's work has been crowned by the Académie des Beaux-Arts. It is illustrated with 57 engravings.]

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

*The "Pope" of Holland House*: selections from the correspondence of John Whishaw and his friends, 1813–1840. Edited and annotated by Lady Seymour, with a memoir of Whishaw and an account of "The King of Clubs" by W. P. Courtney. Illustrated. 9 × 6. Pp. 345. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.

Fitchett, Rev. W. H. *Wesley and his Century*. A Study in Spiritual Forces. Portrait and facsimiles. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 537. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.

Williams, H. Noel. *Later Queens of the French Stage*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 360. Harpers, 10s. 6d. net.

[This is a similar volume to "Queens of the French Stage," which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of Feb. 3, 1906. Lives of Sophie Arnould, Mdle. Guimard, Mdle. Raucourt, Mme. Dugazon, Mdle. Contat and Mme. Saint-Huberty. Portraits and Index.]

### CLASSICS.

*Longinus on the Sublime*. Translated by A. O. Prickard, M.A. With introduction, appendix and index. Oxford Library of Translations. 7¼ × 4½. Pp. 128. Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.

### DRAMA

D'Humiac, L. Michaud. *Le Roi Grallon*. Tragédie en cinq actes et sept tableaux, en vers. 9½ × 6½. Pp. xv, 212. Paris: Librairie Molière, 4f.

[The tragedy of the submerged Breton city of Ys, of which opera-goers know something from the work of Blau and Lalo. M. d'Humiac objects to that opera that the librettist has made Ys a Christian city, whereas it was still Pagan, and has toned down the story for polite ears. His own tragedy gives a vivid picture of the luxury of the doomed city, and shows its conversion to Christianity by Gwenolé. Date—the middle of the fifth century.]

### EDUCATION.

*A First German Reader*. Edited, with questions for conversation, grammatical exercises, vocabulary, etc. By D. L. Savory. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 108. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

Langlois, Ch.-V. *Questions d'Histoire et d'Enseignement*. Nouvelles série. 7¼ × 4½. Pp. 323. Paris: Hachette.

[Contains two historical lectures on "La Tradition de la France" and "Michelet," both delivered in America. The remainder of the book is concerned with education in the United States and in general.]

Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. Told to the Children by C. E. Smith, with Pictures by Olive Allen. *Fairy Tales from Hans Andersen*. Told to the Children by Mary Macgregor, with Pictures by Olive Allen. Each 6 × 4½. Told to the Children series. Jack, 1s. net.

Henson, Canon H. Hensley. *Religion in the Schools*. Addresses on Fundamental Christianity delivered in St. Margaret's, Westminster, during Lent, 1906. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. xix, 137. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

[Canon Henson's views on what he calls "Fundamental Christianity" are well known, and his lectures will be fresh in the public mind. His book contains a bold statement of his point of view, and a plea for unity of action lest secularism be the result.]

Clarke, G. H. and Murray, C. J. *A Grammar of the German Language*. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. viii, 404. Cambridge University Press, 6s. net.

[The authors have some faith in "teaching grammar for its own sake." They give modern usages to be found in works of the best writers rather than the stereotyped rules of grammarians. Colloquial usages have not been neglected.]

Craven, R. M., and Lander, G. D. *Systematic Inorganic Chemistry, from the Standpoint of the Periodic Law*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 374. Blackie, 6s. net.

[Intended for students reading for final degree and other advanced examinations.]

Hassall, Arthur. *A Brief Survey of European History from Charles the Great to the Present Day*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 367. Blackie, 4s. 6d.

Virgil—*Aeneid*, v, vii, viii, ix. Edited by S. E. Winbolt. Latin Texts. Each 7 × 4½. Blackie, 6d. net each.

Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*. Pp. 120. *Captain Cook's Second Voyage*. Pp. 128. Raphael Holinshed's *England in the Sixteenth Century*. Pp. 127. English School Texts. Each 6½ × 4½. Blackie, 6d. each.

[Abridged.]

Jonson, Ben. *London Historical and Descriptive*. A Reading-book for Schools. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 255. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

Garvie, Alfred E. *Religious Education*, mainly from a Psychological Standpoint. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 95. Sunday School Union, 1s. 1net.

### FICTION.

Harris, J. Henry. *Cornish Saints and Sinners*. With numerous drawings by L. Raven-Hill. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. 312. Lane, 6s.

Swan, Annie S. *A Mask of Gold*. The Mystery of the Meadows. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 320. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

Spender, Harold. *The Arena*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 380. Constable, 6s.

Brooks, Mansfield. *The Newell Fortune*. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. 304. Lane, 6s.

Sutcliffe, Halliwell. *A Benedick in Arcady*. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. 343. Murray, 6s.

Macilwaine, Herbert. *Anthony Britten*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 365. Constable, 6s.

Albanesi, Madame. *A Young Man from the Country*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 343. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

Tracy, Louis. *Heart's Delight*. Illustrated. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 336. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Pitman, William Dent. *The Quincunx Case*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 316. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Marchmont, Arthur W. *By Wit of Woman*. Illustrations by S. H. Vedder. 8 × 5½. Pp. 317. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Glyn, Elinor. *Beyond the Rocks*. A love story. 7¼ × 5½. Pp. 319. Duckworth, 6s.

Perrin, Alice. *Red Records*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 306. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

Clarke, Laurence. *Murray of the Scots Greys*. 7¼ × 5. Pp. 363. Jarrold, 6s.

## GEOGRAPHY.

Bartholomew, J. G. *Atlas of the World's Commerce*. Part iv. 16x10½. Newnes, 6d. net.

## HISTORY.

Hill, G. F. (described by). *Historical Greek Coins*. With thirteen plates 9½x5½. Pp. xix, 181. Constable, 10s. 6d.

[We enter this book under History because it is from the historical point of view that Mr. Hill regards his subject, and the coins he describes are chosen for the light they throw on history. He has attempted to do in Greek coins what Canon Hicks did in Greek inscriptions. He starts with the beginnings of coinage in Asia Minor in the seventh century B.C., and goes down to Amyntas, King of Galatia, B.C. 36-25. The thirteen plates illustrate 100 coins.]

Conway, Sir Martin. *No Man's Land: a history of Spitsbergen from its discovery in 1596 to the beginning of the scientific exploration of the country*. 9½x6½. Pp. xii, 377. Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.

[With 13 maps and 11 full-page plates; list of modern voyages; bibliography; cartography; chronological list of maps; history of nomenclature and index.]

Hare, Christopher. *A Queen of Queens and The Making of Spain*. Illustrated 9x6. Pp. xiii, 372. Harpers, 10s. 6d.

[The Queen of Queens is Isabel of Castile, wife of Fernando of Aragon. "Christopher Hare's" book is handsomely illustrated, and includes a map, a chronological table, a genealogical tree and an Index.]

Overton, the late Rev. Canon John H., and Relton, Rev. Frederic. *The English Church from the accession of George I. to the end of the eighteenth century*. 7½x5½. Pp. xvii, 374. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

[This is vol. vii. of Stephens and Hunt's "History of the English Church." Canon Overton left at his death a work in MS. which Mr. Relton has curtailed, amplified and adapted to the plan of the series. Index.]

Lavisse, Ernest. *Histoire de France depuis les origines jusqu'à la Révolution*. Tome Septième, I. *Louis XIV. La Fronde, Le Roi, Colbert (1643-1685)*. 9½x7½. Pp. 407. Paris: Hachette.

## LITERATURE.

Saintsbury, George. *A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day*. Vol. 1—From the Origins to Spencer. 9x5½. Pp. xvii, 428. Macmillan, 10s. net.

de Rothschild, J. A. *Shakespeare and His Day: a study of the topical element in Shakespeare and in the Elizabethan Drama*. Being the Harness Prize Essay, 1901. 7½x5½. Pp. xi, 251. Arnold, 5s. net.

[“An attempt to extract from the Elizabethan Drama something of Elizabethan life.” The scheme of Mr. de Rothschild's work is “to shadow forth some of the Elizabethan personalities and events,” and “to evolve something of the general colours and forms of Shakespeare's times.”]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Northcote, Hugh. *Christianity and Sex Problems*. 9x6. Pp. 257. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis Company. \$2.00 net.

Wythes, George; and Roberts, Harry. *The Book of Rarer Vegetables*. 7½x5½. Pp. 109. Handbooks of Practical Gardening. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

Johnson, Rev. Frank. *Faith and Vision*. Chapters of Suggestion on Religion and Life. 7x4½. Pp. 124. Melrose, 2s. net.

[The substance of these papers has appeared elsewhere, but all have been revised, many recast and rewritten.]

*The University of Liverpool Students' Song Book*. 6½x4½. Pp. 161. Published for the University Press of Liverpool by Williams & Norgate. 2s. 6d. net.

*A Book of Memory: The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead*. Compiled by Katharine Tynan (Katharine Tynan Hinkson). 8½x7½. Pp. xii, 216. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net. (See p. 443.)

*How to Shave Yourself: a reliable guide to an "easy" shave*. By an Expert. 7½x4½. Pp. 24. Illustrated. Van, Alexander, and Simpkin, Marshall, 6d. net.

Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Heart of the Country*. 7½x5½. Pp. 218. Alston Rivers, 5s. net.

[The present volume forms the second of "three small projections of a View of Modern Life." The first was, of course, "The Soul of London."]

## NATURAL HISTORY.

Collett, Anthony. *A Handbook of British Inland Birds*. With coloured and outline plates of eggs by Eric Parker. 8½x5½. Pp. 289. Macmillan, 6s.

Elms, E. F. M. *A Pocket-book of British Birds*. 6½x4½. Pp. 150. West, Newman, 2s. 6d.

[A useful little book of notes on birds, their colour, habits, nesting-places, etc., by a bird-lover.]

## POETRY.

Bancroft, Hester. *Poems*. 7½x4½. Pp. iv, 44. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.

Grindrod, Charles, F. *Songs from the Classics*. 7½x5½. Pp. 141. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.

Dunn, Stanley Gerald. *The Treasure of the Sea: and other verses*. 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 100. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d. net.

Rawlings, B. Burford. *A Story of Unrest: a Drama of Dreams*. 7½x5. Pp. 134. Elliot Stock, 4s. 6d.

## POLITICAL.

Aubert, Louis. *Paix Japonaise*. 7½x4½. Pp. xxi, 351. Paris: Colin, 3f. 50.

[M. Aubert's interesting book deals with the Paix Japonaise—the new "Pax Romana" which Japan is now to establish all over the Far East, and with its effects on Japan herself. In his opinion it means the passing of the old order. "The bells that rang the surrender of Port Arthur sounded the knell of Old Japan."]

Lucy, Henry W. *The Balfourian Parliament, 1900-1905*. Illustrated by E. T. Reed and Phil May. 9½x6. Pp. xii, 439. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.

[The sixth volume of Mr. Lucy's Parliamentary Diary, which started with the Disraeli Parliament, 1874-80, Mr. Lucy having been present at every sitting for thirty-one years except during two Sessions. We are sorry to hear that he intends this volume to be the last. The illustrations are reproduced from *Punch*. Index.]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Lydgate, John. *The assemble of Goddes*. 10½x7½. Cambridge University Press, 17s. 6d. net.

[One of the beautiful series of facsimiles issued by this Press. The original is Wynkyn de Worde's edition printed at Westminster about the year 1500, of which the only known copy was presented to the Cambridge University Library in 1715 by George I. with the rest of the library of John Moore, Bishop of Ely.]

*Poems by George Crabbe*. In three vols. Vol. ii. Edited by Adolphus William Ward. 7½x5½. Pp. 508. Cambridge English Classics. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.

[This volume contains the whole of the "Tales" and the first eleven of the "Tales of the Hall," reprinted from the editions of 1823, with variants noted from the first editions of the "Tales" (1812) and the "original MS." readings given in the "Life and Poems" (1834), and from the first edition of the "Tales of the Hall" (1819), the "Life and Poems" and certain MSS. which will be described in vol. iii. This volume also contains *addenda* to the variants in vol. i. Vol. iii., containing a considerable amount of previously unpublished verse, is promised by Dr. Ward for this summer.]

*The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher*. In ten volumes. Vol. iii. Edited by A. R. Waller. 7½x5½. Pp. 464. Cambridge English Classics. Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.

[Contains *The Mad Lover, The Loyal Subject, Rule a Wife, and have a Wife, The Laws of Candy, The False One, and The Little French Lawyer*.]

Müller, F. Max. *The German Classics from the fourth to the nineteenth century*. With biographical notices, translations into modern German and notes. Revised, enlarged and adapted to Wilhelm Scherer's History of German Literature by F. Lichtenstein. Second edition. In two vols.; vol. ii. revised by F. L. Armitage. Vol. i. Pp. xv, 711. 8s. 6d. net. Vol. ii. Pp. vii, 468. 5s. 6d. Each 7½x5½. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

[The original of this book was published in 1858; in 1886 the revised form adapted to Scherer's book was prepared by Lichtenstein and after his death finished by Dr. Joseph.]

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. *English Traits*. 8½x5½. Pp. 103. Allenson's Sixpenny Series. 6d.

Mitchell, S. Weir. *The Adventures of François*. Jackberns, Raymond. *The New Pupil*. Howe, Herbert. *A Study of the Sky*. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. each.

[Reprints of children's books.]

Wülker, Richard. *Geschichte der Englischen Literatur von den ältesten Zeiter bis zur Gegenwart*. Zweite, neu bearbeitete Auflage. Heft I. 10½x7½. Pp. 64. Leipzig und Wien: Verlag des Bibliographischen Instituts. M. 1.

[This new edition of Geh. Hofrat Prof. Dr. Richard Wülker's great work (originally published in 1896) is to be issued in 15 parts, lavishly illustrated. This first part contains a reproduction in colour of the Coronation of Henry IV. from the fifteenth-century MS. in the Stadtbibliothek at Breslau, and a facsimile of a page of Caxton's "Dictes or sayings of the Philosophers," besides many other full-page and inset plates.]

Dumas, Alexandre. *La Tulipe Noire*. Préface d'Emile Faguet. 6½x4½. Pp. 298. Les Classiques Français. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

M'Kerlie, P. H. *History of the Lands and Their Owners in Galloway, with Historical Sketches of the District*. 2 vols. Illustrated. Second edition, enlarged. Paisley: Gardner, 25s. net.

Rose, J. Holland. *A Century of Continental History, 1780-1880*. With a supplement descriptive of events up to the year 1900. Fifth Edition. Revised and corrected throughout. 7½x5½. Pp. xii, 481. Stanford, 6s.

[Intended for the upper forms of schools. The first edition was published in 1899. To this fifth edition of a well-known and admirable book Dr. Holland Rose has added three chapters on the chief events in France, Germany and Russia between 1880 and 1900, and the whole book has been worked over. Maps and Index.]

Tisdall, Rev. W. St. Clair. *The Religion of the Crescent*, being the James Long Lectures on Muhammadanism. Second Edition, revised. Non-Christian Religious Systems Series. 6½x4½. Pp. xvi, 251. S.P.C.K., 4s.

## SPORT.

Knight, Albert, E. *The Complete Cricketer*. With 50 illustrations. 9x6. Pp. 368. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

[Outline of the early history and development of the game, with chapters on batting; bowling; fielding; captaincy; umpiring; cricket on farther shores—Australian wickets; players of the past and present; modern cricket and some of its problems; and laws of the game. A glossary of colloquial cricket terms—a very necessary feature—is given.]

Standing, Percy Cross. *The Hon. F. S. Jackson*. Introduction by K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 16 illustrations. 7½x5½. Pp. 164. Cassell, 2s. 6d.

## THEOLOGY.

Mater, André. *L'Eglise Catholique: Sa Constitution, son administration*. 7½x4½. Pp. iv, 461. Paris: Colin, 5 fr.

[A "purely objective" history of the organisation and administration of the Catholic Church by a Professor of the New University of Brussels. It aims at being impartial and at supplying the facts in the light of which Article 4 of the Law of Separation may be studied. Index.]

*The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*. By Theophilus G. Pinches, LL.D. Pp. 125. *Celtic Religion in Pre-Christian Times*. By Edward Anwyl. Pp. 68. *Hinduism*. By L. D. Barnett. Pp. 65. Each 7x4½. Religions Ancient and Modern Series. Constable, 1s. net each.

*The Old Testament in Greek* according to the text of Codex Vaticanus, supplemented from other uncial manuscripts, with a critical apparatus containing the variants of the chief ancient authorities from the text of the Septuagint. Edited by Alan England Brooke and Norman McLean. Volume I. *The Octateuch*. Part I. *Genesis*. 114 x 84. Pp. viii, 155. Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net.

[It was in 1883 that the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press undertook the "Larger Cambridge Septuagint"—an edition of the Septuagint and Apocrypha with an ample *apparatus criticus*, of which this is the first instalment. The object of this work is "to present as clearly and fully as possible within reasonable limits of space the evidence available for the reconstruction of the text or texts of the LXX." We shall have more to say about it later.]

Daubney, William Heaford. *The Three Additions to Daniel*. A Study. 8 x 5½. Pp. 258. Cambridge: Deighton Bell, 5s. net.

[The author considers that the three apocryphal portions of Daniel dealt with in this book have been very hardly judged. He has attempted to show that they are worthy of more serious attention than they have generally received.]

## THE BOOKSHELF

WE have before us Parts IV. and V. of Mr. Heinemann's *Rembrandt, A Memorial, 1606-1906*, which is now half-completed. M. Michel's account of the artist, of which each part contains six pages, is not only very handsome to look at, thanks to the printing of the Ballantyne Press, but tells exactly what the admirer of Rembrandt, who is not himself an authority, wishes to know, and will enable all to appreciate more highly the beautiful plates of which each part contains seven, three in colour, and four in "Rembrandt" photogravure. The coloured prints are by F. Schmidt, of Paris, and exquisite they are. The pen-and-wash study of a landscape, the original of which is in the British Museum, facing p. 42 (Part IV.) is delightful in its silvery tone; the reproduction of the pen-and-wash drawing, "The Geographer," in the Albertina, Vienna, is astonishingly rich. Among the photogravures are the well-known "Rembrandt and Saskia" (Dresden), in which the artist's wife is sitting on his knee while he holds up a long glass of wine; a superb reproduction of the "Presentation in the Temple" (The Hague), full of light and splendour; the portrait of Sobieski in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg, and our National Gallery "Portrait of an Old Woman"; while the charming Saskia appears again in the Dresden portrait of her holding a flower, with her left hand on her breast. Altogether this "Rembrandt" will be a book that all lovers of art will want to have on their shelves and in their hands; and when it is complete, with the special plate that is to be presented to subscribers, it will be one of the most artistic productions of the time.

Mr. Oliver G. Pike is one of the most adventurous and successful of photographers of wild birds in their haunts, and in *Birdland Pictures* (Crofton Publishing Company, Brockley, S.E., 3s. 6d. net) he has given us a handsome folio containing twenty-four very characteristic bird-groups and portraits. The development of nature-photography has done a great deal of good in stimulating a healthy popular interest in outdoor life, and in dissipating many impressions which were purely erroneous; but, from the standpoint of artistic illustration, it has merely produced an erroneous multiplication of the second-best. These pictures of Mr. Pike's are as good as photography and its subsequent processes of reproduction can make them; and they supply a final demonstration that the artist who is also a naturalist can always give us a picture more true to life than is possible for the most skilfully handled camera. The difference will be clearly seen on comparing Mr. Pike's photographs with many of Mr. Lodge's drawings, or with those in Mr. Millais's "British Mammals." The best of Mr. Pike's pictures, on the whole, are those which were also the most difficult to secure. Nests and sitting birds, which are naturally concealed in garden and woodland foliage, must be stripped and posed, to a certain extent, to make it possible to photograph them, and this gives a slightly unnatural appearance to such pictures as those of the Meadow Pipit's nest and the Wild Duck's. The Razor-bills and Gannets, on their naked and precipitous sea-cliffs, are in this respect much better. The pictures are in each case accompanied by a short descriptive notice, embodying the results of Mr. Pike's experience. They are well informed, but not invariably grammatical. It is a pity that, by an ill-framed comparison with the Blackcap, the writer encourages the erroneous notion that the Nightingale is exclusively a singer by night.

*Jewish Encyclopædia*. Vol. xi. Samson-Talmid. Funk and Wagnall.—If owing to the fortune of the alphabet the eleventh and penultimate volume of the *Jewish Encyclopædia* does not possess quite the importance of its immediate predecessors it is none the less full of interesting articles. We would mention in particular those on Spain and Spinoza from the pen of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, by far the ablest of the contributors to the volume. In the former article it is instructive to see how the alternating and in some cases simultaneous efforts of the Spanish monarchs to be at peace at once with Mammon and with God occasioned that policy of the protection chequered with persecution that continued till the expulsion in 1492. It is significant that even now the Jews are not allowed to have any public building in Spain in which to hold their religious services. There are also two admirable articles on Synagogues and Synagogue architecture by Mr. Lewis Dembitz and Mr. A. W. Brunner respectively, both

copiously illustrated and containing photographs of synagogues in all parts of the world from Jerusalem to New York. Shehita, the Mosaic method of killing, is treated by Mr. J. H. Greenstone, while Mr. Mannheimer gives a comprehensive history of the Sanhedrin from its earliest constitution down to the French Sanhedrin convoked by Napoleon to give legal sanction to the principles expressed by the Assembly of Notables in answer to the twelve questions with regard to the relation between Jewish and French law submitted to it by the Government. Gentiles, moreover, will read with a peculiar interest the article by Mr. Wiernik on the Shadchan or marriage-broker, who still drives his profitable trade among the ultra-orthodox Jews in both the Old and the New World. As in the other volume the number of celebrated people thought of sufficient prominence to be mentioned is legion, so that it would seem that the *Encyclopædia* is intended to serve *inter alia* the function of a Jewish "Who's Who." Speaking generally the volume is capably compiled, though the article on Satire by Mr. Israel Davidson partakes too much of the nature of a mere catalogue omitting to give any description of the peculiarly Jewish vein of satire or to mention such characteristic writers as Disraeli or Heine and, in more modern times, Mr. Zangwill.

Very beautiful are the reproductions in colour of Mr. Walter Tyndale's paintings of Wessex scenery in *Wessex*, one of a series of elaborate Guide Books published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. The letter-press by Clive Holland is interesting, if sketchy; but it leaves a good deal to be desired in the order, both geographical and historical, in which it is given. And the fact that Mr. Hardy's books first awoke the author to the knowledge that such a country as Wessex existed, is hardly sufficient justification for assuming that the readers will be content or even grateful for the constant suggestion that they should look at everything through "Hardy" spectacles which are insistently placed on their nose. The delightful sketch of the Frome (opposite p. 170) gains nothing by the word "Casterbridge" inserted in brackets after "Dorchester"; and it is with a quite a feeling of relief that we find the name Burton Bradstock, left no peg on which to hang an allusion to one author out of several who have written ably and well of this country side.

*The Art and Practice of Laundry Work*, by Margaret Cuthbert Rankin, is a true Mother's Help. It raises this necessary work to the dignity of an art, and removes any lingering notion that any novice can wash and iron. It will be a revelation to many, for instance, to know that sunshades and other delicate things can be washed (Blackie, 2s. 6d.)

Mark Matsevitch Antokolsky, his life, work, letters and articles, edited by V. V. Stassov (Moscow). The most captivating part of this work, edited by the great critic Stassov, are the letters, for the life is related disconnectedly, and the autotypes are poor. The sculptor Antokolsky is chiefly known abroad by his great works, *Ivan the Terrible*, *Spinoza*, *Mephistopheles*, etc.; but his letters introduce us to a clever writer on artistic topics of the day, and at the same time disclose the tragedy of his life. For financial reasons he had to submit to the dictation of his patrons as to choice of subject. Yet, as years roll by, we find him inured to dictation, and competing for statues to Alexander II. and Alexander III., and furnishing a statue of Catherine the Great to the town of Vilna. No wonder, therefore, that, though illuminated by the spark of genius, his work often showed signs of effort, inequality and artificiality. After a quarter of a century of silence he broke out: "I know not what further awaits me, but I will do all that in me lies to vindicate the freedom of creative genius. True, I have come to my senses late in the day; yet better late than never. What sins have I committed during my lifetime! What silly statues have I made to order! I have wasted years over them." And Antokolsky returned to an unrealised conception of his youth, to "The attack of the Inquisition upon the Jews"; but death intervened and the idea remained unrealised.

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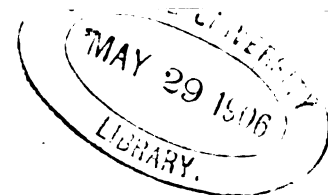
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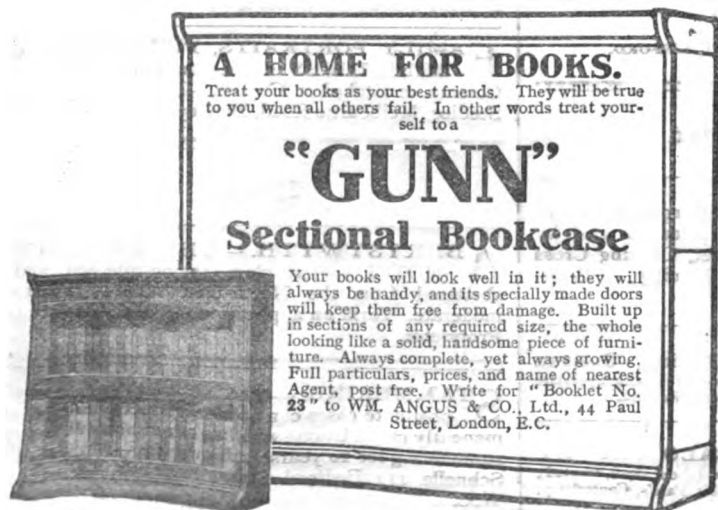
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

WE have been reading with great amusement and (we blush to confess it) some profit to ourselves, a book recently published by the Clarendon Press and called "The King's English." The authors, or compilers, give us no better means of naming them than their initials, H. W. F. and F. G. F.; but those initials should be stencilled on the walls of all newspaper offices and all the rooms in which people write for publication. Indeed, since their owners have caused us to blush, we feel inclined to hang their initials over our looking-glass, and read them as the text for the day, as Mr. Horace Hutchinson's golfer read the words "Slow Back!" "all the time he shaved." "The King's English" points out, with a delicate finger and a delicate but very "nasty" wit, the mistakes that most people make in writing what they suppose to be English.

Naturally, we turned first to the Index, to see there how the authors dealt with the mistakes or tricks against which the ACADEMY—in the privacy of the editorial room—has wielded its blue pencil since March 1905. (Readers of an article on this subject by Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Morning Post* some weeks ago should note carefully the dates appended to his quotations from this paper). Before we mention one or two of them, we would acquaint our readers, for the first time, with the fact that they have escaped from more offences than they are likely to have suspected. If, in the past fourteen months, we have cut out two "somewhats" from the manuscripts accepted, we have cut out twenty thousand. The number of times the words "so," and "such" lacking any "that" to follow, have either had the necessary "that" supplied or been deleted, is beyond calculation (the habit of saying that something was "so sweet" or "so clever" without adding how sweet or how clever is not confined to women writers); the impersonal "one," imitated from the French *on*, which we have always regarded as, if not incorrect, at least very ugly, has consumed, roughly, about one blue pencil a month. If Mr. T. Herbert Kendrick, who wrote the letter that appeared in our number of May 5, had been able to compare the number of impersonal "ones" printed with the number written in the manuscripts, he would have seen that the author of the Causerie of that week was not alone in finding the usage convenient.

We have, too, consistently discouraged the use of "individual" in place of "man," "woman," or "person." "Unique" to us means "the only one in the world": we have never (we wager) allowed it to be used in these columns for "good," "exceptional," or "unusual"; while as to "rather unique" or "almost unique," not even those pampered persons, the writers of signed Causeries, have been spared correction when they committed those offences. In the same way, "perfect" to

us has always meant perfect. A thing can no more be "almost perfect" than it can be "almost infinite." We admit, however, that we have sometimes passed the use of "singular" for "unusual," and of "singularly" for "very."

"Excellent," again, is a word that our blue pencil has crossed out fifty times and more in a week. That which is excellent excels everything else of its kind; but even ACADEMY reviewers have an idea that the word means nothing more than "good." While as to "very," a writer of our acquaintance (he is sitting in the room with us now) makes a point, while reading over any article he may have written, of cutting out all the "verys"—and performs in some degree the same office for those whose work he is privileged to publish.

Of other bad habits—the use of "phenomenal" for "extraordinary," "phenomenon" for "fact"; the use of "tags" like "true inwardness," "galore," "a certain," "perchance," "nothing if not," "the worthy" (author or subject), "up to date," "you shall find" ("for you will find"); together with the use of foreign phrases when English phrases will do, and many others pointed out or passed over by H. W. F. and F. G. F.—we can claim to be guiltless. Their book is disquieting. It "gibbets" (as they would *not* say) many usages which we imagined permissible; it spares many to which we have vowed enmity. It allows, for instance, the impersonal "one," and says nothing against "firstly," "lastly" and "later on," the last of which Walter Pater used to correct in the present writer's college essays. But perhaps we may give some idea of how good and valuable a book it is, by stating that it has made us so nervous that we doubt the correctness of every sentence we have written. If any reader take the trouble to check these notes by "The King's English" and send us a list of the mistakes, it will prove, not that we are guilty of an excessive quantity of "solecisms," as the hack journalist calls mistakes, but that the correctness of all modern writing is "very far to seek."

We must not close our account of the book without remarking that the authors "fly at high game." Ruskin, John Morley, George Eliot, Thackeray, Stevenson, Frederick Greenwood, Henry James, and George Meredith: these are some of the writers they convict of slovenliness. That Dickens, Crockett, and E. F. Benson should occur frequently on their "black list" "was only to be expected": of one of Mr. Benson's mistakes the authors remark that it "is generally whipped out of schoolboys." But to a woman falls the distinction of having written the very worst sentence of all that they quote. It is as follows: "Why even Tennyson became an amateur milkman to somewhat conceal and excuse the shame and degradation of writing verse." The mistakes in that are not confined to its grammar.

To the *Times* of Monday last Dr. B. P. Grenfell and Dr. A. S. Hunt contributed an article of more than common importance and interest on their last season's discoveries of manuscripts at Oxyrhynchus, the Egyptian city where the excavations of the Egypt Exploration Fund have already yielded many valuable finds. Those of the fifth season reported in the article referred to prove to be the most valuable of all. A couple of cases of rolls were found to contain a number of second- and third-century papyri. Among these was a papyrus of Pindar, containing principally paeans, with elaborate *scholia*. Some twelve lines are, at present, all that we have extant of Pindar's paeans, so that this manuscript "practically introduces us for the first time to this class of Pindar's compositions." Another most important discovery is a tragedy on the subject of Hypsipyle, which Drs. Grenfell and Hunt believe to be no other than the lost *Hypsipyle* of Euripides.

Of this at present only a hundred lines, mainly lyrical, have been discovered, but it is expected that more will be found later.

Among the prose manuscripts containing works hitherto unknown to modern days is a papyrus of the orations of Lysias, containing the conclusion of a speech against Hippothereses; and a fragment of a history of Greece, possibly by Ephorus or Theopompus. The part already deciphered deals with "the relation of parties at Corinth to Argos and Sparta" after the Battle of Nemea; B.C. 394, and "refers to two otherwise unrecorded incidents in the Peloponnesian War." The discovery of a papyrus containing seventy lines of the meliambi of Cercidas, the fourth-century poet-philosopher of Megalopolis, will mean, practically, that for the first time we shall be able to judge the work of a writer of whom only fourteen lines have hitherto been known:

These are things to make the mouths of scholars water. But it is not only classical scholars and students who will be interested in the discovery of forty-five lines of a lost Gospel, written in a cultivated literary style and phraseology, and displaying a "curious familiarity—whether genuine or assumed—with the topography of the Temple and Jewish ceremonies of purification." The incident recorded, according to the article from which we draw our information, is a visit of Jesus and His disciples to the Temple, in which a Pharisee reproaches them with their neglect of the ceremonial of purification, and, having described that ceremonial, receives a crushing reply which contrasts outward with inward purity.

A Society that makes such discoveries as these deserves hearty and practical support. Funds, we learn, are urgently needed by the Græco-Roman branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund to carry on the excavations at Oxyrhynchus; and the publication of the news of the latest discoveries should have the effect of bringing in subscriptions in large numbers. They should be sent to Mr. H. A. Grueber, at the offices of the Egypt Exploration Fund, 37 Great Russell Street, W.C.

From the British School at Athens, too, there has recently come good news and an appeal through a letter to the *Times* from Mr. George A. Macmillan, the Chairman of the Managing Committee. The walls of the city have been traced for four-fifths of their extent, and are found to be Roman, not Byzantine, in period; the theatre has been investigated and a life-sized statue of Aesculapius discovered; and, most important of all, the Temple of Artemis Orthia, the scene of the chastisement of the youths of Sparta, has been identified on the right bank of the Eurotas. Here votive offerings—small models in lead, ivory, bronze, gold, silver and terra-cotta, of gods, men, fishes, animals and inanimate objects—have been found in thousands. The Managing Committee appeals for another £500 to continue the work. The treasurer is Mr. Vincent Yorke, The Farringdon Works, Shoe Lane, E.C.

Sunday, May 20, is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Stuart Mill; and all the surviving supporters (if any) of the "Liberalism of the Sixties" will keep their saint's day. To tell the truth, the anniversary means little to the public of letters; and among philosophers Mill's day has passed. Any undergraduate who has just begun to read "Lit. Hum." can point out the central fallacy which invalidates his whole argument for utilitarianism. It will be sufficient, therefore, to give our readers a bare reminder of the anniversary.

It may appropriately be recalled this week, in connection with the birthday of Miss Florence Nightingale, that exactly fifty years ago Mr. Gerald Massey, in his little

volume "Craigcrook Castle," now long out of print, made Florence Nightingale the subject of an ode in the section of the book called "Glimpses of the War." Though not one of the happiest of Mr. Massey's lyrical efforts, it is essentially characteristic. The closing verse is as follows:

The Rose did lift her veil, and blush  
At her bower-door like a Bride;  
The shy brown birds came back with Spring  
In our merry green woods to hide.  
But there she sang, our Nightingale!  
Till War's stern heart grew mild;  
And, nestling in the arms of Peace,  
He slumbered like a Child.

The dulness of official reports is proverbial, and the annual reports of public library authorities are not exceptions to the general rule. Occasionally, however, a report reaches us which is interesting, because it expresses opinions, and gives reasons. The annual report of the Bromley Public Library records the fact that the library committee have

bought books upon two principles. The first is to avoid the sharp division between "light" reading and standard literature, and to buy more books which form, as it were, a bridge between the two extremes, and so tend to encourage the reading of better and still better books. . . . The second principle is to limit the number of subjects represented. It is impossible to include an adequate number of up-to-date books on all subjects. The alternatives are to make the Library as fully representative of knowledge as possible by purchasing one or two books on each subject, or to limit the number of subjects, and to provide a fuller course of reading in each. The Committee have acted upon the latter course.

We would point out that the "bridge" will be of no avail unless the Committee does its best to give the utmost publicity to the good books lying beyond the bridge.

The report ends by pointing out one result of the public library movement which its detractors have overlooked. "It should be borne in mind"

that the statistics in this Report—or in the report of any municipal library—do not show the whole benefit of the library to the community. To a large extent a library is a school for readers; it attracts people, encourages and trains the reading habit, and finally produces a certain proportion of finished readers. If these trained readers read pure literature, the library continues to satisfy them. But some of the trained readers adopt special lines of study, the books for which the library can never hope to supply. Such readers leave the library, and form collections of their own; they continue the reading which the library has induced them to begin, but for which it no longer gets the credit. It is well to note that at the present time, notwithstanding the increased use of all municipal libraries, the number of books in the home, and the number of small special collections for private study have increased to an extent which was certainly not expected fifteen or twenty years ago.

So far as the average municipal library is concerned, this argument is perfectly sound. It is obvious that only the very large general libraries can satisfy students and specialists; and even the British Museum and the Bodleian at times fail to provide the thorough-going student with all he wants. Time is proving to the bookseller that the municipal libraries are among his best friends.

A Greenock gentleman, who is an enthusiastic "Meredithian," has printed a lecture he recently delivered on "The Shaving of Shagpat" and Mr. Meredith, in accepting the dedication of the *brochure*, remarks that the essay recalled some of the thoughts he had when writing the novel—if it can be so called. "The Shaving of Shagpat," according to the Greenockian disciple of the "Master of all of us," as Stevenson termed Meredith, is "all allegory." It is almost if not quite fifty years since this work of Mr. Meredith was written, and in one of the early editions of the book he wrote that: "Though I certainly should be flattered to have it supposed that anything very distinct was intended by me, the Allegory must be rejected altogether. The subtle Arab who conceived Shagpat meant either very much more or very much less, and my belief is that designing in his wisdom simply to amuse, he

attempted to give a larger embrace to time than is possible to the profound Dispenser of Allegories, which are mortal, which, to be of any value, must be perfectly clear, and when perfectly clear, are as little attractive as Mrs. Malaprop's reptile."

Another question has been asked in the House of Commons about the Official History of the Boer War, which has elicited from the Prime Minister the valuable information that the cost of the work from first to last is estimated at £27,000 at least, of which sum about £22,000 had been expended up to the end of March in this year. Against this sum, he adds with official wisdom, there will be profits from its sale, which have not been and cannot be estimated. It looks, at any rate, as if the vocation of an official historian were lucrative.

An interesting mansion now in the market is Hunsdon House, which Mr. Spencer Charrington purchased in 1882. Hunsdon House, which was founded in 1447, became the palace of Henry VIII. and a favourite residence of his children. The place, however, is chiefly celebrated in literary history as being the spot where Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, first met the fair Geraldine.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyen.  
Bright is her hue and Geraldine she hight;  
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine.

Surrey's passion may, perhaps, be classed with the love of Dante for Beatrice, and of Petrarch for Laura. According to one account he roamed over Europe challenging all men who questioned the beauty of his mistress, and like Ivanhoe he came out victorious from all combats that ensued. At Vienna he debased his character for chivalrous devotion by falling in love for a time with another lady, but at Florence he visited a magician who was able to show him his mistress seated on a couch and reading one of his sonnets, her eyes the while being filled with tears. Geraldine at this period seems to have been aged seven. Her prosaic destiny was to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather, and when he died to become the third wife of the Earl of Lincoln.

Another house that is in the market is "Bird Grove," a villa near Coventry, where George Eliot took up her abode in 1842. The time that she spent there is full of interest. Owing to her brother's marriage, her father had made up his mind to migrate to Coventry, and there he took a semi-detached house with "a good bit of garden round it." Next door lived Mrs. Pears, who, struck by the evangelical fervour of Miss Evans, introduced her to her brother, Mr. Bray, a somewhat sceptical person, in the hope that the clever young woman might influence him in the right direction. The reverse, however, happened, for within six months she announced to her astonished father that she had abandoned the beliefs learned in childhood, and could no longer occupy her accustomed place in the family pew. Mr. Evans, much enraged, threatened to leave her to make her living by teaching, whereupon his daughter, seeing the value of compromise, consented to resume her attendance at church. It was while she was at "Bird Grove" that she translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus," a task that occupied three years and produced for her the sum of twenty pounds. This period of Miss Evans's life was brought to an end by her father's death, which took place in 1849.

The sale of the Library of Mr. R. C. Fisher of Midhurst, Surrey, which was announced by Messrs. Sotheby for the 21st and three following days, has now been arranged by private treaty. The purchaser is not an American. The collection consists chiefly of early and rare Italian, German and French woodcut books formed by the late Mr. Richard Fisher and his son, the present owner, for the purpose of illustrating the development of the art of Engraving in its connection with Literature, chiefly in France, Italy and Germany.

Among the Italian books are *Æsops* of 1485, 1493, 1501 and 1510; the Dante of 1491 and 1512; the Bonaventure of 1489 and 1495; the Capranica of 1490; the "Com-mandamenti" of 1494; "Epistole et Evangelii" of 1495 (of which one other copy only is known); the Ovid of 1497, the Petrarca of 1500, and Voragine, 1505. The French School of Engraving is represented by a fine series of Books of Hours, of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, and other works. There is also a series of editions of the Dance of Death by Holbein and others, and first editions of Tracts by Martin Luther and Erasmus, with fine borders. There are also a few remarkable bindings.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—On Thursday next (May 24), at five o'clock, Professor W. J. Sollas begins a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "Man and the Glacial Period." The Friday evening discourse on May 25 will be delivered by Mr. Leonard Hill on "Compressed Air and its Physiological Effects."

Royal Geographical Society.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Society will be held in the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W., on Monday, May 21, at three o'clock P.M., the Right Hon. Sir George T. Goldie, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., President, in the chair. (1) Presentation of medals and awards; (2) Address by the President; (3) Annual report and election of President and Council. The annual dinner will take place at seven P.M. in the Whitehall Rooms.

Society of Arts.—Monday, May 21, at 8 P.M. Cantor Lectures "Heraldry in Relation to the Applied Arts," by George W. Eve, R.E. Three lectures. Wednesday, May 23, at 8 P.M. Ordinary Meeting. "The General Supply of Electricity for Power and other Purposes," by James N. Shoolbred, B.A., M.Inst.C.E. Thursday, May 24, at 4.30 P.M. Indian Section. "The Persis of Persia," by Major Percy Molesworth Sykes, C.M.G., H.B.M.'s Consul-General and Agent to the Government of India in Khorasan.

Linnean Society.—The Anniversary Meeting will be held at Burlington House, Piccadilly, on Thursday, the 24th inst., at three o'clock precisely, for the election of a council and officers for the ensuing year, for the award of the Society's gold medal, for the reception of the Presidential Address, and for other business.

Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays: Performances of Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* at the Crystal Palace School of Art on Thursday, June 7, and Saturday, June 9, at 3.30 P.M., in aid of the Quarter Century Fund of the Society. The play will be repeated at the Scala Theatre on Monday, June 11 at 3 P.M. in aid of the Bedford College for Women Site and Building Scheme. The performers are past and present students of the Crystal Palace School of Art, assisted by Mr. Gerald Ames, Mr. Lewis Casson, Miss Hazel Thompson, Miss Mary Webb and Miss Elsie Fogerty. Performances under the direction of Miss Elsie Fogerty, 11 Wetherby Mansions, Earl's Court Square, S.W., of whom all further information may be obtained.

Messrs. Christie, Mason and Woods.—Saturday, May 26: Sale of the pictures (mainly of the English school) of the late Mr. T. H. Woods, late senior partner in the firm.

## LITERATURE

ALFRED AINGER

*The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger.* By EDITH SICHEL. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)

MISS SICHEL has written a charming biography of one of the few wits of our time. Every page of this volume yields something to show how excellently fitted the late Canon Ainger was to be the biographer and annotator of Charles Lamb. His was a kindred mind. As we read the story of his life, a most attractive personality is revealed. Canon Ainger in his later days, when Master of the Temple, felt the seriousness of his position, and to some extent restrained the wit and humour which were among his earliest characteristics. He was, indeed, a consummate flower of modern culture, but in him were united to solid attainment the gaiety, the humanity, the wit of Charles Lamb. It is true that a critic fond of fun might suggest as a motto the parody he made for another purpose:

Under the chestnut tree  
Who loves to lie with me.

It is no blame to Canon Ainger that most of his witticisms were handed round during his life, and we are glad to have the best of them in an authorised version. His



father was the architect who built University College Hospital. He was a clever, witty man of many parts, loved the microscope, played a fine game of chess, and was interested in the development of modern science. There is not much to review of Alfred's early years. He was taken to Germany about the age of seven, but learned no more of the language than "Du bist ein Schwein," a phrase freely applied to those who irritated him. At school he had the inestimable advantage of coming into contact with the family of Charles Dickens. It was an interesting time at which he went up to Cambridge; Latham and Leslie Stephen were tutors at Trinity Hall, and Henry Fawcett was a Fellow. The prophets of the time were Tennyson, Carlyle and Ruskin. Ainger made friends in all directions, one of his most constant companions being Henry Fawcett. His letters from Cambridge, without being extraordinary, are full of the high spirits appropriate to the youth of the Ainger of 1856, and are not without scintillations of the wit which was afterwards to characterise his correspondence. As an example of his repartee at that time we might refer to the occasion when one of the men told him that he had discovered that the classical lecturer used a translation in class. "Ah," replied Ainger, "the ass knoweth its master's crib."

On leaving the University he hesitated for some time about a career. His early predilection had been for the stage, but it was afterwards decided that law should be his profession. His father, however, died in 1859, and it was realised that he could not afford to wait for briefs, and a thought of taking Orders, which had frequently haunted him, now assumed practical shape. He took up residence in St. John's Wood, and a note-book kept by him at this period helps to show us the direction his thoughts were taking. We cannot make any long quotation, but one or two brief extracts will be found very characteristic. Here is one: "Shakespeare said, 'Brevity is the soul of wit.' Our age reads, 'levity.'" And another: "Blackstone says that idiots cannot marry. How frequently is this law evaded!"

In 1860 he was ordained Deacon, and became curate to the Rev. Richard Haslehurst, Vicar of Alrewas, in Staffordshire. Subsequently he went to Sheffield, but in 1866 he left Sheffield and came to live in London altogether. We cannot here say much about his readership at the Temple or his canonry at Bristol. More interesting is it to follow his literary development. He had early gained an introduction to the Macmillan family, and was a constant visitor to their house during a period of fifty years. Other literary acquaintances had been steadily formed since the beginning of his career, and he seemed to glide almost naturally into the world of journalism and criticism. Of the intellectual character that he had developed we can scarcely do better than give Miss Sichel's own account:

Ainger's wit was no mere embroidery: it filled a definite rôle in his life. Spontaneous and mercurial though it was, he had a clear conception of what he meant to do with it. He hardly ever discussed general subjects, even when they were literary ones, and he usually avoided the topics of the day, or any threshing out of ideas. His talk consisted mainly of allusion, of anecdote, of quotation, elements that cannot exist, except in an atmosphere of humour; and his genius lay in their application more than in original flights. "His talk was rich and full" (to quote a Bristol friend), "his silences full of inspiration. He knew exactly how to fill a pause with some dry comment, irresistibly piquant and droll." "By no means a gossip, yet he was very personal—and circumspect in his inquiries about people. These he made with a good deal of human interest, in which his natural precision played no small part."

His wit, as a matter of fact, was used as clothing for thought that was often both keen and deep. After reading Mr. Le Gallienne's "Religion of a Literary Man," published at the Bodley Head, he made the following rhyme:

I read in a Fin-de-Siècle Bard  
And then I up and said—  
"O give us more of the godly heart  
And less of the Bodley Head."

Two other instances of the same kind of cleverness can be quoted. One was made immediately after the appearance of Haweis's book "Music and Morals," which was simultaneous with the birth of his first child:

Little Baby Haweis,  
Playing with your corals,  
Pa will mind your music—  
Who will mind your morals?

Of his readiness the following is a good example:

There was once a discussion as to rhymes at the Macmillans', and some one challenged the company to find a rhyme for "porringer." Immediately there came back Ainger's rejoinder:

The Princess Mary fain would wed,  
They gave the Prince of Orange her,  
And now it never can be said,  
I've not a rhyme for "porringer."

There is enough in what we have said to show his kinship to Charles Lamb, but Ainger's was a more delicate, slighter, more elusive personality. It may be said that he skimmed lightly over the surface of things with only a pregnant glance now and then at the depths below. Of the visible, tangible, concrete, he was a wise and witty judge, but general principles he never seems to have cared to investigate. In his personal character, however, he had that same loveliness by which Elia is distinguished. It went out readily to the poor and needy, whether the poor and needy happened to be biped or four-footed. When living at Hampstead, he always employed a most disreputable looking fly and paid the still more disreputable looking cabman more than was due to him. He hated giving unnecessary pain to man, beast or bird. Yet he had a feeling which amounted almost to abhorrence of whatever was maudlin or sentimental, and not unfrequently cloaked his inner feelings under an outward garb of laughter and even cynicism. He took his profession very seriously, and the responsibility of it seemed to increase with the passing of the years. Yet his preaching was more remarkable for the soundness and sanity of its common sense than for the discussion of difficult theological problems, and looking back over his literary predilections we seem to see a kindred characteristic displayed. He did not at all like Emerson, but he had been brought up on Crabbe, whom to the end he regarded as "Nature's sternest painter." He had his doubts about George Eliot and thought it revolting that she who professed herself one of the most advanced of the materialists of her day should have worked Christianity into her novels in the spirit of a mere artist. But, truth to tell, he had no very just conception of what art meant, but ever in his more serious moods was searching literature for its moral lessons. And occasionally he writes without much discernment, as in his comment to Mrs. Andrew Lang on the well-known article in which W. E. Henley attacked Stevenson:

I suppose Henley's attack on R.L.S. has reached your ears even in your *Ultima Thule*. Strange that H. should not have foreseen the storm of abuse it must inevitably bring about his ears, and quickly. On hearing of it I took out my pocket-book and instantly produced the following:

"De mortuis nil nisi malum."  
"They can't hit back, so let's assail 'em;"

which, however, is but a poor pendant to what suggested it, the words of a modern Irish wit, with a truly Swiftian power of rhyming:

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum."  
"When scoundrels die we'll all bemoan 'em."

Of course Henley foresaw (and none more clearly) the tempest he was provoking.

We are sorry to have to add that the index is one of the worst we have ever met in a book of this kind. Why the maker of it should, for instance, have inserted Tennyson's name and not Browning's, is a mystery. There are many other equally startling omissions, and very little skill has been shown in construction. How convenient it would have been, for example, to have had an entry under the heading of parodies!

## THE ORIGINS OF ARAB ART

*Moorish Remains in Spain.* By ALBERT F. CALVERT. (Lane, 42s. net.)

IN the whole history of artistic development few things are more remarkable than the swiftness with which the Arabs evolved an original style of construction and decoration. There is, perhaps, something of a paradox in the very terms of this statement: yet the originality of the art is no more questionable than its evolution from definite antecedents. What, then, are the sources from which the Arabs derived their first inspirations? What were the forces which moulded their characteristic style? And how came it that a semi-barbarian people of Arabia in the seventh century—a people “in the days of ignorance” almost artless and unlettered—were able, as early as the eighth century and in the distant cities of Spain, to produce works which must still be judged as of the highest artistic excellence?

The problem which these questions suggest is curious and interesting: the materials for its study are by no means scanty: yet it remains, so far as we are aware, without any clear or complete answer. No doubt the fact is partly due to geographical conditions. The two main groups of Arab architecture are sundered by the whole length of the Mediterranean. There are no Mohammedan buildings of importance in Arabia: few in Syria, with the exception of Damascus: on the northern coast of Africa there is little of value except the mosque at Kairwān: while in Egypt to the east and in Spain to the west we find a series of splendid monuments from the earliest times to the fifteenth century. But a writer on Arab art is seldom familiar with both groups of buildings, and, unless he know both, he is not fully equipped for a scientific study of the subject, since such a study must be based on a survey, comparison, and correlation of all the chief forms in which the Muslim spirit found expression.

Mr. Calvert has produced a beautiful book in outward show, but it is not one founded on any serious study of the subject. It is illustrated with so lavish a richness of colour that to turn its pages gives one at first almost the same impression of splendour as one receives in wandering from hall to hall of the Alcazar of Seville: and this is probably the highest compliment we could pay to the book or its author—a compliment which we shall regret having to qualify. He aims mainly at placing on record some such impression and at giving some notes on Spanish history: for his final chapter on “Moorish Ornament” is poor, and the elaborate series of diagrams which follows it, and which contains a careful analysis of geometrical design, is borrowed without acknowledgment from Bourgoin. And the great skill with which page after page is illumined in colours—no other term is so apt—does not atone for the weakness of the subject-matter or the want of relation between these illuminated pages and the text.

Facts, of course, are given here and there by which a student may profit. For example, there is precise evidence that the great Mosque at Cordova—on the whole the most interesting Arab building in the world—was designed by a Christian architect from Syria, and was enriched by Christian workers in mosaic sent from Byzantium. Mr. Calvert's theory that the mosque was built in imitation of a palm forest will not stand for a moment. The Syrian architect more probably had before him the plan of the church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. With this in mind he reproduced the *atrium* or forecourt in what is now the Patio de los Naranjos: the pillared aisles were multiplied by a stroke of genius and extended in every direction; and the mosaics adorning the east end of the Syrian church have their counterpart in the mosaics upon the mihrāb of the mosque. Here then, we find the conquering Arabs, as soon as they were settled in Spain, displaying at once a remarkable love of splendour, a native

refinement of taste, and the good sense to employ Christian artists when as yet they had none of their own. Precisely the same thing happened in Egypt, where, for example, the Mosque of Ibn Tulūn was built by a Christian architect. And it must be remembered that even in Arabia itself churches such as the Cathedral at Sanā, built in the time of Justinian, had furnished examples of magnificence in structure and adornment, which may have helped to form in these rude conquerors that love of the arts which they certainly developed with amazing rapidity. Muslim art, then, sprang from Christian beginnings, and among the most potent influences which determined its style was the exclusion of the human form and in fact a distrust of the pictorial as well as of the statuesque. It followed that colour and line had to be almost independent of nature: form became more and more conventional as the imitation of nature was abandoned, and finally for the variety of nature was substituted the complexity of balanced lines—in other words geometrical symmetries. But the geometrical style was novel only in the perfection to which it was carried in design and scheme of colour by the Arabs. The Pompeian, and still more the Byzantine, mosaic pavements figured by Owen Jones, show clearly the development of this style: and the origin of the so-called arabesque from Byzantine forms is equally clear. That nevertheless the Mosque of Cordova and the Alcazar of Seville are of a type original and unique, it would be folly to deny: and one could wish that Mr. Calvert had shown signs of some independent research in dealing with the evolution of this type.

Apparently, however, the book is meant to be more popular than scientific, and it professes to stand more on the illustrations than on the text. Now as regards the text, the historical matter is put together in a readable narrative, but it is both superficial and florid, and is disfigured by many mistakes. It may be unreasonable to expect that an author writing on Moorish things should know a little Arabic: but Mr. Calvert's slips are often quite inexcusable. Forms like *Es Deffah* (p. 17), *Abd-dhobi* (p. 44), *Dair as asdaca* (p. 133), *Abdullah Ibn* (p. 240), *Amron* (p. 408), are frankly impossible. So is *Zak-hrafah*, where, indeed, the letters divided by the hyphen represent but a single letter in the Arabic. It was not necessary to give the Arabic for *gilding*: if given, it should be given correctly. *Nimbar*, for *mimbar*, *iman* for *imam*, and *mezzin* for *muezzin* are perversions of forms well known in English, though for the absurd *Almnedian* (p. 199) Mr. Calvert is not responsible. But there is distinct carelessness in such matters: thus *Idrisi* on p. 42 becomes *Edrisi* on p. 103: *Juma* on p. 42 (which by the way denotes *union*, not *rest*) is apparently the same as *Alchuma* on p. 44, and neither is quite right. If *fuseyfasa* is a form used in the Spanish to mean mosaics, it is merely a transposition for Ar. *sufaiṣaṣa*; but there is nothing mysterious in the Arabic, which is taken from the Byzantine *ψήφωσις*. Then on p. 53 it is said that the Mosque of Cordova was finished in 793 A.D., and on p. 63 in 794–5 A.D.: and Mr. Calvert does not seem to know that the original bridge at Cordova was Roman, and that the Roman substructure remains.

But there is a far more serious criticism to be made about the illustrations. We gladly admit the fulness and the excellence of the views and detail drawings of the Mosque at Cordova: the views of Seville are good, as far as they go; and the coloured plates are at least superbly executed. But with one solitary exception—the vase—not a single drawing is given to scale. Moreover, so vague is the attribution that one is puzzled to know to what building a plate refers. Nor does the text help one: it does not seem to contain a single reference to the coloured plates. If this fact was surprising, the explanation proved astonishing. On comparing this book (which on its title professes to give a particular account of Moorish remains at Cordova, Seville, and Toledo) with the same author's work on the Alhambra, we discovered that of the eighty-five coloured plates no less than fifty-five relate neither to

Cordova nor to Seville nor to Toledo, but are the identical plates—copied largely from Owen Jones—used to illustrate the author's book on the Alhambra, to which they rightly belong. But in the Alhambra book these plates have their distinctive titles, specifying the part of the Alhambra to which they refer—"Court of the Lions," "Hall of Justice," and so forth. Here in almost every case the distinctive titles have been suppressed, the order has been changed, and nothing but vague descriptions are left, such as "ornament on panels," "spandrels of arches," etc. And these plates so disguised are thrust at random into the text describing Cordova and Seville without a word of warning that they have nothing to do with buildings there, but belong to buildings at Granada. How the author can defend this proceeding we do not know: it is certain that any one buying the book would do so under the false impression that these fifty-five plates illustrate the text: they do not, and both their presence and their arrangement in the book are grossly misleading.

Beside this, it is a small matter to note that on plate xix. the Cufic inscription is upside down: that on plate viii. *portados* is a mistake for *portadas* (why Spanish at all?): and that in the chapter on Toledo the author gives photographs of the very interesting church of Santa Maria la Blanca which is not mentioned in the text: while in the text he speaks of Cristo de la Luz as "a gem of Moorish-Byzantine architecture, which is regarded as the oldest and most perfect specimen of its kind," and yet he gives no illustration of it whatever. Again, in treating of the Alcazar at Seville he does not seem to know how much it is suffering from mere imitation work of to-day; and to the unrestored and therefore more interesting Casa de Pilatos he gives less than a page of text, and makes no mention of the exceedingly rare and beautiful lustre of the wall-tiles there, a lustre of blue and purple, green and crimson, quite different from the familiar gilt lustre of Hispano-Moresque ware. Nor does he note the contrast between these Spanish tiles with their purely conventional designs and the rich and varied flower patterns of Rhodian and Damascus tiles as found in Syria and Egypt.

Taken altogether, Mr. Calvert's book is most disappointing, and we think that the Alhambra plates should be withdrawn.

A. J. BUTLER.

#### MORE TINSEL QUEENS

*Later Queens of the French Stage.* By H. NOEL WILLIAMS. (Harpers, 10s. 6d. net.)

IN reviewing Mr. Noel Williams's former volume, "Queens of the French Stage," some months ago, we spoke of our disappointment at finding it rather a gossip than a scientific work. The second volume of what we hope may prove to be a series of these handsome books (though Mr. Williams will be more puzzled for titles the further he progresses) is now before us, and we find it still less scientific than its predecessor. For one thing, the ladies he writes of as "Later Queens" had less influence on their art than those of the former volume—Armande Béjart, Champmeslé, Favart, Clairon, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and the others, who all had an interest through their artistic aims and achievements as well as through their highly-coloured private lives. Of the later Queens, only Sophie Arnould, the friend and champion and first exponent in Paris of Gluck, and Madame Saint-Huberty effected a reform in the costume of opera. The rest of them, Guimard, Raucourt, Madame Dugazon and Mademoiselle Contat, are remarkable only for their personal triumphs and popularity on the stage and their varied love-affairs and fortunes off it. Perhaps the most remarkable case is that of Mademoiselle Raucourt, the tragic actress. Early in her career, her virtue was impregnable. A girl of great beauty, she resisted all the handsome proposals made

to her; not even a Prince of the Blood, the Duc de Bourbon, could move her resolution, and the Parisian public, struck, perhaps, with the novelty of the idea, admired her as much for her honest life as for her superb acting. And then Voltaire, possibly tired of hearing Aristides called the just, possibly in order to champion, as Mr. Williams suggests, his favourites, Adrienne Lecouvreur and Clairon, against the fame of a dangerous rival, sent a letter to his friend the Maréchal de Richelieu, casting doubts on the reality of the lady's notorious virtue. The letter was read aloud (by accident) at a dinner-party at which Raucourt was present, and she fainted away on hearing the passage that accused her. But the mischief was done. The fickle public came to believe that they had been duped, and Mlle. Raucourt, finding that she had lost the rewards of virtue, plunged straightway into a life which won her, justly or unjustly, the reputation of being more vicious than ever she had been virtuous. Then the mob turned on her. She was not only a bad woman, they declared, but a bad actress. There may have been some truth in that. "A dissipated life," writes Mr. Williams, "does not conduce to success in any profession." She was hooted from the stage. Theatrical intrigue cast her over and over again for parts that were unsuited to her genius. At last she ran away, to hide in Paris in the uniform of a grenadier, which her great stature and mannish air enabled her to wear to advantage. Her subsequent adventures are no less exciting; and, being a lady of strong monarchical sympathies (Marie Antoinette and the Court had championed her stoutly through all her troubles), she was arrested and imprisoned with the two Contats, Fleury and other players of the Française. Their *dossiers* were all marked by Collot d'Herbois with the G that meant "*Guillotinez!*" and it was only by the connivance of a clerk in the Bureau des Pièces Accusatives that Mlle. Raucourt and the rest escaped.

The most charming of all these six subjects chosen by Mr. Williams for this volume is, undoubtedly, Sophie Arnould, the opera-singer. Sophie's life was no better than those of the rest of them. At eighteen years of age she ran away with "M. Dorval," who appeared to be the well-behaved young artist-lodger in her father's house, and was in reality no other than the eccentric Comte de Lauragais; and she clung to him—with intervals—for many years; but the intervals were too frequent to allow her to claim constancy. She was not only a very clever operatic singer, but a woman of a sharp tongue. Mr. Williams gives us many instances of her keen wit; and the best joke she ever made we will tell in his own words. The occasion was one of her many quarrels with M. de Lauragais.

No sooner had her tyrannical lover left Paris, than she ordered her coach—a present from the absent Lauragais—threw into it pell-mell everything portable that she had ever received from him: jewellery, plate, lace, porcelain, and so forth. placed the two children she had borne him on the top, and despatched the whole cargo to the Hôtel de Lauragais, Rue de Lille, with a note for Madame de Lauragais, in which she stated that "having resolved to recover her freedom, she did not wish to retain anything which might serve to remind her of her unhappy love-affair." Madame de Lauragais, who was a good and long-suffering woman, accepted the children, "regretting very much that they were not her own," but sent back the coach and the rest of its contents.

The most interesting part of the story of Sophie Arnould's professional career relates to the arrival of Gluck in Paris in 1773, and the production of *Iphigénie en Aulide* in 1774. The difficulties with which the heroic little Bavarian had to battle are almost inconceivable. The operatic stage was disgraced not only by the scandalous indecency of the behaviour behind the scenes, but by what was even worse from the composer's point of view—bad acting, bad singing, perpetual squabbles between singer and singer and between singer and orchestra. He attacked and defeated all these abuses.

Throwing off his coat and replacing his wig by an old cotton nightcap, he would dart about the stage, imploring Mlle. Arnould to

follow his music, M. Larrivée not to sing through his nose, M. Legros to endeavour to express something at least of the dignity and nobility which one was accustomed to associate with the great champion of the Greeks, and the chorus to endeavour to look and move a little less like automata.

And the artists, with the fear of the Court to reckon with, had to obey "this terrible man, whom they devoutly wished at the bottom of the Seine."

Madame de Saint-Huberty, the great opera singer, has a special interest for us in that she ended her life, very tragically, at Barnes. She had (ultimately) married the Comte d'Antraigues, who, once an ardent Republican, turned his coat and became an agent of the Bourbons in London and elsewhere. He had taken a house on Barnes Terrace, where, on the morning of July 22, 1812, just as he was about to drive into town to see Canning, he and his wife were murdered by their Piedmontese servant. The man was suspected of being in the pay of Fouché, but his immediate suicide prevented the truth of the case from being known.

To any one who likes gossip, amusing stories, vivid descriptions of a very brilliant and heartless state of society, just before it toppled to its fall, we recommend Mr. Williams's handsomely published book. He has spared no little trouble in research, and is thoroughly well up in his subject; and his book makes most agreeable reading.

### TOWN AND COUNTRY

*The Heart of the Country.* A survey of a modern land. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Alston Rivers, 5s. net.)

MR. HUEFFER has written here a very remarkable book. Its title is somewhat misleading, as it might induce one who took a cursory glance at it to believe that the author had penetrated into the inmost recesses of Nature, whereas the phrase seems to mean only that spot in the country which is known and particularly dear to each of us. Mr. Hueffer, needless to say, is a poet; and for that very reason we regret that he should have plunged into the politics of the country. As long as he gives us only the results of his vision his work is delightful, but what is meant to be the practical side will, we think, strike most people who know the subject as being extremely impracticable. The book, too, would have been better without the very long and rather dreary opening chapter called "The Country of the Townsman." It contains one or two striking thoughts, it is true, such as the speculation that: "The necessity for the Nature of green fields is at an end, according to the New Millennialists." Striking we have called this, but Mr. Hueffer himself does not believe it to be true: Wheat is still the staff of life and meat forms the second most important item in ordinary diet. The fleeces of sheep and the pelts of cattle supply us with the greater part of our clothing. That "Foods exquisite and nourishing are to be made from mineral oils and acids" counts for very little, so does the "raiment of glorious dye and skin-caressing texture . . . to be had from all sorts of coal-tar products." It will be some time before the latter supersedes wool and cotton. The townsman's country is in reality a somewhat poor affair: a house (with a garden or a field or two) mostly used for sleeping in, and without any of the long associations that constitute the real charm of the country to the countryman. However, there is no need to labour that point, because Mr. Hueffer is most generous in his estimate of the importance of the true countryman in our economy. He describes a print that used to be found in cottages in the following terms:

It shows a man bearing upon his back many others: a king on the top, then, in a bunch, a soldier, a priest, a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant. Those who form the burden bear scrolls: "I govern all," "I fight for all," "I pray for all," "I cure all," "I sell for all," and the figure with its bowed head, like Atlas groaning beneath the weight of a world, exhibits the legend: "I work for all."

After much cogitation he seems to come to the conclusion that the peasant is right when he says: "I govern all," "I fight for all," "I pray for all," "I cure all," "I sell for all." He puts the same sentiment in a manner that is equally pregnant when he says:

And there, for me, the agricultural labourer stands. He is, after all, Every-man, this final pillar of the state, this back-bowed creature who supports king, soldier, priest, merchant and the rest. And if I desire to have a good idea of my kind, *une fière idée de l'homme*, I think of him. He is the raw material from which we draw, the mud from which our finer clays are baked.

It is a new way of stating what was said long ago by Oliver Goldsmith in "The Deserted Village," and, working with such thoughts in his mind, it was only to be expected that Mr. Hueffer would produce a book that, whatever its other merits or demerits may be, is at all times manly and sympathetic. He recognises that the peasant is a pillar of the State. All the greater is his grief, therefore, to find him disappearing from the land whereon he was nourished. The state of things that he discovered is set forth in the following passage:

It is, I think, a truism to any one who knows the country, though I have found townsmen to deny it, that there are whole stretches of territory in England where a really full-witted or alert youth of between sixteen and thirty will absolutely not be found. I visited lately eighteen farms of my own neighbourhood, covering a space of about four miles by two miles, and on this amount of ground only five boys found employment. Four of these were below the average intelligence, and had at school not passed the fourth standard; the fifth was so "stupid" that he could not be trusted to do more than drive the milk-cart to and from the station. And of all the farm-labourers' families that I know well—some forty-six in number—only two have youths at home, and one of these has "something the matter with his legs."

Without in the slightest degree questioning our author's accuracy, it ought to be said that the district wherein he found only five boys employed on eighteen farms must be a very exceptional one. The rural exodus has been extremely severe, but through the whole extent of the country it has led to nothing like this. If a similar area had been taken, for example, in the small-holdings district of Lincolnshire, a full proportion of young men would have been found. Even in Wiltshire, where, we presume, Mr. Hueffer gained a great deal of his information, he had but to go to Winterslow, where Major Poore has founded a colony of small holdings, and he would have found the population there steadily on the increase. He says that, making a rough calculation of the figures as they have presented themselves to him, he finds that "just over five per cent. of the country-born boys I have known have stayed of their own free choice on the land." He goes on to say that the living-in system still prevails in the North of England and that it does keep the youths on the soil. We do not know precisely what district he refers to when he uses so vague an expression as the North of England. In Northumberland and Durham the living-in system has been practically abandoned, and in Cumberland, the land of statesmen, it never prevailed to any great extent. Even if we come so far south as Cheshire, there is very little of the living-in system to be found, although a number of the farmers follow the old practice of feeding the servants in the house. But though these men have cottages that they go to at night, yet in other respects they do not materially differ from the same class in other parts of England. Again, it is one of the most remarkable facts about the rural exodus that it has proceeded to the same extent among the well-paid Northumbrian hinds as among the poorer farm labourers of the south. The result has been that on many farms the greater part of the work is done by women because boys are not available. This is the region of large farms; where small farms exist, a considerable proportion of the young people will be found to remain on the old homestead, and this reminds us of another mistake that Mr. Hueffer would have avoided if he had possessed a wider knowledge of the country. He says:



For it must be remembered that the field labourer has not *any* reason for courting the society of his betters. He cannot by any possible means rise in the social scale. A successful draper will become a knight and build a manor-house, but there is no kind of "success" open to the usual farm labourer. Hence he has no reason for snobishness and "knows his place."

Now it is a very remarkable fact, to which attention has frequently been drawn, that farm labourers have very often succeeded in obtaining land for themselves. They are by no means so hopeless as our author makes them out to be. Moreover, what gives driving power to the movement in favour of small holdings is that it supplies this object of ambition. Every writer on this subject tries to construct for himself a Utopia, and that of Mr. Hueffer, which a millionaire might help him to carry out, can best be shown by quotation. He would take 50,000 acres of mixed down, hill-side, woodland and marsh, and would arrange them thus:

400 holdings of between 1 and 10 acres apiece,	averaging 5	...	...	...	...	= 2,000 acres.
50 holdings of	20 acres apiece	...	...	...	...	= 1,000 "
10 "	150 "	...	...	...	...	= 1,500 "
5 "	300 "	...	...	...	...	= 1,500 "
4 "	500 "	...	...	...	...	= 2,000 "
4 "	1,000 "	...	...	...	...	= 4,000 "
2 "	5,000 "	...	...	...	...	= 10,000 "
2 "	10,000 "	...	...	...	...	= 20,000 "

This would account for 42,000 acres, and the remaining 8,000 I would leave available for the pleasure-grounds of large houses, for villa residences, for week-end cottages, and for what not.

Here we should have, as it were, the manœuvring-ground for an army of 10,000 souls. So many thousand—the privates—would be the men and the families of the field labourers, men too young, too indolent, too dissipated, or too merely slow-brained ever to rise or to have risen. But such a man might save enough money to acquire a holding of from one to ten acres; or he might show enough intelligence to satisfy an agricultural bank that he could be trusted with money enough to be aided in the acquirement of such a holding. Then he would be, as it were, promoted to the rank of corporal or lance-corporal. He would have a holding not large enough to render himself quite self-supporting, and he would be there ready to be employed by the larger farmers at times when there was need for extra labour. And from that stage, either by proofs of saving or of being aided by the banks, he might be promoted to the rank, as it were, of a sergeant in this army—he might acquire a holding of twenty acres; and so given luck or genius, he might go upwards until he or his sons might take one of the large mixed farms of five thousand, or one of the downland ranche farms of ten thousand acres.

Comment on these suggestions is unnecessary. We leave them to the consideration of the millionaires who, according to the author, are required for the purpose of carrying it out.

### WHY DO THE NATIONS . . .

*The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1900.* By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D. (Constable, 18s. net.)

THE historian who sets out to survey areas of contemporary human activity so vast as those which come under Dr. Rose's observation in the volume before us has a high claim, as a pioneer, upon the gratitude of his generation. The true significance of many a modern event has too often been obscured rather than revealed by the tanglewoods of comment springing up around it, and he who ventures back into the maze of memoirs and newspaper correspondence, biographies and blue-books, in order to notch the track, is doing service not only to the writers who may come after him but to all who care to give a thought to the trend of great movements about them. We congratulate Dr. Rose upon the completion of a book which presents the European nations massed, as it were, and moving, in conflict or amity amid a broad historic panorama, during thirty years of surpassing interest.

To open upon the year 1870 is like putting the eye to a kaleidoscope of tumbling, changing, and coalescing state-patterns. Regarded as either an end or a beginning, it possesses unique advantages as a starting-point. In the first aspect it calls for some such introductory retrospect as that in which Dr. Rose lays stress upon the working

together of those two great kindred impulses towards individual liberty and racial union, which swept over Europe during the nineteenth century, while, regarded as a beginning, it retains a strong hold upon the imagination of both the present generation and that which is passing away. When those of us who have now reached mid-stream were in our cradles, the bubble of French military invincibility was pierced by the bayonets of a confederacy, under the leadership of a once despised and bullied state. To-day those bayonets seem sometimes the most significant and sinister thing in Europe; and our fathers, who saw that re-adjustment of temporal power, who have seen a consolidated Germany, a new Italy, a rehabilitated France, all dwelling perforce upon the motto of the strong man armed, are wondering whether thirty years of Europe have anything to show comparable with one decade of an island that lies east of Cathay.

Dr. Rose's book falls naturally into two main divisions, the European and the extra-European, corresponding roughly with the two halves of his period. For the first fifteen years or so, the human interest centres exclusively in Europe. We pass in review the Franco-German quarrel, the difficult re-construction of France and the consolidation of the German Empire. After the rectification of what had become in 1870 a false equilibrium in Western and Central Europe, Russia occupies the field, and five chapters treat of the Eastern question, the Russo-Turkish War (a war in which genuine racial and religious enthusiasms played their part on the Russian side, however much the subsequent treatment of Roumania and Bulgaria by Russia's rulers obscured it), the Balkan settlement, the making of Bulgaria, and the conflict between Absolutism and Nihilism in Russia. Dr. Rose gives a fine picture of brooding war in the midst of the peace preliminaries in 1878.

The Russians and Bulgars, swarming over Roumelia, glutted their revenge for past defeats and massacres by outrages well nigh as horrible as that of Batak. At once the fierce Moslems of the Rhodope Mountains rose in self-defence or for vengeance. And while the Russian Eagles perforce checked their flight within sight of Stamboul, the Greeks and Armenians of that capital—nay the very occupants of their foreign embassies—trembled at sight of the lust of blood that seized on the vengeful Ottomans.

Nor was this all. Far away beyond the northern horizon the war cloud hung heavily over the Carpathians. The statesmen of Vienna, fearing that the terms of their bargain were now forgotten in the intoxication of her triumph, determined to compel the victors to lay their spoils before the Great Powers. In haste the Austrian and Hungarian troops took station on the great bastion of the Carpathians, and began to exert on the military situation the pressure which had been so fatal to Russia in 1854.

This last paragraph recalls an instance of external pressure upon an international situation, in which the parts played by Austria and Russia were reversed. In 1870 when Austria seemed likely to embrace the French cause, hints went from St. Petersburg to Vienna that this would mean the presence of Russian troops upon the exposed Galician border. The menace was a main factor in the appearance of that system of alliances which, re-inaugurated by Bismarck, has resulted in the ponderous, uneasy stability of the present day. It is curious to reflect how completely the two main ideas upon which his policy at the outset rested—friendship with Russia and isolation of France—have failed, and, it might be added, how little the Franco-Russian alliance has affected the potentialities of Germany. But Bismarck's chief diplomatic triumph remains in the Austro-German compact (the fruit of his moderation after the war of 1866) which has till now secured the solidity of Central Europe, and was more firmly based upon mutual regard and racial affinity than was the accession of Italy to the alliance, or the gravitation of France towards Russia.

With the chapter upon the Triple and Dual Alliances we pass from Europe into Central Asia. For in Europe:

the age of great achievement, that of the years 1859-85, makes way for a period characterised by satiety, torpor, and an indefinable *malaise*. Europe rests from the generous struggles of the past, and settles down uneasily into a time of veiled hostility and armed peace.

Having framed their State systems and covering alliances, the nations no longer give heed to constitutions, rights of man, or duties of man; they plunge into commercialism and search for new markets. Their attitude now is that of Ancient Pistol when he exclaims:

"The world's mine oyster  
Which I with sword will open."

It is through the consideration of the rival expansions of Russia and Great Britain in Central Asia that Dr. Rose attempts to vindicate a criticism of Lord Beaconsfield's attitude towards Russia at the close of the Russo-Turkish War, to which he gives frequent expression. Apart from the fact that his policy "dissociated the new feeling of imperialism from those humanitarian sentiments which lay at the root of the Balkan problem" and so paradoxically nourished in the end false ideas as to the relationship between timidity and righteousness, the consequent "unending hostility of Russia . . . has clogged British policy at every turn and probably helped to bring about the discreditable surrenders of the year 1884-86 and 1895-97." Those periods of "graceful concessions" weigh heavily upon Dr. Rose's memory. Moreover, as it seems to him, the fault has lain with the nation at large.

The lesson that lies clear on the surface of our present historical inquiry for all who have eyes to see is that the responsibility for the public weal rests more with the masses of the people than with its officials. Only by whole-hearted exertions and self-denying sacrifices have the great national movements of the present age reached their goal; and these qualities are not apparent in the younger generation of Britons.

Not the least of England's dangers lies in the fact that, collectively and individually, we are the happiest and freest people in the world, with little to pay for our good fortune. Those potentialities for self-sacrifice, discipline, organisation of which Germany and Italy furnished proof were made manifest at great gain, indeed, but at enormous cost. As Dr. Rose truly says: "after struggling for a generation through a wilderness of plots and punishments, those two peoples reached the Promised Land only to find it a parade-ground," nor has any great European nation escaped that experience. In that parade-ground the individual:

has entered into a state of military serfdom. There he is but a bond-man tolling to add his few blocks to the colossal pyramid of war which imposes respect upon some enemy away in the desert. From that life there can come no song. From those weltering masses, engaged in piling up work upon work against some remote contingency, there rises, and will still more arise, a dull confused questioning murmur, whether the whips of fear which drive them on are not wielded by some malignant Fury masquerading in the garb of Peace—whether the whole gigantic effort is not a hideous nightmare, a game with men's lives doomed to end in stalemate.

Well would it be if the nations could lay down their arms; but till that millennium comes there is a menace to us in that terrible picture with which the book concludes.

### BRITISH BIRDS

*Handbook of British Birds.* By ANTHONY COLLETT. Illustrated by ERIC PARKER. (Macmillan, 6s.)  
*A Pocket-book of British Birds.* By E. F. M. ELMS. (West, Newman, 2s. 6d.)

ALMOST every young naturalist begins *ab ovo*—from a desire for the oval, coloured thing in the hidden nest. For him this bird's-nesting book is written, and we hope he will appreciate the delightful art shown in its get-up. It opens with nine plates of eggs which are a real pleasure to look on. The colouring seems to us more truthful, and indeed, more beautiful than any we have seen, even in the more luxurious classics. It is a novel and excellent idea to give mere outlines in the case of the white eggs. The emphasis is thus laid on the shape which is curiously distinctive in most species when the attention is drawn to it. In the coloured plates the only failure in precision

seemed to us in the excessive breadth of the swallow's, the too deep colouring of the missel-thrush's, and the exaggerated smallness of the cuckoo's egg. In many cases two specimens are given, and the benefit might well have been extended to the cuckoo. It would have been worth while to devote a whole plate to cuckoo's eggs, that the young generation of naturalists might have had the old fallacy of adaptation visually dissipated.

The only fault to be found with the book is a want of ambition in the scope. The title suggests none of the charm which the book possesses. It compares, for example, most unfavourably with that standard delight of boys in the country, Mr. Johns's old-fashioned "Birds in their haunts"—a title in a thousand. This, too, is a book of birds in their haunts, on a rather less ambitious but more useful model. It deals only with inland birds and each little monologue covers no more than a page or two. But it is vastly more than a handbook. The accounts, of course, owe their debt to the standard works, but in every instance the description proclaims the personal observation of a naturalist with peculiar insight of his own and a wide experience. Of course, in any book that is not exhaustive other observers will find anomalous intrusions or omissions. Half a dozen birds in the list are less common than the ubiquitous jack-snipe, which is omitted. Too much is sometimes sacrificed to space. The best part of Mr. Selous's discoveries on the feeding habits of the night-jar and green woodpecker are omitted; and it is surely no new theory of his that the bird engulfs small flies and midges in the lump as it flies. Fuller reference to the call-cries as well as the songs would have been welcome. It cannot be too soon impressed on the boy-naturalist that song is only a part of the language of birds. This distinction is quite as important, for example, as the correction of the fallacy about migration, which is one of the few general things for which Mr. Collett finds room. He is, of course, entirely right that the line between home-keeping birds and birds of passage cannot be sharply drawn. We notice in Mr. Elms's useful little book, which is what its title proclaims, that "intermigratory" is adopted as a technical term, applicable to the stonechat and all birds of similar habits of movement.

It is when Mr. Collett allows himself a little wider range that we regret the too rigid adhesion to the Handbook ideal. With the help of the publishers the volume seems to us quite the best handbook that has been published. No boy could desire a more faithful or more pleasing companion. But we should like to see the authors go further afield. Mr. Johns gave black and white illustrations of the birds themselves over his chapters. Mr. Collett might do worse than produce a companion handbook with picked illustrations of some birds and some nests to illustrate protective colouring and the wider observations on which this second volume would have room to enlarge. We have a great many ornithologists in these days who relish the old books and absurdly exaggerated theories—Darwinian and other—which were cut and dried before the sum of observation was sufficient. A writer with so fresh and original an outlook would be welcomed by naturalists who have got beyond the handbook-stage, if any one can claim to have done that.

### THE ART OF BAZZI

*Giovanni Antonio Bazzi (hitherto usually styled "Sodoma")*: *The Man and the Painter, 1477-1549.* By ROBERT H. HOBART CURT. (Murray, 21s. net.)

To many a lover of the hill-towns of Italy Siena stands supreme. There is fascination in every turn of her narrow streets and every page of her turbulent history, and her pictures have a charm as potent as the lives of her saints or the façade of her splendid Duomo. The possessor of some of Duccio's most famous work, the home of Matteo



di Giovanni, of "the Sienese Fra Angelico," Sano di Pietro, and later of the Lorenzetti and many others, Siena maintained for a long while the severity of Trecento ideals, and was still almost Byzantine in feeling when Florence was permeated by Renaissance tendencies. But even Siena was conquered at last, and the arrival of one whom Siena made her own, Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, has much to do with the development which was thereafter apparent. He enriched Siena with works of wonderful beauty, and amid much that is unworthy of him, the city possesses his finest frescoes. A visit to Siena is necessary to an understanding of the enthusiasm which he has aroused.

Mr. Cust's book is a welcome and valuable addition to the existing literature relating to this fascinating painter. Welcome also is the title, for it is full time that the name of "Sodoma" should either be entirely dropped or made to take a secondary place; it being very probably, as Mr. Cust suggests, a *nom de guerre* given him without special evil meaning by some club or society of which he was a member. In his opening chapter Mr. Cust endeavours, with a very fair measure of success, to clear the painter's good name from the unpleasant aspersion which that untrustworthy chronicler, Giorgio Vasari, casts upon it. It is most unlikely, Mr. Cust points out, that even a Medici Pope would have appended to such a name the title "Cavalier of Christ," or that the Emperor would have conferred the rank of "Count of the Holy Roman Empire" upon him, had the sinister interpretation which Vasari puts upon the name been recognised at the time. And, even in Renaissance days, it is difficult to imagine that Carmelites, Dominicans and Franciscans would have chosen so notorious an evil liver to adorn their cloisters, their refectories, even their altars, with scenes from the lives of their great saints, Bernardino and Catherine, in that city of Siena that lay under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. That Bazzi had risen altogether superior to the faults and vices of his period no one will maintain; but the refined beauty of his Madonnas and saints and the restraint with which he treats such a subject as the *Marriage of Alexander and Roxana* (painted for Agostino Chigi's bedchamber at his villa in Trastevere) should suffice to prove that in a licentious age Bazzi's ideal was high. The master who gave us that majestic and beautiful presentment of the Risen Lord, who could so realise the ecstasy of a St. Catherine or the tender grace of Eve, and paint the wonderful *Sleeping Disciple*, stands in no need of a defender. He enriched Italian Art with some of its most ideal figures, and has taken his place amongst the great painters of his time.

It is uncertain whether Bazzi was ever actually a pupil of Lionardo da Vinci, whose influence is sometimes strongly felt in his work. Like Bernardino Luini, he may never have been in da Vinci's studio. Neither of these painters, though reflecting something of Lionardo's types, was the mere imitator which his actual pupils, such as Solario, Cesare de Sesto and others, became. Bazzi owes something to Giacomo della Quercia, whose statues he studied. The graceful draped figures which we find in such frescoes as the *Marriage of Alexander*, with their feeling for classic types and their serene Greek beauty, may be traced to the influence of della Quercia. The figure of the young King in the *Adoration of the Magi* in St. Agostino, Siena, and a drawing of the head of Leda are Lionardesque: the ideal presentments of Christ, the noble S. Sebastian in the Church of S. Spirito, Siena, together with all the pictures of St. Catherine, seem characteristic of the painter himself. In Mr. Cust's book we find the subject most exhaustively treated; with Italian documents at the end of the volume, and a useful list of all the pictures attributed to the painter.

Bazzi spent the greater portion of his life in Siena. Mr. Cust gives us, in careful sequence, his apprenticeship, his early years in Siena, his two visits to Rome, his return to Siena and so forth, and we gain a clear idea of the personality of the painter—his great love for animals, and especially for horses, his great popularity with all classes,

his impulsive and careless ways. Bazzi's early frescoes at St. Anna in Campresa exhibit already some of his characteristics, such as his fine arabesque work and the careful drawing and modelling of the limbs of the principal figures beneath their robes, showing his mastery of anatomy. He was not strong in composition, and we get amongst the confused and over-crowded figures some very careless drawing. Amongst these, however, there stand out figures of the greatest beauty and dignity. We feel the truth of the remark made in the preface to this book: that Bazzi was an "immoral" painter, "because, with such gifts and such talents, he . . . let himself drift into work that would disgrace any artist." Tuscan influences may be traced in these early frescoes. Bramante's decorative architectural designs appear, together with the well-known ruins of ancient Rome, in many of his backgrounds, and Lionardo's rocks and running water are sometimes suggested. Bazzi may, therefore, be described as a true child of the many-sided Renaissance, complex in character and in aim, assimilating from many sources the ideals and culture of the period, reminding us now of Perugino, now of Pintoricchio or of Raphael, then again of the great Lombard master; yet giving us at the same time the expression of his own art in many tender and lovely forms, which, though borrowing something from others, were yet in their consummation characteristically his own. The frescoes in the Farnesina, for example, give an excellent idea of the painter's most classical style.

In 1508 Bazzi was working in the *stanze* of the Vatican. Of his work there the ceiling in one room yet remains to us, having been spared by the Pope at Raphael's request. The friendship between the two painters was very genuine; and, as Mr. Cust tells us, there is a marked resemblance in their work. Their children, for instance, classic *patti* or Holy Infants, or youthful portraits, are much alike. Many drawings still extant are ascribed alternately to Raphael and Bazzi; and, at his best, the latter need not fear the rivalry of the great Umbrian himself. About 1525-6 Bazzi painted the *Swoon of St. Catherine*, and to this period we owe the *Eve* and the *Sleeping Disciple*. Of the *Eve* Mr. Cust says: "Her modesty, instinct with the knowledge of power, is absolutely unsurpassed and unsurpassable." These words might, *mutatis mutandis*, be applied also to the gracious figure of Christ stepping from the open tomb in the fresco in the Palazzo Pubblico. The passage descriptive of Eve is one of the most beautiful amongst Mr. Cust's many eloquent tributes to the painter. We feel with him that "the creator of two such perfect works as the *Marriage of Alexander* and the *Descent into Limbo* must, in spite of all his many weaknesses, take a foremost rank amid artists of all ages." In the summary at the end of this scholarly work we find a just appreciation of the art of Bazzi as a whole. It is most true that, setting aside "all weakly sentiment prompted by the effect upon us of two or three of his most celebrated paintings," we can see "the light of genius shining through his errors," and can do "justice at last in restoring him to the place among the painters of the Renaissance, which he so fully deserves."

## TO A SEER

GAZING upon our life thou seest it,  
Wherefore to thee we look, if we may know  
Our own dark secret,—we who have but wit  
Dimly to see thy face that is aglow  
Beholding our bewilderment, as though  
Thou findest there some glory infinite.—  
Thou smilest, seeing: us it doth befit  
Patient along our shadowy way to go.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

## HOLLAND WALK

IN Holland Walk the spring's young grace  
Shows furtively in sheltered ways  
With tender bud and blossoming;  
O'er greener grass the great trees fling  
Their shadows, on these soft March days.

The elm-trees lift their fragile lace,  
Whereon high up a small nest sways;  
And gaily now the thrushes sing  
In Holland Walk.

Ungratefully my spirit strays  
Far off to some wild woodland place  
Where the wet wolds and meadows bring  
Largess of gold to greet the spring—  
Too sombrely she shows her face  
In Holland Walk!

ISABEL CLARKE.

## GAZETTES IN RHYME

JOHN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, suffered many things at the hands of his Queen, his country and his country's poets, and in the month which will see the two hundredth anniversary of Ramillies, one of the most successful campaigns ever fought by British arms, it is interesting to recall some of the praise lavished upon the greatest of English soldiers. He lived to see many of the poets turn against him, but he was, at any rate, spared in his life-time poems so bad as those which were published after his death.

It was Warton who first called "The Campaign" a gazette in rhyme, and in a sense the description is true, not only of that poem but also of many later verses, which are less known. Addison, it should be remembered, set out to write his account of Blenheim with truth as his ideal:

Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,  
And proudly shine in their own native light;  
Raised in themselves their genuine charms they boast,  
And those that paint them truest praise them most.

There is much to be said for that point of view, and Addison's tact in adopting it is to be praised, for he gave Godolphin exactly what he wanted—a set of complimentary verses on Marlborough. Prior's flattery in prose and verse was far less successful: it was, as may be imagined from his behaviour all through his life, fulsome to a high degree, and that without the grace of diction which characterises some of his work. The ode on Blenheim, though it was, as Prior himself owned, indifferent verse, has the merit of being occasionally humorous: for instance, the struggles with names of places:

To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine  
What work had we with Wageningen, Arnheim,  
Places that could not be reduced to rhyme?  
And though the poet made his last efforts,  
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?

Nor can Prior's Ramillies ode be counted an improvement on his earlier effort. "I set Horace before me as a pattern," he wrote, and goes on to say: "the choice I made of following the ode in Latin (*Qualem ministrum*, etc.) determined me in English to the stanza, and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman, Spenser." In this ode, which is long and dull, there is a good deal of truth. It was not mere flattery to write the following lines of Marlborough, whose virtues were such that it could never have been said of his army, at any rate, that it swore terribly in Flanders:

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies  
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:  
Those goodly deeds which we so highly prize  
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.

The "we" in the third line refers, we presume, to Prior, his Emmas, and his Chloes—a good criterion of virtue.

It should be noticed that Prior evaded the difficulty of accenting Ramillies correctly by writing "Ramilia," so there is something to be said for adopting a classical model. The word is pronounced locally "Ramillee"—which is as near as we can get to it phonetically—with the accent on the last syllable, but it was evidently a great stumbling-block in England. A rhymed letter to Mr. Prior, published anonymously in 1706, throws the accent on the penultimate syllable:

The very ladies too, with Conquest pleased,  
Renounce their scandal, and of War discourse,  
And search the Maps to find Ramilly out.

I am not aware who was the author of this, but one more quotation from it, if only for the phrase, "sad variety," may be pardoned:

With Eyes intent the Warrior God surveys  
The horrid Chaos of the purple Field,  
Pleas'd with the sad variety of Death,  
He snuffs with greedy nostrils human Gore  
And on the boundless Ruin gluts his Rage.

The ordinary pronunciation of the word is to be found in the famous Irish ballad celebrating the deeds of an Irish regiment which fought on the side of the French:

When on Ramillies' bloody field  
The baffled French were forced to yield,  
The victor Saxon backward reeled  
Before the charge of Clare's dragoons.

Yet another rendering of the word is to be found in "Tristram Shandy," where it is related that my Uncle Toby marched to the attack of the widow in his white ramallie-wig, which the corporal put fresh into pipes for the occasion. Ramillies set a fashion in wigs as Steinkirk did in cravats.

The amusing part of all these poems is the profound contempt which the poets had for one another, and which they did not hesitate to express. Sir Richard Blackmore in his "Advice to the Poets," after bidding the "unguided Muse"

with Rev'rence yield  
Thy Strength unequal to Ramillia's field,

goes on to suggest a composite effort by Prior, Congreve, Granville, Stepney, Walsh, and Hughes, with Summers and Montague presiding to "correct their labours and their progress guide." It will be noted that he omits Addison, at whom must be intended the thrust:

Ye mercenary Wits, who rime for Bread,  
Ye unfledg'd Muses, this high Subject dread.

Oldmixon, too, in the preface to his pastoral poem on the victories at Schellenbergh and Blenheim says that, "had our soldiers fought no better than our poets write upon them we should have had little to rejoyce over but our Victory at Sea." He justified the use of the pastoral model by citing several instances "wherein the Antients have suffered the Rural Muse to tower upwards with a dazzling wing, and Thalia soars as high as Clio or Calliope." But the most scornful of all was Mr. T. Cooke, who wrote a poem in three cantos on the death of the Duke in 1722, and who calls his fellow poets daring scribblers, fawners, and a vile herd. Mr. Cooke is peculiar chiefly for his grammar, of which this is a specimen:

Next Ramellies (that raised the mighty He  
To his Meridian in the brightest Sky)  
Call'd him to add new glories to his Name.  
There Villeroi in vain your valour show,  
For know, weak Man, 'tis Marlborough is your foe,  
He Fortune's Darling, Fav'rite of the Sky,  
Round whom ten thousand Guardian Angels fly:  
Him they protect, him from the Sword defend,  
Balls fly in vain round whom those Angels tend.

I have kept to the end some extracts from that glorious poem "The Funeral," by Arthur d'Anvers, chaplain to



Lord Carteret, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It opens with the beautiful thought :

My weeping Muse attempts in humble Verse  
To sing a Hero laid up in his hearse.

From this work we learn that Addison, after being transported to "join the Choir," was complimented with a seat between Maro and Homer, and that :

Homer too puts on a solemn Smile  
To greet the Genius of the British Isle.

We are naturally anxious to know where Marlborough sat, but our curiosity is not gratified except in so far as to learn that he :

tho' only now a shade  
Does from above the cause of Freedom plead.

This, however, was only after a prolonged conversation with "the great Nassau," when :

Nassau with transport is by Marlborough told  
That Glorious George does now the Scepter hold.

It will be seen from these quotations what Marlborough and his memory suffered at the hands of the poets, but he really escaped lightly in comparison with some of his contemporaries. A poem entitled "The double welcome to the Duke of Marlborough" which was published in 1705, leaves the explanation of the "vast particulars" to those who "sing in numbers suited to the man" and deals more with home affairs. The Duke, it says, will be doubly welcomed on his return, as he is badly wanted to "engage with devils nearer home" and to

Calm the Churches' sea and keep it still,  
And fix the Nation's peace against her will;

the cause of all this being apparently Dr. Sacheverel, who is described as :

High Church Buffoon, the Oxford's stated Jest,  
A Noisy, Sawcy, Swearing, Drunken Priest.

S. T. S.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### BERTRAND DE BORN

It is difficult to imagine any more ideal character for the hero of a mediæval historical novel than Bertrand de Born. A contemporary of Eleanor of Aquitaine and of Richard Cœur de Lion, this most celebrated of the Languedoc troubadours lived at a time when chivalry was most brilliant, and the feudal system was at its best. Lofty ideas of character and conduct prevailed. Admiration was freely bestowed upon those who nobly earned it; and, however much the standard of those times may have differed from our own, there is no doubt that the test of renown was not that of worldly success or wealth, but of personal qualities and achievements. This estimate of individual men was greatly helped forward by the troubadours and trouvères. They had brought their art to perfection. Even kings were proud to be numbered in their ranks, and songs and poems composed by Thibaut, King of Navarre, Alfonso, King of Arragon, and Richard Cœur de Lion are still extant.

Of Bertrand's early years little is known. He went, before he was grown up, to live in the Castle of Hautefort, which, according to the custom of the times, he shared with his two brothers. He seems to have been a most quarrelsome person. There were continual feuds between the brothers, though Bertrand had by no means the right to sole possession of the castle. In fact, had the castle been the property of one lord only, Bertrand would not have been that one. His character comes out clearly in his poems, of which the majority were written with the express purpose of stirring up war. He had a passion for fighting, and seeing others fight. A state of peace was to

him a state of dishonour, in which no good quality could ever be cultivated.

Almost the first thing we hear definitely of Bertrand de Born is that in 1181 Count Raymond V., besieged in Toulouse by Alfonso of Arragon, besought him to compose a *servente* that should arouse the neighbouring seigneurs. The request in itself shows the power of the troubadours, and in this case Bertrand's poem brought so many willing combatants to Toulouse that Alfonso was forced to retire. The diffusion of poems, it may be remarked, was chiefly due to the jongleurs. A troubadour, as a rule, merely composed the words, and his favourite jongleur would learn the poem, fit it to music (though some troubadours were good musicians) and obtain leave to sing or recite it. An amusing reply of Bertrand's has come to us in answer to a jongleur who begged him for a poem.

You ask me for a poem, as you desire to achieve notoriety, regardless of the fact that your voice is that of a crow, that you sing out of tune, that you are as swarthy as a Moor, as ragged and dirty as a Savoyard; yet you prefer money and notoriety to poverty and modest retirement; so here is a poem for you :

and then follow several fine verses about the duty of fighting, chivalrous behaviour, generosity and so forth.

Like all his contemporaries, Bertrand was devoted to the old *régime* of the Dukes of Aquitaine. He bitterly resented the occupation of his country by the English. He was devoted to Queen Eleanor, as being the last representative of the old rulers, and his one hope was that her sons would shake off the authority of their father, establish themselves in Aquitaine and once more make it a free country. In particular, he had a deep love for Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of Henry II.—"le jeune roi" as he is called in all the chronicles—and regarded him as the model of a noble knight. Bertrand's unceasing efforts to induce him to throw off his father's authority were, unfortunately, only too successful. Rebellion followed rebellion, and in the course of the last, which proved fatal to him, Prince Henry committed an act which may so have preyed upon his mind as to hasten his death. Searching everywhere for plunder wherewith to pay his troops, he came to the sanctuary of Rocamadour, and finally, after forcing the church dignitaries to hand over all their portable wealth, he seized Durandol, the sword of Roland. This sword had been hurled through the air after the battle of Roncevaux in order that it might not fall into the hands of the Saracens (a throw of a few hundred miles), and had imbedded itself in the rock. Henry sold the weapon to a Jew and replaced it by a common imitation. As he was hastening away, he heard the chapel bell ring. This is a miraculous bell, which has only been heard to ring a few times, always without human agency and only when Our Lady of Rocamadour intervenes to save a soul otherwise doomed. Henry felt himself doomed, and, after reaching a little town hard by, fell sick and died. He made, the chronicler said, "a beautiful death," and was attended to the last by Bertrand, who undertook to convey his body to its last resting-place. No sooner, however, had he started upon his journey than he heard that the English king, grieving for the loss of his favourite son and furious with Bertrand, whom he considered as the cause of Prince Henry's bad behaviour, was advancing to besiege his castle of Hautefort. Bertrand threw himself into the castle and hastily made such preparations as he could before Richard, temporarily acting with his father, and Alfonso of Arragon (who formed the advance guard of King Henry's army) arrived. The siege was notable for a remarkable incident. Finding the countryside ransacked of provisions, Alfonso asked Bertrand if he would supply him with food for his starving troops. The generous troubadour immediately supplied his wants abundantly, and, supposing that his foe would be animated by a similar spirit, begged in return that the attack of the heavy siege engines should be directed upon particular parts, since one wall was too weak to stand an assault. The treacherous Alfonso, however, betrayed the secret to Richard. The castle was soon carried and Bertrand

brought a prisoner to King Henry's camp. Here all his wonted audacity left him, and, upon the king's taunting him with his lack of spirit, he burst into tears and confessed it had all forsaken him upon the death of his dearly loved "jeune roi." Henry was so moved at the sight of his real grief that he not only spared Bertrand's life but accorded him the treatment given to those who voluntarily surrendered their fortresses at their feudal lord's command, *i.e.*, restored to him the possession of the castle. More; the king made out the title-deeds in due form, observing at the same time that Bertrand had obtained the castle like a rogue and hoping he would retain it like an honest man. Bertrand promptly went back to Haute-fort, which he compelled his brother Constantins to quit. Remonstrances were vain, and, when Constantins brought his complaint before the king, Henry acknowledged the injustice of his action but confessed his powerlessness to do anything. Constantins called the formidable routier, Mercadier, to his aid; but Richard came to support Bertrand, and finally Constantins abandoned his attempts and even abjured the name of Born. For a few years more Bertrand's activity continued. Some years previously he had insulted his patroness, Mahent de Montignac, by saying that her charms as compared with those of Matilda of England were but as sand beside gold; and Bertrand had found himself in the extraordinary position of having no patron lady. A reconciliation had, however, been effected; and inspired a few half-hearted love poems. But these were all, and his songs continued to be devoted to the promotion of his ideal, the spirit of chivalry and readiness to fight in its behalf. Amongst these later songs, not unnaturally, was more than one attack upon Alfonso, whose treachery was amply requited by the unforgetting Bertrand.

In the year 1196 Bertrand de Born retired to Dalon, an abbey of the Cistercian order, founded by Géraud de Sales and situated midway between Born and Hauteville. Many a stormy spirit in those days sought repose in like manner in the quiet of the cloister, and numerous stories are told of the difficulties the unhappy abbots experienced in curbing their turbulent novices. Curiously enough, Bertrand took kindly to his new life. And, if the abbots were agreeably surprised by his docility, there is no doubt that many who had suffered from his unsparing tongue were no less delighted at his voluntary self-effacement.

MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Defoe as a Sociological Novelist," by Ernest A. Baker.]

## FICTION

*The House of Cobwebs, and other Stories.* By GEORGE GISSING. With an introductory survey by THOMAS SECCOMBE. (Constable, 6s.)

WE are not of those whose pleasure in a man's work is necessarily increased by an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances of his life, yet it were idle to deny the power of that faculty (none the less irresistible for being frequently unconscious) which some writers have of exciting their readers' curiosity, and we well remember wondering, on taking up a book of George Gissing's for the first time, what manner of man this might be who could write with such bitter suavity, with such delicate irony, of a *milieu* which he appeared to know well and thoroughly to detest. The few hard, essential facts which invested Gissing's career with a not quite ordinary pathos are now well known to all who care enough to estimate an achievement standing in some sense apart; but the appearance of these fifteen short stories, aptly epitomising his personal attitude towards life as he found it, in conjunction with a strenuously condensed "chronological survey" of his work, justify a brief recapitulation. Educated at Lindow Grove School at Alderley and at

Owens College, Manchester, Gissing found himself at twenty, utterly poor and without a shred of influence, in London. Talented, delicate, and sensitive, of a shy geniality apt to freeze at an uncertain temperature into proud reserve, with a strong taste for the high romantic places of history, and a loathing for the sordid accompaniments of latter-day poverty, he seems to have had no assets but a fine comprehension of the significance of Dickens in English literature, a dogged industry, and the power begotten of dire necessity to pierce, with a pen naturally pointed for delicate introspection and æsthetic analysis, the tortured lives of the educated poor. In stress and poverty he produced his first book, "Workers in the Dawn," in 1880. For three years he suffered under various yokes imposed by the necessity of earning a living wage. Then, most miserably lodged, he sat down to write, book after careful book, year after weary year. After six years one of these, "Demos"—not the best—brought him fifty pounds. He spent them in Italy, the land of his dreams from which "only death would have held me back." It proved more than a decade before he could sufficiently re-emancipate himself to wend South again. The interval was filled with those stories, one or more every year—"Born in Exile," "The Odd Women," "In the Year of Jubilee" are three of them—of which the governing idea, as Mr. Seccombe well summarises it, was to analyse as an artist the misery inherent in the sharp contrasts of modern life and to express it to the world. Equally suggestive is Mr. Seccombe's reflection that in forgetting that the "educated poor" are not all artists, Gissing underestimated those compensating "consolations of temperament, of habit, and of humdrum ideals which are common to the coarsest of mankind." He does not (he says) represent men as worse than they are; but he represents them as less brave. Gissing himself, at any rate, for all his dolorous note, was no coward, and he won through to an independence only too well deserved. Though he died young, he lived long enough worthily to glorify Dickens, to leave behind him that "gentle masterpiece of softened autobiography," "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," to throw his whole romantic soul into "Veranilda." With all that Mr. Seccombe has to say of "Henry Ryecroft" we are in complete accord; but is not his praise of the "Dickens" and "Veranilda" excessive? That sentence, in the one case, about "a context in which every syllable is precious, reasonable, thrice distilled and sweet to the palate as Hybla honey"? That statement in the other that "Sir Walter himself could never in reason have dared to aspire to such a fortunate conjuncture of talent, grace, and historic accuracy"? It is, however, as a brief survey of the Gissing country designed to enable the reader to judge the author by eight or nine of his best books that this essay may most fairly be appreciated; and if, as we take it to be, it is intended for those who do not know Gissing well, it is either too long or too short. Those who have not read "New Grub Street" will scarcely care to learn that Reardon is "a greatly strengthened and improved rifacimento of Kingcote" (in "Isabel Clarendon,") or that Amy Reardon is "a better observed Isabel," or that "Reardon was unlucky in marrying Amy." They will probably fight shy, too, of the foot-notes in their impatience to reach "The House of Cobwebs" and the rest. On the other hand, the reading of these often exquisite grey and mauve studies in semi-autobiography may leave a good many people eager to know more about their author than Mr. Seccombe has been able to compress within his fifty serried pages. He seems to write with a full knowledge of his country. Should he ever supplement his survey with a history, we would hope to find it a little less flamboyant.

*What became of Pam.* By BARONESS VON HUTTON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

PAM's many lovers and friends will be delighted to know what became of her. The curtain rises on her at twenty-

seven years of age in a dingy Bloomsbury boarding-house: two crucial years pass in which she shows her pluck and gaiety in adversity and her insight and kindness in good fortune, and at last she settles happily after some stormy interludes. Years have not taken toll from her vitality and lightheartedness; she is the same sprightly, brave Pam whom we loved, and whom we love to leave with the prospect of great happiness shining from her future. Her fascination controls the book. Who would tamper with this charm by asking impertinently: Is this life? It is enough that she is Pam, and of course Pam is exactly the person to whom the surprising and the unexpected and the inconsequent must happen. What could be more proper than that she should inherit at the right moment a house and a small fortune from a faithful lover; what more natural than that she should meet her heart's paragon in a pawn-shop and be kept dramatically from his arms by a wayward passion for another, of whom she goes in fear and trembling for ten years though her eyes have not seen him during that time? Finally, what could be more suitable than that, when she does see him at his wife's funeral, his appearance is such that she is freed for ever from his control; that, being free, she should pass the paragon on her way home, and hale him into her hansom, and that the hansom should be kept waiting at her door while their lips meet in the long first kiss on which the curtain is rung down to the accompanying chime of friendly old Big Ben? He must be a sad wise-acre who can find a headshake of impatience at such doings: especially when they are recounted in a Pam-fine and lighthearted style which carries you trippingly along from the first delightful page to the last.

*Old Mr. Lovelace.* By CHRISTIAN TEARLE. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

A READER who lays aside "Old Mr. Lovelace" at the end of fifty pages or so would probably pass an unfair judgment upon it. The simplicity of it appears at first too simple; the mothers' meetings and domestic and parish concerns promise the mildest form of entertainment. But gradually the story wins its way: we pass from indifference to friendly interest in many of the characters. More particularly are we attracted to old Mr. Lovelace, the shrewd lawyer and man of the world, who keeps the heart of a boy; kind and courteous with the fine manner of a by-gone day. In all the four stories into which the book is divided, Mr. Lovelace plays a benevolent part. The first two find him the adviser and active helper of his poorer neighbours, whose peculiarities are hit off with a genial humour in which there is no sting and much kindness. In the last two tales this delightful old gentleman, moved by lonely ladies in distress, gives up his hard-earned leisure to fight and win two legal battles for them. That the author, who, as we gather from many indications, is of the sex not yet permitted to practise at the Bar, should possess so intimate a knowledge of legal procedure is something of a mystery and a surprise. The knowledge, whether personal or borrowed, and the way it is used, add a keener interest to the last half of a very pleasant and well-written book.

*The Lady of the Decoration.* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

THE "Lady of the Decoration" was "a young widow who wasn't sorry," so a judicious friend shipped her off to seek salvation and a fortune "somewheres East of Suez." To Japan, therefore, sailed this charming "Lady" to teach in the mission school, to take notes, and to write those curious and interesting letters mainly about things Japanese. The form of narration is not altogether satisfactory; the letters are one-sided, and all are addressed to a friend of her own sex whom she invariably calls "Mate." Her own name is never disclosed; from the title-page onward she is known to us and her little Japanese pupils as "The Lady of the Decoration." The heroine's experiences cover the period of the war between Russia and Japan, and include descriptions of the departure of

the troops for the front, the return of the wounded, scenes by the wayside and in the hospitals, and two visits to Vladivostock, all coloured by her strong sympathies with Japan. A slight, one-sided story runs through the book, with frequent sentimental allusions to the heroine's past, her mistakes, and her desperate homesickness. In the last letter we hear that "Jack," who has been biding his time in the background, suddenly appears—in the good old fashion—and insists upon a wedding almost at sight. "The Lady of the Decoration" contains an odd mixture of fact, fun, opinions, vivid impressions, and sentiment. Unfortunately, the sentiment is very much overdone, but the book is fresh and unconventional and well worth reading.

*Henry Northcote.* By J. C. SNAITH. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. SNAITH'S "Henry Northcote" is suggestive of more criticism, *pro* and *con*, than any reasonable allowance of space in the ACADEMY would suffice for. Much may be said in commendation of it, partly as displaying, but more as indicating, the operation of some of the highest qualities of the novel writer. Observation, insight, courageous description are all here, but all employed without art, and quite without harmony. They make pictures in broad patches, often more vivid than enough, for the reason that they are nearly destitute of gradation and shadow. The result is that, while every chapter testifies to Mr. Snaith's capabilities for the work he has taken up, none of them suggests that he has turned his gifts to the best account. What the story does suggest throughout is that it was written by a young man of remarkable ability while possessed by all the fantasies and impulses of youth, incapable of discipline as yet, and either without the artistic instinct or contemptuous at present of artistic effort. Considering the author's gift of perception and discrimination, something is certainly needed to explain the long conversation between the hero of the story (then a starving young barrister) and the solicitor who has unexpectedly briefed him in a sensational murder case. Here Mr. Snaith's intention evidently is to bring out two absolutely different minds and temperaments; and, determined to succeed, he puts the old lawyer and the philosopher in such violent opposition that its continuance for many pages becomes untrue to the characters so carefully depicted. In real life such a solicitor as Mr. Snaith describes would have broken off the wrangle after ten minutes: we feel it quite out of reason that he does not do so. This is only one of many unlikely things of a similar kind. No doubt there are inconsistencies in every character; but when they are so extreme as in the case of Henry Northcote and Emma Harrison, some shadings, some passages of transition are necessary; in work of this sort the novelist cannot afford to do without them. It is here, and in an overflow of philosophic language to ears incapable of understanding it, that the faults of the book lie. It has no art—no architecture, we may say. But it has some striking scenes, is studded with admirable points of observation, and gives great hope of what might come from the author's mind if he cared to exert it.

*A Maid of Normandy. A Romance of Versailles.* By DORA M. JONES. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THERE is a saying that old friends are best. If it be true, this story should be very welcome, for in it we meet with many well-known figures. There is the young hero, who has already done great deeds, before he comes to Versailles to seek his fate at the court of Louis XIV.; there is the beautiful, wicked lady, whose machinations continue throughout the book till she falls a victim to a disease that spoils her beauty; there is the stately girl who loves the hero vainly and enters a convent; the little unattractive heroine who blooms out into a pretty girl. And these old friends move in a familiar setting. The splendour of the court, the atmosphere of intrigue, the separation of the hero and heroine, the trouble they both suffer, a shadowy

King and a shadowy Fénelon, with a spice of Stuart plot thrown in—these ingredients, well stirred together, make up a tale which we can read without annoyance. If that seems faint praise, it must be remembered of how few books the same can be said. The style is inoffensive, but without distinction; altogether, "A Maid of Normandy" is mildly pleasing. If Miss Jones had chosen a less hackneyed period she would have done better; the exiled Stuart and the Grand Monarque have been the subject not only of so many histories and great romances, but of such a quantity of minor stories that it needs a serious and fine piece of work to please us now; and there is no evidence that Miss Jones had any other object in view than the weaving of a nice little story to entertain us. Briefly, her style is domestic, her theme historical, and the two spoil each other. The heroine's name is "Bathilde"; that comes perilously near the annoyance which the story otherwise avoids; it is too much like the familiar "Mathilde" spoken under the influence of catarrh.

*Things that are Cæsar's.* By H. N. DICKINSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

WITH what relief does the jaded reviewer chance upon a novel in which there are no love-affairs, in which women are only allowed to be sisters or parochial scandalmongers! But, as is the way of this world, he has to pay for it in another direction, and he finds himself plunged into a morass of politics, wherein "Young Oxford" flounders, debonair and flamboyant, to the tune of a by-election in the cathedral town of Cayle. To be sure, Mr. Dickinson has been very successful; he writes about a subject in which he has evidently had some considerable experience, with a power of construction and of what is best described as "grip" which promise uncommonly well for the future. It is conceivable, indeed, that the main points of the book may fail to interest those who have forgotten the restlessness and uncertainty of those years just after the University, or who have perhaps never been unsettled in their beliefs and prejudices; it will seem, after all, as if the Brandonites were a set of very young men who lived comfortably under the impression that they were making political history, while in fact they were only playing the deuce with respectable Cayle. Some readers will, moreover, be disappointed in Brandon and the change of front and the Chamberlainite idealism and the rifle club. But that, as Venning would say, is "intellectual dishonesty." The writing and character-drawing are admirable; the coherence of the narrative, the clever way in which the conversations are handled, the wit abounding, are proofs of Mr. Dickinson's ability. What he says and what he knows and what he has seen, he expresses well. The hero, Lord Charles Brandon, is an extremely interesting character; a good deal is sacrificed to the elucidation of his temperament, and we confess to a hazy conception of most of the secondary personages; they are almost too subsidiary, too much Brandonites; the only person whom we see from every point of view is Brandon himself. No one can read this book without looking forward eagerly to Mr. Dickinson's next, and hoping that his interests are not entirely political.

*The Sign of the Golden Fleece.* By DAVID LYALL. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

"THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE" is one of thirteen short stories of a North London square connected by the silken thread of Miss Bethia Hardcastle's neighbourly kindness. The mysteries and romances nearly all owe part of their interest to Miss Bethia. She finds her way into most of the houses in Arundel Square, always upon some helpful mission; arriving just in time to avert a calamity, to make a friendly suggestion, or merely to listen and sympathise. Generally, and mainly through her benevolent intervention, those well-written, pleasant little tales end happily: even the end of Miss Bethia's own story

is less sad than it appears. It is an unexpected, but not a regrettable solution of her difficulties. "The Sign of the Golden Fleece" describes how Susannah Goldsworthy inherited the business faculty of her grandfather, and thereby restored the fallen fortunes of her family. "The Revolt of Polly" is a pretty, Cinderella-like love-story, in which good luck comes to one who deserved it. In "Mr. Tredgold's Christmas," Miss Bethia converts a curmudgeon of a landlord to more charitable views of tenants and a more cheerful outlook on life. All are simple tales with everyday incidents, but the spirit that touches them with grace and humanity is as rarely met with as are characters like Miss Bethia Hardcastle.

## FINE ART

### FLEMISH ART AT THE GUILDHALL

WITH the exception of the modern section—which leaves out much to be desired and includes a good deal that never would be missed—the collection of paintings by artists who have been born or have lived on what is now Belgian soil worthily maintains the European reputation of the Guildhall exhibitions. Gallery I., where we whimsically arrive after traversing the three subsequent galleries, is devoted to the primitives, from the inventors of oil painting, the Van Eycks, to the portrait-painter of "Bloody Mary," Lucas de Heere; and here the two first centuries of Flemish art are more than adequately represented. Of the three existing paintings which modern criticism allows to be ascribed with certainty to Hubert, the elder Van Eyck, two figure in this exhibition: the *Portrait of a Young Man*, lent by the Gymnasium of Mannstadt, Hungary, and Sir Frederick Cook's beautiful panel of *The Three Maries at the Tomb of our Lord*, so precisely yet tenderly drawn, so sweet and glowing in colour, that the perfection of oil painting seems here attained. Hubert's younger brother, Jan Van Eyck, has left the world a greater number of works of undisputed authenticity, and Mr. Temple in his descriptive catalogue pathetically remarks:

Burghley House, in recent years, possessed one, *The Virgin and Child with St. Barbara*, but it is now in the Berlin Museum; Lord Heytesbury owned one, *St. Francis and the Stigmata*, but parted with it to an American collector.

The Duke of Devonshire is the possessor of a third, and fortunately he has not yet succumbed to the wiles of Germany or the United States, so that he has been able to lend the Guildhall *The Enthronement of Thomas à Beckett as Archbishop of Canterbury*. This painting is of special interest, bearing not only the artist's signature but also the date 1421, the earliest known on any work of his. The surface, however, has been so touched up by generations of restorers that its present condition can tell us little of Jan's powers in his thirties. A better example of his art is the smaller panel, lent by Mr. Weld-Blundell, of *The Virgin and Infant Christ*. The Madonna, clad in robes of limpid blue and ruby red, is represented sitting in a chamber dimly lit. Around her is a wealth of still-life such as Jan Van Eyck loved to paint; a table with a crystal vase, a plate of oranges, a candlestick, a brazen pot, a brightly-patterned carpet—all rendered with a reticent realism that has never been surpassed. Our veneration of the painter is not lessened when we perceive beneath his signature his motto, *Als ikh kan*—"As I can, not as I would"—a lesson in humility which should not be lost on modern painters of lesser powers.

To do justice to the works in this gallery necessitates the compilation of a catalogue raisonné, and since this has been done by Mr. Temple a brief reference to its more notable contents must here suffice. Of eleven exhibits attributed to Memling, the Duke of Devonshire's triptych,



*The Virgin Mother with Donors and Saints*, is the most important, as well as the earliest known work of the painter; but the Duke of Westminster's panel *The Virgin Enthroned* also deserves remark for the anticipation of Hobbema in the landscape background. Among many fine Gérard Davids the Duke of Devonshire's *The Departure of a Saint* is conspicuous for the exceeding beauty of the colour; the examples of Quentin Matsys include Lord Cobham's well-known *The Misers*, the Duke of Fife's *A Philosopher*, and a magnificent male portrait in profile lent by Madame Edouard André. Roger van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Petrus Christus, and many lesser known masters are well represented, while M. Cardon's *Portrait of an Elderly Man* is in many respects the most consummate example of Mabuse, who, according to our cataloguer: "was remarkable for conscientious finish, for daylight freshness, and warm and brilliant colouring." In the opinion of many Mabuse was not less remarkable for the beauty of his line, especially as seen in clear-cut profiles, and this fine portrait alone suffices to prove his kinship in this respect with Holbein.

Notwithstanding the gracious majesty of Van Dyck's sumptuous *Earl of Peterborough*, in a gorgeous yet quiet red embroidered dress, Rubens dominates Gallery II. with his great decorative picture, *Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus*, and his still more remarkable, if less complicated, *Young Lioness at Play*, the *ne plus ultra* of animal painting. A landscape and a masterly portrait-sketch of one of the painter's daughters further serve to emphasise the sovereignty of this painter-diplomat and most diplomatic painter. The fair fame of Jordaens is well served by the Duke of Devonshire's portrait-group of *Van Zurpelen and His Wife*, which attracted much attention when exhibited last year at Antwerp, but in view of the Jordaens exhibition held there it is a thousand pities that no attempt was made to represent this neglected master more fully at the Guildhall. One room might advantageously have been allotted solely to his work.

Although Frans Hals was born at Antwerp, he is so associated with the Dutch School that his *Young Man Playing a Guitar* and other portraits appear a little out of place among the Flemings, and, having enticed him into this exhibition, Mr. Temple might at least have treated him civilly. Instead of this we find the catalogue reviving old slanders, long discredited by all serious students of Hals, and gravely asserting that

He was a man of drunken and violent character, and was brought once before the magistrate for ill-treating his wife. . . . He was idle and fond of pleasure, but his abilities as a painter were held in high esteem by his fellow citizens, who seem to have condoned on this account the faults of his intemperate and imprudent life.

Now, the idleness of Hals consists in having lived for eighty-six years and having regularly produced noble paintings till within two years of his death. The charge of drunkenness and cruelty to his wife is based on no further information than the single unfortunate entry in the police records for February 20, 1616, when he was summoned for maltreating his wife—and, as Mr. MacColl once observed, we do not know what provocation she gave him. How seriously the magistrates regarded the affair is revealed by the recorded fact that Hals was let off with a reprimand. No one will deny that Hals was a jovial, and probably an impulsive person. That on festive occasions he now and then fell from sobriety is not unlikely, nor unwontedly reprehensible. But to the legend that he was an habitual drunkard the lie direct is given by a life-work of clear vision and unerring brushwork which could not conceivably have been the outcome of a blurred eye and a palsied hand; and, therefore, the reiteration of so ill-founded a calumny does as little credit to Mr. Temple's scholarship as to his charity.

Of Galleries III. and IV., which contain the modern Belgian paintings, little need be said. The academic side of modern Belgian painting unduly preponderates, and distinguished outsiders like Buysse and Van Rysselbergh are wholly ignored, while Constantin Meunier is most in-

adequately represented by a single portrait, *The Blacksmith*. The historical pictures of Baron Henri Leys are interesting as showing the origin of Sir L. Alma-Tadema, and having a quality rarely found in our Academic work; but the most delectable feature of this section is the group of works by Ferdinand Khnopff and Alfred Stevens. Khnopff, a mystical painter, has a technical equipment not unlike to that of Simeon Solomon, and an imagination which by its intensity and unearthliness often recalls Blake. His sensitively drawn and delicately coloured *St. Anthony and the Queen of Sheba* is a haunting example of his genius, and mercilessly sends Willem Linnig's conventional rendering of the same subject to its proper level. Alfred Stevens, a most gifted and most unusual artist, is seen almost at his worst in the meretricious *Fedora*, and at his best in *The Visit*, *A young Girl Reading*, and *India in Paris*, three delightful *genre*-pieces, which for effective arrangement, sweet untroubled colour, and minute realisation of subordinated detail, are no unworthy crop for the soil that gave birth to the Van Eycks.

### MR. STRANG'S ETCHINGS

*William Strang. Catalogue of his etched work, illustrated with 471 Reproductions. With an Introductory Essay by LAURENCE BINYON. (Glasgow: MacLehose, 42s. net.)*

It was a happy thought of Mr. Strang's to make his catalogue not only an enumeration of the etchings, but, as it were, a photograph album in which its fortunate possessors, as they turn the leaves, can meet old friends and be introduced to new ones, and trace family likenesses or the evolution of types. Almost every etching that Mr. Strang has done since 1882 is pictured here in a half-tone block, rarely as much as three inches square and sometimes hardly bigger than a postage stamp.

The reproductions are excellently clear, and, though the epicure must needs miss the pleasure which original proofs afford to sight and touch, the substitute is good enough to give abundant pleasure to the less exacting. The variety of tone and surface and the alternation of the clean etched line with the soft "burr" of dry-point or the granular ground of aquatint tend to disappear under reduction and the uniformity of the one photographic process which renders all impartially. But the pattern and design remain, and these suffice to conjure up before the mind's eye a far more vivid picture of the print itself than the clearest or most minute description could do without an illustration. Mr. Strang, with the severest economy of words, restricts the verbal account of each plate, facing the reproduction, to a statement of title, date, process and size; the number of proofs is generally given, and occasionally the place or mode of publication, though by no means with the consistency or fulness that might be desired; the note, "published in Germany," for instance, falls short of the *Gründlichkeit* exacted in that country from historians of art. There are many, however, at least in this country, who will welcome such extreme brevity in place of the description, more or less diffuse, which is needed when illustrations are absent. A picture-book compiled by such a master hand is a thing to cherish more than the type of catalogue to which English print-collectors are most accustomed, in which elegance of phraseology is apt to be the first consideration, and accuracy of information a secondary matter. In this case Mr. Binyon's excellent introduction gives the literary flavour which we should not like entirely to forego.

There has never been a complete exhibition of Mr. Strang's etchings and engravings, but the issue of this complete collection of their midget photographs serves as a substitute and affords a pretext for some retrospect of his career. It is a commonplace of criticism to say that Mr. Strang derives much from M. Alphonse Legros. The relationship of pupil to master is obvious and avowed. From beginning to end of the younger

artist's work, long after he had ceased to be a pupil, the influence persists. But the good seed has fallen on a soil naturally fruitful and fertilised by many other influences, and the crop consists of far more than copies or imitations. Mr. Strang possesses a fancy and inventiveness without parallel in a generation of English etchers most of whom are content to excel in landscape or architectural subjects while very few attempt figure-subjects successfully either by way of illustration or of original composition. With amazing rapidity Mr. Strang could finish in a few months a set of thirty plates to Kipling or Cervantes, and fill them with a multitude of men and women of his own creation, wonderfully alive and interesting, as you must admit, whether they repel or attract you. His Bunyan illustrations, much earlier in date, have been often praised, and there must surely be admiration in store, now that they are published in little, for his etchings to the ballad of "Aiken Drum." His etchings of biblical subjects, again, are beyond anything of their time. How impressive is *The Resurrection*, how touching in their homely realism are *The Last Supper* and *The Descent from the Cross*! But as instances of the beauty of design to which Mr. Binyon rightly attaches so much importance, we would choose the early *Tobit and his Brethren*, with the perfect pattern of the flat stone wall and its one prominent string-course, and the *Adoration of the Kings*, in its original state, before by an unlucky afterthought the restful white space on which the charm so largely depended was covered by a flight of rococo angels.

Then the portraits, though very unequal, sustain comparison, at their best, with some of the masterpieces of etching. Few modern etchings, at any rate, will stand by the side of *Cosmo Monkhouse*, *Mr. Justice Lindley* and the large *Rudyard Kipling* (No. 345). The *Dr. Garnett* is a very good approximation to a rendering of those difficult features, though it misses the characteristic smile which Mr. Strang emphasised almost too much in a drawing exhibited last year. In imaginative subjects, moralising and allegorical, Mr. Strang does not always succeed so well as in domestic scenes from peasant life, and especially those in which children are to the fore. The humours of a crowd appeal to him in a curiously personal way. Nobody but he could ever have seen or invented such a collection of oddities as he has put into *The Procession* or *Street Merchants*, or have made so delightful a design out of a ranting orator and his audience in *Regent's Park* (*Socialists*, No. 188).

There are subjects, of course, in which the characteristic is carried too far; the scorn of prettiness sometimes results in a wilful and regrettable disregard of beauty. But, if much of Mr. Strang's art can never be destined for popularity, it will always find many admirers to whom sincerity and vigour combined with exceptional technical accomplishment make a stronger appeal than the "softness" which seems to be the quality nowadays most in demand.

C. D.

## MUSIC

### THE NEW GROVE'S DICTIONARY

THE second volume of Mr. Fuller-Maitland's edition of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Macmillan, 21s. net) is now published, and proves, like the first, to be a valuable extension of its predecessors. It covers the alphabetical ground from F to L, so that it corresponds to the latter half of the old first volume and the first part of the second. The complete new edition will thus occupy five volumes, the old being in four. Such a revision aims at achieving work of two kinds. It has to complete the work with the additions which time has made possible, and it has to improve upon the quality of the old. To do this the three methods of replacement, addition and rearrangement have all been used. Replacement is the

method where the matter of the old was so slight or so lacking in individuality that it could be all incorporated in a new article without loss. This has made room for an interesting modern article on "Fugue" by R. Vaughan-Williams, one embodying much profound thought on "Invertible Counterpoint" by H. Walford Davies, and a striking and suggestive article upon "Instrumentation" by Frederic Corder, which makes discriminating reference to Strauss and the modern attitude towards the whole question of orchestral colour. The second plan—of adding sections in square brackets to old articles—is much less satisfactory from a literary standpoint, and is often reminiscent of the proverbial new cloth on an old garment. Yet it is not always easy to suggest an alternative method. It has, perhaps, been most successfully employed with the late W. H. Stone's article on the horn, which has been cleverly and amply emended by D. J. Blakley; it has also given the Editor the opportunity of adding a useful critical note on Liszt's work to the article by the late Francis Hueffer. The last named suggests what would have been a far happier method of dealing with the late Ferdinand Pohl's article on Haydn than that which Mr. Hadow has adopted. Perhaps the extreme length of the original article precluded any great addition, but, as this is mostly biographical and includes all the little personal stories which are much too often repeated, there is a real need for a critical summary of Haydn's position in musical history, which Mr. Hadow could have given as few others can. As it is, however, his short sections in square brackets always supply an omission or suggest a necessary criticism but are disappointingly restrained. This is an instance, and it is not the only one, where the point of view has already changed and has made an article which was acceptable as late as 1890 inadequate to 1906. Formerly, music was regarded more through the personal medium of the composer, whereas now the composer is seen through the medium of his music, and it is for discriminating treatment of Haydn's works rather than for details of his career that the present-day reader is likely to turn to the new "Grove."

The third method—that of rearrangement—is largely a matter of incorporating the work of the old appendix into its place in the main body of the Dictionary. But, besides this, the grouping has been much improved. Under the heading of "Fingering" appear four articles by Franklin Taylor, Alfred Gibson, Emil Krall, and D. J. Blakley on the fingering of the piano, violin, violoncello, and wind instruments. Again, the articles, or portions of them, by the late W. S. Rockstro, which appeared originally under the separate headings of "Real Fugue" and "Tonal Fugue," are now included as *addenda* to the article of R. Vaughan-Williams referred to above. Besides these classes of alterations, there is one other important class, namely, the treatment of new subjects, or subjects not included in the old edition. These largely consist of biographical notes on modern composers and performers, many of which have been ably written by the editor; but of those from other pens, Mrs. Rosa Newmarch's articles on Glazounow and Glinka are noteworthy, while that to which we naturally look with the greatest expectation is the article on Sir George Grove by C. L. Graves. The insight into and sympathy with the character of his subject, which made his life of Sir George Grove such delightful reading, has again come to Mr. Graves's assistance, and in epitomising the details of Grove's busy life he has not forgotten to include a picture of the man whose personality, more than his work of writing or organising, had so potent an influence upon the students of his day, who are the musicians of ours. Last, mention must be made of a learned article by H. S. Macran on Greek music, which enters in detail into the elaborate theories of scales upon which that music was founded, and explains, as far as is possible, its scientific system. The old edition only professed to deal with music from the fifteenth century to the present day, though practically it referred to many matters which had their root

earlier. The removal of this limit makes possible the inclusion of this article and places the Dictionary upon the widest basis.

It is manifestly impossible to deal critically here with the substance of even the most important of the new contributions, but, to return for one moment to the group of principal articles first mentioned, "Fugue," "Invertible Counterpoint" and "Instrumentation," it seems that one particular problem besets all modern writers on such general subjects, namely, that of treating subjects surrounded with all the restrictions, true and false, of classical procedure in such a way as to be useful to the modern student. With "Instrumentation" the problem is simplest, since it is a matter which so largely exercises composers and listeners at the present day that every discriminating word must be useful. The chief danger is lest the writer should unquestioningly accept all that is modern, but the quotation of a sentence from Mr. Corder's article will show how he avoids this temptation.

It is quite a common thing for a composer to experiment, in the full assurance that though he cannot in the least tell how his music will sound, he is sure it will not sound bad. The Prelude to "Rheingold" might be cited as a case in point. None of the effects come off as intended. . . . Perhaps the same may be said of some of Strauss's more extravagant tone pictures.

Immediately after this he quotes the first bars of the Prelude to *Lohengrin* as an instance of perfect calculation. But with "Fugue" and "Invertible Counterpoint" the difficulty lies deeper. From Bach to Richard Strauss composers have been writing fugues which violate the rules of theorists, and the problem of discovering what are the real restrictions, the boundary lines of the form, and what are merely artificial conventions, is still unsolved. Dr. Vaughan-Williams has, therefore, been wise in laying down few rules, and explaining simply the main points characteristic of fugal form and illustrating these by ample examples. But to quote a cacophonous passage from "Also Sprach Zarathustra" next to the "Wohl-temperirtes Clavier" is rather bewildering than enlightening. If thereby a continuity of treatment from Bach to Strauss could be proved, the result would be invaluable, but this illustrates nothing but the fact that Strauss has chosen here to combine subjects which do not fit, whereas the art in fugue consists in combining subjects so that they do fit. Here Dr. Vaughan-Williams has simply fallen into the error which Mr. Corder has avoided, that of quoting modern works indiscriminately. Truly Richard Strauss is a snare to the unwary! Dr. Walford Davies has avoided him in "Invertible Counterpoint," probably because to Strauss all counterpoint is invertible, since his axiom is practically: "Let it be granted that any two or more tunes may be combined in any relation or without relation to one another." Dr. Davies has been content merely to hint at the application of invertible counterpoint to modern composition. We miss the definite suggestions as to the teaching of modern counterpoint with which he closed his article on "Counterpoint" in vol. i. But, if music has suffered in the past from the lagging behind of theoretical writers, it is equally conceivable that it may suffer as much at the present day from an almost feverish haste to incorporate the results of ill-considered experiment as part of the permanent resources of the art. This article on "Invertible Counterpoint" shows that, while music has been widening its resources on the one hand, it has narrowed them on the other by practically ignoring in modern times methods of combining and contrasting melodies which were once the common property of composers. It seems possible that we may lose as much as we gain by our persistent search after some new thing.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE Praelections delivered in January by the five candidates for the Regius Professorship of Greek at Cambridge—Drs. Jackson, Adam, Verrall and Headlam and

Professor Ridgeway—will be issued very shortly in book form by the Cambridge University Press.—The Cambridge Press has also ready for immediate publication a work by Miss Frances Davenport, of the Department of Historical Research in the Carnegie Institution of Washington, tracing from extant records the economic development of the Manor of Fornsett, in Norfolk, from 1086 to 1565.

Another book on the Balkans is promised at an early date by Messrs. Smith, Elder: "The Balkan Trail," by Frederick Moore. Mr. Moore describes his experiences during the recent troubles in the Balkans, and incidentally tells, on the authority of the actors in the drama, the history of the abduction and ransom of Madame Tsilka.

On May 24 Messrs. Methuen will publish Mr. Edward Hutton's "Spain and the Spaniards." Mr. Hutton has endeavoured, by living among the people, and by immersing himself in the history and traditions of Spain, to gather vivid and sympathetic impressions. From the Pyrenees to Gibraltar the cities and the country districts are fully described, and separate chapters are devoted to the great towns, while the splendid remains of Moorish civilisation, the great cathedrals and the treasures in the galleries, receive a detailed attention.

Books on India may be divided, roughly, into three classes. There is, first, the "Guide Book," where every detail of journey and of scene is noted with meticulous accuracy; second, there is the "Colour Book"; and third, there is the "Educational Treatise," where the reader is carefully instructed on Indian problems of all kinds, social, political and economic. "From Charing Cross to Delhi," which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish shortly, does not profess to be any of these. It is merely a light and irresponsible chronicle of impressions received during a recent visit to India, with certain graver matter in appendices for those who desire it. Mr. S. Parnell Kerr is the author.

Mr. George Allen will publish shortly Mr. Prevost Battersby's book on "India under Royal Eyes." The book deals with problems social, political, and military, such as the preservation of village industries, the advance of farming, the native agitation for more control in administration, and the great question of the defence of India.

A book of interest to students of history and modern warfare is "The Battle of the Sea of Japan," by Captain Klado, which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce for early publication.—The same publishers promise "The Enemy at Trafalgar," by Edward Fraser, at an early date.

Mr. John Lane will publish on May 22 a new volume of poetry entitled "Songs to a Singer, and Other Verses," by Rosa Newmarch.

The *Jewish Chronicle* announces that Dr. Felix Falk (of Geneva) will publish in October a curious translation of the Books of Samuel into German in the Nibelungen metre. The translation is edited from two fifteenth-century manuscripts, one of which is in the Bibliothéque Nationale at Paris, and the other at the Stadtbibliothek in Hamburg. The manuscripts will be collated with the principal variants, one of which is the *editio princeps* of Augsburg, dated 1544, in the British Museum. There are others in the Bodleian. The work will consist of two volumes, the first containing reprints of the manuscripts with facsimile plates, and an introduction in ten chapters. The second will contain philological studies.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### DAYS AND HOURS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A week or two ago the ACADEMY contained a delightful article on "Days and Hours" in the poets. As the writer said, a thousand passages come to memory; few, if any, are quite perfect, yet there are many which one would be sorry to lose from one's mind where they remain as a constant source of refreshment. On a scorch-

ing day amid the turmoil of the city, to repeat to oneself Yeats's "Innisfree," where "midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow, and evening full of the linnet's wings," is as cooling as it is comforting amid a fog to remember Arnold's:

"Far, far from here,  
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay  
Among the green Illyrian hills."

Another summer picture is from Jean Ingelow:

"Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owlets hoot, the owlets hoot,  
Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim behind the tree, O!  
The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweetest lass, and sweetest lass,  
Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the croft with me, O!"

One can feel the cool dew.

The same sweet singer gave us the song of the blackbirds:

"Piping, fluting, bees are humming,  
April's here and summer's coming;  
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy;  
Think on us in alleys shady,  
When you step a graceful lady;  
For no fairer day have we to hope for, little girl and boy."

Then there is Browning's joyous "The year's at the spring." Another seasonal picture is Tennyson's rendering of winter in "St. Agnes' Eve," while autumn finds its best expression in Keats's wonderful "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

But one comes back to spring as the favourite theme of the poets when they write of the seasons. Five hundred years ago the spring rioted through the veins of Charles D'Orléans, and he burst into a *rondel*:

"Le temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,  
Et s'est vêtu de broderie  
De soleil rayant, clair et beau.  
Il n'y a bête ni oiseau  
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie:  
Le temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie.  
  
Rivière, fontaine et ruisseau  
Portent en livrée jolie  
Gouttes d'argent d'orfévrerie;  
Chacun s'habille de nouveau.  
Le temps a laissé son manteau  
De vent, de froidure, et de pluie."

Finally, one may cite Lady Gregory's translation of Finn's Song, as a real rendering of spring:

"It is the month of May is the pleasant time; its face is beautiful; the blackbird sings his full song, the living wood is his holding, the cuckoos are singing and ever singing; there is a welcome before the brightness of the summer.

"Summer is lessening the rivers, the swift horses are looking for the pool; the heath spreads out its long hair, the weak white bog-down grows. A mildness comes upon the heart of the day; the sad restless sea is asleep.

"Bees with their little strength carry a load reaped from the flowers: the cattle go up muddy to the mountains; the ant has a good full feast.

"The harp of the woods is playing music; there is colour on the hills, and a haze on the full lakes, and entire peace upon every sail.

"The corn-crake is speaking, a loud-voiced poet; the high lonely waterfall is singing a welcome to the warm pool; the talking of the rushes has begun . . .

"A weak lasting little bird is singing at the top of his voice; the lark is singing clear tidings; May without fault, of beautiful colours."

H. PEARL HUMPHRY.

May 14.

#### "QUOUSQUE TANDEM—"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent need not fear. I shall not "debel" him "sans" justification: I can, like Pascal, "détester" any such intention. But I cannot allow that even the authority of three of the greatest names in the world's literature will justify the use of the three words I have emphasised; still less will Lamb's example justify the use of "reluct." Will "B. N." contend that I may imitate Byron's famous "There let him lay!" or Cowper's "church-going bell," or Carlyle's neologisms, or Horace Walpole's "You was"? Would Xenophon have been justified in adopting the *Æschylean*  $\tau\omicron\phi\lambda\alpha\tau\tau\acute{\iota}\theta\theta\rho\alpha\tau$  which Aristophanes has covered with such inimitable ridicule? I conceive that it is true flattery to imitate great men in their strength, and false flattery to imitate them in their weaknesses, and that if (according to Pascal's famous image) their heads are in the clouds immeasurably above ours, yet their feet are fixed in the common clay like our own.

But these are old-fashioned views. Like Molière's doctor, "Nous avons changé tout cela." Hardly a week passes in which I am not reminded of Sainte-Beuve's pathetic exclamation, "Soyons simples!"

soyons naturels!" Vain exhortation! True counsel of despair! To be simple and natural is the very last thing of which we dream. "Modernity" (!) bids us be startling, original, novel, "up-to-date," at all costs, even at the cost of maiming and marring our mother tongue by our crude inventions and fantastic innovations.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

#### A BOOK OF MEMORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have been a reader of the ACADEMY for years, and reckon it as one of my most trusted friends.

This morning a paragraph relating to Miss Tynan's new book, "The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead," which I have read, induces me to write a few words of courteous protest.

The writer suggests, on the subject of remembering those who have left us, that "a wiser, though perhaps a more stoical emotion, would urge a man simply to turn over the page and forget." Now it seems to me that this is a rather poor and selfish attitude to take. Apart from any religious hopes, surely it is nobler and more loyal to remember those who are dead, even although they may not have any bearing on our present life. To nurse a grief is certainly morbid; but to transmute one into a noble and stimulating remembrance is, I should consider, a finer way than to forget.

I quite agree with the writer that animals forget their dead very rapidly: but is that a logical reason why human creatures (who are certainly supposed to have reached a higher plane of evolution) should imitate them? Would any one recommend us to adopt the morals of the cuckoo for instance? I have never understood why Death should be considered a more morbid subject than Birth or Life. They are natural factors in the scheme of the Universe, and I think a right attitude towards Death, and loyalty to those who have left us, will help us in our relations with the living.

I am no spiritualist, or any other "ist," and my finite brain cannot realise the possibility of an immortality that will give us back the individuality of those we have lost. But what I can realise is, that such a possibility may seem a logical sequence for an *infinite brain*, which may compass the realisation as well as the comprehension of a supreme immortality, both individual and universal: and surely we fit ourselves better for a possible future evolution by love and remembrance than by "turning the pages and forgetting."

We live in such an age of spiritual motorcrazy that we need no one to tell us to forget; rather do we want the voice that bids us cherish even our lost illusions.

Eternity may perhaps be begun here, and we may dimly perceive the possibility of our future evolution; but I should think that evolution will be slower if we turn the pages too quickly, and too soon forget.

Surely a perfect memory must be one of the qualities of a more infinite intelligence than ours.

FIAMMETTA WALDAHOFF.

32 Lorne Gardens,  
Regent's Park, N.W.  
May 12.

#### THE WORD "ADOBE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It seems that an old building constructed of "adobe," or unbaked brick, has survived the "burning fiery furnace" of San Francisco; this building is very old and ascribed to the Spanish clericals before the Yankees took possession.

"Adobe" is a Spanish word and the Rev. Professor Skeat calls its "origin unknown," but he cites a late Latin *adobare*; now, if we substitute "p" for "b," we get "ad-operio," and the Latin *opera* becomes *obra* in Spanish, while *obrar* is "to work"; so *adobe* is the earth, called *clay*, *worked* up but not burned; further, in Spanish, *ad-oberia* is a brick-kiln!

This word *adobare* becomes *adouer* in French, and is connected with the process of "dubbing" or arming a knight; it therefore follows that the processes connected therewith have suffered degradation. It is certain that the mere *accolade* called "dubbing" originally meant fitting on the collar, Latin *collum*; and harnessing the chevalier, or putting on the armour "*adouer à chevalier*," is from an obsolete word, "adoub." If we spell dub, or doob, we may more readily accept the facts.

A. HALL.

May 10.

#### AN AWKWARD PHILOLOGICAL BLUNDER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—An unparalleled instance of an error of fact and judgment on the part of an English writer is to be found in Letter 2 of Ruskin's "Fors Clavigera," where, after a few preliminary remarks on the value of Latin, that author says:

"Fors" is the best part of three good English words, *Force*, *Fortitude*, and *Fortune*. I wish you to know the meaning of these words accurately. . . . Clavigera may mean therefore either club-bearer, key-bearer, or nail-bearer. Fors the Club-bearer means the *strength* of Hercules or of *Deed*; Fors the Key-bearer means the strength of



Ulysses or of *Patience*; Fors the Nail-bearer means the strength of Lycurgus or of *Law*." The italics are mine.

A better illustration of the proof of the Preacher's words: "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour," it would be hard to cite; for though Ruskin's classical equipment was not, I believe, of the strongest, yet at this time—1871—he held the professor's chair of Art at Oxford, and had already produced all his famous works. How, indeed, so great a man could have been guilty of such a *lapsus memoria* is difficult to realise—one that would consign any third-form boy swiftly to the bottom of his class—unless this inchoate misconception of the title and aim of his work be considered as an evidence of his over-excitability of temperament and as a premonitory symptom of a certain defect in his mind that was to develop later into serious cerebral derangement and bodily wreck.

I have not been able to discover what contemporary comment had to say of the incident, which is passed over in silence by Mr. Frederic Harrison in his short "Life of Ruskin." It first caught my eye a few years ago while turning over the pages of "Fors" in a free library in New York in order to ascertain the purport of a work bearing so strange a title.

After the deadly matter was once committed to print, one would have thought the better way out of the difficulty would have been for Ruskin to frankly avow his mistake than have recourse to the subterfuge adopted in Letter 85, which apparently does not much improve matters: "The series of letters which closed last year were always written, as from the first they were intended to be, on any matter which *chanced* to interest me, and in any humour which chance threw me into. By the adoption of the title *Fors*, I meant (among other meanings) to indicate the desultory and accidental character of the work." The italics here are Ruskin's own.

But perhaps he quailed at the thought of appearing before his principal auditors—in this case the workmen and labourers of Great Britain to whom the letters were directly addressed—in the light of a discredited and abashed leader? Small wonder, however, that the agricultural scheme of the Guild of St. George thus inauspiciously ushered in should have led to disastrous consequences; nor would the advanced members of the Labour Party of the present day be far wrong if they viewed this author's writings with a sceptical eye; for it is errors like the above that, if not corrected, may become hopelessly and mischievously misleading.

LABRADOR.

Philadelphia, May 4.

#### "THE LIFE OF GREGORY THE GREAT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I see in a review of Mr. Dudden's book published in to-day's *Spectator* that my surmise contained in the *ACADEMY* of February 17 was correct—viz., that the author acknowledges the labours of my old friend the Rev. William Halcourt, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford: undertaken at Rome about 1876.

The Reviewer writes: "Something Mr. Dudden owes to the late Rev. T. H. (I think William) Halcourt, who had projected a similar work, and whose manuscript notes were placed at his disposal." So my memory was not at fault, and is amply justified thirty years after by the critic and author.

WILLIAM MERCER.

9 Westgate Terrace, Redcliffe Square, S.W.  
May 12.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

*Constantinople*. Painted by Warwick Goble; described by A. van Millingen. Pp. 282. *Greece*. Painted by John Fulleylove; described by J. A. M'Clymont. Pp. 235. Each, 9×6½. Black, 20s. net each.

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Sichel, Edith. *The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger*. 9½×5½. Pp. 354. Constable, 12s. 6d. net. (See p. 469.)

*Leo Tolstoy: his Life and Work*. Autobiographical memoirs, letters, and biographical material, compiled by Paul Birukoff, and revised by Leo Tolstoy. From the Russian. Vol. i.—Childhood and Early Manhood. 9×6. Pp. 364. Heinemann, 6s. net.

[Count Tolstoy has provided Mr. Birukoff with much autobiographical material and has revised his work. There are to be three volumes. This, the first, ends with Tolstoy's marriage; the second will embrace the years 1863–1884, the period of Tolstoy's "greatest literary success, family happiness and material welfare, followed by an important crisis which led to his birth into a new spiritual life"; the third will show the life he lives now. To this volume Tolstoy contributes an Introduction, in the form of uncorrected draft notes sent to Mr. Birukoff, who also furnishes an introduction and a bibliography of materials used in this volume. Portraits.]

*Buck Whaley's Memoirs*, including his journey to Jerusalem. Written by himself in 1797 and now first published from the recently recovered manuscript. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. 10½×6½. Pp. 359. De La More Press, 21s. net.

Benson, A. C. *Walter Pater*. 7½×5. Pp. vi, 226. Macmillan. English Men of Letters. 2s. net.

Hollams, Sir John. *Jottings of an Old Solicitor*. 8½×6. Pp. 254. Murray, 8s. net.

Lilley, A. L. *Sir Joshua Fitch: an account of his life and work*. 8½×5½. Pp. 263. Arnold, 7s. 6d. net.

[Sir Joshua Fitch, who died in 1903, was the great champion of University and secondary education, especially for women. This life is by the Vicar of St. Mary's, Paddington Green. Index.]

*The Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.* Written by himself. 9½×6½. Pp. xii, 420. Macmillan, 12s. net.

[This autobiography of the great Chemist is illustrated with portraits and views. Appendices: The Lecture on John Dalton delivered at Eton, and "My Jubilee." Index.]

Martin, Sir Theodore. *Monographs: Garrick, Macready, Rachel and Baron Stockmar*. 9×6. Pp. 341. Murray, 12s. net.

[Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Portraits and Index.]

### DRAMA.

Summers, John. *Oliver Cromwell*. An Historical Drama in Five Acts. The Famous History of the Commonwealth of England. 7½×4½. Pp. 88. The International Copyright Bureau, Ltd., 2s.

Moutrie, Sidney. *Judas: a tragedy*. 8½×7. Pp. viii, 41. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh. n.p.

### EDUCATION.

Perry, Walter Copland. *The Boy's Odyssey*. Edited for Schools, with Introduction, etc., by T. S. Peppin. 6½×4½. Pp. xx, 211. English Literature for Secondary Schools. Macmillan, 1s. 6d.

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Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom. Second Series. Vol. xvi. 8½×5½. Pp. 248. Asher, n.p.

The Anglo-Russian Literary Society. *Proceedings: February, March and April 1906*. No. 45. 8½×5½. Pp. 100. Printed for the Society.

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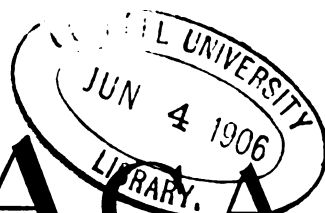
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THIS week the rehearsals of the Warwick Pageant begin in earnest, and from now till July 2, when the Pageant opens, Mr. Louis N. Parker, the inventor, writer, producer, and Master of the Pageant, will be busily engaged in getting his two thousand performers into shape. Warwick has been working hard for months on dresses, properties, designs, and so forth, and the whole town, indeed, the whole neighbourhood, is giving loyal energy to what promises to be a splendid production. Nearly all the work is done on the spot. Mr. Parker's right hand, Mr. Edward Hicks, is a Warwick man, and has himself written the first episode of the Pageant. The Mayor of Warwick, Mr. Kemp, is a well-known antiquarian; the designing of nearly all the dresses and scenes is by Mr. Bolton, a Warwick artist, who has a charming miniature in this year's Royal Academy, and the music is the composition of a Warwick organist.

Warwick has some two thousand years of history to draw upon, and good use has been made of it. Standing, as she does, very near the tree at Leamington which is said to mark the exact centre of England, the city has seen wave after wave of history pass over her. Here Cymbeline died and Caractacus succeeded him, to be taken prisoner by the Romans and return after many years converted to Christianity; here Ethelfleda, daughter of Alfred, brought her conquered Danes; here Guy of Warwick wedded Phyllis, when he had slain the great Dun Cow of Dunsmore (and the head of the Dun Cow as imagined by Mr. Bolton is indeed fearful); here and at King's Lynn only was Lady Jane Grey proclaimed Queen (and here was discovered by Mr. Kemp one of the few documents which mention "Queen Jane"); and here came Queen Elizabeth with Leicester on the occasion of the famous visit to Kenilworth—to be kissed, according to Mr. Parker's not impossible flight of imagination, by a curly-headed little boy, one William Shakespeare.

The site chosen for the Pageant is one of the most beautiful spots in the grounds of Warwick Castle, with the Avon on the left, ready to take Queen Elizabeth's state-barge, some noble trees on the right, and in the centre a long avenue, down which the gorgeous processions will advance, to group themselves on the wide lawn that lies before the colossal grand stand. Here, in the first week of July, a good deal of England and nearly all America will see unfolded before them the history of an ancient and famous city. The National Home-Reading Union is arranging to hold its summer meeting at Leamington the week before the Pageant, during which lectures will be delivered by the Master of Trinity, Cambridge, Professor Oman, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. F. R. Benson, Principal Childs, Mr. Louis N. Parker, and others.

We learn from Mr. Clarence Rook's sympathetic introduction to Louis Frederic Austin's just published posthumous work, "Points of View," what is news to us, though it may be generally known, that Austin was the author of the Life of Henry Irving by "Frederic Daly." Austin was "associated with" (whatever that may mean) Irving, says Mr. Rook, and used to give him hints or frame-works for his speeches. He was generally regarded, we imagine, as one of those lucky writers who subsist in comfort and elegance on one, or perhaps two, columns of *causerie* contributed every week to certain papers. He was, as a fact, a very hard worker, and wrote regularly two leading articles every night. The *causeries* were only *parerga*—"whimsical fantasy by way of recreation." But how good they were—or seemed—a few years ago! The present writer well remembers giving up *The Sketch* so soon as Austin ceased to write in it "At Random."

His wit and grace, if they were no match for James Payn's, were quite good enough to make a pleasant moment's reading. And this book of collected papers contains, at least, some capital stories. Here is one which gives a very characteristic view of Tennyson. Walking one day with Mr. George Meredith, he was very silent and gloomy. Suddenly he growled: "Apollodorus [Austin's name for some unimportant Scotch divine] says I am not a great poet." Mr. Meredith objected that Apollodorus's opinion did not matter; Tennyson retorted: "But he ought not to say I am not a great poet." That was the entire conversation. It reminds us a little of a story of Matthew Arnold, to whom a friend once dared to hint that "Merope" was not Greek. Arnold threw up his eyes. "It may not be Greek," said he, "but it is very, very beautiful!"

Austin is amusing, too, in the side issues he raises when discussing a proposal advanced by Mr. H. G. Wells to make every one pronounce alike. The confusion is certainly great. We are all Latinists enough nowadays to say, with no matter what difficulty, inexplicable and indisputable, while, in spite of some sort of a rule in English of throwing the accent back, we cling to inconsolable. Yet we set Latin at defiance and strain our tongues over *laboratory* and *peremptory*.

The changes in pronunciation of words is another interesting topic on which Austin touches. John Philip Kemble clung to the practice of pronouncing "aches" as if it was "aitches." Why? Because in Shakespeare it has to be so pronounced—to scan; just as you must say *revenue*, and sometimes, like Poet Rogers, *contemplate*. Every one knows, too, that in *King John* Constance must call Rome "Room," or she will spoil a pun; though elsewhere in Shakespeare (we have not the reference to hand) it must be called "Rome" to make it rhyme. Whether "gouts" should be called "goots" or "gowts" is still a vexed question; though having in view "wounded," which, as Austin says, was properly pronounced "wownded," we believe "gowts" to be correct. And it is probable, by the way, that the curate in Mr. Bernard Shaw's play who called it "*knowledge*" in church and "*knollege*" out of church, was strictly correct, as he should be, in his reading-desk.

Here is an interesting contrast. In a paper on "Clouds of Glory" Austin writes: "For most of us our own childhood is another existence, bygone and forgotten. Here and there a sensitive temperament has preserved impressions of that embryonic stage, calls up scenes at will, analyses, a little morbidly perhaps, characteristics which had their germs in the well-remembered sensations of the child. . . But considering that the child is always father to the man, there is a widespread unconsciousness of the paternity." Now hear Thackeray: "Only to two or three

persons in all the world are the reminiscences of a man's youth interesting : to the parent who nursed him ; to the fond wife or child mayhap afterwards who loves him ; to himself always and supremely—whatever may be his actual prosperity or ill-fortune, his present age, illness, difficulties, renown, or disappointments, the dawn of his life still shines brightly for him, the early griefs and delights and attachments remain with him ever faithful and dear." Many are the strange things ; there is nothing stranger than man.

As our last issue was going through the press we learnt with regret of the death of Mr. Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, the most gifted of our painters in water-colours and a man of extraordinary personal charm. He was in his eighty-fifth year, but his art was so far ahead of his time and his sympathy so entirely with his younger contemporaries, that we instinctively associate him with the young reformers of the New English Art Club instead of with the men of his own generation, the generation of Holman Hunt, of Millais and of Ruskin. The companionship of the last Mr. Brabazon enjoyed during more than one sketching tour in North-Western France—half a century before he thought his works worthy of exhibition—and their mutual veneration for Turner drew together two artists of very different outlook. A country squire of ample means, Mr. Brabazon was under no necessity to find a market for his drawings, and he strictly preserved his status as an amateur till he had reached seventy years of age.

In a letter now before us Mr. Brabazon briefly describes his *début*: "I had my first exhibition at Goupil's in December 1892 . . . Sargent had seen my drawings and often wished me to exhibit them—one of them he came and hung himself on the wall after everything was ready. He then wrote for me that admirable preface which the press so much admired." This preface led many ignorant of Mr. Brabazon's age and experience to regard him as a young *protégé* of the American portrait-painter, and only a few weeks ago a writer in an evening journal pithily but inaccurately gave his artistic pedigree as "sired by Turner and dammed by Sargent." With the facts before us it is needless to point out that the art of "H.B.B." was fully developed before Mr. Sargent had served his apprenticeship. That Mr. Brabazon owed much to Turner is obvious ; that he was influenced by Monet and Whistler is possible ; but his impressions in water-colour and pastel were, above all, the logical outcome of an original genius who regarded form and colour from the standpoint not of a writer, but of a musician.

No account of Mr. Brabazon can be complete which leaves out of consideration his musical gifts and sympathies. It will be remembered that he was the discoverer of Emil Sauer, whose studies and subsequent career were facilitated by the encouragement and generosity of the artist. Himself a pianist of great feeling and considerable technical ability, Mr. Brabazon brought to painting the musician's sensitiveness to tone and harmony. He was neither an illustrator, nor a descriptive reporter, for he dealt, as a musician should, with the abstract rather than the concrete. The play of sunlight on the canals of Venice, on the lakes of Switzerland, the sunset's glow in Alpine skies, on British seas, the peaceful atmosphere of old-world cities, the blither air of busy beaches—these were his subjects, treated not so much for their actual topography as for their spirit, caught by a poet's eye and registered by a master's hand with a magical economy of means, a learned suppression of the irrelevant, and a penetrating enforcement of the essential beauty.

The pressing need for an exact system of classification in Public Libraries was the subject of a paper by Mr. McKnight (Chorley) which was read in his absence by

Mr. Baker (Woolwich) at the last monthly meeting of the Library Association. Although classification is one of the highest functions of the librarian, and the principle of the scientific classification of books has been universally adopted, there are not more than twenty per cent. of the libraries of the country classified on any exact system. The other eighty per cent. are arranged numerically in from eight to twelve main classes. Is it too late for these libraries, many of which have been in existence for years, to be classified on one or other of the exact systems? If it were not too late, the writer of the paper plaintively asked why there was not an exact system in use in all the libraries in the country.

The general opinion amongst librarians, that the public is an ass, is an erroneous one (Mr. Brown, Islington). The public not only appreciates an exact system of classification but understands it. The difficulties in the way of classifying a library at present only divided into a few rough main classes, or of re-classifying a collection of books on a different system, are very much over-rated (Mr. Philip, Gravesend). The greater number of the scientific libraries of the country are not classified, and there is no intention of introducing any exact system. Many of these libraries date back two or three centuries and there are physical disadvantages attending the introduction of any system of scientific classification (Mr. Prideaux, Royal College of Physicians). But no plan of shelving nor, in fact, any physical consideration of a similar kind should have any effect on a system which deals only with the books themselves (Mr. Hutt, Liverpool). The indicator, although a system of close classification may very easily be used in conjunction with it, is responsible for the large number of libraries without any scientific system. The difficulties are small, but they exist ; and there is not the same need for an extended classification as is found in an open-access library (Mr. Bond, St. Pancras).

The value of the British Museum would be very greatly enhanced if the present classification there, which is an excellent example of how not to do it, were replaced by an exact system. And the difficulties in the way of this would not be insurmountable, as it could be done in less time and at less cost than that expended on the printed museum catalogue (Mr. Jast, Croydon). The function of the catalogue must not be confused with that of classification. But it is nevertheless true that the printed catalogue is one of the greatest obstacles to the introduction of a systematic classification (Mr. Baker).

Yesterday (May 25) saw the publication of the fourth annual issue of "Printer's Pie," an issue just five times as large as the first, which jumped into instant success in 1903. The profits go to the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation ; and two other Societies, the Booksellers' Provident Institution and the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, also benefit by the sale of this annual. So that the buyer is like the buyer of seats at a charity *matinée* : he "has a good time" and does other people good by enjoying himself. The list of contributors to this year's number is stronger than ever. It includes all sorts of writers—the Duke of Argyll and the Poet Laureate, Madame Sarah Grand and Mr. Adrian Ross, Mr. Frank Richardson and Mrs. Clement Shorter ; and among the artists are Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Tom Browne and many others. Among the adventitious attractions of "Printer's Pie" is the fact that it includes an accident insurance for £2000 for three months.

Musicians, and especially students of stringed instruments, will be interested in an announcement which appears below—a meeting of the Cremona Society at which will be

exhibited the only known violoncello made by Joseph Guarnerius, known as del Gesù. It has long been asserted that this master never made any instruments but violins. From time to time a viola of his make has been reported, only to prove lacking in the most essential evidence of his handiwork. The find of a violoncello was all the more unexpected—indeed, such a discovery had long been regarded as impossible—owing to the difference in size and likelihood of variation in design and manipulation from his violins. Such a discovery, however, has been made, and the Cremona Society and its guests will be the first to enjoy it. The President, Mr. Horace W. Petherick, who has a book on Guarnerius in the press, will lecture on the instrument, and Professor Herbert Walenn will play on it.

It may be recalled, in connection with the celebration this week of the two hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the constitution of the Royal Company of Archers, the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, that two great names in literature have been associated with the company—Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter Scott. On being admitted an honorary member and appointed bard of the company in 1724, "worthy Allan" composed a short poem of thanks, and under his signature, in the original roll of members, he wrote the following lines:

Apollo! patron of the lyre,  
And of the valiant Archers' bow,  
Me with such sentiments inspire  
As may appear from thee to flow,  
When by thy special will and dread command  
I sing the merits of the Royal Band.

Admitted a member in 1821, Sir Walter Scott was in the ranks of the corps when George IV. visited the Scottish capital in 1822. The company has never been without its minor bards, and among these are included Robertson of Struan, an ardent Jacobite, Dr. Pitcairne, Thomas Kincaid, and Scott of Thirlstone.

In the new number of the *Periodical* which Mr. Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, issues quarterly, some interesting particulars are given concerning "The English Hymnal," three editions of which are to be issued early in June. The late Rev. W. H. H. Jervois was a member of the editorial committee, and to him "is dedicated the work in which he bore a large share, but did not live to see completed." The book is divided into twelve parts, and contains seven hundred and forty-four hymns. "The liveliest interest," the *Periodical* states, "is being shown in 'The English Hymnal,' and already it has been decided to adopt the book in a large number of churches."

In the letter from Mr. William Mercer published in our last issue the name of Halcourt should be Halcombe.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—On Tuesday next (May 29) at five o'clock Colonel V. Balck begins a course of Two Lectures at the Royal Institution on "Northern Winter Sports; Sweden and its People" and on Saturday June 2 at three o'clock Professor W. Macneile Dixon delivers a lecture on "The Origins of Poetry." The Friday evening Discourse on June 1, will be delivered by Professor H. Moissan on "L'Ebullition des Métaux" and on June 8 by Professor Sir James Dewar on "Studies on Charcoal and Liquid Air."

Society of Arts.—Monday, May 28, 8 P.M. (Cantor Lecture.) George W. Eve, "Heraldry in Relation to the Applied Arts." (Lecture III.) Tuesday, May 29, 8 P.M. (Applied Art Section.) Harry Powell: "Cut Glass."

Royal Historical Society.—Alexander Prize. The following subjects have been proposed by the Council: (1) Latin Commerce and Commercial colonies in the Black Sea, especially in the years 1260-1470. (2) The Union of England and Scotland 1702-7. (3) The Political Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America from the Ashburton Treaty of 1842 until the Alabama Award of 1872. Essays must be sent in before March 31, 1907, to the Offices of the Society, 3 Old Serjeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, London.

Physical Society of London.—A Meeting of the Society will be held at 5 P.M. on Friday May 25, at the Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. (1) Mr. J. S. Dow: Colour phenomena in photometry. (2) Mr. H. Tomlinson and Rev. G. T. Johnston: Exhibition of an automatic arc lamp. (3) Professor H. A. Wilson: The theory of moving coil and other kinds of ballistic galvanometers. (4) Mr. A. Campbell: Exhibition of a bifilar galvanometer free from zero creep.

Cremona Society.—A Special Meeting will be held on Wednesday, May 30, at 7.30 P.M., at the Argyll Gallery, Argyll Street, W., when papers will be read on "Strings" by Mr. E. C. Rimington, and "An unexpected discovery, the only known Violoncello by Joseph Guarnerius (del Gesù)" by the President, Mr. Horace W. Petherick. To be followed by Violin and Violoncello Soli by Herr Ferencz Hegedüs and Professor Hubert Walenn (who will use the Guarneri Violoncello). Tickets may be had of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Albert H. Elliott, Elswick, 4 Woodhouse Road, N. Finchley.

Selborne Society.—Friday, May 25. Annual Conversazione, to be held in the theatre and halls at the offices of the Civil Service Commission (formerly the University of London), Burlington Gardens, New Bond Street, W., from 7.30 to 11 P.M. Presidential Address by Lord Avebury at 8. Lecture on "Extinct Monsters" by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson at 9.30. Exhibits: Natural History Specimens, etc.

Country in Town Exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery, July 5 to 19.—The prospectus and regulations for exhibitors are now ready, and may be had from the Honorary Secretary: Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, at Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, Whitechapel, E. Exhibits are invited that show in any way what has been done, or what can be done, to introduce some aspect of the country into the street, gardens or schools of our great urban centres.

## LITERATURE

### A MODERN STATESMAN

*Joseph Chamberlain. An honest Biography.* By ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.)

THERE are obvious objections to writing the life of a statesman while he is still in harness. Frequently it happens, to take a great example, that the end of a career casts a shade of colour over what went before it, and this consideration holds especially good in regard to Mr. Chamberlain. He has promulgated a policy to the country which has had the immediate effect of dividing public opinion and wrecking a party; but it is given to no mortal to forecast the end. It may be that Mr. Chamberlain's propaganda will fall on deaf ears, and that it will die away like many previous efforts to revive the cry of Protection. On the other hand, it is at least conceivable that he may succeed in winning over the majority of the country to his views and that the re-introduction of Protection into the fiscal policy of the country will mark a new departure in our history. He would indeed be a very prejudiced and bitter partisan or rash prophet who ventured to say, while Mr. Chamberlain is still alive, what is going to be the effect of his missionary zeal. To write even a character-sketch of a public man while he is still in the full enjoyment of his powers cannot, at best, be more than a piece of superficial journalism. Political biography is the most difficult of all biographies to understand. The plain citizen, who is no *quidnunc* and who cares little for the gossip of lobby or coterie, is in the habit of taking a platform speech on its merits. He is intent, if he be a sincere citizen, on ascertaining the merits and disadvantages of the broad line of policy dealt with. However, he accepts the arguments in good faith and weighs one consideration against another until he arrives at some conclusion of his own; but the political biography often has the effect of confusing such simple issues. One of the writer's aims is to show that there is scarcely an orator who, when making a speech, is not actuated by some undercurrent of feeling. We confess ourselves to have read many hundreds of speeches, and even studied them carefully, without noticing the hidden gibes and sneers and flouts which have been subsequently pointed out in biography. Here it is not our wish to enter into the vexed sphere of politics or to discuss the rival merits of Free Trade and Protection. Our purpose is rather to judge of this life as a human document, and as such it is well worthy of attention.

Mr. Chamberlain does not belong to the class from which our statesmen have usually been drawn. He is really of the tribe of Cobden, not of that of Salisbury. In the past, we have drawn our politicians almost exclusively from the leisured and landed classes. If we take the list of Prime Ministers even from so late an epoch as that of



Sir Robert Peel, we find that they nearly all belong to the same class. Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Gladstone himself, Beaconsfield (who at least by his ambitions deserves to be included), Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, all belong to the same class. Many men who are exclusively business men have performed all but the highest service to their country. Parliament and the nation owe them much; yet it is curious to note that none has ever attained the highest position, and what is true of the business man is equally true of the lawyer. One of the most eminent was Sir William Harcourt, and yet Sir William just failed to reach the top rung of the ladder. Whether this be due to accident or to a strong Parliamentary prejudice founded upon instinct it would be hard to determine. It is easy to see why a lawyer should encounter a certain amount of suspicion in the House of Commons. He has been trained to advocate a cause, and has got into the way of framing his argument to suit his brief. It is perfectly certain that this does not in all cases injure his sense of fair play, justice and impartiality, because many of our most celebrated judges are men whose good faith even the severest critic would never think of calling into question, and who have in their time been keen advocates. Yet the House of Commons has invariably preferred a man of strong convictions, even if he did not quite come up to the lawyer in ability. On the other hand, business has never been thoroughly on its trial, any more than labour. As a rule, a man who has been successful in commerce has directed the whole of his attention at the most energetic period of his life to this calling and, although later, when his position has been secured, he may enter politics and do comparatively well, it is unlikely that he will ever become the equal of those who have had no other object or aim in life. These considerations derive additional point from the life before us, which the biographer, with no great modesty, calls "honest." It seems to us that Mr. Mackintosh gives most of his sympathy to the Chamberlain of early middle age: the impulsive, nimble and audacious Radical who propounded the doctrine of ransom; who said that Lord Salisbury and those like him were like the lilies of the field which "toil not, neither do they spin"; who on a memorable occasion declared of the peers that "the Lord hath delivered them into our hands"; who propounded the scheme of Home Rule, and generally speaking proved himself the opponent of what is. Evidently Mr. Mackintosh is of opinion that in the early part of his career Mr. Chamberlain aspired to the leadership of the Liberal party. That is the key-note which he gives to all those changes of policy and issues of new problems that took place between the return of the Liberals to power in 1880 and their split on the Home Rule Bill. It is not for us to discuss the question. We simply state the fact and leave it. It is on record that Mr. Chamberlain prepared a Home Rule Scheme of his own and, reading between the lines of Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, it is fairly obvious that he considered himself at the time "dished" by his leader.

The story of the manner in which he gradually came over to the Conservative point of view is interesting in itself and admirably told by Mr. Mackintosh. Indeed, we may say here that, whatever view may be taken of the opinions expressed in this book, it is from beginning to end as enthralling as any novel we have read. Mr. Chamberlain himself makes a first-rate central character. He is a strong man and a man of will, but to fill in the picture we want a biographer who can go into more detail in regard to his life as a business man. When that is more clearly understood than it is at the present moment, it will be more easily possible to establish a harmony between the beginning and the end of his career. A question that we cannot help asking as we read is whether the incubation of the idea of Protection was a natural outcome of Mr. Chamberlain's previous thought and character or merely a bid for popularity. The active, progressive type of mind to which he belongs is ever

seeking some new thing, and it well may be that the scheme of fiscal change propounded so suddenly at Birmingham was the application of the speaker's commercial principles to the conduct of national affairs. It has been said that no one can love another more or less than he loves himself. Mr. Chamberlain's sincerity is beyond question, and we can very well imagine that if he were called upon to "run" the Empire, he would do it exactly in the same way as in early days he ran his business in Birmingham. Whether that would be good for the Empire or not is for politicians and statesmen to determine.

As companion figures to his in this volume there are many striking contrasts, notably the personality of the Duke of Devonshire. Perhaps, when all is said and done, his will be accounted the stateliest figure of the period. He seems never to have nourished a small thought or given expression to animosity. Disinterested, noble and sincere, his is the finest figure that appears in these pages. Mr. Gladstone does not come out so well, since it was necessary to give much attention to those years of his old age when his intellect was obviously failing. Lord Salisbury is most entertaining as the antagonist of Mr. Chamberlain, who was no match for him in word-play and writhed beneath many of the barbed arrows of that master of verbal fence. Very interesting are the two final chapters of the work, one on Mr. Chamberlain's personal life and the other on his characteristics. Even a chronicle of small beer has merits, and the small beer of the following passage may be commended to the reader's attention:

For fifty years he has eaten ices whenever he could get them—penny sorts debarred. His health has excited the envy of his contemporaries. He has, as he told the doctors, been addicted to ices; he has smoked whenever he had nothing else to do, and generally when he had something to do; and he has "consumed in moderation such alcoholic fluids as he saw before him." Yet he declared at the end of 1904 that his digestion was as good as ever it was. In this respect, as in many others, he has been specially fortunate, for a good digestion is as necessary to a politician as a thick skin.

A man who delighted in ices, who took no exercise yet retained a splendid digestion, "surprises by himself," in the words of a well-known character. As a Parliamentarian we have the following thumb-nail sketch of him:

It is at Westminster that Mr. Chamberlain has struggled hardest and gained his highest reputation; there he has aroused the fiercest animosities, and won the most notable victories. He understands the House of Commons. He knows its habits, its moods, its prejudices, its virtues; he knows how to humour it, he has often dared to defy it. He never despises it. At the end of twenty-eight years' service, he declared: "During all that time my respect for its authority, my confidence in its judgment, my desire for its good opinion, has never wavered." Nor has any section, however much it might dislike him, ever despised so skilful and zealous a member. From the month that he took his seat till the present time he has been an individual force, not always calculable, never negligible.

And in regard to his oratory this is worth quoting:

A new style of debate has been introduced by the member for Birmingham. The old school of oratory, with its learning and its pomp, was decaying when he entered the House, and with a new type of Parliamentarian the time was propitious for a new sort of speech. It is characterised by directness, and in Mr. Chamberlain's case by audacity; and it is without ornament.

It would seem that he has not had the literary turn which has enabled some statesmen to mint unforgettable phrases:

Among the most picturesque metaphors employed by politicians in recent years were Mr. Asquith's "ploughing the sand," and Lord Rosebery's "clean slate," and "lonely furrow." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "Ulsteria," served at anyrate for a season to indicate a phase of the Home Rule agitation. Mr. Chamberlain claims no credit for "ransom"; "pin-pricks" he took from the *Matin*; "they toil not, neither do they spin," was an audacious adaptation from the sublimest sermon; "what I have said, I have said"—the motto of a baronet—has been traced to Thomas Paine, and has recalled Pilate's "What I have written, I have written." "Little Englander" did not spring from the brain of the new Imperialist; it is said to have been suggested by the *Pall Mall Gazette* which asked in 1884: "The advocates of a Little England, where are they now?"

## TWO ELIZABETHS

*Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings: Her Correspondence from 1720 [sic] to 1761.* By her great-great-niece, EMILY CLIMENSON. 2 vols. (Murray, 36s. net.)

*A Woman of Wit and Wisdom: A Memoir of Elizabeth Carter, one of the "Bas-Bleu" Society (1717-1806).* By ALICE C. C. GAUSSEN. (Smith, Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

MRS. CLIMENSON'S overgrown book illustrates the fallacy of the personal estimate. Elizabeth Montagu was a woman of wealth and social consequence, acclaimed by her friends as a prodigy of sense and learning, and, in fact, posset of a quick understanding, a cultivated literary taste, and a more than common acquaintance with books; but as a writer she does not count, nor can she be reckoned an appreciable factor in the intellectual movement of her day. She printed an essay in defence of Shakespeare against Voltaire, and was reported once to have flattered an obscure contemporary playwright named Jephson by exclaiming: "I tremble for Shakespeare!" Whereupon Johnson observed that, when Shakespeare had got Jephson for his rival and Mrs. Montagu for his defender, he must be in a poor case indeed. Johnson, says Leslie Stephen, respected her for her liberality, and "paid her some tremendous compliments, but he had his usual professional contempt for her amateur performances in literature." Such was the lady whose correspondence, as presented by Mrs. Climençon, runs to close on six hundred pages demy octavo—not, observe, the unabridged letters of a life-time, but a selection merely, from the correspondence belonging to thirty (1731-1761), and those, in this respect, the least productive of her eighty years! Her more significant epistolary intercourse, with Johnson, Burke, Sterne, Hannah More, Fanny Burney, and many other prominent people, belongs to a later period (1762-1800). Two letters from Burke, two, already in print, from Johnson, a letter and a curious testamentary memorandum by Laurence Sterne, with here and there a passage in the letters of Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Donnellan, Dr. Young, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Bath, Mrs. Montagu herself, and her cousin, Gilbert West the poet—known to his friends as "Tubby"—fairly exhaust the literary contents of these big volumes; the rest is a mere tale of trivial domesticities—a record of endless flittings to and fro between town and country—"a history of Forms, Fashions, Frolics, Drums, Routs, Hurricanes, Balls, Masquerades, Operas, Plays, and Puppet-shows"—in a word, an infinite deal of nothing.

"I have often groaned in spirit," writes Mrs. Climençon in the Preface, "at having to leave out much that was noble in sentiment, or long comments on contemporary books or events." Well, of sentiment, perhaps, there is enough, and to spare; but why, if hard pressed for space, as she implies—why devote five whole pages to the inoculation of her heroine for the small-pox? As the infection did not take, surely a bare note of the incident might have sufficed—though doubtless in many eyes such petty ills acquire a derivative dignity from the rank of the sufferer, and thus what in the servants' hall would be reckoned a pinprick becomes a tragedy in the boudoir. Be this as it may, we would cheerfully forego the report of the inoculation—an ordeal which, it is gratifying to learn, the illustrious patient supported "with the spirit of a Christian, a Philosopher, and a Woman of true fortitude"—for a few of those "comments on contemporary books" of which Mrs. Climençon gives us a tantalising glimpse. We suspect, if the truth must be told, that she is but faintly interested in the literary side of her subject. In its social and genealogical sides her interest is keen, and her notes, in these directions, are many and good. Indeed, in this respect her book is one that "my aunt Pedigree" might have pored and gloated over.

On the whole, we confess, fair entertainment may be won from this small-beer chronicle, wherein, if the literary

vein is weak, the human element is strong and abundant. In youth, Elizabeth Robinson possessed many charms of person, and her temper was gay, mirthful and papilionaceous; but from childhood upwards her heart was impenetrable, self-centred, calculating, and void of the least tincture of romance. She was one of those passionless creatures

Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow.

When barely twenty, she wrote to her mother:

Love has a good right over the marriage of men, but not of women; for men raise their wives to their rank, women stoop to their husbands, when they choose beneath themselves.

And, again:

A man of merit and a younger brother is a purchase only for a large fortune; as for those who have more merit than wealth, they must turn the penny by disposing of their useless virtues for riches. . . . Gold is the chief ingredient in the composition of worldly happiness. Living in a cottage on love is certainly the worst diet and the worst habitation one can find out.

Precocious Innocence! was ever miss just out of her 'teens so admirably fitted (as Becky Sharp puts it) to "be her own Mamma"? "Riches and alliance," she tells her cousin, Dean Freind, are what she desiderates in marriage; her husband must be "of established fortune and character—so established that one piece of generosity shall not hurt his fortune, nor one act of indiscretion prejudice his character." Is this adorable humility, or is it simply the mammon-worship of "pretty Kitty Lorrimer?" She views the act of marrying Elizabeth Montagu—wise, virtuous, beautiful, but undowered—in the light of an indiscretion! So, too, when her friend Torriano has "done the irrevocable deed" on £500 a year, she deplores his marriage not only "as the world will lose him, but as he will lose the world, which with all its faults is not to be entirely quitted"—as though a penniless wife entailed social ostracism on her husband! And when she hears that her cousin, Betty Lumley, has wedded a poor parson named Laurence Sterne, "a ci-devant rake, now japanned and varnished," her contempt and disgust find vent as follows in a letter to her sister Sally:

I never saw a more comical letter than my poor cousin's, with her heart and head full of matrimony. Pray, do matrimonial thoughts come upon your recovery? for she seems to think it a symptom. [Betty had been at death's door before her troth-plight to Yorick.] . . . Mr. Sterne has £100 a year living, with a good prospect of better preferment. . . . I do not comprehend what my cousin means by their "little desires;" if she had said "little stomachs", it had been some help to their economy, but when people have not enough for the necessities of life, what avails it that they can do without the superfluities and pomps of it? Does she mean that she won't keep a coach and six, and four footmen? What a wonderful occupation she made of courtship, that it left her no leisure nor inclination to think of anything else! I wish they may live well together.

Later, at the news of expected progeny in the same quarter, she exclaims:

Does the world want odd people, or do we want strange cousins that the Sternes must increase and multiply? No folly ever becomes extinct, fools do so establish posterity.

Needless to add that, as far as decency permitted, she turned her back on the cousin who had committed the scandalous indiscretion of obeying, in her marriage, the dictates of her heart.

Before Elizabeth had completed her twenty-second year, Prince Charming arrived in the person of Edward Montagu, Esq., M.P., a gentleman some thirty years her senior, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich, and owner of a good estate in Yorkshire, and heir in remainder through his mother, Sarah Rogers, to an extensive property in the collieries of Durham and Northumberland. After marriage, Elizabeth addicted herself to lion-hunting; and, as she had a large income, a lavishly decorated house in Hill Street and a cunning *chef*, her parties were thronged by the celebrated people of the day. She had always detested cards; and now, though she did not dare openly discountenance them, and, in fact, gave card-parties of as

many as a hundred and fifty guests at a time, she ventured to initiate a more intellectual form of diversion in the shape of literary conversation and discussion, in which distinguished writers and *savants* frequently took part. Some of those "fearful wild-fowl" evitated the ceremony of full dress; amongst others Dr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, who invariably appeared on such occasions with his *cruscula* clad in homely blue worsted, instead of the conventional black silk. Admiral Boscawen is said to have been the first to dub this sober-suited covey "the Blue-socking Society." In a letter dated November 13, 1756, Sam Torriano rallies Mrs. Montagu on her intimacy with Stillingfleet (recently her guest at Sandleford), and adds: "Monsey swears he will make out some story of you and him before you are much older; you shall not keep blew stockings at Sandleford for nothing." This is the first allusion to the sobriquet in the letters, and it anticipates Dr. Murray's earliest illustrative quotation ("N.E.D.") by a year.

Mrs. Montagu was, as we have said, a woman of alert intelligence, well read in English literature—she had Milton at her fingers' ends—and mistress of Latin, French, and Italian. But with all her accomplishments she lacked simplicity, and her lofty, self-conscious airs marred the ease and comfort of her guests. "She could never," writes Miss Gausson:

accomplish Mrs. Vesey's feat of *squaring the circle*; even the very chairs and tables seemed to conspire against her, and form themselves into a ring. She possessed no power of harmonising the conflicting elements of which her assemblies were composed. Her guests arrived in a mass, and each individual departed, "feeling himself single, isolated, and embarrassed with his own person."

How could it be otherwise, where the hostess was too deeply preoccupied in posing to give a thought to the feelings of those around her? As a child she was trained by Dr. Conyers Middleton to repeat by rote the abstruse discussions at which, under his roof, she was often present. How far the parrot-faculty thus exercised may have assisted her in the conversational displays of her maturity, it is impossible to say. But if at such times she ever ventured beyond her depth and "talked like poor Poll," the bystanders were none the wiser; for, like the parish functionary of whom her cousin Sterne discourses in his novel of "Tristram Shandy," she had acquired by long practice the habit of playing her official part with an imperturbable gravity of demeanour.

Mrs. Climensson has succeeded in identifying, with one or two exceptions, the numerous folk whose names occur in her text; in other respects her notes are defective and capricious. "Prunello" and "grogam" are explained, but nothing is said about Dr. Courayer's "gold orrace," or "the very handsome Du Cape" worn by Elizabeth when assisting the Duchess of Portland to receive in state, on the occasion of her grace's third lying-in. Again, the editor tells us twice over—once in the text, and, again, in a note—that "wheatears are delicious eating," thus wantonly and gratuitously provoking our gulosity; yet not a word does she vouchsafe touching "the noble game of E. O.," wherewith in 1748 Mrs. Montagu beguiled her evenings at Bath. Some notice should have been taken of that lady's remarkable acquaintance with Milton's verse—scarce one of her letters but testifies to this—of her references to Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherley, Farquhar, and Otway, and her quotations from Waller, Cowley, Prior, Suckling, and Pope. Neither literature, however, appeals to the editor, nor even music—if one may judge from her suggestion that a certain "new Opera" by Handel, of which we read that it was produced in the third week of November 1741 and contained a number called the "Lion Song," may possibly have been the "Messiah"! Of the author of so quaint a conjecture what can be said but that:

Of common tunes she knows not anything,  
Nor *Rule Britannia* from *God Save the King*.

Of various freaks of quackery related in these letters

take the following anecdote of old Lady Northampton. Desiring to try the effect of "Ward's Pill"—a dangerous compound of antimony prepared by that egregious impostor, Joshua, alias "Spot" Ward—she conceived the expedient of administering it to a cock, which was then killed and converted into broth for her ladyship, whose death presently ensued. The ancients sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius: perhaps the miscarriage in this case was due to the preliminary medication, or (so to speak) pillification, of the victim. Of the Duke of Norfolk we read that he spent his time in drawing plans for beehives; of the Duke of Montagu, that he bequeathed legacies by codicil to each of his servants, his dogs, and his cats. According to Horace Walpole, "as he was making the codicil one of the cats jumped on his knee. 'What,' says he, 'have you a mind to be a witness too? You can't, for you are a party concerned.'" Those eccentric people, the aristocracy!

A *propos* of a rumoured Jacobite rising in February 1744, Edward Montagu, writing to his wife, quotes a saying of one Hungerford, a former member of the House, that "the Pretender was the best wooden leg a ministry ever had to beg with." Amongst phrases no longer current is that of "eating a cold loaf," in the sense of "picnicking." This is not recorded in the "N.E.D." With "hurricane," meaning "a crowded assembly," we were already familiar in the pages of Mrs. Delany and Mrs. Barbauld: it furnishes an exact parallel to *procella*, the word Encolpius employs to describe Trimalchio's dinner-party. "From the Shell-Room you have no advantage [= view] of the Thames," is an unusual locution, though "vantage-ground" in this connection is common enough. On the whole, the transcriber has done his work well, but here and there he nods, as on p. 241, vol. i., where "in a manner rather smiling Eastern courtesy" should manifestly run, "rather *suited*," etc. Three lines lower down we read that "Standen asked *Mary* classical questions. The context shows that "*Mary*" is impossible; "*many*" is an obvious and plausible conjecture.

Miss Gausson's book is disappointing: her narrative is so desultory and broken that we have found it difficult to derive a clear impression of the central figure. She has, too, an awkward trick of parenthesising Mrs. Carter's views at every turn of her story, which renders continuous perusal an exercise of patience. It is good to know that her translation of Epictetus rendered Mrs. Carter independent for life, enabled her to spend several months every winter in London, and furnished her with the means to buy a house in the town of Deal, where, after her step-mother's death, her father came to live with her. The pleasantest pages in the book are those which tell of her friendship with the kindly old humorist, Archbishop Secker, whose advice and assistance in her work she besought and received. After closeting himself with Epictetus for a month, however, the old man grew tired and remonstrated as follows:

Are you not ashamed to persecute a poor English Archbishop with heathen Greeks, which it may be hoped he hath the grace to forget entirely? But you cannot be quiet in your bed, you say, without doing it. Very probable truly; for I read of some persons; *They sleep not except they cause some to fall*.

Mrs. Carter replied:

'Tis not to be told how miserably I looked upon Epictetus and how miserably Epictetus looked upon me, at the news that my Lord had so inhumanly given us up to our own devices; however, in consequence of our philosophy, we are determined to go peaceably blundering on; he in being translated till I cannot understand him, and I in translating till nobody can understand me.

Miss Gausson devotes a chapter to the "Queen of the Blues," Mrs. Montagu, whose moral and intellectual measure her demure little friend, Mrs. Carter, appears to have taken accurately enough. When Minerva complained of the hardship of accompanying her husband on a visit to his northern property, her monitress sturdily replied:

After all, the true proof of wisdom is doing the thing which ought to be done. If you had stayed behind, you might have appeared a

much finer lady, and a much finer genius, and might have sat in your Chinese and Athenian rooms and have written more *Dialogues of the Dead*, but you certainly are a more reasonable being in accompanying Mr. Montagu, and assisting him in his business and the entertainment of his northern neighbours.

And she practised what she preached, as Johnson recognised when he observed: "My old friend, Mrs. Carter, can make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." Johnson composed a Greek epigram in her honour, and thought she "ought to be celebrated in as many different languages as Louis le Grand." It is curious to find her father writing to Mrs. Carter on June 25, 1738: "You mention Johnson; that is a name with which I am utterly unacquainted. Neither his scholastic, critical, or poetical character ever reached my ears. I a little suspect his judgment if he is very fond of Martial." *Sed haec prius fuere*—in the dark days before the Dixonary.

It is right to add that Mr. Robert Brudenell Carter contributes a genealogical note on his family to Miss Gausson's volume.

### TASTE OR IMAGINATION?

*The English Water-Colour Painters.* By A. J. FINBERG.  
(Duckworth's Popular Library of Art, 2s. net.)

THIS is a bright and instructive little book, written in a clear and easy manner, with a piquancy and alertness that occasionally rise to humour or sarcasm. It is thoroughly representative of the present revival among art-lovers, which gives respect and study to the traditions of a hundred years ago, and regards with amused contempt the mania that the nineteenth century caught from the successes of mechanics and science.

Pictures were once painted for those who were considered "good judges"; under the influence of this millennial mania, whose watchwords were "education," "progress," and "the overwhelming majority," pictures came to be painted for the public at large. Mr. Finberg considers that up to 1815 Turner painted for "judges"; after that date for the indiscriminate public. In fact, 1815 seems to him the central date in the development of English water-colour painting, much as the birth of Christ appears in history to the orthodox, only it was that devil "vulgarity" who was born in the year of Waterloo.

This idea is calculated to give unity and comprehensibility to the story which Mr. Finberg tells, and he takes full advantage of it: while as a reaction from vulgar errors, which have on the whole prevailed till now, it may well be valued as an effective antidote to a stupefying poison. Admitting this, it may still be asked, does this theory express the facts in their true proportion? is it just, delicate, or capable of development? I wish to offer Mr. Finberg, and those who agree with him, a few considerations which, as it appears to me, invalidate their synthesis; and to suggest that such theories have too much the character of a counter swing of the pendulum.

Every point Mr. Finberg urges against Turner might be made against Shakespeare by any one who regarded the sweet, even flow of his early verse with the same reverence that our author has for Turner's earlier manner. In "Venus and Adonis" Shakespeare appealed to the good judges that were then, and no doubt every offence against their judgment, every freedom and liberty he took with his material, had the effect of securing a wider and wider public for him. Great artists almost always break down those traditions which, nevertheless, have often given some peculiar charm or refinement to their earliest masterpieces, such as may be lacking to their greatest. A tradition is the work of two or more generations of minds possessed by an instinctive or conscious faith in their solidarity with regard to some ideal. It cannot fail, therefore, to enshrine and consecrate some nobleness. No man could

grow noble alone. The solitary inhabitant of a planet could never achieve moral dignity. Art is always addressed to some one and owes its effectiveness to the solidarity that obtains between the artist and the person or persons whom he addresses. What they have in common is the source of his strength. It is impossible either for him or them to value rightly what he alone has. That is divine, demonic, miraculous, incalculable. Every genius possesses a large share of this rebellious and eccentric character. The difference between a man like Turner and a Titian or Michelangelo is a difference of education: Turner had not been able to assimilate the best culture of his day; they had. When he frees himself and trusts to his own eccentricity he appears to fall from one social level to a lower. He then showed that he belonged to the lower middle class still, like the butler who is perfect in the drawing-room, but when at his ease in the kitchen is as frail as his fellows. Turner was forced by the development of his genius to break through the tradition which he had mastered; and to imply, as Mr. Finberg does, that the desire of gain was his only or chief motive is to be sovereignly unjust. The money which rewarded him may at times have seemed even to himself a justification—a compensation at least for what he had been forced to throw away, the approval, the security, the clear view ahead. We are told that he adopted this mercenary course on account of the success of his *Dido*, but the theory does not suggest any explanation of how he ever came to conceive or paint such a picture. Mr. Finberg forgets how much Ruskin and Tennyson, Whistler and Monet have owed to the later half of Turner's work. What beauties he brought within range by his daring, what new realms for research and observation his experiments opened up! The harvest is by no means yet all reaped; we may well allow that much is not yet even ripe.

Now, my contention is that, though Turner's later works share the defect in taste of those to whom they were addressed, they also share the elemental strength of their common humanity, a strength with which Rembrandt, Shakespeare and Michelangelo have all sought alliance. His earlier works were confined to some extent by the pedantic prejudice of the "good taste" of those "judges." "Thaumaturgist" if you like, a worker in wonder, but with the giant Florentine, with Pheidias himself, who, no doubt, made a similar appeal with his gigantic chryselephantine statues! The creative imagination has never, and will never, submit to the management of the "judges." Genius overrules taste. Mr. Finberg's theory colours his treatment of all the artists that precede or follow Turner; he goes more than half-way to meet the former, as a rule rather less than half-way to meet the latter. There is lack of proportion in the tone with which he speaks of John R. Cozens when we turn to what he has to say of Rossetti immediately after reading it.

The whole revival of interest in, and respect for, the traditions abandoned seventy or eighty years ago is necessarily beset with pedantry. Docility to a narrow past may so easily take the place of docility to all those rich and complex conditions that wait ready to inform the modern soul!

This is the only serious criticism I find to make on an admirable and instructive essay, which it is a pleasure to read, even where one is bound to disagree with it. If I can persuade Mr. Finberg to modify his expression of the truth he has so vividly apprehended in the longer work on Turner to which we are looking forward, it is the most for which I dare hope; since those who will heartily concur in the author's conclusions even as at present put forward are doubtless, at present, on the increase, and feel their expectations of influence flattered by every possible presage of success.

T. STURGE MOORE.



## UNIONS OR GILDS?

*The Restoration of the Gild System.* By ARTHUR J. PENTY.  
(Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.)

THE author of this book aims at carrying the philosophy of Socialism out of the arena of Politics into that of the Industrial system. Moreover, he turns the tables on the orthodox Socialist and proves the fallacy of his assumption that "Government should be conducted solely in the interests of man as a consumer." The book is remarkable, not so much for the finality of its reasoning as for the stimulus it gives to thought and the ability with which the existing theories of advanced Sociologists are shown to be founded on a false hypothesis. The author frankly admits, as a basis of reasoning, the ideals propounded by such philosophical thinkers as Ruskin, Morris, Carpenter, Carlyle and others, whose writings have shared in forming his opinions. But Mr. Arthur Penty goes a step further than these writers and endeavours to weave his ideals into the fabric of a new Socialism, where the producer shall take the place of the consumer and the master-craftsman the place of the financier. Collectivism (as the author designates modern Socialism), Fabianism and other Sociological doctrines have all been prospected and rejected as inadequate. Mr. Penty successfully proves that Collectivism is at fault in assuming that Competition is necessarily an evil and that Co-operation—that is Co-operation of Capital or the nationalisation of industry—can improve matters for the worker. It would in reality only be turning existing Commercialism into State Commercialism, which is an even worse evil.

It is rightly maintained that our industries, to become healthy, should be under the control of craftsmen rather than financiers, though it is perhaps scarcely reasonable to label our present captains of industry as mere financiers. Nor can we accept without question, that "the capricious taste of the public" is an inherent vice of the consumer; rather is it aggravated, if not created, by the inconsistencies and lack of any standard of the commercial producer. In this relation it is no doubt true that "the sense of a consecutive tradition has so completely disappeared from modern life that it is difficult for many of us to realise what it means;" consequently, to quote further: "the modern craftsman, deprived of the guidance of a healthy tradition, is surrounded on all sides by forms which have persisted, though debased and vulgarised, while the thought which created them has been lost." Similarly, this absence of tradition affected every department of our existence and has finally separated art from life.

In advocating a return to the Gild System of mediæval times, the *modus operandi* is by no means clear. We are told for instance that:

the Gilds cannot be re-established by further evolution upon the lines along which society is now travelling, but by the development of those forces which run counter to what may be considered the normal line of social evolution. Of these, the first which will be instrumental in restoring the Gilds is the Trade Union movement.

But our author then says:

in three respects only, as industrial organisations, are they [the Trade Unions] differentiated from the Gilds. In the first place, they accept no responsibility for the quality of the wares they produce. Secondly, masters are not permitted to become members of these organisations; and thirdly, they do not possess monopolies in their separate trades.

Admitting the importance of these differences, Mr. Penty still does not consider them fundamental.

We must confess that it would appear more logical to argue that Trade Unionism is symptomatic of disease and not of any striving after an ideal, inasmuch it is a movement that recognises only the financial and commercial aspect of labour and in no way the philosophic or artistic. In fact, Trade Unionism is as corrupt and as much in need of reform as any other department of our social system. And it is not satisfactorily explained how the vastly in-

creased commercial relationship between countries which exists to-day is to be adequately coped with by a system which ignores financial profit. The internationalisation of all thought and progress is surely the inevitable trend of our modern development. It cannot be said that there are forces which will successfully run counter to this normal line of evolution. "The second force which is preparing for the restoration of the Gilds" is the Arts and Crafts movement, and this should, in our opinion, have been placed first. We could have wished that this section of the book had been worked out more thoroughly. It might conceivably have been shown how this latter movement could be developed into a vast united and organised body of workers for the furtherance of a sounder educational system and the administration of our industrial art-trades on a plan analogous to that of the Gilds. It would seem easier to graft the socialistic principles propounded by the author on to the Arts and Crafts movement, which already contains the germ of a similar ideal at its root, than to graft an appreciation of philosophy and art on to Trade Unionism, which only materialises the idea of co-operation in its crudest form.

The fact that this book challenges criticism in no way detracts from, but rather increases, its value as a most able addition to the literature of a subject that is one of the pressing needs of the day. The reader's interest in the author's point of view is held from first to last by the clearness of the arguments and the simple directness of his literary style. One thing is incidentally made very apparent in perusing this book—the necessity for a wider, more sympathetic view of education on its ethical and æsthetic sides, so that we may recover "more scrupulous honesty in respect to our trade relationships, the restoration of living traditions of handicraft and the emergence of nobler conceptions of life in general."

## THE YOUNG LION

*Leo Tolstoy, his Life and Work.* Autobiographical memoirs, letters, and biographical material, compiled by PAUL BIRUKOFF, and revised by LEO TOLSTOV. Vol. i. (Heinemann, 6s. net.)

IF there be a muse, as Robert Burns feigned to believe there was, whose name is fun, her inspiration is sadly lacking in this serious, not to say lugubrious, life of the great Russian novelist. It is indeed a most serious work and suggests that the author was much more anxious to exhibit Leo Tolstoy as a prophet and a teacher than as a literary artist whose province it is to hold the mirror up to Nature. Perhaps that may to some extent be traced to the nationality of the novelist. The young Russian noble was educated and brought up in a way that would seem strange indeed to the budding heirs of our own landed gentry. It is set forth with the greatest care that the progenitors of the writer on both sides were illustrious and high officials. He was, in a manner of speaking, born to the purple. His father, after a period of service with the army, retired to his estate and engaged in the ordinary pursuits of a Russian nobleman. He was not a cruel man, and yet we get here and there a hint of occurrences that shock our English ideas:

We children with our tutor were returning home from a walk, when by the barn we met the fat steward, Andrey Flyin, followed by the coachman's assistant—"Squinting Koozma," as he was called—with a sad face. He was a married man, no longer young. One of us asked Andrey Flyin where he was going, and he quietly answered that he was going to the barn, where Koozma had to be punished. I cannot describe the dreadful feeling which these words and the sight of the good-natured, crestfallen Koozma produced on me.

We can scarcely fancy a country boy, such as the Sir Bevis that Richard Jefferies attractively pictured, watching the bailiff, for instance, going to receive corporal punishment in the barn. The childhood of Tolstoy was spent in the village of Yasnaya Polyana,

the family estate of the Princes Volkonsky and is situated in the Krapivensk district of the province of Tula. How early his reminiscences begin may be gathered from the fact that he relates "his vague sensations of being swathed," sensations that he felt during the first year of his life, while he has a host of memories of the days before he reached the mature age of three. This fact alone would explain our lament that the muse of fun was not looking over the shoulder of the biographer when he penned these passages. As a matter of fact, the early reminiscences of Leo Tolstoy are not very illuminating. The biographer has made extensive use of notes supplied by his subject, and probably his seriousness is to some extent a reflection of that of his author. A great deal of attention is devoted to the moral development of the young prodigy and very little to those amusements and external interests that probably were of far more importance in shaping his character. Up to fourteen years of age he is said to have been most influenced by the story of Joseph from the Bible, the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and two or three Russian authors. Previous to this he tells us that he was greatly concerned with conceptions of beauty, philosophic argument and the solution of such a question as: "Why is symmetry pleasant to the eye?" University life does not hold anything very interesting, but the following paragraph will give an idea of his thoughts at the time:

At that date, which I regard as the extreme limit of boyhood and beginning of youth, the basis of my dreams consisted of four sentiments. The first was the love for *her*, an imaginary woman, of whom I dreamt ever in the same way, and whom I expected to meet somewhere at any minute. . . . My second sentiment was the love of love. I wanted everybody to know and love me. I wanted to tell my name, and have every one struck by the information, and surround me and thank me for something. The third sentiment was a hope for some unusual vain happiness—such a strong and firm hope that it passed into insanity. . . . My fourth and chief sentiment was my self-disgust and repentance, but a repentance which was so closely welded with the hope of happiness, that there was nothing sad in it. . . . I even found pleasure in my disgust with the past, and tried to see it blacker than it was. The blacker the circle of my memories of the past, the brighter and clearer stood out from it the bright and clear point of the present, and streamed the rainbow colours of the future. This voice of repentance and passionate desire for perfection was the main new sensation of my soul at that epoch of my development, and it was this which laid a new foundation for my views of myself, of people, and of the whole world.

Yet it is at about this time that the natural frankness and candour of the man began to tell. He does not seem to have been a particularly pleasant or amiable child, and, as soon as he approached to maturity, he succumbed to the temptations by the way, though under this yielding to temptation it is obvious that there was always a striving after the good and true, which in the end gained a great victory over the purely animal in his temperament.

I honestly desired to make myself a good and virtuous man; but I was young, I had passions, and I stood alone, altogether alone, in my search after virtue. Every time I tried to express the longings of my heart for a truly virtuous life, I was met with contempt and derisive laughter, but directly I gave way to the lowest of my passions, I was praised and encouraged. I found ambition, love of power, love of gain, lechery, pride, anger, vengeance, held in high esteem.

We feel about this time, however, that he begins to resemble the ordinary youth who knows nothing of what he did in swathing clothes. There is something intensely human in the following extract, dated May 1, 1848. It might have been written by an undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge.

Seryozha! I think you are already saying I am a most frivolous fellow. And saying the truth. God knows what I have been up to! I went to St. Petersburg without any reason, there I have done nothing necessary, only spent a heap of money and run up debts. Stupid! Insufferably stupid! You can't believe how it torments me. Above all, the *debts*, which I *must* pay, and as *quickly as possible*, because if I do not soon pay them, I shall besides the money lose my reputation too. Before I get my next year's income, I absolutely require 3500 roubles: 1200 for the Guardians' Council, 1600 to pay my debts, 700 for my current expenses. I know you will exclaim—but what is to be done? Such stupidity is accomplished once in a lifetime. I had to do penance for my freedom (there was no one to thrash me, and this was my chief misfortune), and for philosophy, and so I have

paid premium. Be so kind as to arrange to get me out of the false and odious position in which I now am without a penny at my disposal and in debt all round.

His military life is chiefly memorable from the human point of view for his love-affair with a Cossack maiden, Maryanka. It came to nothing, because, in the first place, the girl does not appear to have cared for him, and in the second he could not make up his mind to:

turn Cossack, become a Lukashka, steal herds of horses, fill myself with red wine, troll songs, kill people, and, when drunk, climb through the window to pass the night with her, without asking myself who I am and why I am.

It was during his military experience that the first idea of writing came to him, and all that relates to this part of his development will be found well worthy of reading. Perhaps the most enlightening incident in regard to his character is to be found in his relations with Turgenev. They seem to have been born to criticise one another.

When Turgenev made Tolstoy's acquaintance, he said of him—

"There is not a word, not a movement, which is natural in him. He is constantly posing, and I am at a loss to understand in so intelligent a man this foolish pride in his wretched title of Count!"

"I did not notice it in Tolstoy," said Payanef.

"But there are many things you don't notice," said Turgenev.

After a time Turgenev came to the conclusion that Tolstoy had the ambition to be considered a Don Juan. Count Tolstoy one day related to us certain episodes which had happened to him during the war. When he went away Turgenev said:

"You may boil a Russian officer for three days in strong suds and you won't succeed in getting rid of the braggadocio of a Junker; you may cover him with a thick veneer of education, still his brutality will shine through."

And Turgenev began to criticise every sentence of Tolstoy's, the tone of his voice, the expression of his face, and finally said—

"And only to think that at the bottom of all this brutality lies merely the desire to get promoted."

The serious quarrel between them is thus described:

In the morning at the usual time [says Fet], *i.e.* about eight o'clock, our visitors came down to the dining-room, in which my wife was sitting at the samovar at one end of the table and I at the other, waiting for my coffee, Turgenev at the right and Tolstoy at the left of the hostess.

Being aware of the importance which Turgenev attached to his daughter's education, my wife inquired whether he was pleased with his English governess.

Turgenev showered praises on the governess, and among other things related that the governess, with truly English practicality, asked Turgenev to fix a sum of money which his daughter could use for charitable purposes. "Now," said Turgenev, "the governess requests my daughter to take the old clothes of the poor and, after mending them herself, to return them to the owners."

"And do you consider this right?" asked Tolstoy.

"Of course I do; it brings the charitable person nearer to real want."

"And I think that a richly dressed girl who manipulates dirty, ill-smelling rags is acting a false and theatrical farce."

"I beg you not to say this," exclaimed Turgenev, his nostrils dilating.

"Why should not I say what I am convinced of?" answered Tolstoy.

Turgenev said: "Then you think that I do not bring up my daughter properly?"

Tolstoy's answer to this was that he thought what he said, and without venturing upon personalities, expressed his thoughts.

Fet had no time to cry out to Turgenev to desist when, pale with wrath the latter said: "If you persist in speaking in this way, I will box your ears." With these words he left the table, and, catching hold of his head in great excitement, stepped into the next room. He came back a second after and said, turning to Fet's wife: "For God's sake forgive my hasty action, which I deeply repent."

He then left the room again. After this the visitors took their leave.

At the first halting-place from Novosyolky, the property of P. N. Borisof, Tolstoy sent a letter to Turgenev with a demand for satisfaction. Then he went on further to Boguslav, the halting-place half-way between Fet's estate and his own estate, Nicolskoye. He sent for pistols and bullets to Nicolskoye, and, without waiting for an answer to his first letter, sent a second one with a challenge.

The quarrel developed into something that very nearly approached farce. With all these eccentricities, we see amid all these events of childhood the Tolstoy of later days in the making. He was not one of those who seem to be born without original sin, but, as a matter of fact, had rather more than an average proportion of the old Adam in his composition. It would be premature to pass any final judgment on the biography, as only the first

volume is before us. When the work is completed, we hope to make a more thorough survey of the life of one of the most eminent and illustrious men of our time.

### WHAT IS LIFE?

*The Origin of Life.* By JOHN BUTLER BURKE. (Chapman & Hall, 16s. net.)

THERE be some who would have us believe that the mystery of Life is solved: and we have been assured of this more than once of late years. Naturally, such proclamations have excited the profoundest interest. But when those most concerned have forgathered to hear the rendering of the riddle, naught but empty words have rewarded them for the journey. They have been told either that our system of dividing the world into living and not-living was a mistake—that everything is alive; or that the gulf between the organic and the inorganic has been bridged, now by the chemist, and now by the physicist. But the wizard has not yet risen who has succeeded in demonstrating this feat.

Some assure us that "Life" is a something apart from matter, but which manifests itself through matter, and that the biologist's conception of Life is consequently too narrow. Whatever exhibits change, disintegration or accretion, is alive. But this is undoubtedly an unwarrantable use of the term "Life," which must be reserved for that manifestation of matter which, made up of a subtle compound of the elements carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, is enabled to maintain its equilibrium either by abstracting these elements from its immediate environment or by the disintegration of other bodies which have already synthesised these mysterious life-compounds. Living matter defies analysis while it is alive, and, so far, after it has ceased to live it has defied synthesis. Nor is there much hope that we shall ever alter this state of things. We can take life, but we cannot make it.

The latest of these attempts to explain away the mystery of life is that of Mr. Butler Burke, an event which was announced with a tremendous flourish of trumpets in the Daily Press of some twelve months ago. Ill-informed enthusiasts ecstatically assured us that the greatest of all mysteries had now indeed been laid bare, and this by the aid of radium and a little beef-tea! Brought into proper conjunction there resulted small bodies to which the name "radiobes" was given. These radiobes, we have since been assured, are distinguishable from any form of recognised life hitherto known—as might be expected—but (and this was a pity) they were found incapable of survival. This fact, however, was considered to be the crowning glory of the discovery, for in their disintegration these bodies showed signs, it was contended, so closely suggestive of death, that on this score alone it was held it could scarcely be questioned that they had lived. But what Mr. Burke really has done we have now an opportunity of studying in the book which he has just published.

Those, however, who will follow him through his pages will find the way very wearisome, the more so because travelled with a guide who halts by the way, now to contradict himself, and now to demonstrate that biology is decidedly not his *forte*. As if to clear the ground, he tells us that he uses the

word Life . . . in a sense which, if not necessarily a new one, is at least an extension, and perhaps a considerable extension, of that in which it is already employed. It is used in such a manner as to include within its scope many phenomena hitherto regarded as belonging to the lifeless world. . . .

And he then continues:

Life might be described as a specialised mode of motion, the specialised mode of motion being that of a complex system of molecules in a dynamically unstable state.

Turning now to his "radiobes," he asks:

Are we, or are we not entitled to regard the . . . radium salt on the one hand and the sterilised bouillon on the other, as living or containing the elements of vitality? We should reply the radium yes, but the bouillon no . . . Radium, therefore, may be regarded as the seed, if we may put it so, which grows in the soil. The constituents of protoplasm are in the bouillon, but the vital flux is in the radium.

A most extraordinary conclusion surely, but quite in accord with his notion that

*Life-stuff* or bioplasm, as distinct from protoplasm, is inorganic and contains the germ and mode of motion of vitality. It is not a seed that grows in every soil, but only flourishes in the chosen environment of beef-jelly.

Naturally, the reader supposes that this is, at any rate, to lead up to the solution of the problem which forms the title of this book. Such hopes are, however, rudely shattered, for we are told, a few lines further on, that "the origin of life itself remains unsolved." "Radiobes," then, cannot be counted on to help in this matter. As was to be expected, they throw no more light on the question of spontaneous generation. But this, too, Mr. Burke realises. Thus he says: "We do not claim to have produced spontaneous generation"; "We cannot claim that in all our observations there is the slightest evidence of anything which is the same as natural life." And Mr. Burke leads us on through just one fourth of his book before he suddenly stops and imparts this information; he leads us a day's journey into the wilderness under the pretence of solving the gravest of riddles, and then tells us that really all he has to talk of is "artificial life"! To tickle us with conundrums such as:

If an investigator . . . set out to manufacture a man, but only managed to produce a donkey; what inference would it be possible to draw from such an achievement?

It is claimed for these "radiobes" that they have "artificial life."

They are not bacteria, not more bacteria than donkeys are men; but, as we have endeavoured to emphasise, they possess most of the qualities which are observed in bacteria;

and then, as if disconcerted at having made such an astonishing statement, he proceeds to qualify it:

at least enough of them to enable us to identify, or rather to classify, them with the living things we see.

But it is a strange classification which would include things living and things not living in the same system, and Mr. Burke has just assured us that these "radiobes" have only "artificial life"—whatever that may be.

These "radiobes" are produced by placing radium in contact with bouillon. After a few days, microscopic bodies appear containing a central differentiated area described by Mr. Burke as a nucleus; later still they "begin to segregate and multiply." That these phenomena are interesting there can be no doubt, but they are not more so than the soap films of Bütschli, for example,—which "crawled"! Nor are they more instructive than the experiments of other workers in this field of biological mechanics, which have been made during the last few years. But it is a mere waste of time to discuss these "radiobes" further with regard to their relation to living matter. The author himself admits they have nothing to do with living bodies. Even if they had, we should be no nearer the question of the origin of life, for the bodies he describes arose out of a matrix of organic matter, *i.e.*, matter elaborated by living bodies. Yet another objection, as has been pointed out by an earlier critic, is that radium salts are very poisonous, and therefore inimical to living bodies. Further, Mr. Burke's experiments, if they prove anything, prove too much, inasmuch as he himself contends that the simplest forms of life are *non-nucleated*, while the conspicuous feature of his radiobes is that they *are* nucleated! We are, indeed, no nearer the solution of the problem of the origin of life than before this book was written.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

## THE CLOSED DOOR

AMID the crowd, I pace apart  
 The way that I was wont to go  
 Ere yet the years had taught my heart  
 The things youth cannot know:  
 I, ghost-like, here my footprints see  
 On stones that have forgotten me.

Here, where I came each day at morn,  
 And whence at night I homeward went,  
 The best of all my hopes were born,  
 And here their gold was spent:  
 The street is filled with dreams of mine  
 As some old flask with mellowing wine.

I found the world in this grey street,  
 Nor yearned to roam with wearying feet  
 In search of all that life can give  
 And die still seeking how to live;  
 For all that life can give I found  
 Within the City's narrower round.

I have not won the goal I sought;  
 Poor I shall live, and poor shall die;  
 But I am rich in joys unbought:  
 In love that none can buy,  
 In larger sight, that sees no loss  
 In losing childish gauds and dross.

And passing the familiar door,  
 Could I go in, and thus once more  
 Return into my past, and be  
 Still as when last it closed on me—  
 My losses so the years requite  
 I would not enter if I might.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

## HENRIK IBSEN

THE death of Ibsen, which took place at his home in Christiania on Wednesday last, came as a surprise to no one, for he may be said to have been dying for five years. It can hardly be called a loss, except, of course, to his personal friends. His work was done. He had attained an eminence all over Europe which no dramatist of his own or any age, except Shakespeare, had ever reached; and not even Shakespeare ever roused so much talk, thought, high feeling, actual animosity as Henrik Ibsen. And the eminence he won for himself is as nothing compared with the influence he exerted. He not only brought back the theatre into the number of intellectual forces; he set people thinking, questioning, searching for the truth in all countries.

Henrik Ibsen was born at Skien in Norway in 1828. His father, it appears, had means when the boy was born, but lost them when his son was about eight years old. Henrik became shop-boy to a druggist, a more galling position to him, we may imagine, than that of errand-boy was to Charles Dickens, who had never known anything better. His struggle with poverty, cold and hunger was long and fierce; but with characteristic doggedness the boy was educating himself all the time, reading, writing, and discussing constantly. He decided to be a doctor, and by dint of unremitting work succeeded in entering the University of Christiania in 1848 at the age of twenty. It was during this time then that he read Sallust, an unimportant event, one would imagine; in reality an event of the utmost importance to himself and no slight importance to Europe. The reading of Sallust awoke in him the dramatic instinct, and he gave the remainder of his life, almost exclusively, to the cultivation and expression of that instinct. There are very few external facts to chronicle about his life. In 1851 he became manager of the theatre at Bergen, leaving it for the theatre at Christiania in 1857. After 1864 he lived for many years

abroad, in Rome and other parts of Italy, settling at last in 1874 in Munich. Finally, however, he returned to his own country in spite of all the fault which he had found with her sluggishness, her narrowness, her want of true patriotism and of intellectual vigour, and in his own country he died.

His first play was *Catilina*, a tragedy of Roman history. He wrote it when very young, in a little provincial town where he was studying the apothecary's business. There is little of the Ibsen we know in *Catilina*. There is even less, to our thinking, in that extraordinary play, *Lady Inger of Oestraat*, which the Stage Society gave us an opportunity of seeing some weeks ago—a strange medley of all the "properties" and stock-components of tragedy, with no small amount of plain speaking about the patriotism of the Norwegians even in the distant days with which the play deals. He was trying his 'prentice hand, learning his business. And how well he learned it was proved later by his consummate mastery of stage-craft. Completely daring and unconventional in his choice of subject and idea, Ibsen knew through and through the laws and needs of the playwright's art; and many of the concoctors of unidea'd and stagey plays would give much to be able to manipulate their characters and scenes as did the innovator of whom at one time it was not uncommonly said that he was not a playwright at all. This process of mastering the technique of his art partly preceded and partly went hand in hand with the development of the ideas of life and man which startled, shocked and even infuriated the world when the present generation was in its infancy. It is difficult nowadays to realise that these plays, the real Ibsen plays, were dubbed immoral, subversive, all sorts of hard names; while the old phrase "Ibscene" was intended partly to hint a charge which was too unfair to be expressed in plain language. Ibsen was a Radical at heart; a man of the keenest observation, the imagination of a poet, which showed him the truth in its fulness, and a fixed resolve to see and tell the truth and nothing else. He was a man of a keen, if bitter, wit and unflinching honesty: the combination of the two was quite enough to implant in him that desire to *épater le bourgeois*, to shock the comfortable middle-class man, which he carried out so courageously and thoroughly. This is not the occasion to examine whether or no there is any constructive philosophy in the plays. The writings and translations of Mr. William Archer and his brother are the safest guides for all who would study the subject. Ibsen is not a prophet who says smooth things. No convention, however firmly settled, no pretence, however wide-spread and comfortable, is safe from him. He thinks for himself, and he says what he thinks—not as a preacher or a lecturer but as a playwright, a master of character, a poet, a man of imagination.

His value, when all is said, lies not altogether in the actual criticisms he passed on the life of our own times, which may or may not be superseded as society changes and develops: his greatest achievement was this; that by means of the theatre, a neglected and despised instrument of education, he made people think. He knew the force of the theatre, knew that a scene or an idea conveyed by actual representation has ten times the force of one conveyed by black ink on white paper, and will reach, moreover, scores of people on whom books have little or no influence. To him we owe very largely the partial supersession on the stage of meaningless, thoughtless drama, in which old types and sentimentalities and incidents were repeated *ad nauseam*, by plays that present an idea, that set you thinking, that raise before your eyes in quite a new light your own circumstances and difficulties. It is too early yet to judge of Ibsen's influence; he has few imitators, he has left no school. Only in the general broadening of the outlook, the inculcation of ideas, the fearless pursuit and representation of truth, is it possible for us to-day to trace the effect of the works of one of the most remarkable men in all the history of literature.



## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## DEFOE AS SOCIOLOGICAL NOVELIST

WHEN a man nearly sixty years of age, who has been engaged for a quarter of a century in journalism and pamphleteering, eulogising or abusing the views of different parties on political, religious, and social questions, takes to writing novels, it is only to be expected that he will have something to say about these questions in his stories. What was Defoe's particular aim in the kind of fiction he invented? In the case of such a man as he was, always ready to turn his hand to anything lucrative, the business element counted for much. Having struck out a profitable line, he was sure to follow it up, without being influenced by purely literary motives. Now, Defoe was an extraordinary collector of facts. The versatility, minuteness, and accuracy of his information on the most out-of-the-way subjects have been the marvel even of the modern geographer, whose special department of knowledge, it might be thought, was hopelessly barred to a man of Defoe's period. As an observer, Zola himself, with his arsenal of note-books, did not surpass this omniscient registrar of facts. And, on the other hand, for a romance writer Defoe was strangely lacking in invention. As soon as he began to produce fiction, he found that he had hit a huge section of the public which wanted facts, wanted to be told about the world it lived in, both its own part of it and the bigger world outside, which was still a region of romantic possibilities. Finding there was money in the store of facts he had collected, he began to pour them out in the copious stream of his novels.

In this way Defoe, without troubling to think out a theory or issue any manifesto, became the first naturalist in modern literature. That this is his position is made clear by comparing his stories with the different kinds of fiction that had amused the popular reader in the age just gone by. There were the writers of sheer romance, who descended from the metrical romancers of the Middle Ages, but had passed through the Renaissance influences that produced the "Arcadia"; and there were the biographers of popular heroes, who got their material from a similar source—the old English ballads. Other popular novels were the sentimental idylls of Lodge and Greene, and the Spanish picaresque novels. In all these the story, as a series of romantic or dramatic incidents more or less artistically arranged, was the dominating factor: with Defoe it was nothing of the kind. In Defoe there is never any plot. His men and women are carefully limned: the story takes care of itself. Though he is one of the finest *raconteurs* in the language, his stories lack constructive art; in truth, that was a thing they did not require.

If he had any end in view, it was to give, not merely a faithful portrayal of certain phases of contemporary life, but a minute study of the conditions that act upon human character and make it what it is. As a business man, he gave to his public interesting portraits of existing types, and descriptions of things seen: as a born artist, he gave the inner meaning of the picture. His novels are, in effect if not in intention, chapters in the natural history of the race. Caring nothing for romantic or comic, dramatic or melodramatic effects, he chose the simplest method of telling his story. He took a perfectly ordinary and representative character, a Moll Flanders, a Roxana or a Colonel Jack—people who had no charms of personality—and related their stories with the utmost directness, in the natural form of biography. There was a resemblance here to the plan of the picaresque novel, inasmuch as events there, too, followed each other with the fortuitous consecutiveness of life; but there the incidents were always carefully selected, to convey a desired impression; in Defoe we get the typical life of a typical person. That is all the difference!

Obviously, with such a ground plan, and with a mind

profoundly interested in social problems, he was bound to give a criticism of things as they were. Such a criticism is latent in all his stories, and finds from time to time overt expression in his own comments or the words of his characters. He observes in "Colonel Jack":

It is evident . . . that the history of men's lives may be many ways useful and instructing to those who read them, if moral and religious improvement and reflections are made by those who write them.

He might well have said that the history of men's lives might be useful and instructive to those who govern and legislate, for nearly every story he wrote was a powerful indictment of our penal laws, our treatment of the poor and the criminal classes, of the social system in general.

In the four novels that stand by themselves as, in this sense, criticisms of the existing dispensation—"Captain Singleton," "Moll Flanders," "Roxana," and "Colonel Jack"—the subject of the biography is in every case a victim of social injustice. Singleton was stolen as a child, and sold to the gypsies; his foster-mother was hanged, and he was thrown helpless upon the world. He goes to sea, becomes in the natural course of events a thief; and being mixed up, through no fault of his, in a mutiny, turns pirate. "Colonel" Jack is a London waif, without father or mother, or even a surname. He runs wild about the City, herds with thieves and is himself an expert thief long before he learns that thieving is not an honest trade. In the struggle for life, these characters simply follow the path of least resistance. The picture of submerged London in those days, and the further account of the criminal classes in "Moll Flanders," make even our modern tales of mean streets sound almost Arcadian. Moll Flanders was the child of a woman who was sent to the plantations for a felony. Ignorance and helplessness are the cause of her moral downfall. After many vicissitudes, she is attracted mysteriously, and married, to a man from Virginia, who takes her across the Atlantic. To her horror, she discovers that he is the son of her transported mother, whom she had never seen or heard of since she was a babe. Fleeing home to England, she falls lower and lower, is victimised by a fortune-hunter, and at length, in utter destitution, takes to stealing as the only means of livelihood remaining, is caught and sentenced to be hanged, but in the event transported.

In his account of Newgate, the social reformer speaks out plainly:

My mother-in-law ran out in a long account of the wicked practices in that dreadful place; and "child," says my mother, "perhaps you may know little of it, or it may be have heard nothing about it; but depend upon it," says she, "we all know here that there are more thieves and rogues made by that one prison of Newgate, than by all the clubs and societies of villains in the nation; 'tis that cursed place," says my mother, "that half peoples this colony" [*i.e.*, Virginia].

It is proclaimed on the title-page of "Moll Flanders," that she was married five times; and both in that novel and the others, the facility with which marriages were made and broken is a fertile source of immorality and subsequent disaster. Here, again, Defoe was probing a social sore, an evil that was not remedied until 1753, when the Hardwicke Act, in the face of unpardonable opposition, at last put a stop to "Newgate marriages" and the similar unions, lightly made and lightly unmade, of which they were the type.

Roxana was born in comfortable circumstances and came to grief through the folly of an extravagant husband, who was, as a matter of course, absolute master of her fortune. He absconds, and leaves her penniless, with five children, for whom she finds provision by a trick that, in the circumstances, may be winked at. Not so her ensuing conduct. Inexorable circumstance may be held responsible for her first lapse from virtue, but it was her insatiable covetousness and the vicious twist in her nature that made her fall a constant prey to the temptations offered by the general corruption of morals. In this novel, Defoe

canvasses the question of the subjection of women. The motive that caused many of Roxana's lapses, and those the turning-points in her life, is her passionate rebellion against the doctrine that a wife is her husband's chattel. This independence of spirit was fostered and inflamed by the issue of her first marriage, in which, at any rate, she was the person sinned against.]

[I told him [says Roxana] I had perhaps different notions of matrimony from what the received custom had given us of it; that I thought a woman was a free agent, as well as a man, and was born free; and could she manage herself suitably, might enjoy that liberty to as much purpose as the men do; that the laws of matrimony were indeed otherwise, and mankind at this time acted quite upon other principles, and those such that a woman gave herself entirely away from herself in marriage, and capitulated only to be, at best, but an upper servant; and from the time she took the man, she was no better or worse than the servant among the Israelites, who had his ears bored, that is nailed to the door-post, who by that act gave himself up to be a servant during life. That the very nature of the marriage contract was, in short, nothing but giving up liberty, estate, authority, and everything to the man, and the woman was indeed a mere woman ever after, that is to say, a slave.]

Ay, said I, that is the thing I complain of. The pretence of affection takes from a woman everything that can be called herself; she is to have no interest, no aim, no view; but all is the interest, aim and view of the husband; she is to be the passive creature you spoke of, said I. She is to lead a life of perfect indolence, and living by faith (not in God, but) in her husband, she sinks or swims, as he is either fool or wise man, unhappy or prosperous; and in the middle of what she thinks is her happiness and prosperity, she is engulfed in misery and beggary, which she had not the least notice, knowledge or suspicion of. How often have I seen a woman living in all the splendour that a plentiful fortune ought to allow her! with all her coaches and equipages, her family and rich furniture, her attendants and friends, her visitors and good company, all about her to-day; to-morrow surprised with a disaster, turned out of all by a commission of bankrupt, stripped, to the clothes on her back; her jointure, suppose she had it, is sacrificed to the creditors, so long as her husband lived, and she turned into the street, and left to live on the charity of her friends, if she has any, or follow the monarch, her husband, into the Mint, and live there on the wreck of his fortunes, till he is forced to run away from her even there; and then she sees her children starve, herself miserable, breaks her heart, and cries herself to death! This, says I, is the state of a lady that has had ten thousand pounds to her portion.]

[There is the mark of the sociologist, whilst a more didactic purpose is set forth in the preface to "Moll Flanders":

Her application to a sober life and industrious management at last, in Virginia, with her transported spouse, is a story fruitful of instruction, to all the unfortunate creatures who are obliged to seek their re-establishment abroad, whether by the misery of transportation, or other disaster, letting them know that diligence and application have their due encouragement, even in the remotest part of the world, and that no case can be so low, so despicable, or so empty of prospect, but that an unwearied industry will go a great way to deliver us from it, will in time raise the meanest creature to appear again in the world, and give him a new cast for his life. These are a few of the serious inferences which we are led by the hand to in this book, and these are fully sufficient to justify any man in recommending it to the world, and much more to justify the publication of it.

This particular social lesson of self-help, with many others that he who runs may read, is inculcated in each of Defoe's stories, from "Robinson Crusoe" downwards; and there is no reason to doubt that Defoe, whatever his principal motives in writing, thought that he was doing a useful work for his fellow men in giving them forcible illustrations of such a moral.]

ERNEST A. BAKER.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "A New Point in Shakespeare Bibliography," by Alfred W. Pollard.]

## FICTION

*The Arena.* By HAROLD SPENDER. (Constable, 6s.)

THOUGH the main issues of Mr. Harold Spender's novel are concerned rather with the effect of his hero's unremitting parliamentary labours upon his domestic affairs than with his political views themselves, the fact remains

that the political arena has incidentally supplied him with an opportunity, which he missed, to redeem a rather crude and sketchy plot by triumphing over a difficult situation. Lord Alfred Markham, a son of the Marquis of Glaisdale, who owns broad lands in the West of England, is one who has heard "the deep sighing of the poor" and devoted himself to the alleviation of their condition. After spending some time in their midst in Kennington, he has been induced to stand for Parliament in the Radical interest. He wins his seat, but, as his influence increases, finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. By voting against the Compulsory Purchase clause of the Land Nationalisation Bill he will seem false to his political creed; by voting for it he will be putting a hand to the financial ruin of a father to whom he is devoted. But in this interesting and critical juncture the author bethinks him of a famous device. Even as of old Greek Goddesses were wont to pluck their heroes, sorely bested, from the perilous fight, so now doth Mr. Spender pluck his Lord Alfred from the deadly arena, summoning him by aid of the swift-winged telegram to the bedside of his aged sire so that no man knew whither that great speech tended. This seems a pity, for, though this earnest young gentleman is not very "convincing," his actions are better worth following than those of his youthful bride who, in spite of the alleged combination in her of "youthful merriment and saintlike seriousness" is surely too trivial and self-centred a character for her important share in the action. We can forgive her for not wanting to live in Kennington, but her jealousy of Miss Motherwell, her weakness for Captain Dunster's "gleaming smile," and her sometimes rather fatuous conversation incline us to dislike her. The political scenes in the House and out of it are the best things in the book, but, if Bill Loder is representative of Leading Labour, the part might afford a possible opening to any one who ever studied the demeanour of those beautiful heroes of the old Adelphi melodrama in their milder moments. By the way, the "timbers" of a modern liner could hardly be heard to "creak" in a storm; "larboard" is, we believe, an obsolete term; and the man who could fail to recognise his wife's figure across the deck in broad daylight must be badly in need of glasses.

*The Lady of the Well.* By ELEANOR ALEXANDER. (Arnold, 6s.)

THIS is the story of Bernart the troubadour, and his horse Baiart, who lived in Italy at the beginning of the thirteenth century, in the days of Guelf and Ghibelline. It is a pretty story, gracefully written, as such a story should be; but a little nebulous, as is the troubadour himself. The very name of Sordello would seem to shed a cloud of obscurity. But the book conjures up a faint aroma of the past, fragrant as the scent of a verbena leaf crumbling in some secret drawer, and we found that aroma very delicate and pleasant. There is no vivid picture of the past; none, we feel, is attempted. The magic of great names is used to foster the illusion of fancies that are charming, and of conceits of love and ladies that are very pleasant to dwell upon for a little: history makes a fine background for the charm of unreality. Such charm we felt when the troubadour, longing to love, sees a lovely lady's face reflected in the waters of the well into which he is gazing, and obeys the lady's behest not to turn and see her actually. That incident is typical of the book's fancies, which are prettily conceived and prettily told.

*Beyond the Rocks.* By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth, 6s.)

"THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH," apart from its impropriety which was not fully realised by the innocent British public, was full of wit, a book to remember. Since then, Mrs. Glyn has done nothing that counts, and her latest story convinces us that she belongs to the large class of "one-book" writers. Theodora Fitzgerald, a lovely child of good birth, is married up by her needy Irish father to wealthy Mr. Josiah Brown, middle-aged and of the middle

class. The *tertium quid* is Lord Bracondale, a most killing person. Mrs. Glyn has been reading Ouida:

She looked at him. His long, lithe limbs stretched out, every line indicative of breeding and strength. She noted the shape of his head, the perfect grooming, his lazy, insolent grace, his whimsical smile. Englishmen of this class were certainly the most provokingly beautiful creatures in the world.

A girl who regards this beauty as her own property plays a trick with a couple of letters which has the ultimate effect, highly convenient to the lovers, of sending Mr. Brown to the tomb, and so all ends well. This story is set in the midst of scenes from life in "smart" society which should delight the admirers of "Rita" and Miss Marie Corelli, but at which the less unsophisticated will shrug their shoulders. It is true that most people could put real names to some of the characters—to Lady Harrowfield, for instance, the painted, insolent old woman whose "path was strewn with lovers," and who, "report said, still had her lapses"; or to Lady Mildred Verner, whose "puny husband was helped to something in South Africa, when the man in possession was a Jew—or as agent for tea and jam in the Colonies—when he happened to be only a colossally successful Englishman." Nevertheless, Mrs. Glyn's picture of the unscrupulous, sensual, bridge-playing set would give a ludicrously false impression, both of that set and of English society in general, to any reader who was unable to correct it by his own observation. Nor is Mrs. Glyn much happier with more reputable people. The best character in a poor book is quite a minor one, a Colonel Lowerby, commonly called The Crow, the very type of gruff, sententious, honest old mentor who is a source of comfort to charming ladies.

*The Grey Domino.* By Mrs. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (Nash, 6s.)

Mrs. DE CRESPIGNY has followed pretty closely Mr. Stanley Weyman's invaluable French recipe for the cooking of a historical novel. Take one invincible swordsman of distinguished parentage, great height and broad shoulders (Roland de Pontrevaix, alias the Grey Domino) for the hero, and one noble, beautiful and scornful young lady (Verrine de Chaumont) for the heroine, and throw them both into the pot of Fate at a masked ball. Here let him mistake her for another lady and send her to a ruined barn on an errand of mercy to a fugitive, one St. Ollier, the mildest of villains. Let St. Ollier fly, leaving the heroine to make her escape unaided, only to find the hero waiting outside. Place the heroine, as the result of her escape, against her will, in a convent; let the hero discover her there, and when she fears the veil let him secretly marry her. Separate them at once, and put the hero in Paris. Then gradually bring the heroine to him under the escort of the other suitor for her hand, M. de Sillonais. Let her see her husband acting as jester to the king, a part he has only assumed for political purposes. Bring the hero and heroine together, and add to the ingredients of the pot the indispensable misunderstanding. Again separate the couple, before there has been time to clear, and plunge the hero into a series of mild adventures, much against his will, with another lady. Add jealousy on the part of Verrine; more threats of the convent on the part of her uncle and guardian, who has designs upon her fortune; another flight with de Sillonais: a halt at an inn on de Pontrevaix's territory; a revulsion of feeling on Madame's part towards her husband and the chivalrous departure of de Sillonais. At this point throw in the hero, clear and serve as a historical novel of the time of Henry of Navarre. The result is pleasant reading for an idle hour, but Mrs. de Crespigny can do better things. She has an eye for nature, a pretty invention and a sense of humour, and she avoids melodrama, at times with flat results. But we are not sure of some of her facts. Did any convent of the period breakfast so late as 8.30, or any young lady then living think 7 o'clock an unconscionable hour for rising? We are open to correction, but we have our doubts.

*A Young Man from the Country.* By Madame ALBANESI. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

WHEN a young man settles down in a country village, devotes himself to three small children and offers no explanation as to whether he is a bachelor, or married and under some domestic cloud, or a widower, he supplies abundant food for uncharitable gossip. This is the chief mystery of Madame Albanesi's new story, which otherwise pursues a more uneventful course than readers are accustomed to look for in this popular author's books. A second mystery that is never solved is, why a thoroughly good fellow, of average sensibility and a high sense of honour, like Sir Francis Heatherington, should obstinately continue to adore Sheila Prentice in the face of many proofs of her unworthiness, those, moreover, of a kind particularly repugnant to the masculine mind. The author's enthusiastic comment upon Sheila's physical perfection does not compensate us for her monotonous unamiability, her sneers and flouts at all who form her little world. That she should satisfy her ambitions by marrying Mr. Icariot is a climax with which readers are not inclined to quarrel, for their boredom through his ill temper will at last be avenged. Patricia, Sheila's merry, winning sister, rebels against their mother's despotic rule in a youthful, harmless fashion that is but surface deep; her heart is never in it. Her impatience is free from the bitterness and hatred that characterise Sheila's attitude towards the dear, old-fashioned Mrs. Prentice, who failed to secure the proper environment for the development of her daughters' social gifts. The situation is possible; in life it might excite some measure of sympathy, but in fiction not even Madame Albanesi's art can make the subject interesting. Once the line between suggestion and discussion is crossed, the ugly side of such antagonisms becomes disagreeably prominent. Though "The Young Man from the Country" is less attractive than some other stories from the same pen, it possesses many of the qualities that made previous books successful. The characters are distinct and firmly drawn, and act consistently according to their kind. Lady Amelia Heatherington, in particular, with no charm of person, or of mind, yet stands out boldly as an example of the author's skill in portraiture. As literature the book is the best that Madame Albanesi has produced; the story is well planned and carefully carried out, and the style is smooth and graceful.

## FINE ART

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY—II

"A MAN'S hand or head does not last more than twenty-five years," said Landseer, "and therefore the time arrives in one's career when the fewer pictures he sends the better." Without necessarily endorsing the first half of this dogmatic utterance, it may be conceded that the advice given in the second is eminently sound. "Truth never fails, nor Beauty waxes old," runs the motto on this year's Academy catalogue; but not even the immortals of Burlington House have the gift of eternal youth, and increase of years is not always accompanied by increase of artistic power. David Cox, it is true, was an incomparably greater artist at sixty-five than at forty; but the late development of his genius was exceptional, and, as a rule, the middle period of a painter is his best.

Inquiry into the birth-dates of our Academicians may not be deemed impertinent in view of Landseer's opinions. Out of thirty painters who have attained full membership we find at least one is over eighty, eight have passed their seventieth, six their sixtieth birthday; that is to say, fifteen in all—exactly fifty per cent.—have exceeded that age at which they would have had to retire from most civil services. To lay too much stress on these figures might be unwise, for two of the seniors among the fifteen,

Mr. Sant and Mr. Orchardson, are assuredly not the least successful of this year's exhibitors. But apart from its influence on his own work, the longevity of an Academician is no unmixed blessing to the institution to which he belongs. Since its numbers are severely limited, the strength of the Academy can only be recruited, short of death, by the retirement of the older members. Why these should be so unwilling to retire it is difficult to guess. A retired Academician or Associate is not debarred from showing his work at Burlington House, and nobody would think less of the exhibits, say, of Messrs. Davis, Hook, Leader, Leslie, Sant and Marcus Stone did they follow the commendable precedent set by the late G. F. Watts and Mr. Frith. Sir George Reid—whose *Bishop of Salisbury*, by the way, is one of the best portraits of men to be seen in the Academy—was a much younger man than Sir E. J. Poynter is now when he gracefully resigned the presidency of the Scottish Academy in favour of Sir James Guthrie. And it is no unkindly comment on Sir George's own presidency to say that his self-effacing action and example have resulted in augmenting the artistic strength and prestige of the northern institution.

Retirement, it is well to remember, does not deprive an Academician of any titular distinction or of the right to exhibit. But it does restrain him from having a voice in the decision as to who shall be elected Academician or Associate, what works shall be admitted to the summer exhibition, and possibly what works shall be purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. These are matters which might better be left to the decision of men under than over sixty. There are painters—Camille Pissarro was one, the late Mr. Brabazon another—who remain students to the end of their days, who are always to be found in the *dernier bateau*. But these are rareties, and the average elderly Academician is neither in touch nor in sympathy with the younger generation of artists. He is as distrustful of new ideas as of new methods, and with difficulty becomes reconciled to either in a third of a century. And by that time his vitality has ebbed, so that in Academy exhibitions and in the Chantrey collection we see the work not of the leaders but of the rag, tag and bobtail of modern movements. As his age advances, the Academician has less reverence for the young, holds with greater conviction that "blood is thicker than water." He has a pathetic faith in the heredity of genius, and will visit on the sons the rewards withheld from the fathers. Mr. C. R. Leslie was an Academician for nearly as many years as his son, Mr. G. D. Leslie, has been, but the fathers of Sir William Richmond and Mr. Marcus Stone remained Associates to the end. At present Mr. Cope is only an Associate also, but, since his father was a full Academician, he need not despair of eventual promotion.

The weakness of the Royal Academy is nowhere more clearly revealed than in the Water-colour Room, the contents whereof are uniformly undistinguished, showing neither acceptance of the new tradition nor maintenance of the old. Profoundly speaking, there is no line of demarcation between the two, for the new has been gradually evolved from the old, and the descent of Brabazon and Melville could be traced through Bonington and Turner to Girtin and De Wint. Between the delicately stained drawings of the last two and the suggestively massed colour-blobs of the first there is, none the less, a divergence of technique sufficiently marked to justify separate classification. Of the living artists in water-colour who lean more towards the older method than the new, the most brilliant exponent is Mr. P. Wilson Steer, and after him Mr. A. W. Rich, the veteran Mr. Callow, and that surprising newcomer, Mr. Neville Lytton. None of these is represented at the Royal Academy. The recent deaths of Mr. Brabazon and Mr. Arthur Melville leave the new tradition momentarily without a chief, but certain of their disciples, Mr. R. Gwelo Goodman, Mr. Arthur Buntington, and others, are admitted to Bur-

lington House, not as aquarellists, but as oil-painters. Messrs. Aumonier, James Paterson, and R. W. Allan, who have achieved success, if not greatness, in water-colour, must also be sought at the Academy among the oils. That brilliant flower-painter, Mr. Francis E. James, and Mr. Henry Tonks are, of course, wholly unrepresented, and we feel their absence from the Water-colour Room as acutely as we feel that of Mr. John from the Black-and-White, of Mr. Orpen from the portraits. Even the talent within the Academic circle is latent this year, for Mr. Lionel P. Smythe does not exhibit, Mr. Brangwyn and Mr. Sargent send only oils.

This section, then, being much more remarkable for what it omits than for what it includes, calls for little further comment. Mr. Charles J. Watson's freshly handled *Marché au Blé, Neufchâtel-en-Bray* (899), and Mr. Hans Hansen's *Interior: Norwegian Café* (931)—in which an adroit use is made of the brown paper ground—show a proper sense of the possibilities and limitations of the material. Mr. Walter Bayes and Mr. John D. Walker, neither lacking in ability, are not seen at their best in *The Enchanted Wood* (945) and *Street in Assisi* (1041), while Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray, though on the right road as regards his laying on of colour-washes, was sadly in need of a plumb-line when he erected *The Rathhaus Doorway, Rothenburg* (1018). Here and there may be found a few more drawings which give pleasure: Mr. Arthur Rackham's whimsical *The Magic Carpet* (995), Mr. A. E. Howarth's *Ruins of Christianborg Castle, Denmark*, for example; but, generally speaking, the room has a depressing effect, the exhibitors showing neither understanding of nor respect for their medium. The common ambition to make water-colour do the work of oil is glaringly displayed in Mr. Byam Shaw's *Maud, Daughter of His Honour Judge Tindal Atkinson* (960), a gross performance, which, like Browning's sunflower, loses its true graces for the sake of being "a foolish mimic sun." Even the President is not guiltless in this respect, for his *Belinda* (882) is treated in so oily a manner that it suggests nothing so much as a diluted Alfred Stevens.

The empty quadrangle of Burlington House hints alike at our sculptors' lack of enterprise and our public neglect of their art. It must be close on five centuries now since the nation perceived any relation between the arts of sculpture and architecture. In sacrilegious France the antiquated fashion of decorating edifices with graven images still prevails, but in this more righteous land the third commandment is less wantonly broken, and the British sculptor finds his scanty employment in making busts of the living or erecting monuments to the dead. Perhaps it is this pre-occupation with the graveyard which exhausts the vitality of his attempted renderings of life, and but for his residence in a foreign clime even Mr. Alfred Gilbert might be unable to endow his bust of *Francis Petrus Paulus, Pictor* (1737), with the divine spark. Certainly beside this tempestuous head and heaving breast all other busts seem tame and dead. Mr. Frampton's "posthumous bust" of *G. F. Watts, R.A.* (1671), is able enough superficially, but shows us no living personality, only an expressionless death-mask, uninspired and uninspiring. Mr. Colton's carefully chiselled Maharajahs (1659, 1765) are able, too, in workmanship, but they are scarcely more satisfying, if less commonplace, than Mr. Thornycroft's *Dr. Mandell Creighton* (1654) or Mr. Brock's *Thomas Gainsborough* (1795). A certain dignity of line cannot be denied to Sir W. B. Richmond's recumbent *Memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone* (1793). But it shows little originality of invention save in the figure of an angel at the head, whose curving, outspread wings are incongruously suggestive of a baby's cradle. Mr. Swan's group of *Polar Bears* (1798), in silver and crystal on a lapis-lazuli base, is a pretty toy for a drawing-room, scarcely more.

Fortunately for its own exhibitions, the Academy is less neglectful of talented outsiders in sculpture than in painting. Mr. Derwent Wood, Mr. Gilbert Bayes, Professor Lanteri, Mr. Basil Gotto, Mr. John Tweed—with a medallion of



Rodin—and Mr. Bertram Mackennal are all efficiently represented, and their contributions raise the standard of this section. The bronze group *Madonna and the Child Christ* (1792) of the last deserves high praise, for it is beautiful in its expressive modelling and simple, natural pose. Entirely modern in conception and treatment, Mr. Mackennal's group is an expression of the spirit of his age, and not a dateless echo of the antique, like Sir C. B. Lawes-Wittewronge's *Death of Dirce* (1639), to which no Greek quotation in the catalogue can give Hellenic grace and symmetry.

### PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS

So often has the cry of "Wolf" been raised at the supposed advent of photography in colours, that we are disposed to regard lightly the announcement that it has really come at last. Yet, although to those who had dreamt of a simple operation producing the enchanting result seen upon the focusing-screen under the photographer's pall, the combination of three carbon films may seem a backstairs way of arrival, we cannot but regard the present method as truly scientific and theoretically sound. A studio, and reception rooms handsomely appointed, have been opened at the corner of Old Bond Street and Piccadilly, where it is claimed that sitters may obtain photographs of themselves in natural colours. Thus the thing receives publicity as a fact accomplished; and wealthy lovers of novelty will, no doubt, offer a wide patronage. The specimens that adorn the walls are of great interest, particularly those that are reproductions of paintings. In the portraits and other records from "life," we admit the fascination of the colour; but demur a little to the term "natural" in its strictest sense.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: A camera is employed which admits of three rapid exposures made in turn through blue, green and red "filters." These filters, cutting off certain colour rays from the subject photographed, give respectively a record of the yellow, pink and blue rays of the subject. From negatives of these records, prints are made upon thin films of pigment in gelatine. The pigment is, of course, as near to the tint of the original colour rays as can be obtained, and the result is three transparent pictures of all that is yellow or pink or blue in the original. Superimposed, they give the complete result. The precise hue of these films is the crux of the matter. The theory seems sound enough. But the whole thing is in babyhood. Its growth and development will be watched with interest by both artistic and scientific circles.

## MUSIC

### THE CONCERT SEASON

THE concert season rages, which means that, besides the few notable concerts which everybody knows about and everybody who is anybody (in the world of music) goes to, at all the smaller London concert-halls, afternoon and evening, there is a seemingly endless succession of private concerts given. Fiddlers are busy with their Max Bruch and Wieniawski Concertos; pianists thunder forth their Liszt or melt to tears over Chopin; singers charm their hearers with, at best, Schubert, at worst—perhaps it is better not to say what is a singer's worst. Any one whose lot it is to rush hither and thither to these concerts must be struck by two things, the quantity of talent of a high level, which is, so to speak, current at the present time, and, secondly, a feeling that in it all there is a certain misdirection of energy. Take for instance the fiddlers, who at present seem to be more plentiful than the pianists; a fine technical equipment must of course be taken for granted—nowadays no less is tolerated upon the concert platform—but of individuality, of free and unconventional artistic thought, there seems to be a dearth. I have mentioned Max Bruch as typical of the violinist's programme; I

might go further and say that he is typical of the violinist's aim. His Concerto in G Minor may be fairly analysed into brilliant passages, of which the best that can be said is that they exactly suit the genius of the instrument, and certain others of a wandering and vague emotion, which appear to mean something very serious to both composer and performer, though what, the hearer has some difficulty in finding out. This is true of the Vorspiel and the Adagio. The fine rhythm of the last movement, akin to the last movement of the great concerto by Brahms, awakens the work into life and definiteness, but it comes too late to save the concerto as a whole. Yet probably there are few works which have been so often heard in London during the past few weeks. Its popularity with performers must surely argue some lack of musical insight, a certain carelessness as to what they talk about so long as they do talk. It is not to be classed with the gimcrack parlour-tricks of the Wieniawski school; the reason why they are played is not difficult to guess, but this purports to be serious music and is both serious and dull. So, when it appears constantly side by side with the really great things of violin literature, the suspicious critic begins to doubt whether it is wholly a perception of the greatness of the Bach Chaconne and the Beethoven Romance in G which accounts for their frequent appearance, or whether all are not dictated by the same fashion which decrees that we shall be over-fed with music for two months in the year while we are left to perish with hunger during the remainder. Certain it is that mere thoughtless convention dictates at least two-thirds of the concert programmes and accounts for the fact that, in spite of the narrow range of works performed, a large proportion of current concert music might never be heard again without any appreciable loss to the art.

We constantly need a corrective to taste, to be made to listen to the simple grace of primitive melodies, the pure beauty of fundamental harmonies stripped of the complex adornment which the best of modern music uses, if we are to keep our faculties unimpaired in this respect. Something of this kind is the particular usefulness of concerts such as that given by the Folksong Quartet at Æolian Hall not long since. They are a quartet of excellent singers, whose special business it is to sing four-part arrangements of old folk-tunes, and very delightful and refreshing they are to hear. When a concert begins with such old tunes as "Early one Morning" and "The Meeting of the Waters," sung unaccompanied, with freedom of rhythm and complete unanimity of expression, we are at once taken out of the stuffy concert-room atmosphere and transported into fresh air with the scent of spring in it. Tune followed upon tune; in fact, it was a whole concert of tunes. Most interesting, in the sense of being furthest from our ken, was a set of Russian tunes cleverly arranged by Mr. Percy Godfrey, but the two German, "Vergebens," and "Trutze nicht," arranged by Max Reger, and the well-known Scotch, Welsh and English tunes which ended the programme, were not less fresh and spontaneous. Perhaps the best thing that can be said about Dr. Walford Davies's "Eight Nursery Rhymes," the only vocal music included in the programme that had not its origin in folk-song, is that each little number, full of fun and grace as it is, has something of the childlike character which all the old tunes possess. "Willie Winkie," "Thomas and Annis" and "The White Paternoster" might be the original tunes to the old words, so closely do they fit, while "The Hunting of the Snail" and "If all the Seas were one Sea" only betray their modern origin by being too graphic for old-time music. In Mr. Percy Godfrey's "Humoresken" for wind instruments and piano there are a good many passages of the dull made-music, at which I began by grumbling. But in the last number, called "Burletta," there is a dainty rhythm, broken by little bravura passages for the flute, which has genuine charm. Still, it must be confessed that his work did not so well stand the severe test of close proximity to the folk-tunes.

Listening to such a concert as this, we feel that folk-song might do for modern audiences some such work as it has done for composers in the past. When the limbs of the sonata were fully formed, folk-song in the works of Haydn stepped in to infuse it with living beauty and to differentiate once for all between the purely formal constructions of the theorists and the real art of music. Brought into the modern concert room, it can do something as a healthy corrective to the taste of the listener, clamorously assailed on all sides by unworthy claimants. Only good music can really last, so only the best of the old tunes have come down to us. Judged by their standard, that which is merely ostentatious in modern music will soon betray itself, while what has been added by the real progress of the art remains. But apart from this point of view the Folk-song Quartet is to be valued as a set of singers who have left the beaten track to find their own *métier* and to follow it consistently. In this they are by no means alone, but so many who give concerts of the conventional type have evidently not yet begun to seek for what they individually can do best, that it is worth while to point out those who have.

Amongst instances of concerts stamped by the individuality of the concert-giver must be named the series of violoncello recitals now being given by Mr. Boris Hambourg. These "historical" recitals are designed to cover the whole range of literature for the violoncello, and are therefore instructive as well as musically fine performances. Historical concerts, however, have too often been the refuge for the incompetent, and it is rather in spite of the history than because of it that I cite these as notable performances. To make a list would be only to do injustice to some by omission; it is easier to say that those who strike out a line of their own are comparatively few in number. Let singers give up singing songs because others have made a success with them, and let fiddlers look a little deeper into the rich stores of literature which belong to them, before they make up their programmes, and their concerts would attain the added interest of personal expression.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. HEINEMANN announces a new edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen, edited and chiefly translated by Mr. William Archer. As Mr. Heinemann holds the copyright of all Ibsen's plays, this will be the only complete edition that has so far been issued. The first volume will be ready early in June, and the series will be completed in monthly issues—eleven volumes in all.

Messrs. Methuen will publish shortly, in their series of Antiquary's Books a volume on "Seals," by J. Harvey Bloom. This manual traces the evolution of the seal in England in a series of sections. The principal of these deal with seals of the sovereign and those of royal courts; the seals of archbishops; courts ecclesiastical; those of the peers of the realm, and ladies of rank; seals of the bishops and clergy; those of county families, knights, and squires. The second main division covers seals of corporations, monastic houses, Universities, trading guilds, etc.—Messrs. Methuen have also in the press a new edition of Viscount St. Cyres's "Fénelon" in the Oxford Biographies and the first volume of Ben Jonson's works in the Standard Library.

Mr. John Lane announces the early publication of an English translation of Sienkiewicz's new novel, "The Field of Glory."

We understand that Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons will issue during the present month the complete works of Shakespeare in their New Century Library, India Paper Series.

On May 26, Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith will publish a new book by "Q" entitled "From a Cornish Window." It contains a series of essays, criticisms and poems, a large portion of which have never before been published.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish next week a book by Mr. Lionel Decle, called "The New Russia." Mr. Decle is a distinguished traveller; he undertook one of the most remarkable journeys in South Africa ever successfully carried through, an account of which he published in his well-known volume "Three Years in Savage Africa." He was the first traveller to cross Africa from the Cape to the Nile, and also from the Cape to Cairo. The present volume is the result of a journey to Russia in the early part of this year, and presents a different point of view from that to which most Englishmen are accustomed.

On May 28 Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish Luigi Villari's new book, "Fire and Sword in the Caucasus." Mr. Villari spent many months in visiting every important political centre in the Caucasus and inquiring into the general conditions of the country; and the book gives a striking picture of the great Russian Colony during what is perhaps the most critical period of its history.—Mr. Unwin is also publishing a new edition of Major Martin Hume's "Modern Spain."

Mr. Elkin Mathews has a third edition of the late Dr. Richard Garnett's "De Flagello Myrteo" in the press, the second edition being already exhausted.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### THE WORD "ADOBE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not think this is derived from Latin, as Mr. Hall suggests. Dozy with far greater probability takes it from the Arabic name for a brick, *tob*, with the prefixed article *at-tob*, hence *adobe*, which like so many other Spanish words is a relic of the Moorish rule in Spain. The Arabic article is properly *al*, but is regularly assimilated to a following dental consonant, hence we find in English and other European languages such loan-words as *adobe*, *assegat*, *atabal*, *athanor*, *azimuth*, where the initial syllables *ad*, *as*, *at*, *ath*, *az*, all represent the definite article.

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

May 19.

#### THE WORD "BADGER"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Our great authorities are at issue hereon; Dr. Murray traces "badger" an ensign, to its extension the Badger—which seems like "the cart before the horse"; Professor Skeat boldly proclaims the origin of both words "unknown." The whole subject may be dealt with under three heads, viz., (1) The dealer; (2) the animal; (3) the badge or sign.

(1) is due directly to the Latin *aufero*, to deprive, plunder, rob; so the late Latin "bladum" put for *ablutum* minus the initial "a"; and *bladarius* a corn-merchant; this is held to have produced "bladger" the primitive form of badger. The corn-badger was a regrater or buckster, one who bought in bulk and retailed at famine prices; thus Fr. *blereau*, *blaireau* or corn-thief; and we have the dialectical "bladier" (old law term) "an ingrosser of corn and grain;" and *bladarius*, law-latin, a corn chandler or mealman. This seems to authenticate the lost "l" in *bladger*.

(2) The animal is properly the "brock," and called Celtic; taking from Jamieson, as used by Burns, we have, Irish *breach* speckled, Gaelic *broc*, a badger, *brocach*, greyish like a Badger; Welsh *brych*, a freckle; Scottish *broched*, mixture of black and white; a *brookit* cow has black streaks, mingled with white in the face. Here is the blaze or white mark, that counts as a supposed "badge," found in the badger's head.

(3) The badge itself, is traced to a late Latin *bagia*, *bagea*, a sign; this form is found in Dutch, *bag*, *bagge*, jewel, seal-ring [generally with an engraved signet]; French *bague* a ring; Latin *bacca*, A. S. *beag*, "a coronet (?).

A. HALL.

May 18.

#### THE TOWNSMAN'S COUNTRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The "townee" view of the country can never be dreary, as last week's reviewer on Mr. Hueffer's book stated, at least to the countryman who loves a quiet laugh. It is often every whit as crude, unreal, and ridiculous as the rustic's vision of the town. For streets paved with gold read roads laid with white *kamptulicon*, bordered by meadows covered with three pile *Axminster*. Add skies in which the sun can be switched on like the electric light and clouds as

uch under control as the bathroom cistern. This set-fair theory is occasionally contradicted by deluges on Bank-holidays and at times the country side looks over-watered, but speaking generally the fine weather picnic idea lies at the bottom of the Cockney's impression of Arcady. Of course, when he come to settle in the country, his beanfeast ideas sustain a rude shock. Like the old lady from the slums who refused to sit out of doors, he finds there are too many draughts. He discovers to his disgust that the farm yard midden is not infrequently an ingredient of the atmosphere, if not an integral part of the landscape. And his kamptulicon roads, especially if there are motors about, stand sadly in need of sweeping and watering. Nature after the rain may be beautiful enough, but the five months of winter that she takes to dress in make the time of waiting for her appear unconscionably long, even to her most devoted gallants. The cockney takes nature or he takes the thousand products of the earth that are piled up in his markets, without thinking of the toil and labour that have been expended to bring them to his door. She is a toy, a passing fancy, a fleeting conquest. He has not lived with her, suffered with her, wooed her and won her as the despised rustic.

C. B.

### "CHURCH-GOING BELL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have always thought that Cowper's line in his poem on Alexander Selkirk—

"The sound of the church-going bell" was a very beautiful one. It gave me therefore rather a shock to find the phrase "the church-going bell" held up to reprobation by one of your correspondents. I think his objection to the phrase arises from a pardonable misconception. He thinks of the phrases "a house-going clergy" and "a church-going people," and imagines that "the church-going bell" can only mean the bell that goes to church. The fact is that in the former case "church-going" is an adjective, whereas in Cowper's line the word is a verbal substantive, so that "the church-going bell" means the bell connected with "church-going," precisely as a "church-bell" means a bell connected with a church. The phrase as used by Cowper is perfectly good idiomatic English.

A. L. MAYHEW.

### "UNIQUE" AND "PERFECT"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your issue of Saturday May 19 has the following :

"'Unique' to us means 'the only one in the world'; we have never . . . allowed it to be used in these columns for 'good,' 'exceptional,' or 'unusual'; while as to 'rather unique,' or 'almost unique,' not even those pampered persons, the writers of signed Causeries, have been spared correction when they have committed those offences. . . .

"'Perfect' to us has always meant perfect. A thing can no more be 'almost perfect' than it can be 'almost infinite.'"

With deference to the high authority of the ACADEMY, I submit that "almost unique" and "almost perfect" are permissible phrases. It is, of course, granted that there cannot be degrees of uniqueness and perfection, and for this reason "rather unique" is indefensible, but is it clear that things which fall short of those states by a little cannot be called "almost unique" and "almost perfect"? "Almost infinite" is absurd, because, as no limit can be set to infinity, we cannot say how nearly anything approaches it; but this argument does not apply to uniqueness and perfection, which denote definite qualities or states, and, although things cannot possess these in greater or smaller degree, they may fall short of possessing them by much or by little, and if by little may we not call them "almost unique" and "almost perfect"?

T. M. VERNON.

May 19.

### INDEXES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I ask you to permit me to support your protest against slovenly compiled indexes. In your review of Canon Ainger's life you state that "the index is one of the worst we have ever met in a book of this kind." How far your statement is correct I have not the means of verifying at the present moment, but the index you refer to must be very bad if it is worse than the index to the recently issued biography of Lord Randolph Churchill. For instance, in this latter index there is no entry under Churchill. The references to the subject of the book must be looked for under "Randolph," and to the author under "Winston." If any man referred to in the work did not possess a title at the date the reference deals with, his Christian name, in almost all cases, has been ignored. The absurdity of this proceeding is shown in the case of Sir John Gorst, where the majority of references are to "Mr." Gorst, and a separate entry is made for a single reference to Sir John Gorst. I may also add that the bad workmanship of this piece of indexing includes omissions. The indexer has "selected" what he thought should be indexed, and thereby diminished the usefulness of both the book and the index, even if what he had selected had been treated properly. My experience as a Librarian assures me that this biography will be frequently referred to and that the need for a good index is imperative. Permit me to suggest to Mr. Winston

Churchill that he should have a new index compiled for the next edition of the work, and that copies of the new index should be obtainable by all Libraries having copies of the earlier issues of the biography.

GEO. T. SHAW.

The Athenæum, Liverpool.

May 21.

### PREPOSITIONS AT THE END OF SENTENCES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—E.g. vide Tennyson's "Simeon Stylites," 196.

"Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say."

Had the line run—

"To which but few can reach—I do not say"

offence were given by the repetition of the word "to" in the previous line.

Can this be the explanation, or is it a Swiftianism?

F. G. F.

May 16.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The subject is not to be dismissed as summarily as your correspondent, Mr. Buckler, supposes. Experience of composition leaves no doubt in a writer's mind that the only way to prevent confusion in the sense of the text arising from the parenthesis of subordinate sentences in a principal sentence containing a preposition governing a relative pronoun is to make it an invariable rule not to separate the preposition from its object. I do not know who it was that first said "Easy writing makes hard reading" but of course he meant that careless writing makes hard reading; and it is undoubtedly true. What trouble it would occasion the reader if writers, especially those not averse from long periods (which by the way, are necessary to the conduct of all complex arguments), were to place the preposition last in a sentence! His eye would have to re-traverse perhaps scores of intermediary words before lighting upon the relative pronoun that serves to complete the sense; and this would not be smooth reading. A convenient test of the purity of a piece of English is effected by parsing it, and no fragment could satisfactorily survive this test if the existence of a preposition could not be accounted for without reverting to a relative pronoun situate several lines further back from which, by some strange convulsion of the text, it had become detached. Foresight places the preposition before the relative pronoun, for by so doing one is not deterred from introducing as long a parenthesis into one's sentence as is requisite by any consideration affecting the relation of a preposition with its object. If in the early pages of a work one comes across so great a solecism as that of separating the preposition from its object one may take it for granted that the book is freely strewn with grammatical blunders: in that case it should be laid aside at once as one is not justified in placing any confidence in the clearness of a mind that has no sense of arrangement in the expression of ideas. And this is not a question of construction alone. Of good prose as of good poetry, rhythm is a characteristic. One has but to hear read aloud a sentence concluded by a preposition, and the ear is offended at once.

The advice not to "talk like a book" is a result of the fallacy that to do so involves some loss of naturalness. As a matter of fact for a reader deliberately to deprive his diction of the influence of his reading (assuming that to be possible) would be to act in an artificial manner. Reading more than any other act of the outer life except that of public worship witnesses to the existence of the inner life. It follows that when one "talks like a book" one is expressing something of the hidden inner life, and that is the more real and natural life of the two.

Besides, the conditions of *viva voce* composition being what they are there is no danger of talking too like a book. The grave and judicial tone of the latter is always modified and relieved in the language of conversation. To circulate the essence of one's thought and reading in the most irresistibly fresh and undidactic forms one can devise; to catch the latent worth of some undeveloped thought which has been diffidently offered by one of the company and to pass it on to the rest in a reply that interprets, develops, idealises it; to fill the social atmosphere with the figments of a "most exquisite fancy," with the playful eccentricities of a "light fantastic" tongue; to do all this in observance of a tacit compact which the company has formed to maintain the "sparkle" of conversation by a real wit untainted by any shadow of ill-will—these are at once the true aims and privileges of the conversationalist. And he knows that it is to his love of reading that he owes the capacity of carrying out these aims.

LINDSAY S. GARRETT.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### ARCHÆOLOGY.

Pope, Alfred. *The Old Stone Crosses of Dorset*. With an introduction and descriptive articles. Illustrated with numerous plates and a key-map of the county. 8½ x 7½. Pp. xiv, 142. London: Chiswick Press; Dorchester, Ling, 15s. net. [35 good plates.]

## ART.

- Vinycumb, John. *Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art*, with special reference to those used in British Heraldry. Illustrated. 9×6½. Pp. xvi, 276. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
- [Mr. Vinycumb regards these creatures not only from the standpoint of art but of interpretation. Each, he believes, is a symbol, and he has tried to interpret each and give the reason for its appearance.]
- Rembrandt: *A Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part VI. 14½×10½. Pp. 6, with 7 plates. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.
- [The three Schmidt plates in this Part are "The Three Trees" etching; the black chalk "Study of an Elephant" (British Museum), and "The Raising of Lazarus" etching. The photogravures are "The Man in a Golden Helmet" (Berlin); "Samson's Marriage Feast" (Dresden); "Portrait of Titus van Rijn" (Wallace Museum); and "Portrait of Hendrickje Stoffels" (Berlin).]
- Lang, Andrew. *Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart*. 10½×6½. Pp. xiii, 107. Glasgow: MacLehose, 8s. 6d. net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Clifford, Hugh. *Heroes of Exile*. Being certain rescued fragments of submerged romance. 7½×5½. Pp. xiii, 320. Smith, Elder, 6s.
- [Nine short romantic biographical studies of what Mr. Clifford calls the ligan of history—forgotten men who in their day had some connection with, or influence on history, e.g., Lopez, the first exile in St. Helena, Sonnet Pasha, King of Siam, George Ross, who settled on Cocos Keeling Islands, etc.]
- Carpenter, Edward. *Days with Walt Whitman*. With some Notes on his Life and Work. 7½×5½. Pp. viii, 187. Allen, 5s. net.
- [Mr. Carpenter visited Whitman at Camden in 1877 and again in 1884, and records his conversations and impressions. The volume includes also papers on Whitman as Prophet (with an Appendix comparing some of Whitman's sayings with those in the eastern and other scriptures); the Poetic Form of "Leaves of Grass"; Whitman's Children; and Whitman and Emerson. Two portraits of Whitman and one of Emerson.]
- Burrage, Champlin. *The True Story of Robert Browne (1550?-1633), Father of Congregationalism*. Including various points hitherto unknown or misunderstood, with some account of the development of his religious views, and an extended and improved list of his writings. 9×5½. Pp. 75. Oxford: Printed by Horace Hart at the University Press, 2s. 6d. net.
- Mackintosh, Alexander. *Joseph Chamberlain: an honest biography*. 9½×6½. Pp. xvi, 462. Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. (See p. 493.)
- Thorpe, T. E. *Joseph Priestley*. 7½×5. Pp. viii, 228. English Men of Science. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Founded so far as possible on Priestley's autobiography. Illustrations. Index.]
- Carroll, John S. *Dante Alighieri*. Lewin, Walter. *Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Little Books for Bookmen series. Illustrated. 5½×4½. Hodder & Stoughton, 6d. net. each.

## CLASSICS.

- Plato. *The Euthyphro, Apology, and Crito*. With introduction, translations and notes, by F. M. Stawell. The Temple Greek and Latin Classics. 7×4½. Pp. 165. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
- Propertius. Translated by J. S. Phillimore. 7½×5. Pp. xii, 183. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Intended both for those who have no Latin and those who wish to study Propertius in the original. Preface.]

## EDUCATION.

- La Révolution Française*. Edited by D. L. Savory. Short French Readers. 6½×4½. Pp. 63. Dent, 6d. net.
- Fables de La Fontaine*. Avec notes, exercices et leçons de vérification par Thomas Keen. Modern Language series. 6½×4½. Pp. 177. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
- The Simpler Poems of William Wordsworth*. Edited with introduction and notes, by Edward Hutton. 6½×4. Pp. 47. Dent, 3d. net.
- Hooton, W. M. *Junior Experimental Science*. The School Junior series. 7×5. Pp. 260. University Tutorial Press, 2s. 6d.
- Rippman's Picture Vocabulary*. German: First series. Modern Language series. 5½×7½. Pp. 32. Dent, 6d. net.
- Board of Education. Special Reports on Educational Subjects. Vol. 16. *School Training for the Home Duties of Women*. Part II., Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, and France. 9½×6. Pp. vii, 352. H. M. Stationery Office, 1s. 6d.
- Wilson, Richard. *Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold*. 7½×4½. Pp. xv, 111. Arnold, 1s. 6d.
- Blackie's Model Readers*. Book iv. 7½×5. Pp. 240. Blackie, 1s. 4d.
- Hall, H. R. Wilton. *Our English Towns and Villages*. 7½×4½. Pp. 198. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- Stobart, J. C. *The Age of Chaucer—1215-1500*. Epochs of English Literature series—vol. i. 7½×4½. Pp. 136. Arnold, 1s. 6d.
- Zobeltitz, Fedor von. *Der Backfischkasten*. Edited, with notes and vocabulary, by Gustav Hein. Authorised edition. 7½×5. Pp. 139. Arnold, 2s.
- Russell, John Edward. *An Elementary Logic*. 7½×5. Pp. 250. Macmillan, 3s. net.
- [Mr. Russell is Professor of Intellectual and Moral Science in Williams College, U.S.A. His book is intended for students and teachers. It follows the main tradition of logical doctrine; but contains new methods of arrangement and new features; the most important being that in Part II., "The Logic of Science," in which the author gives a fuller and more exact study of the problems and methods of science than most textbooks of logic contain.]
- Euripides' Alceste*. Translated by H. Kynaston. With introduction and notes by J. Churton Collins. 6½×4½. Pp. 44. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net.
- Marchant, E. C. *Græc Reader*, vol. ii. Selected and adapted, with English notes, from Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf's "Griechisches Lesebuch." 7½×5. Pp. 96. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s.
- Milton: Paradise Lost*, Books i, ii. Edited by A. F. Watt. 7×5. Pp. xxiv, 88. University Tutorial Press, 1s. 6d.
- Tillyard, A. C. W. *Le Livre des Jeux*. Twelve French Games for English Children. Introduction by Miss E. P. Hughes. Modern Language series. 6½×4½. Pp. 63. Blackie 1s.

- Shakespeare: Select Scenes and Passages from the English Historical Plays*. Edited by C. H. Spence. English Literature for Secondary School series. 7×4½. Pp. 69. Macmillan, 10d.
- Histoire d'Aladdin ou la Lampe Merveilleuse*. Edited by Louis A. Barbé. Illustrated by John Hassall. Modern Language series. 6½×4½. Pp. 157. Blackie, 1s. 6d.
- Winbolt, S. E. *The Latin Hexameter*. Hints for sixth forms. 7½×4½. Pp. 48. Blackie, 2s.

## FICTION.

- Hutchinson, Horace G. *Amelia and the Doctor*. 7½×5½. Pp. viii, 319. Smith, Elder, 6s.
- A Discrepant World*. Being an Essay in Fiction. By the author of "Through Spectacles of Feeling," "The Haggard Side," etc. 7½×5½. Pp. 223. Longmans, 6s.
- Sudermann, Hermann. *The Undying Past*. Translated by Beatrice Marshall. 7½×5. Pp. 382. Lane, 6s.
- Frothingham, Eugenia Brooks. *The Evasion*. 7½×5. Pp. 415. Constable, 6s.
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- Mahaffy, John Pentland. *The Silver Age of the Greek World*. 7½×5½. Pp. vii, 482. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. London: Unwin. \$3 net.
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- Barron, Evan M. *Inverness in the Fifteenth Century*. 7½×5½. Pp. 129. Inverness: Carruthers, 2s. net.
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## LAW.

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- [Dr. Williams's book is founded on his article in the *Law Magazine*, February 1897. He examines Dante's knowledge and use of law, first in the *Divina Commedia*, and next in the prose works and letters. Appendix on the *due Soli di Purg.* xvi, 107: Lists of Laws and Cases cited; and Index of Names.]
- Burton, Percy M.; and Scott, Guy H. Guillum. *The Law relating to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and some kindred subjects, including the Wild Birds Protection Acts*. 8½×5½. Pp. xix, 170. Murray, 3s. 6d. net.
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Hawthorne, Nathaniel. *Transformation, or the Romance of Monte Beni*. 6½ × 4½. Pp. xx, 374. Bell. The York Library. 2s. net.

[Reprints from the first English edition, 1860, with such slight alterations from the American edition, published as "The Marble Faun" shortly after the English edition, "as appear to have resulted from the author's own revision." Biographical Introduction, by G. R. D. Thin paper.]

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Edghill, E. A. *An Inquiry into the Evidential Value of Prophecy*. Being the Hulsean Prize Essay for 1904. With a Preface by the Rt. Rev. H. E. Kyle, Lord Bishop of Winchester. 7½ × 5½. Pp. xxviii, 627. Macmillan, 7s. 6d.

[Mr. Edghill first inquires into the nature and scope of the prophetic work and office, drawing a careful distinction between the truths underlying Old Testament Revelations and the relative forms in which they find expression and embodiment; and goes on to examine the interpretation put upon the prophecies by the New Testament writers, concluding with a section on the evidential value of prophecy generally. He throughout discriminates between the temporary and permanent elements of prophecy. Indexes.]

Horne, C. Silvester. *The Relationships of Life*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 155. Methuen, 1s. 6d.

[A discussion, "from the Christian standpoint," of the practical problems of conduct in the various relationships between members of the same family, lovers, masters and servants, and others—in which life places all.]

#### TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Gregory, J. W. *The Dead Heart of Australia*. A journey around Lake Eyre in the summer of 1901-1902 with some account of the Lake Eyre Basin and the flowing wells of Central Australia. With Maps and Illustrations. 9 × 6. Pp. xvi, 371. Murray, 16s. net.

[The narrative, largely reprinted from the *Melbourne Age*, of Professor Gregory's expedition to South-Eastern Australia, in connection with the geological school of Melbourne University. It contains also, as its last chapter, a paper written for the *Melbourne Argus* on the proposal to flood the basin of Lake Eyre from the sea, by means of a canal from Port Augusta, a proposal which Professor Gregory regards as difficult but not impracticable. Appendixes on Fossil Birds and Mammals and a list of original literature on the Lake Eyre Basin. Indexes.]

Rouse Ball, W. W. *Trinity College, Cambridge*. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. 7 × 4½. Pp. xiii, 107. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

#### THE BOOKSHELF

*Kakemono*, by Herbage Edwards. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.)—With Japanese sketches the name of Lafcadio Hearn, that most graceful of writers, will be always associated. His books interpret Japan and Japanese to English readers with a beauty and clearness that are unrivalled. We do not say this to depreciate Mr. Edwards's work by comparison; Lafcadio Hearn is a master whom none need blush to follow; but master he remains by virtue of his knowledge and sympathy and gift of expression. Mr. Herbage Edwards has observed well and his observations are interesting and daintily put, though his simplicity becomes at times somewhat mannered, and his effects seem a little vague and far-fetched. That is not always the case, however; and he draws an admirable picture of the cloisonné factory in Nagoya, where the skilled work is done by the old men, and their age and skill in workmanship advance on parallel lines: "But the oldest of all sat by himself in a little room just opposite the arching bridge which crossed the mountain stream. He wore a pair of quaint horn spectacles and his face was the face of an Eastern sage. He sat with his tools before him fixing silver wires on to a silver vase with a certainty and rapidity beyond his fellows: and all that is most beautiful and most difficult in the cloisonné works of Nagoya comes from his hands." We are irresistibly reminded of Thoreau's old fisherman. "A straight old man he was who took his way in silence through the meadows, having passed the period of communication with his fellows: . . . whose fishing was not a sport nor solely a means of subsistence, but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles." Thoreau would have written finely about Japan: even in Concord he could understand the beauty of Eastern thought, and that beauty is apparent is materially expressed in no other country as it is in Japan. It penetrates the most trivial things of Japanese life's daily routine. Witness Mr. Edwards's account of the little stately old lady who taught the art of flower-arrangement. Seven years must be given to the art's study by one who will be its teacher, three years by a pupil. And the essence of the art lies in the perfection, not of colour, but of line-effect, which would pass unnoticed by the untrained. It is this spirit which endows small detail with almost ceremonial importance, which makes the fascination of Japan, and lends a strange interest to such books as this, which is written with reverence and without adulation. For the Japanese know splendidly how to live; their *savoir vivre* is so perfect that we cannot know too much about it.

We have on our shelves several little volumes of Messrs. Routledge's "Miniature Reference Library," and find them both trustworthy and useful. The latest addition to the library is Mr. Swan Sonnenschein's *Five Thousand Words Frequently Misspelt* (Routledge, 1s. net.) This little book is an attempt, on a very small scale, to standardise English spelling. Standardisation is a process which must rouse objections from somebody; and we find ourselves regretting that Mr. Sonnenschein should pronounce for "medieval" as against "mediæval"; "biased" as against "biassed," and—as our readers have guessed—the "z" as against the "s" in the inflected forms of words like "standardize," "authorize" and "criticize." He is obliged, too, to be occasionally dictatorial. He will not allow "enquire" nor "despatch"; and more than once he gives as English words—unaccented—words like "depot" which are certainly not English, and should never be written but in italics with accents. On the other hand, he has a good reason for nearly everything that he does. "The best usage of the best contemporary writers," backed, in cases where the choice is arbitrary, by The New English Dictionary, ought to be authority enough for any one who is not a philologist. The book is built on the difficulties of two hundred and fifty friends of the author, together with those experienced by children in the Fifth and Sixth Standard; so that it is pretty certain that no practical difficulty has been omitted, and the book should prove of the greatest service to hundreds of thousands of people.

*The Journal of the Folksong Society* (No. 7); *Folksongs from Somerset*, second series. (Barnicott and Pearce, Taunton.)—The subject really appears to be receiving something like adequate attention nowadays, and if Mr. Cecil Sharp, the eminent folksong collector, is to be trusted (and we know that he is) it is none too soon. With the plague of music-hall songs and musical comedy selections spreading over the whole country side, with the publication of cheap editions and the itinerant piano-organ, the tradition of folk melodies and words is

rapidly becoming lost. The Folksong Society is working hard both to collect and preserve the tunes and words, which are published in their journal without accompaniment, and as nearly as possible as sung by the country folk, and to spread information which may arouse interest and help any one who may attempt collecting. This number of the *Journal* contains a paper by Mr. Frank Kisdon giving much useful information on the subject of the "Ballad-sheets" and "Garlands," which were the only ways in which the words of songs were printed and distributed in the past. The remainder is devoted to a number of tunes and words collected by various members of the society, including Mr. Percy Grainger, Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Cecil Sharp, and Miss Lucy Broadwood. Particularly interesting in the *Journal* is the opportunity it affords of comparison by printing different versions of the same song side by side, versions which have been found in different parts of the country by different collectors. Thus there are four tunes to "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor," found at Taunton and Bournemouth and in Herefordshire and Devon. Many of the tunes are of great beauty, and all have a striking individuality. The same may be said of Mr. Sharp's *Folksongs from Somerset*, which are as faithfully noted as those of the *Folksong Journal*, while for practical purposes they have the advantage of neatly written and careful accompaniments for the piano. As this is a collection primarily for use rather than antiquarian interest, the words have been more freely edited and in some cases re-written by the Rev. Charles Marson. The editors in an introduction insist upon their title "*Folksongs from Somerset*," since it is impossible to claim that all belong to that or any other part of the country. Many are versions of ballads which Scotland has already claimed and will not readily part with, as, for instance, "The Low Low Lands of Holland." All that the editors claim is that "they happen to have been caught" in Somerset. This collection of twenty-seven is a very worthy second to the first of the same number. What is needed is that singers should complement the splendid efforts of collectors by singing these beautiful tunes until they regain their hold on the affections of the music-loving public. Something is being done in that way too. We discuss elsewhere in this number a concert recently given in London by the "Folk Song Quartet," an excellent set of singers with a splendid field for work before them.

We notice the publication of a new review which may be of interest to some of our readers. *Inri* (published at Market Chambers, South Parade, Market Place, Nottingham, rs.) is described as a monthly review of occult science, transcendental philosophy and experimental research. Its Hon. Director is Papus, M.D., Doctor in Kabbalah; its Editor is Teder, Doctor of Herm. Science; and its aim is to nurture the "spiritualistic renaissance," which has "already stultified the hardy denial of the materialists," to "control its tendencies and prune its excrescences"; "to synthetise Science and Faith, Physics and Metaphysics, the Visible and the Occult." It pledges itself also to "investigate impartially all the phenomena of Spiritualism, Magnetism, Hypnotism and Magic, as they are known to-day, and as they were better known in ancient times in Orient." Those who know the Paris review, *L'Initiation*, will find in *Inri* its fellow.

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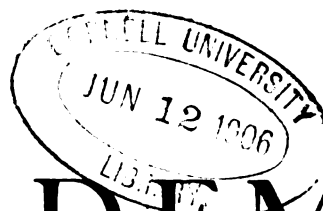
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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s., Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

ONE of many interesting questions opened by Mr. Quiller-Couch in his book of months, "From a Cornish Window," is that of the relation of the poet and man of letters to the State. It is especially interesting because Mr. Quiller-Couch holds his opinions not only strongly but clearly. Read "February," and see how he speaks of the spurious patriotism that says: "Be lustful, be vengeful, and play the game to win"; the spirit of bounce and grab that has too much defaced our literature since a greater poet than the braggers took to singing of the Empire. With that spirit Mr. Quiller-Couch contrasts the Celtic spirit, which is occupied with the universal truth, not the "local success," and he quotes some beautiful verses by Mr. Herbert Trench.

But if you stop short at "February," you will not have got to the bottom of the matter. Turn on to "July," and you will find a brave protest against the notion that literature should feed upon itself, that the poet should hold aloof from the politics and the national life of his country. "Art for art's sake" is a cant phrase with which Mr. Quiller-Couch has no patience. It is "one of the joys of life to have outlived it." "An artist," runs his concluding sentence, "exists to serve his art, and his art to serve men and women." So that, whether you write wrongly of your country or hold aloof from her altogether, you equally incur Mr. Quiller-Couch's censure.

Few will doubt that his second contention is right (his first is obviously so). The divorce of literature from life is, as we have had occasion to point out before, the gravest danger that literature or life can incur. It is not, of course, that all poets should be Laureates, writing of anniversaries, royal *accouchements* and the events of the day; but that, unless a poet has a knowledge and a feeling of something that exists outside himself, and of himself as part of a great whole, he cannot write good poetry. To regard the world as a show placed in front of him to tickle his emotions and wits, is to become barren of power and effect. To realise the ever wider circles that surround him—the family, the state, humanity, the Infinite—is to be alive and active in every part, to be a whole man, and therefore a whole poet; to be enabled to create or to increase a spirit, a temper, an atmosphere in which other men and women can breathe deep and live fully.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's words on the universal in Celtic poetry are among many wise things to be found in a brave, amusing, varied and stimulating book. But the spirit is, happily, not confined to the Celts. In a little book or periodical, "For the Fellowship," Part ii., published privately by Mr. Henry Bryan Binns, we find the spirit expressed over and over again in verses that are full of the consciousness of "the circles," and reveal an attitude to life at once high-hearted and humble. Mr. Binns has

chosen to adopt the Whitmanic form for his thoughts, as a devout student and biographer of Whitman may be allowed to do. His matter has just the qualities which Whitman, to his great disadvantage, lacked.

The letters from our correspondents, Mr. Edmund F. Ludlow and Mr. Paterson, which will be found in another column, are interesting. When Canon Ainger produced *impromptu* in company a rhyme to "porringer," did he imagine he had invented it? Did he think that he had invented it? There is a third supposition that he did not pretend to have invented it, but merely produced it as quotation from a ballad which he knew, and the company did not. The narration of the story, so far as we remember, in Miss Sichel's Life of Canon Ainger does not state whether this was so or not. Supposing that he had never heard of the ballad, the episode shows in rather charming fashion two men, centuries apart, both struck by the same happy idea. Supposing he did once know the ballad and had forgotten it, it opens up all sorts of questions of psychology—memory conscious and unconscious—association of ideas and so forth. But instances of apparent plagiarism are so numerous (the Law Courts have seen one lately, in the matter of a play) that they cease to arouse wonders.

Lovers of mediæval England will be glad to hear that the necessary repairs have been taken in hand at Croyland Abbey, and will hope that all the money that is required will be speedily forthcoming. Croyland Abbey is no longer as Kingsley described it in "Hereward the Wake": "a vast range of high-peaked buildings, founded on piles of oak and alder driven into the fen, itself built almost of timber from the Bruneswold, barns, granaries, stables, workshops, strangers' hall fit for the boundless hospitality of Croyland . . . with the great minster towering up, a steep pile, half wood half stone, with narrow-headed windows and leaden roofs, and above all the great wooden tower from which on high days chimed out the melody of the seven famous bells, which had not their like in English land." To-day there is a ruined nave, a part of the central tower and of the magnificent west front, as well as the north aisle, which has been turned into a church. Tennyson has immortalised the beauties of the Wolds, but "Holland" lacks a sacred bard. And yet Tennyson, as a Cambridge man, was in debt to the Abbey. At the beginning of the twelfth century poverty made the Abbot send out begging monks, who began to lecture with such success to the people of Cambridge that in a short time there was not a barn or even a church in the town large enough to hold the hearers. This is supposed, not without reason, to have been the origin of Cambridge University.

The recent death of Mrs. Sarah Hines revives the memory of "Jack Sheppard," since she was the owner of the cottage on Dollis Hill, mentioned in that famous book. How few the relics of that time! Gone is the low wooden railing within which there stood the triple tree of Tyburn, and it is probable that a convent covers the place of execution. Gone, too, it is needless to say, is "the beautiful green lane" which the handsome young stranger followed as he went on horseback from Oxford Road to Willesden, and probably Ainsworth himself would have some difficulty in recognising Wych Street, where the woollen draper, Mr. Kneebone, lived.

A striking and original sight was witnessed in Venice on Thursday last, when the children—boys and girls alike—of the infant schools were gathered together to the number of three thousand five hundred to sing on the steps of the Church of the Salute. The idea of this form of chorus-singing in the open air sprang from the Maestro Wolf-Ferrari, the Director of the Musical Liceo in Venice, and was crowned with success. Under the shadow of the great church, which was built as a thankoffering for the



cessation of the plague in the seventeenth century, were ranged the boys and girls in holiday attire; the girls being all massed against the building, the boys being placed beneath them. The scene was wonderfully beautiful. The hour chosen was 6 P.M., when the sun was sloping to the west, and every dome, tower and steeple was touched and gilded with his departing rays: while on the square of the Salute the little figures of the children formed vivid patches of colour against the grey walls of stone which formed the background.

The youthful choristers, who sang in unison, were accompanied by the town band, and the hymn of four verses which they sang was a thanksgiving to the Father of Heaven, who maketh His sun to rise, His rain to fall on all alike in lavish, full abundance. The words were written for the occasion by Signora Maria Pezzè-Pascolato, whose elegy on the fall of the Campanile in 1902 has stamped her as one of modern Italy's real poets, and the music was an adaptation of an old Sicilian sea-song. The hymn was admirably rendered; the blending of the voices was first-rate, while the attention given to time, tune, light and shade was as good as could be desired.

The scene above and around the Church was extraordinary, and such as can only be had in Venice. Balconies, roofs and pinnacles were all turned to account, some of the positions looking horribly dangerous, and making many a safer-placed spectator shudder. On the Grand Canal all traffic was stopped, and boats, barges and gondolas were wedged together in such close proximity as to offer an easy passage to any one who chose to step from boat to boat over the hidden waters of Venice's chief highway. The success of this open-air concert reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, and will, we trust, be repeated as often as possible.

Colonel Newcome, Mr. Tree's new part in the play of that name which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre on Friday, does not give that eminent actor the same chances as *Oliver Twist* did. Indeed, for the first two acts, we see very little of the Colonel, and what we do see is comparatively unimportant. It is not until the later scenes, when the Colonel is old and broken, that Mr. Tree's peculiar gifts of character-acting find their field, and then, it is needless to say, he makes full use of them. The third act shows him in Clive's lodging (little Rosey has already been killed off in an interval) suffering under the lash of the old Campaigner's tongue, and being cheerful and patient by an effort, proud and hopeful and very pathetic; and the last act shows his death (the author of the play makes him die in the courtyard at Greyfriars, and die alone) with the famous "Adsum!" on his lips.

There has been a good deal of feeling and of judgment before the event paraded over this play—with the natural result that the "first night" on Tuesday was something of a demonstration in Mr. Tree's favour. "I feel," he said in his speech on the fall of the curtain, "that we have won"—words in themselves sufficient to show the temper of the occasion. Mr. Tree and Mr. Michael Morton, the adapter, have "won," we believe, in the sense that they have secured a popular success. The reputation of Thackeray as a novelist, which has been dragged into the discussion, does not matter, for the simple reason that it must remain above and beyond any effects induced by adapters of his novels into plays. The reputation of Mr. Michael Morton, the brave man who attacked the Herculean task of turning such a novel as "The Newcomes" into something so utterly different as a play, is in the hands of those who see his work.

The St. James's Amateur Dramatic Club, to whose performances we have referred before, produced on

Wednesday of last week that very dismal drama, *One Summer's Day*. The choice was not a happy one: though it is interesting to witness a play which concentrates into one focus the vulgarity and stupidity and unreality of the average English Drama. To be quite frank, these ambitious and clever young ladies and gentlemen (to their credit be it said) seem more at home with Shakespeare than with Mr. H. V. Esmond. They were ill at ease and oppressed by the witless dialogue and their oppression was contagious. Mr. George Hayes and Mr. Denney Bower however acted with great spirit and Mr. Henry Welti is a recruit who promises very well. As the sulky gypsy Seth he was beyond all praise. Mr. F. Stanley Smith has been seen to greater advantage in romantic plays, not only here but at other dramatic clubs. He can simulate the lover in blank verse with greater ease than in prose: though in fairness it must be said his protagonist was not very encouraging. Miss Kathleen Fearnhead alone among the ladies got the better of her part, and Miss Rooker was a worthy successor to Miss Constance Collier, who created the melodramatic Chiara.

All bibliophiles are excited over the sale of pre-Shakespearean plays which is to take place at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 30. In "the library of a gentleman in Ireland" (we can get no more exact details) there have been discovered seventeen plays all printed between 1660 and 1680. No play hitherto unknown to scholars has been found, but in one or two cases the particular edition now brought to light has no fellow. So that the event will not add materially to our knowledge of those first efforts of the English drama which filled the years before the coming of Marlowe and the great Elizabethan outburst.

Those were interesting years to the student of the drama. The Miracles had died down, the Moralities turned harsh and crabbed. There was life in the Interludes, as they were called, which Thomas Heywood introduced in the reign of Henry VIII., little dramatic (not very dramatic according to our notions) pieces that could be acted in the halls of Colleges and Inns after dinner. And then, too, there was the classical influence, which was beginning to be felt, and the plays on classical lines which some few writers tried to introduce. When Nicholas Udall wrote his "comedy" of *Ralph Roister Doister*, he called it a comedy not because it was funny (Mr. Alfred Pollard has with greater justice in a different sense called *The Play of Mak* in the *Mysteries* our first English comedy), but because it was modelled on the lines of the *comoedia* of Plautus; and in that deplorably dull work, *Gorboduc* or *Ferrex and Porrex*, our first English tragedy, the classical influence is clear. It was not along those lines that our drama was to develop. We owe something to the sense of form and action which these experimenters introduced; we owe far more to the native stuff of Heywood. The ebb and flow of classicism can be traced all through our literature; but the turn of the tide was never so striking as in the days of the great Elizabethan drama.

Messrs. Sotheby will on Wednesday, June 6, and three following days sell a large number of books from the libraries of the late Mr. Edward Viles, Haverstock Hill, the late Harrison Weir and the late Frederick Burbidge, and other properties. Amongst the most notable are an Ackerman's History of the University of Cambridge, an edition of Burns's Poetical Works (1822) which had belonged to Colonel Burns (one of the poet's sons) and has his signature on the second volume, Keats's *Lamia* (first edition), first editions of many old novels illustrated by H. K. Browne, Turner, Alken, Heath, Rowlandson, Thackeray and others. An interesting feature of the sale is a large number of original drawings and sketches by Harrison Weir.

We have received from Professor William Knight the report of the annual meeting of the Dove Cottage, Grasmere (Wordsworth), National Trust, held last Monday. All goes well with the Trust. The number of visitors for the year ending May 1 last was ninety-five more than in any previous year, and the Trustees are able to increase the invested Capital Fund. During the year past the Trust has lost two valued members, Mr. George Lillie Craik (of Messrs. Macmillan's), who was one of its original members and its secretary, and Mr. C. E. Mathews, also an original member of the Board. Their places have been taken on the Board by Canon Beeching and Mr. George Walter Prothero, and Mr. Etherington Smith becomes Honorary Secretary.

The methods of choosing books in the average provincial public library do not seem to be entirely satisfactory. Failing the official lists, which are sometimes insufficient and sometimes out of date, library authorities must rely upon the reviews in trustworthy periodicals, and upon personal inspection of books. Reviews are of some assistance, but not to the extent that many people believe.

A good review does not always clearly and fully describe a book's subject, but will confine its remarks to a controversial point of great interest to specialists, but not very comprehensible to the book-selector. What the reviewer seeks is new information, fresh arguments. The book-selector wishes to know whether a book is elementary, or very technical, or popular, or advanced, or for specialists, or whether it is illustrated with maps, diagrams or engravings; in the case of every book he meets with he must ask himself whether he has readers for it, or whether he can get readers for it; and the reviews as a rule do not help him to answer the questions. Moreover, the leading journals have not the space to review many books of considerable value to libraries, especially manuals and technical works of all kinds.

Except in the case of libraries near the great centres, personal inspection of books is out of the question, because publishers and booksellers will not send out books on sale or return. The public librarian, then, must make his selection in the best way he can; the result is what might be expected. In many small provincial libraries will be found, not well-knit, and workmanlike collections of books, but what bookmen know as "job-lots"—odds and ends of literature, thrown together without system and without knowledge. Library authorities are not to blame. Circumstances are too strong for them. But they might combine to publish a monthly periodical list giving pithy descriptions of the publications most likely to be useful to municipal libraries, especially to provincial libraries. The large libraries ought to take the lead in assisting the smaller to solve this extremely important question.

Mr. Gerald Massey, hailed by Walter Savage Landor, fifty years ago, as "a new Keats," and of whom Matthew Arnold did not consider Tennyson, "except for the first moment of publication, a serious rival," entered his seventy-ninth year on Tuesday. Mr. Massey's "Ballad of Babe Christabel" created great interest on its publication in 1854; and Hugh Miller's estimate of the poet's "Craig-crook Castle" has an enhanced interest from the circumstance that it was the last literary criticism that came from his pen. "With all his marked individuality of genius," wrote Miller in the *Witness*, "Gerald Massey reminds us more of Keats than of any other English poet; but with the same rare perception of external beauty he adds a lyrical power and a depth of feeling which Keats did not possess. He has but to give his intellect as full scope as his fancy and imagination, and to bestow on his powers that elaboration and care which high excellence demands from even the happiest geniuses, in order to become one of the enduring lights of British literature."

### The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Institution.—On Tuesday next (June 5) at five o'clock, Colonel V. Balck concludes his course of two lectures on "Northern Winter Sports: Sweden and its People." On Thursday next (June 7) at five o'clock Professor William J. Sollas concludes his course of three lectures on "Mars and the Glacial Period"; and on Saturday next (June 2) at three o'clock Professor W. Macneile Dixon lectures on "Inspiration in Poetry." At the Friday evening meeting on June 8 at nine o'clock Professor Sir James Dewar lectures on "Studies on Charcoal and Liquid Air." These are the final lectures of the season.

Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Imperial Institute, S.W.—On Tuesday June 5, at 3 P.M., Mr. John Pollen will read a paper on "Russian Proverbs."

Linnean Society of London.—Evening meeting, Thursday, June 7, at 8 P.M., when the following Papers will be read; On two new species of *Populus* from Darjeeling, by Mr. H. H. Haines, F.L.S., etc.; Biscayan Plankton, Part VIII. The Cephalopoda, by Mr. W. E. Hoyle, M.A., etc.; Part IX. The Medusae, by Mr. E. T. Browne, F.Z.S., etc.

London County Council.—Exhibition of pictures for school decoration, to be held at the Council's Central School of Arts and Crafts, 316 Regent Street, W. The Exhibition will be open from 4 to 10 P.M., from Monday, June 11, to Saturday, June 16, inclusive. The pictures, which are German coloured lithographs, have been placed on the Council's requisition list as being of a less conventional character than many of the black and white plates hitherto supplied to public elementary schools. The lithographs are the outcome of an art movement in Germany, which has for its objects the closer and less artificial connection with nature, and the improvement of technique in the reproduction of colour. They are examples of the work of living German artists. The originals have been specially painted with a view to their reproduction in colours and every stone requisite to their reproduction has been prepared by the artist himself. The Council, through the medium of this exhibition, hopes to encourage the production of a series of pictures of this kind of a distinctly English character.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.—Friday, June 1, at one o'clock. Sale of china, jewellery, miniatures, enamels, silver, Sheffield plate, furniture and early engraved seals.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Wednesday, June 6, to Saturday, June 9, inclusive. Sale of the libraries of the late Edward Viles, Harrison Weir and Frederick W. Burbidge.

## LITERATURE

### A BUCK OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

*Buck Whaley's Memoirs.* Including his journey to Jerusalem. Edited with introduction and notes by Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Bart. (Moring, 21s. net.)

THIS is an extraordinary book, and the manuscript, as was befitting, has had a remarkable history. It is known to have been in existence since 1800, the year in which Thomas Whaley, or Buck Whaley as he was generally called, died. He had evidently proposed to publish it during his life-time, because certain arrangements were made towards doing so by subscription, but perhaps the publishers of that time were not sufficiently enterprising. At any rate, for more than a hundred years it has been knocking about, until Sir Edward Sullivan, who figures as its editor, attracted by the beautiful Irish binding, picked it up in a London auction room. It consisted of two handsome quarto volumes bound in red morocco, inlaid and tooled in gold, and lettered on the back: "Travels by T. W." The book, however, scarcely does justice to the author. Buck, or Jerusalem Whaley, was born on December 15, 1766. He was the son of a man of considerable property, and in his early days seems to have had more money than he knew what to do with. There is a memorial of his father existing in the shape of a cheque which he once drew on La Touche's bank in favour of his wife, probably, as the editor says, the only example of such a document ever written in rhyme.

Mr. La Touche,  
Open your p'rch,  
And give unt. my darling  
Five hundred pounds sterling;  
For which this wil lbe your bailey,  
Signed, Richard Chape Whaley.

Young Whaley, upon his father's death, became entitled to estates worth £7000 a year together with £60,000 in cash. At the age of sixteen he was sent to France to complete his education, with an allowance of £900 a year, surely as unwise a proceeding as could have

been thought of. He ran riot in France for some time and then returned to Dublin, the Dublin of which Burns at that very time was writing:

As sure's the deil's in hell,  
Or Dublin City.

It was the day of the Bucks and the Hell-Fire Club, a day of gambling and violence, of luxury and immorality, of drink and love of devilry in general; and the young Buck Whaley seems to have entered into it with all the zest of youth and irresponsibility. The journey to Jerusalem, which earned him his nick-name of Jerusalem Whaley, was undertaken on account of a wager. He was at dinner one day at the Duke of Leinster's when some one asked where he was going to next. Without a moment's hesitation he answered: "Jerusalem." Some of those present were sceptical as to the existence of such a place, and all of them expressed doubts of his ever getting there. Whereupon Whaley "offered to bet any sum" that he would go to Jerusalem and return within two years from his departure. The bets he made on the result amounted to fifteen thousand pounds, which he won. The expenses of the expedition had been eight thousand pounds, so that he was seven thousand pounds to the good, "the only instance," he says, "in all my life before in which any of my projects turned out to my advantage." A spendthrift, a gambler, and a *roué*, he lived a life full of adventure, and the extent to which gambling went in those days may be inferred from the fact that George IV., when Prince of Wales, met Whaley at the gaming-table and the commoner

not only relieved his princely opponent of vast sums of cash, but in the end succeeded by a *grand coup* in annexing a Favorita of His Royal Highness, whom her ungallant protector had in a moment of desperation staked as his only marketable asset.

These were times in which men and women staked not only their money, but their lands and even their honour. All this is told in a long and most interesting preface. The book itself reads in part like a piece of realism by Defoe, in parts like so many chapters out of a picaresque novel. Those passages which are most instructive as to the manners of the time are the least quotable. Such is the adventure with the Princess Rohan. Mr. Whaley seems to have been as susceptible to the influence of petticoats as to that of the gaming-table, and some very singular intrigues are narrated in the early part of the book. The following is a fair example of the kind of thing that the reader will find in these pages:

They had taken care to provide a handsome company of female beauties who, by their persuasion and example induced me to sacrifice so liberally to Bacchus at dinner, that before the dessert was introduced the glasses seemed to dance before me. Nothing would then satisfy them, but we must drink champagne out of pint rummers, which soon completed the business.

When I was in a proper state for them to begin their operations, they one and all proposed playing at hiding the horse. I was in no condition to refuse anything, and soon acceded to their proposal, and without being scarcely conscious that I was engaged in it, I lost fourteen thousand eight hundred pounds on my parole, exclusive of my ready money, carriage, jewels, etc. I know not why they even stopped here; for I was in such a state that they might have stripped me of my whole fortune. I cannot, however, feel myself much indebted for this instance of their forbearance. They contented themselves for the present with a bill for the amount, which I drew on La Touche's Bank, and [I] then went to bed in a state of torpid insensibility.

According to his own account, if he had been a millionaire he would have gone through his capital. How his money went will be shown from the following passage:

This Mr. P— gave me letters of credit on all the principal towns which I visited. I drew on him from all parts of France, and whenever I owed him £2000 he sent me two bills of exchange, as first and second, on my banker at Dublin, of the same amount for me to sign, which I always did without hesitation. But when I came afterwards to settle with my agent at home, I found that many of these bills had been paid twice over. This vile negotiator had drawn them in such a manner as to make them appear of different tenour and dates. All my attempts to rectify this mistake and recover the money have hitherto been fruitless: for whenever I wished him to confront my checks with his letters of exchange, he always found some pretence or other to prevent the investigation. I have reproached him in his

own house with the infamy of his conduct; and this I have done at a time when it was so dangerous to have any difference with a man who was flourishing under the reign of Robespierre. I can assert with truth and upon my honour, that I do not think I have been defrauded of less than ten thousand pounds in this manner. So much for the honesty of a foreign banker.

Buck Whaley does not suffer from the vice of too much reticence and appears to have been as innocent of shame as were our first parents who ate the forbidden fruit. After returning to Dublin he declares that the quiet life there did not suit him.

I sent over to London for a female companion, with whom I had been intimate, and who immediately accepted the invitation. I had no motive whatever in giving her the preference but that she was an exotic. My inamorata was neither distinguished for wit or beauty; but I will do her the justice to say that she had none of that rapacity and extravagance so common with the generality of her profession. What I expended on her account was from my own free will and suggestion. I hired her a magnificent house, suitably furnished, and settled an allowance of five hundred a year on her; this was merely *pro forma*, for she cost me upwards of five thousand. At her house I kept my midnight orgies, and saw my friends, according to the fashionable acceptance of the word.

This, too, proved a life much too quiet for him, and he thought of performing, like Cook, a voyage round the world. No sooner did the idea suggest itself to his mind than he flew off to Plymouth with his female companion at his side, in order to purchase a vessel of two hundred and eighty tons burthen and to carry twenty-two guns. He eventually ordered a builder to construct one of this description for ten thousand pounds. This was the state of affairs when the Jerusalem idea was suggested in the manner which has already been described. He intended to have taken the lady with him.

But the inconveniences of a female companion in traversing so much sea and land were pointed out to me in such a manner as induced me to give up that part of my scheme; and I accordingly left her in London on an allowance of two hundred a year, which was regularly paid her till all my property was sold.

The travels form the least interesting part of the story, although those who have gone over the same route since will find it of great interest to compare those places in Asia Minor as they were in the latter part of the eighteenth century with their condition to-day. At the end of his career his fortunes were broken. In his destitution he was forced to take lodging in the neighbourhood of Moorfields, and the account of his life there might almost have been drawn *verbatim* from one of the eighteenth-century novels. He could not stir out except on Sunday, and he had only one faithful servant in addition to one of his lodging companions, who never seemed to be far away from him. In the end a waiter at Brooks's, to whom he was indebted for four hundred pounds, served a writ on him and, in spite of his sword and pistol coupled with the efforts of his landlord and servant, he was surrounded by twenty constables and taken.

But my companion, who was at that time very ill, entreated me not to hazard my life in opposing so many, who could not fail to overpower me in the end. Her entreaties, and a conviction in my own mind that resistance would be in vain, induced me at length to surrender; upon which I was instantly conveyed to the Bridewell, a prison solely designed for thieves and murderers.

My female friend intended to accompany me, but was refused admittance; and I was thrust into a common room, amidst wretched criminals of all descriptions. I represented to the jailor that I was not committed on a charge of any crime, and that I was a gentleman. "That may be," said the jailor: "but here we make no distinction but according to the money a man can afford to spend. I have excellent champagne and claret, and if you choose to call for either, I can accommodate you with one of my own apartments." I acceded to the proposal and was shown into a room, which, immediately upon my entrance, suggested an idea of my being able to effect my escape.

He plied his jailor with champagne and would have managed to get away if it had not been for the jailor's daughter, "a stout athletic wench," who seized him and carried him off to the common room, where he would have been very roughly handled but for the accident of his possessing ten guineas, with which he appeased the crew that had assembled. He died at a very early age, but, as will be apparent from the last sentences in the book, with a certain odour of sanctity about him.

## AN ANTHROPOLOGIST ON THE MORAL JUDGMENT

*The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas.* By EDWARD WESTERMARCK, PH.D. In 2 vols. Vol. i. (Macmillan, 14s. net.)

WE are all for natural history in these days. And, in the general rush for "origins," it is right and proper that moral concepts should get their share of attention. Indeed, they are in no danger of missing it. What with Psychology, Biology and Anthropology, Moral Philosophy is in a fair way to suffer rather from over-attention than from neglect. She has grown somewhat flustered of late, apologetic, and uncertain of her own identity. She would be none the worse now for a short breathing-space in which to "find herself" once more.

To the Anthropological side of these latter-day moral investigations Dr. Westermarck's new book is a valuable contribution. The title of the work—"The Origin and Development of Moral Ideas"—is certainly no small one. But then neither is Dr. Westermarck a small man. He has established his position already in the front rank of living anthropologists. Few books on any anthropological subject have been so widely read, and so generally appreciated, as his earlier work, "History of Human Marriage." We have come to expect that anything from his pen will be both learned and interesting. And this new book of his does not disappoint us.

No one can question the learning. The width of research which the purely anthropological part of the work reveals is amazing. The lay mind may, indeed, stagger under the weight of detail; but as a storehouse of information with regard to the history of the attitude of the human race towards certain universal problems of conduct Dr. Westermarck's book will be invaluable.

Nor, indeed, is the interest of the book less considerable than the learning. Whatever else may be said of the comparative study of moral ideas, it may at least be claimed for it that it is a catholic and a "humane" study. It must "come home" to all of us. This native interest of the subject has not suffered at the hand of Dr. Westermarck. His book remains, at the end of any possible criticism of detail or of any possible divergence of opinion as to the conclusions to which the facts in one case or another may point, essentially interesting. There are, indeed, few dull pages: and in a book of more than seven hundred pages this is no slight thing to say.

The book divides itself into two main parts. The first of these, comprising chapters i. to xiv., approaches the subject from the more purely philosophical side, dealing with the question of the origin and nature of Moral Judgment as such. It concerns itself first with the psychology of that Judgment, of which it finds the explanation in certain so-called "Moral" emotions which precede it. It then proceeds to the discussion of some of the problems connected with the nature of Moral Judgments—the formative influence, *e.g.*, of custom; the question how far moral judgments relate to anything except the Will; the extent to which intellectual competence is a necessary condition of moral responsibility; the importance, from the point of view of moral theory, of determinism. These, it will be seen, are large questions, which involve neither more nor less than a complete moral philosophy.

The second part of the book, which begins with the fifteenth chapter, and is apparently to be carried through the second volume, is of a more purely anthropological character. It gives us the history of the content of the moral consciousness of mankind in relation to certain recognised problems of conduct: what men have thought at different times, and in different countries, about sacrifice, about murder, about slavery, about charity, and so on.

Dr. Westermarck would, perhaps, have done better to have kept these two subjects—*viz.*, the history of actual moral judgments and the analysis of the moral judgment as such—for separate books. Interesting as is the

philosophical discussion at the beginning of the present volume, it is still in a sense out of place. It is too full to be a mere introduction; and it is hardly full enough to be an adequate treatment, on their own merits, of the problems involved.

The thesis which Dr. Westermarck is at pains to develop is the thesis that "moral concepts are ultimately based on emotions, either of indignation or approval." "Whilst not affirming the actual existence of any specific emotion in the mind of the person judging or of anybody else, the predicate of a moral judgment attributes to the subject a tendency to arouse an emotion" (p. 4).

We do not feel sure that there is not here, and elsewhere in Dr. Westermarck's discussion, some confusion between the conditions under which judgments of a certain type emerge, and the content of those judgments when they have emerged.

Few people would be disposed to deny that what Dr. Westermarck calls "moral emotions" precede moral judgments, in the history of the race as of the individual. In emotion much, no doubt, is present implicitly which only becomes explicit in the judgment. We should most of us go with Dr. Westermarck so far; and should feel, further, that anthropology may have much to teach us of those stages in man's growth at which his life and conduct are controlled more by the implicit forces of emotion than by explicit judgments. To admit this, however, is not at all to admit that in the judgment itself nothing more is made explicit than the bare fact of an emotion, or even of a tendency to excite an emotion. Most of us would feel that in a moral judgment we are predicating—or claiming to predicate, and that comes to the same thing—a positive quality, which, while it does unquestionably tend to arouse an emotion of approval or disapproval, is nevertheless not itself merely such a tendency. Suppose, however, that we allow, for the moment, to Dr. Westermarck his formal account of moral judgments as those in which the predicate attributes to the subject a tendency to arouse a moral emotion—there remains the question, an emotion in whom? It can hardly be said that Dr. Westermarck has given a clear and consistent answer to this question. It is perfectly true that he says (p. 105): "Even he who fully sees their limitations," *i.e.*, the limitations of moral judgments,

must admit that when he pronounces an act to be good or bad, he gives expression to something more than a personal opinion, that his judgment has reference not only to his own feelings, but to the feelings of others as well.

This, no doubt, represents Dr. Westermarck's most common view. But he can be just as explicit, in a very different direction, elsewhere. What, for instance, are we to make of the following statement (p. 17)?

If I say that it is wrong to resist evil, and yet resistance to evil has no tendency to call forth in me an emotion of moral disapproval, then my judgment is false.

The criterion of the truth or falsity of a moral judgment is found in the emotions, not of "other persons," but of the person judging. If stealing does not tend to arouse a feeling of disapproval in me, then my judgment, "stealing is wrong," is untrue; in other words, stealing is not wrong. This is subjectivism pure and simple. Dr. Westermarck, while he has no objection to the name, still regards his own "Ethical Subjectivism" as different from any of the ordinary forms of that doctrine. How different?

One answer to this question is apparently given on p. 19:

Ethical Subjectivism does not allow everybody to follow his own inclinations; nor does it lend sanction to arbitrariness and caprice. Our moral consciousness belongs to our mental constitution, which we cannot change as we please. *We approve and we disapprove because we cannot do otherwise.* Can we help feeling pain when the fire burns us? Can we help sympathising with our friends?

If these words mean what they say, then in the judgment of Dr. Westermarck, the differentia of "Ethical



Subjectivism"—that, at any rate, which distinguishes it from the subjectism of the Sophists (p. 19)—is to be found in the *inevitableness* of the emotions of approval or disapproval. But this is no differentia. It makes not a particle of difference either to the position of "the Sophist" or to "that beautiful modern Sophism which admits every man's conscience to be an infallible guide" (p. 19). It leaves us still with the individual judgment—or rather with the individual emotion—as the sole criterion of what is right or wrong.

And yet Dr. Westermarck himself does not really mean this. On the very same page he tells us that we "do not and cannot recognise as right everything which is held to be right by anybody, savage or Christian, criminal or saint." That is eminently reassuring. But what becomes of the Subjectivism? And what is now the criterion? How am I, for instance, to know whether, in approving a given course of action, I am, for this purpose, a criminal or a saint? And what becomes of the statement that, if I make the judgment: "X is wrong," my judgment is true only if the idea of X tends to arouse an emotion of disapproval *in me*?

The fact is, that Dr. Westermarck can hardly be said to have given us a consistent theory of the basis of morality. He clings to the name of Subjectivism: and he talks, at least at times, the language of Subjectivism: but his actual doctrine would seem, if we may judge of it by its most usual presentment, to be something quite different.

It is true that he regards the objectivity of moral judgments as a "chimera" (p. 17), and denies that there are any "general moral truths." It is true also that no act is wrong, in his theory, because of any quality inherent in the act, but solely for the external reason that it is disapproved of. But the disapproval which constitutes the act a wrong one is, Dr. Westermarck would seem most commonly to maintain, a *social* disapproval: and, certain passages notwithstanding, the standard of rightness would seem to be, not the individual as such, but the sane and civilised individual, in whom the common sentiment of his society finds expression. This is something other than what we mostly mean by Subjectivism.

While, however, the general philosophical discussion which opens Dr. Westermarck's book seems to us to some extent wanting in clearness and consistency, we find there much that is suggestive and interesting. It cannot at the same time be denied that Dr. Westermarck is inclined to assign an exaggerated value to his derivation of moral judgments from moral emotions. Thus on p. 314 we find him asking the "important question" why it is that a moral judgment is essentially passed on a character or will. "The explanation," says Dr. Westermarck, "is not far to seek." It is because moral judgments have their origin in moral (*i.e.*, retributive) emotions.

Now, without in the least questioning the emotional antecedents of moral judgments, we may well object to this so-called explanation that it really explains nothing at all. It is, to say the least, no easier to see why moral *emotions* should be directed only against a will than it is to see why moral *judgments* should be so. Indeed, while we never find a moral judgment passed on anything except a will, we do as a matter of fact find moral emotions directed, at least momentarily, against inanimate things. The emotion passes, no doubt, with reflection: but that is because in the reflection it has ceased to be a mere emotion, and has become an emotion *plus* a judgment. There is no reason why we should find difficulty in the fact that moral judgments are passed on wills rather than on acts. But if we did find this difficulty, we should certainly get no nearer a solution of it by carrying the judgment back to an emotion. Dr. Westermarck, discussing in this connection the case of anger against an inanimate object, remarks that the anger ceases when we reflect that the thing in question is "incapable of feeling pain" (p. 315). This surely is singularly unconvincing. If I hurt my foot against a chair, my anger against the chair passes when I remind

myself, not that the chair is incapable of *feeling*, but that it is incapable of *willing*. If the chair willed my hurt, I should continue to feel resentment long after I had realised that I could not satisfy my resentment by hurting in return. The emphasis which Dr. Westermarck lays on the connection between moral judgments, as judgments on character, and the *sensitive* nature of the agents on whom we pass those judgments, is as unexpected as it is unnecessary. Moral emotions, he tells us, give rise to judgments on human character because those emotions are directed against sensitive agents (p. 310). To us it seems that the fact that the agent feels is, by the side of the fact that he wills, so comparatively unimportant as to be, in this connection, almost irrelevant.

On the other hand, we should agree with Dr. Westermarck that moral valuation is consistent with determinism. We should hold, indeed, that the problem of free will deserves a more exhaustive treatment than it has received at his hands; and there are points in his discussion which we should be tempted to challenge. We do not, for instance, feel satisfied that he has done justice to Schopenhauer's theory of the will and character.

Though Schopenhauer [he says] be mistaken in his statement that a person's character always remains the same, it seems to me indisputable that the succeeding changes to which it may be subject are imputable to *him* also in so far as they are caused by his innate character.

Now, in the theory of Schopenhauer, and, indeed, in any consistent determinism, all "changes" in the character (not some only, but all) are the result of the reaction of the character upon an environment which influences it. They are, therefore, in one sense, no changes at all, but only successive revelations of what was in the character implicitly from the beginning: and it becomes misleading to talk, as Dr. Westermarck does, of a self which is "partly innate and partly the product of external circumstances." Or, at least, this is the language of a less consistent and penetrating determinism than that of Schopenhauer.

With his general conclusion, however, that an agent who wills is morally responsible—*i.e.*, is a fit subject of praise or blame—whatever the history of that will may be, we find ourselves in complete agreement.

We have drawn attention to a few points in which Dr. Westermarck has seemed to us unconvincing. We have intended this only as the criticism which makes appreciation significant. And for the book as a whole—for its learning, its open-mindedness, its catholicity of interest—we have the warmest appreciation. We shall look forward with interest to the appearance of the second volume.

#### ENGLISH PROSODY

*A History of English Prosody from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day.* By GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Vol. i.: From the Origins to Spenser. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

THE appearance of this volume is of good augury in respect of the study of literature in England. It is a careful attempt, based upon an exhaustive examination of the whole of the available material, to do for English Literature what has never yet been done in any systematic or co-ordinate fashion. When the three volumes of which the work is to consist are published, a blank in the history of our literature will have been filled. Few people more competent than Professor Saintsbury could have been found for the task. He has the commendable habit of reading widely over, about and concerning his subject before he sits down to write about it. It is a non-professorial habit which has stuck to him from the days when he wrote as a journalist; and the publication of the present work, following closely upon his scholarly "History of Criticism," is a sufficient answer to those who

shook their heads in academic doubt when a journalist took the Chair at Edinburgh.

That the work will bring peace in the "fair field full of fighting folk" whereon modern scholars of Prosody "clang battleaxe and clash brand," is not to be hoped; rather will it bring a sword, for the central idea of the book runs counter to many widely-received and much-debated theories. We have no desire to enter upon the field, and will content ourselves with saying that, after a careful study of the book, after checking it again and again in the light of opposing views, we have little hesitation in stating that Professor Saintsbury has set the history of English Prosody upon a firm basis, largely because he has remembered "that the Rule comes from the Work, not the Work from the Rule," and because he has been wise enough to take his examples from amongst the experimenters in novelty just as readily as from the writings of the great. The many minor poets are of as much importance in the history of literature as the great who sum up and embody the variations that are to last. The people who carry on the torch during the dark ages of a transition period are so many feelers, groping, often blindly, often with a strange access of light, towards "fresh Woods, and Pastures new." Many fall by the way, and they serve to make the road firmer for the tread of those who follow after.

Professor Saintsbury dates his Origins at 1100: he is probably right, for little is gained by giving the earlier, inflexional language and its alliterative poetry a greater importance in the history of English literature than it can justly claim.

Exactly [says Professor Saintsbury] how the islands may be dotted across the Behring Straits of 1000-1200 the philologist may be left to settle for himself. It is certain that between the poems of the Exeter Book, which roughly represent the further shore, and the work of Layamon, for instance, which represents the hither, a gulf is fixed, so far as we can judge, far mightier than that between the poems of perhaps seven centuries earlier and those of 1000, than, as we more or less know, that between the poems of seven actual centuries later and those of 1200. From the hither shore, therefore we begin, yet not without consideration of the further, or of the islands between, or of the possible assistances to communication.

The present volume, beginning with the "Ormulum" and a few fragments, of a date probably prior to 1210, discusses the productions of the thirteenth century, "The Owl and the Nightingale," the earlier Romances; devotes Book ii. to the fourteenth century (the curious revival of alliteration receiving ample justice); to Chaucer's and Gower's predecessors and contemporaries, what they had done metrically and what they left their masters to do; investigates, in Book iii., the Ballad literature and the Scottish poets of the fifteenth century, paying due obeisance to the Carol "I sing of a maiden," one of the masterpieces of English poetry; and, in Book iv., arrives at the turn of the tide, the incoming of Italian and Classical influence, the position of Spenser. There will be many knots to unravel in the two volumes that follow; volumes which we shall await with some impatience and curiosity, but the present instalment has convinced us that the whole subject is being dealt with in masterly fashion and we are confident that the remaining volumes will be worthy of their theme. For Professor Saintsbury has that quality which made Hazlitt one of the first of critics, he has *gusto*, he loves literature. You may disagree with him, you probably will, for he is nothing if not original; you may wish that he would not rely so ostentatiously on commas in the division of his sentences; you may desire a less frequent use of the parenthesis and, as Mark Twain would call it, the all-embracing king-parenthesis; but, when you have let the *advocatus diaboli* have his innings, there remains sufficient to place the writer of the volume under review in the front rank of English literary historians. Dismal though the word "Prosody" may sound in the ears of nine out of ten people, dismal as the science of political economy, we can promise an agreeable surprise to all readers

who possess any ear for music, any appreciation of form, in the story of English rhythm and metre here related. Nor is this brilliant result achieved at the expense of the supporters of opposing schools of thought. There is too much of the desire to score off your opponents in the critical writing of the day; especially among those who concern themselves with the Elizabethans is this evident; some portion of the fighting spirit of those days seems to stir the young blood of to-day, and Teutonic methods of bludgeoning your adversary prevail. Young critics might do worse than go through this "History of Prosody" as a text-book in the art of explaining their own views, without being discourteous to their adversaries. They would find therein that the work is placed first, that great personal labour is necessary before the possession of opinions can be justified, and that, though adversaries have to be met, it is always possible to salute before the attack. Even prize-fighters shake hands.

I thank God [says Professor Saintsbury, in a characteristic passage] for almost everything in English poetry that is good at all; but if I knew where the author of *Gamelyn* was buried, I should make a pilgrimage thither at the first opportunity, and go to the expense of an extra cake and candle according to the particular ritual that might suit the *genius loci*.

And later:

he [Robert of Gloucester] is only a promising pupil at a Terpsichorean Academy—the *Gamelyn* man could do "Liverpool lurch," or "Boston glide," or anything else you like, in open ball-room.

We quote these two passages in conclusion as an evidence of our contention that Professor Saintsbury has *gusto*, has life; he realises that English literature is a very real thing, that the still small voice of the carol, "I sing of a maiden," and the surge and thunder of war-lyric or ballad are as full of life to-day as when they made the pulses beat and the hearts throb of men who have lain for a century dead.

It is inexpressible [he says truly] what a joy . . . such an internal rhyme as "Under molde hi liggeth colde" gives one. The very bones of an Englishman under the cold mould itself ought to start and tremble at the hearing of them.

Last, let us express a hope that all "critical" and "eclectic" editors of texts will take to heart the following words, than which fewer more full of wisdom could be quoted:

a so-called "critical" text, with its pickings from this manuscript and that, or its reconstruction of a single one according to manufactured rules, may to some extent restore prosodic system, but will always be subject to the doubt whether it in the least resembles what the poet wrote.

As in the case of all books sent out for review by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the title-page is defaced by the impression of an ugly stamp. It is an act of discourtesy to the person whose opinion they solicit unworthy of a great publishing house.

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW

*Studies in Architecture.* By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

*Character of Renaissance Architecture.* By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE, of Harvard. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the many acute and stimulating statements that Mr. Reginald Blomfield puts forward in his "Studies" is a reason for the often criticised lack of popularity of architecture in England. He finds the cause in the fact that writers have dealt with architecture here either as an affair of dates and technicalities or as a vehicle for moral disquisition, and he adds that the first method has little interest for the layman and the latter none at all for the artist. Having realised this truth, it will be readily understood that the accomplished historian of "Renaissance Architecture in England" gives us a book as interesting as it is sound. It will appeal to the cultivated general reader,

not because Mr. Blomfield is in any way superficial or condescends to the lay intelligence, but because out of the fulness of his knowledge and the sincerity of his desire he is enabled to lay before us the results of his own enthusiastic study and devoted work. For example, "A Hundred Years of the French Renaissance" is an essay dealing in a critical spirit with the most authentic French and English books on the subject published since, roughly, 1880. Here Mr. Blomfield permits us to follow him during his tour of inspection throughout the memorials of sixteenth-century French work. If we will, in exchange for his courtesy, allow him a shade of dogmatism and insistence, we shall find sure delight. The enthusiastic writer often fails to win the reader, but the author of "Studies in Architecture" is sufficiently skilful to thrust his point home and yet leave our old beliefs unhurt. After the essay on "Andrea Palladio" and the "Byzantium or Lombardy," which appeared in the *Quarterly*, follows one, likely to be welcome to the general reader, on the "Architect of Newgate," that is to say, the old prison that has just passed away, the most imaginative building in London. In this closely argued and well-considered paper Mr. Blomfield traces the probable influence that enabled a commonplace man like George Dance the younger to produce a design remarkably adjusted to its gloomy purpose. This "finest abstract expression of wall surface to be found in western architecture" has been held to be little more than a fluke in the art of building when the rest of Dance's work is considered. But the author doubts whether such fortuitous circumstance is possible in his profession and finds Dance's inspiration in that frequent source—Piranesi's work "La Magnificenze di Roma" in which the "Capricci di Carceri" provide a superabundance of such suggestion. Dance was in Rome when Piranesi was at the height of his fame, a student of his work and possibly his friend. But if the wall of Newgate was by no means an original piece of work we are none the less grateful to Dance for having transplanted an imaginative influence which our native architecture lacked even then, and needed still more at a later date, and might suffer gladly even in our own enlightened age.

Of other essays such as that on "Philibert de l'Orme" and the "Italians at Fontainebleau" we have only space to say that the reader will not find a dull moment in them. Throughout the book the drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone, by Mr. Fulton and the author are unusually interesting and skilful; the photographs and reproductions informative and clear; the whole volume an intimate and pleasing series of studies of "the most intellectual and technical" and, we may add, at its highest, the most satisfying, of the arts.

In many ways an antithetical method to that of Mr. Blomfield is followed in Dr. Moore's work on "Renaissance Architecture." It inclines to be a matter of dates and technicalities and it by no means neglects the moral side; but it is, at the same time, an extremely clear and interesting account of a vast subject; authoritative, calm, instructive; an admirable handbook and book of reference. How different is his point of view from that of the author of the "Studies" is shown very distinctly by a momentary comparison of opinions on the well-known figures of nymphs by Goujon on what is now called the Fountain of the Innocents. Dr. Moore gives a reprint of Du Cerceau's engraving of the original design; Mr. Blomfield shows us photographs of the figures merely, as they now appear. The former says:

The sculptures by Goujon which adorn this structure have, in my judgment, no monumental qualities, nor any notable merits of design. Their movements are awkward, and their lines ill composed. The influence of the decadent Italian art is marked in them, without any new qualities that should entitle them to distinction.

Mr. Blomfield approaches in another manner:

The smile of La Gioconda is not more subtle and disquieting than those divinely beautiful nymphs on the Fontaine des Innocents. In both there seems some strange enchantment not found in the work of other men, some quality that makes peculiar appeal to sensitive

natures. Nothing could better attest the completeness of the French Renaissance than the fact that Goujon's genius was recognised at once. The permanence of his influence on French art is the most enduring tribute to his fame. . . .

It may sound pusillanimous and middle-aged, but there is no doubt that the truth lies somewhere between these two estimates. Jean Goujon's drawing rarely attains to attic beauty; but the elusive, alluring charm which Mr. Blomfield finds and compares with that of Monna Lisa, is there also.

#### A CONSERVATIVE VIEW OF ST. PAUL

*The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ.* Boyle Lectures 1903-5. By the Rev. R. J. KNOWLING, D.D., Canon of Durham, and Professor of Divinity in Durham University. (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d. net.)

OF Dr. Knowling's learning and ability there can be no question; he is, moreover, thoroughly well up in the latest results of criticism, and, although he apparently regards critics who are nothing but critics as opponents of Christianity, he usually states their opinions fairly. But his book is an example of that mixture of apologetic and criticism, so popular in England, which is known as "conservative criticism"—the term is frequently used by Dr. Knowling. A "conservative" critic must be something more or less than a mere critic; in practice he is an apologist who makes a limited use of the critical method. Dr. Knowling's position is clearly indicated by a remark that he makes (p. 295) in regard to the Abbé Loisy's opinion that certain words (Matt. xi. 25-27; Luke x. 21, 22) were not actually spoken by our Lord:

If this is the way to retain the Catholic Faith, viz., by giving up some of the most decisive sayings of our Lord about Himself and His relation to the Father, it may be a short and easy, but it is surely, none the less, a very precarious method.

M. Loisy, it is hardly necessary to say, does not "give up" this or any other passage in order to "retain the Catholic Faith," but for the more commonplace reason that the evidence, in his opinion, compels him to do so.

The first part of the book, which deals with the Pauline writings, is the best. Dr. Knowling sums up ably all that can be said in favour of his view that all are the writings of St. Paul (Hebrews, of course, is not in question), and, although his arguments do not remove the doubt attaching to Ephesians, Colossians and 2 Thessalonians—still less the greater objections to the authenticity of the Pastoral Epistles—they are in the main of a critical nature.

It is in the second and third parts that Dr. Knowling is revealed as the apologist with a very thin veneer of criticism. He will have none of the attribution to St. Paul of the first conception of the cosmic function of Christ; and he minimises consistently the part played by St. Paul as the pioneer of the Christian dogmatic system. At the same time he attributes to the apostle a developed belief in the Incarnation, an anachronism surpassed by the suggestion that there are "reminiscences of St. John's teaching [i.e., of the fourth Gospel] in the Epistles of St. Paul" (p. 346). The latter resembles Mrs. Gallop's discovery of reminiscences of Pope's "Iliad" in Shakespeare. As might be expected, Dr. Knowling refuses to admit Pauline influence on the Synoptics, but his reasons for doing so have nothing to do with criticism. In regard to the accounts of the institution of the Eucharist—a typical case—he does not seem to have grasped the critical argument. No critic that we know of thinks that the recital in Mark, as we have it, is earlier than St. Paul's. It is improbable that any of the recitals represents the primitive tradition, but a comparison of the Synoptics with 1 Cor. xi. 23-26 suggests that the primitive tradition is to be traced in Luke xxii. 14-19, ending with the words: "This is my body." In any case, it is impossible to reconcile the four recitals as they stand;

and that of Luke, at any rate, is plainly a compilation, since it involves two administrations of the cup.

Another thesis of the author is that St. Paul does not in his writings ignore the earthly life of our Lord before the Crucifixion. Such a thesis naturally leads Dr. Knowling into strange conjectures. He finds an allusion to the Virgin Birth in the words "born [or made] of a woman" (Gal. iv. 4) on the authority of "many distinguished critics"; and, since the words "born [or made] of the seed of David" (Rom. i. 3) imply that Jesus was the son of Joseph, Dr. Knowling assures us that it is "maintained by many able writers that Mary as well as Joseph was of the house of David," though he ought to know that there is not a particle of evidence for that baseless tradition. He insists that St. Paul taught a phenomenal Ascension, though nothing is plainer than the fact that St. Paul knew of no "forty days" and that, for him, Christ "ascended above all the heavens" (if, indeed, the apostle himself wrote those words) by His resurrection. Dr. Knowling maintains that the empty tomb is "pre-supposed" in the statement that our Lord was buried and rose again, and ignores the plain fact that the whole argument of 1 Cor. xv. pre-supposes that our Lord's body passed through the natural process resulting from death, and falls to the ground if His resurrection differed from that of us all. It is open to Dr. Knowling to hold that St. Paul was mistaken or not informed on such points as these; it is futile to attempt a reconciliation between St. Paul's conception of the Resurrection to eternal life of a body of glory animated by the *pneuma*—not the body that was laid in the grave (1 Cor. xv. 37, 44)—and the later accounts of a physical Resurrection to an earthly life of forty days.

How restricted is Dr. Knowling's grasp of the critical method is shown by his treatment of the words (Matt. xi. 25-27; Luke x. 21, 22) already referred to. The great majority of critics naturally find in that passage the influence of St. Paul. To this view Dr. Knowling objects, as has been said, on apologetic grounds. And he actually adduces as an argument for the authenticity of these words the fact that they are "unlike anything else in the Synoptic Gospels!" We should like to know on what ground Dr. Knowling finds himself able to assert that these words "come to us in all reasonable probability from amongst the earliest materials which our evangelists possessed." Of course Dr. Knowling finds it "easy to believe" that St. Paul knew the words to have been spoken by our Lord. But he does not attempt to account for the omission from Mark of so important a saying from the "earliest materials."

### PORTRAITURE

*The Art of Portrait-Painting.* By the Hon. JOHN COLLIER. (Cassell, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE art of portraiture will always be the most living and personal branch of the tree of painting, and is to-day the most flourishing and hopeful. We welcome, therefore, Mr. John Collier's book, in which he frankly scans his subject from say, the late Roman funeral portraits found in the Fayoum to that extraordinary example of animation and gaiety, which Mr. Sargent calls *A Vele Gonfie*. Historical; Aims and Methods of the Great Masters; the Practice of Portrait-Painting; are the three main divisions of the work, in which this conscientious and accomplished portrait-painter tells us those secrets of the prison houses of the artists' souls which he has discovered. No man of our day could write of his subjects more agreeably, sanely, or with more intimate knowledge, nor produce a volume so likely to gain the attention of the general public. Perhaps, to the sophisticated student, there may be certain glimpses of the obvious in the author's comments on the old masters in the historical section of the

work—but then there is always a new generation to whom notes on Rembrandt and Velasquez comes freshly, and we can only envy it so charming an initiation into a fascinating branch of study. When Mr. Collier comes to modern men—a field of criticism beset with pitfall and with gin—he confines himself to the British school, for the not very convincing reason that he believes the art of portraiture is in a much healthier state here than on the Continent. Whether we entirely agree with this statement or no, the result of this reticence is satisfactory, and the consideration of the work of contemporary painters always broad-minded, informing and just. Although Mr. Collier is endowed with a very catholic sense of appreciation, he is a candid friend; but, where he withholds the gifts of "praise, praise, praise," he produces good reasons—for example, the typical case of Whistler, or his views of Watts as a portrait-painter. We gather that Mr. Collier would not be quite in accord with Sir Joshua, when he said that in portraits the grace and the likeness consist more in the general air than in the exact similitude of every feature, and that he is for his pound of flesh and no mere suggestion. In this, as in most other of his conclusions, he will have the world on his side. The forty or more carefully reproduced portraits—some, and those not the most successful, in colour—give good examples of the art the author loves. The "Monna Lisa" is a fine reproduction, and Gainsborough's *Perdita* and the delightful picture by Mr. Sargent already mentioned, lose very little of their charm in these painstaking prints. The book is a cheery piece of criticism from beginning to end, and leaves the reader as optimistic as the author in regard to the future of portrait-painting.

### GLEANINGS OR WINNOWINGS

*Gleanings from Venetian History.* By FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD. Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. 2 vols. (Macmillan, 21s. net.)

THE title which Mr. Crawford has chosen for his work is misleading. It suggests that he has followed in the steps of the professed historians, bringing to light things which they have failed to find or have neglected. Such, however, is not the task which has been undertaken in these volumes. They are not, it is true, addressed to the professor or to the earnest young student, to any one, in fact, who wishes for a complete history of Venice during the period which they cover—from the foundation to 1866. A process of selection has been employed to determine what should be included and what should be left out; but that process is more akin to the act of winnowing than to that of gleaning. Out of the vast mass of material before him Mr. Crawford has chosen those elements of Venetian history which make interesting and pleasant reading, and has passed over, as far as possible, all that is wearisome and hard to remember. The dry bones of political and constitutional history are studied as briefly as may be, receiving just that amount of attention which suffices to give continuity to the book, while full and interesting chapters are devoted to the more generally attractive aspects of history—personal anecdote, social life, manners and customs, festivals and pageants, religious institutions, workshops and prisons. In a word, those who have read and liked "Marietta," a historical novel describing the Murano glass-blowers, and the author's previous work on Italian history, "The Rulers of the South," will be neither surprised nor disappointed by this Venetian study. Mr. Pennell, too, is up to his best mark, and has contributed two hundred and twenty-five pretty but distracting illustrations which, beyond the fact that they represent bits of Venice, have little or nothing to do with the text which they adorn. Some day, perhaps, authors, artists and publishers will realise that text and illustrations alike would stand more chance of receiving a fair amount of attention if the illustrations were kept together, and placed, say, at



the end of each chapter or each volume, and not sprinkled at random through the text.

Mr. Crawford has for Venice that admiration which success generally commands, but he does not attempt to whitewash her methods or make excuses for her crimes. He is her apologist only in so far as he calls upon us to admire the great things which she accomplished, at a sacrifice of political morality and personal justice. He brings out effectively and clearly those qualities which made her successful, unique, enviable and often hateful. The wonderful continuity and organic development of the Venetian institutions, influenced so little by external forces, give to the Republic an individuality which no other state can show for a length of time at all comparable with the long life of Venice. And "like to its beginning is its end" may be well said of the Venetian constitution. We read how, on the brink of the Eighth Century, the family hatreds of the Tribunes, or island chiefs, came near to ruining the infant state, and how these families made common cause to envy and hate the first of the one hundred and twenty Doges; and in these quarrels and jealousies we can see the germs of the constitution and the passions which were to colour Venetian history for eleven hundred years. For it was out of the intense jealousy and mistrust which always existed between the families of the governing classes that there grew that unwieldy machinery, those innumerable magistracies, each of which was controlled and hindered in action by others, that system of official limitations and secret spying upon all who occupied prominent positions, in short, every form of over-complication, which led to the enfeebling and finally to the death of the State. But, as Mr. Crawford never tires of repeating, Venice succeeded where others failed: her system, founded on suspicion of every one and disbelief in all good, lasted longer than others and made her greater than other powers; and she died of old age, when the system was worn out.

#### AN EXTENSION GUIDE TO ATHENS

*Primitive Athens as described by Thucydides.* By JANE E. HARRISON. (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.)

IN the fifteen years which have elapsed since Miss Jane Harrison published her commentary on Pausanias, enough has changed and enough has remained the same to justify her in bringing out a new book on what is practically the same subject. Dr. Dörpfeld, whose fresh discoveries and theories inspired Miss Harrison in her earlier book, may not have made many new discoveries, but he has fairly frequently altered his theories. New books have appeared in English, notably Dr. Frazer's large edition of Pausanias and Professor Gardner's well illustrated and popular guide to Ancient Athens. These are the principal changes; but two things remain the same. The first is Miss Harrison's enthusiasm for Dr. Dörpfeld's views and the second is the general opinion of British scholars. To his theories—at least to those which Dr. Dörpfeld still maintains—Miss Harrison preserves the unswerving loyalty of her enthusiastic youth. British scholars remain unconvinced, and although fifteen years of obstinate opposition might have damped her ardour Miss Harrison returns to the charge in a valiant attempt to storm the citadel.

While the obstinacy of scholars causes her to repeat some of her old arguments, the changes of fifteen years have obliged the author to alter the form of her book. She no longer makes the old Pausanias serve as a guide to the modern visitor, but taking a passage of Thucydides as her text she presents her complicated arguments in the form of a commentary upon it. In this procedure some may observe an effect of the lapse of time. During these fifteen years Miss Harrison has discarded archæology and topography and has busied herself almost entirely with mythology. In that sphere no method of exposition is so

familiar as the elaborate attempt to prove a theory of a legend or a custom by means of a commentary on its details. By piling up argument on the separate items, a fallacious effect is produced as of a cumulative and constructive proof, and the cunning mythologist takes good care that the reader shall never be able to observe the construction in its entirety. Miss Harrison shows that the cunning topographer may make use of the same methods. She takes Thucydides's words piece by piece, and, by commenting upon each separately and adapting them to Dr. Dörpfeld's views, she would make the unwary reader believe that she has proved her case up to the hilt, while in reality she has not succeeded in doing more than exhibit perverse views of each separate detail.

The method is known to others besides mythologists. There was once a barrister who proved the innocence of a burglar by showing to the craftsmen in the jury each of the implements found upon him and obliging the jurymen to confess that they were ordinary tools. He did not spoil his argument by appealing to the judge to recognise the bag in which the tools were carried; because the bag was a brief bag, and however familiar a thing in itself, an unusual contrivance for carrying a miscellaneous assortment of tools. We are forcibly reminded of this story in reading Miss Harrison. Some of her identifications are plausible enough, others are improbable in themselves; but all of them become anything but persuasive when they are enwrapped in the brief-bag of Thucydides's text. It would have been wiser to leave Thucydides entirely on one side—he is only arguing and not stating facts and could therefore be disregarded with comparative safety—but unfortunately Miss Harrison is less acute than the barrister of the story. She not only exhibits the brief-bag, but makes it an integral part of her argument when other means of persuasion fail. Of course, in order to do this, she is bound to prove the brief-bag to be something totally different, but scholars as well as the occupants of the bench have eyes, and they can read Thucydides when they see the text.

For the rest, Miss Harrison uses the means of persuasion which are familiar to the lecturer. She rambles off into totally irrelevant disquisitions on mythology, she touches on matters of art and archæology which have nothing to do with her argument, and she writes (or talks) in a chatty style with numerous confidential asides which are made to do duty for demonstration and steps in the argument. She illustrates her book with good plans and photographs, but apart from these it is hard to see what useful purpose it can serve. The book is scarcely intended for scholars, who are hard enough to persuade even when they are faced by a thorough discussion and are not put off with suspicious arguments (see especially the perversion of Strabo on p. 69) and the total suppression of the other side of the case. It can scarcely be intended to be a popular book, unless all the glory of Athens and all the noble works of the Athenians have ceased to interest the reading public. There is only a third class to whom the book can appeal; the class of those who study without depth and without imagination, who know works of art not by their charm and their merit, but by the theories which Germans and others have woven concerning their origin or attribution, and who are less familiar with the things themselves than with the names of the writers who have discussed them. Probably Miss Harrison's book is intended for these, and no doubt a new interest will be brought into the homes of a number of "extensionists" when they are told that "Nine Spouts" has been discovered, and that the sanctuaries of Zeus Olympios and Apollo Pythios were not placed where for centuries scholars have fondly imagined that Thucydides saw them. But Miss Harrison, if she believes in her case, might have sought with advantage to convince a worthier audience.

## EUTHANASIA

STAR-LIT silence girdled the snowy places  
Where my soul and I, keeping night-long vigil,  
Saw a pale procession of spectre faces  
Risen from Lethe.

Ghosts of love and friendship, and hopes that never  
Passed the shining portals of El Dorado,  
All the Might-have-beens of my vain endeavour  
Weeping went by me.

Fear then gripped me close, for a voice like thunder  
Shattered silence, trumpeting words I knew not  
Till my soul—illuminated by Dawn's red wonder—  
Whispered and told me.

Straightway all those grievous ones left their weeping,  
Faded, star-like, at the behest of Morning;  
So on me a peace beyond dreamless sleeping  
Fell, soft as snow falls.

ANGELA GORDON.

## GREEK AT THE UNIVERSITIES

CAMBRIDGE well deserves the best thanks and congratulations of all who have the real interests of education at heart. Last year's proposal to make Greek optional at the Little-go was lost by five hundred and seven votes in a poll of two thousand six hundred and eleven. The proposal which the Cambridge University Senate has now thrown out by seven hundred and forty seven votes to two hundred and forty-one was less sweeping, but more insidious. It aimed at the bifurcation of the B.A. degree into two degrees, one for letters and one for science, and gave to candidates for the latter an option between Greek and Latin. This suggestion recommended itself to many who were altogether opposed to making Greek optional at the Little-go. The *Times* of Friday, May 25, had a leader strongly supporting it and claiming for it the sanction of Professor Butcher's authority. But the less violent change would in the end have been equally fatal to the study of Greek. In pointing out this I would recur to some of the arguments put forward in the Conference of Headmasters in December 1890, when the proposal to make Greek optional in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge was defeated by only two votes in a poll of sixty.

It was urged then by the advocates of the maintenance of Greek that, if the resolution brought forward by the headmaster of Harrow were carried, the study of Greek in England was doomed. This argument was met by the innovators with silent contempt or by improved declarations that "no one fears that Greek will cease to be studied in England," and that "Greek can take care of itself." It is curious that the very contrary of the last proposition was the utterance of one who was among the greatest ornaments of English scholarship. In 1873 George Grote declared his conviction that it was Latin and Greek which required to be fostered, that Greek would soon cease to be studied if it were made optional, and that the sciences would "take care of themselves."

For to make Greek optional for any class of students in the Universities would infallibly be to bring about a premature and excessive specialising even in the course of the boy's school training. If the question whether he would pursue a scientific or a classical career in the University be left to the boy, in the great majority of cases he will decide against Greek. The study of Grammar is distasteful to the beginner, however apt, though to the advanced student it is full of interest and affords a discipline of the reasoning faculties at least as good as that supplied by Euclid or logic. The boy will vote for *cotyledons* and *coelenterata*, and his master will have to explain—if, indeed, he knows himself—what these words mean, and that they were used by a people whose commerce and

manufactures were small, which had no Stock Exchange, and could not make "corners" in anything—which, therefore, can be of no use or interest for a lad who has to face the pressure of modern life and contend with "the struggling, eager crowds which beset every avenue to success." Specialising would begin at school, and in the course of a generation or two Greek would be in the position now occupied by Hebrew and Sanscrit, and the Greek masters in the public schools would have so little to do that they would be obliged to "double" the parts of instructors in (perhaps) writing or calisthenics.

No attempt has ever been made to show that the passman carries into his subsequent life from the University more mathematics or mental or natural philosophy than Greek. In this connection I may perhaps quote some words of my own on this subject from the *Quarterly Review* (343) of January 1891:

Let all subjects be optional, or let us have a reason why one subject should be optional rather than another. The truth is, the rank and file of examinees are not now capable, never were capable, and never will be capable, of attaining to a knowledge of Greek, Latin, German, trigonometry, mechanics, or any other branch of study, in the sense in which the term "knowledge" is understood by real scholars and savants. But that is no reason why the passman should not reap great and permanent advantage from being induced to pursue these studies to a certain point, which is in many cases as far as their intelligence will allow them to go. It has been urged by the innovators that "it would be difficult to find in Greek literature a passage which would not pluck at least half of the candidates if anything like a creditable, even a respectable translation were exacted." Would more than half the candidates in an examination in Natural Science display a knowledge which would seem to a master of the science creditable, or even respectable? Moreover, it is fair to call to mind that when a student is required to translate an unprepared piece of Greek, he is asked to show that he has a grasp of the principles of the language. A question of analogous difficulty in the sciences would "pluck" the whole class; but such questions are not put at pass-examinations in science. The point to be dwelt on is, that no attempt has been made to show that the passman carries away from the University a greater or more abiding knowledge of mathematics or mental or natural philosophy than of Greek, yet no one has proposed to make all these subjects optional.

There was a time when professed Latinists knew very little Greek. "Graecum est: non potest legi" is a comment often to be met in the schoolmen when a Greek expression occurs in a Latin text. There are now French and Italian Latinists who have but slight acquaintance with Greek. It is the boast of English scholarship that for more than two centuries Greek and Latin have been studied with equal success and reciprocal illumination. If Greek were ever put on a level with Hebrew and Sanscrit, and if the study of it were confined to a few specialists, even Latin would suffer. Fancy a Greekless Munro or Robinson Ellis, or a Professor of Latin with a third-class man's knowledge of Greek lecturing on Virgil, Plautus, Lucretius, or the philosophical works or the letters of Cicero.

For whose sake would this barbarising measure be passed? It is said that there were at the time of the Conference at Oxford in December 1890 over ten thousand boys at the public schools not learning Greek. It is alleged that many of these would be glad to have a University degree. But Dr. Selwyn of Uppingham writing to the *Times* of January 1, 1891, said:

I do not know or recollect a single such boy who would be (or have been) likely, under any circumstances, to go to either University.

The persons who would benefit by the revolution would be those who fancy that French or German or chemistry would supply a shorter road to professional success than Greek. But the language of Corneille and Schiller would be little more useful for practical professional needs than that of Pindar or Sophocles, even were we to put aside the question (too large to be entertained here) as to the true function of University teaching. The majority of those who would frequent the modernised University would be the sons of noblemen who look on the public school not as a source of instruction but as an indispensable part of a gentleman's career, the Fitzbattleaxes who

think Eton or Harrow, Oxford or Cambridge, as essential as baptism; or the sons of the Gorgius Midases, who send their sons to the place where there are the most "dooks." Such youths will not devote the time gained by the abolition of Greek to other subjects more congenial to them. They go to the University "to kick and knock balls about," to use the vigorous language of the late Professor Freeman, who strongly opposed the barbarisers.

It is better [said the same scholar] that a University should be small and poor but learned, than large and rich but unlearned.

Here is another weighty judgment from the same source:

I doubt whether it is possible for a University to keep up a subject as essential for those who are fit to profit by it, unless it is kept up as essential for all.

Opulent idlers and premature specialisers who believe in "bread and butter" knowledge and think that a University should be a technical school, are the only classes who would benefit by the proposed revolution.

I may, perhaps, be permitted in conclusion to quote a passage which is, no doubt, familiar to many—a tribute from the great prophet of Utilitarianism to the value of a training in Greek:

If [said John Stuart Mill in his address to the University of St. Andrews], as every one must see, the want of affinity of these studies to the modern mind is gradually lowering them in popular estimation, that is but a confirmation of the need of them, and renders it the more incumbent on those who have the power to do their utmost to prevent their decline.

ROBERT Y. TYRRELL.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### SHAKESPEARE IN THE REMAINDER MARKET

A FEW years ago, just before the recent startling rise in the auction-prices of Shakespeare Quartos, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a German gentleman who had found, among the treasures of a library formed by a book-loving ancestor in the eighteenth century, a volume containing nine quarto plays with all of which Shakespeare's name has been connected. The library contained no other Shakespeariana with which these would range, and the owner wished therefore to take advantage of a brief visit to England to dispose of them to the best advantage. A note of the contents of his volume which he sent on in advance, while it showed that eight of his nine plays belonged to editions already well known, raised in me a wild hope that the ninth might be of an issue hitherto undescribed, and I awaited his arrival with all the more interest. Within an hour of his reaching London the little fat volume was in my hands, and as I took it out of its wrapping I felt as if my new acquaintance had brought an old friend with him, for on the plain brown calf cover I saw stamped in gold EDWARD GWYNNE, the name of a well-known seventeenth-century collector, who frequently marked his books in this way. There was no new Shakespeare quarto in the volume—the date in the otherwise flawless list was a mistake. But to find Edward Gwynne buying Shakespeare quartos consoled me for the loss of my anticipated new find.

The actual contents of the volume which had lain hid in a German library for nearly a century and a half were as follows:

(1) The Whole Contention between the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke and King Henrie the sixth. Divided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T.P.

(2) A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by Iames Roberts, 1600.

(3) The first part Of the true & honorable history, of the Life of Sir Iohn Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham. As it hath bene lately acted by the Right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham Lord High Admirall of England, his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London printed for T.P. 1600.

(4) The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Iew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a iust pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three Caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by I. Roberts, 1600.

(5) The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for T.P. 1608.

(6) M. William Shakespeare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the Kings Maiesty at White-Hall, vppon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Maiesties Servants, playing vsually at the Globe on the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter, 1608.

(7) The Late, and much admired Play, called, Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the saide Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T.P. 1619.

(8) A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of Windsor. With the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporal Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619.

(9) A Yorkshire Tragedie. Not so New, as Lamentable and True. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T.P. 1619.

It would, perhaps, have been more correct to have spoken of these quartos as eight in number rather than nine, as the undated issue of the *Whole Contention* which heads the list and the *Pericles* dated 1619 were printed together, and the signatures run on continuously, R-Z, etc., of *Pericles* following on A-Q. of the *Whole Contention*. In this volume, however, some pains seemed to have been taken to keep them apart.

My German acquaintance doubtless now regrets that he did not delay finding this pretty little nest of quartos for another two or three years. For though Mr. Quaritch gave him as nearly as possible three times the sum which his German advisers had led him to expect, the price he received compares badly with the £2086 which the copies of the same issues of the same plays fetched at Sotheby's last Saturday. Before it was taken to Mr. Quaritch, two great British collectors had the offer of the volume. When Mr. Quaritch bought it, he was not long in finding a customer on the other side of the Atlantic, and Edward Gwynne's book now rests in the fine collection of Shakespeariana founded by Mr. Marsden Perry at Providence, Rhode Island.

It is a pity that so few seventeenth-century bookbuyers put their names on their purchases, for it is only by virtue of an interesting jacket that an old volume of separate plays is likely to remain for long in its original condition. Few collectors can afford to purchase nine plays of which they already possess seven or eight and only lack one or two. It is thus to the advantage of every seller to break up the old volume, and the contents, once dispersed, may easily lose all power of telling their collective history. The occurrence of these same plays in the same editions in the volume recently broken up for sale last week struck me, however, as so singular that I could not believe it to be accidental. It is true that Mr. Hussey's volume was in a binding which could not be earlier than the middle of the eighteenth century, and that the plays were not arranged in the order of those belonging to Edward Gwynne, but as follows:

The Whole Contention. Pavier. [1619.]  
A Yorkshire Tragedie. Pavier. 1619.  
Henry the fift. Pavier. 1608.  
Pericles. Pavier. 1619.  
King Lear. Butter. 1608.  
Midsommer Nights dreame. Roberts. 1600.  
Merchant of Venice. Roberts. 1600.  
Merry Wives of Windsor. Johnson. 1619.  
Sir Iohn Oldcastle. Pavier. 1600.

On the other hand, the chances that two collectors, without any determining cause, had bound together precisely the same editions of these plays, without the admixture of any others, seemed very remote. Moreover, the dates of the editions on a little consideration seemed to yield a very plausible theory as to what the reason of their juxtaposition might have been. Reckoning them still as nine, we find that four belong to the year 1619, which brings us close to the date of the Folio of 1623. All the five others are much earlier, and for a moment it seemed difficult to explain why three plays of 1600 and two of 1608 should come thus cheek by jowl with others printed in 1619. There is, however, a striking point common to four out of five of these earlier issues—each of them is one of two editions printed in the same year. Besides the “Roberts” edition of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Merchant of Venice*, there are those which bear the names also of their respective publishers, Fisher and Heyes; besides the “Pavier” edition of *Sir John Oldcastle* there is that with the initials of V. S., i.e., Valentine Sims, as its printer on Pavier's behalf; besides the “Butter” edition of *King Lear*, there is that known to students as the “Pide Bull” edition, because in addition to Butter's name it gives the sign of his shop, the Pied Bull. Now, every publisher knows by sad experience that a first edition of a book may be exhausted so rapidly that to refuse to print a second seems a mere turning away good money, and yet when the second is printed only a few copies are sold. The demand which seemed so vigorous was really for only another hundred or two hundred copies, and if a second thousand, or even five hundred, are printed, the bulk of them become at once dead stock. It is dispiriting to think that this was the fate which befell the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *King Lear*, and that Jacobean readers were so much less appreciative of *Henry V.* than their Elizabethan predecessors. But, if we are to account for these editions of 1600 and 1608 being bound up with other editions printed in 1619 otherwise than as an accident, we can only do so by supposing that they belonged to unsold stock, and that the news of the forthcoming folio of 1623 caused them to be thrown on the market as what we now call a “remainder.”

Before we add Shakespeare to the list of “remaindered” authors, the theory of accidental coincidence in the contents of these two volumes must be disposed of. Now, it has already been noted that Gwynne's volume was bought by a German collector in the middle of the eighteenth century and that the binding of Mr. Hussey's belonged to the same date. Students will remember that it was in 1768 that Capell published his edition of Shakespeare's “Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, set out by himself in quarto, or by the players (his fellows) in folio,” and it cannot be doubted that this (undue) exaltation of the quartos as set out by Shakespeare himself powerfully directed attention to them, and would cause copies to be searched for. On the other hand, as soon as a volume containing nine plays was found, the tendency, as we have noted, would be to break it up, and we have therefore only a few years in which to search for evidence of other volumes with the same contents. The most obvious person to have possessed one is Edward Capell himself, and thanks to the zealous and minute care with which Mr. W. W. Greg has catalogued the Capell collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, I feel as sure that he did as if I had seen the volume in his hands.

Most of Capell's Quartos seem to be fairly good copies, but among them all there are nine, and nine only, which attain the measurements  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$  inches, and these nine are the same nine as we find in the Gwynne and the Hussey volumes. They are now bound in two volumes, which stand side by side as Q 11 and Q 12, the former containing five and the latter four plays, so that, despite rebinding, they may still be said to be kept together.

The discovery that Capell's copies of these nine plays were all of a size, and that an unusual one, sent me at once to the Garrick Plays at the British Museum, and

with the clue already given me I had no need to look for the titles on their backs. Within a couple of minutes I had picked out all nine plays from among their fellows simply by their height, and I think that there can be no doubt that David Garrick, like Edward Capell, purchased them in a volume and broke them up to suit his own convenience.

The evidence, then, which we have for these nine plays having once formed a single volume is:

(a) One copy, still united, with the name of a seventeenth-century collector on the cover;

(b) One copy in a binding of about the middle of the eighteenth century, only recently broken up;

(c) Two sets of the nine plays, of uniform and unusual size, traceable to the possession of eighteenth-century collectors, both of them known to have been in the habit of breaking up volumes and rebinding.

I shall be much obliged for any further notes as to copies of these plays which seem at any time to have been bound together. I hope, however, that I am not too sanguine in now assuming that their collocation in the Gwynne and Hussey volumes cannot have been fortuitous. If it be not fortuitous, I can imagine no other way in which it can have come about than that which I have already suggested. After the publication of the First Folio there could have been little object in bringing together a few single plays into a volume. The presence of the quartos of 1619 forbids us to assume any earlier date than this, and it seems probable that the editions of that year, having been allowed their chance individually, were bound up with the remainder stock of the 1600 and 1608 quartos some time in 1622, so as to get rid of them before the Folio appeared. Obviously Thomas Pavier was the prime mover in this device, as most of the editions were his. As to how possession was obtained of the other stock I can at present offer no suggestion. Probably the amount of it was not very large, or a collective title-page would have been printed, as was done more than once when various pamphlets by Gervase Markham had to be sold off in a like manner. I imagine that the separate quartos were stitched together in a paper wrapper, and continued in this form until collectors found them out, and bound them. For the plays themselves it was no bad luck. They were saved from the rough handling of the eager purchasers of the years when they still held the stage, and thus have come down to us in far finer condition than most of their fellows. On the other hand, that plays of Shakespeare should have remained unsold for nineteen years or more and then have been worked off in a made-up volume, in the company of others wrongly assigned to him, is surely a very curious and eloquent fact. Few authors enjoy seeing their precious works offered in second-hand catalogues for a small fraction of their original price. But, if I am right, there will be henceforth a consolation for the “Remaindered” even greater than the historic case of FitzGerald's “Omar.” We can think of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* sold in this way after waiting nineteen years for purchasers, and sing consolingly to one another that excellent refrain from “When King Alfred was at Sherborne”: “If you are feeling rather sore, He went through it all before, And what can you expect?”

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be “Science in Fiction,” by A.]

## FICTION

*Set in Authority.* By Mrs. EVERARD COTES (SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN). (Constable, 6s.)

A NOVEL which is serious but not dull, philosophic but not dry, full of purpose but not one-sided, is so rare—and especially so among novels written by women—that Mrs. Everard Cotes's new book should be read carefully and intelligently, not tossed aside as soon as the reader



discovers that it is about India and the feasibility of carrying our beloved doctrines of Liberalism into practice in that strange land. Mr. Broadbent himself in *John Bull's Other Island* was not so doughty a champion of Liberal principles as Anthony Andover, Baron Thame, the Viceroy in Mrs. Cotes's novel. In one point, at any rate, he was determined that a favourite doctrine of Liberalism—the equality of all men and all races—should be made real and practical in India; and so, when a British private soldier is supposed to have murdered a native, the Viceroy overrides the decision of the Chief Commissioner of the district in which the murder is supposed to have taken place, and, in effect—though the gallows are never used—procures the condemnation of the soldier for murder. And, after all, there was no murder, and the man who is hounded to death by the Viceroy is innocent. A terrible comment on the application of the principles of our glorious Liberalism to other lands than our own! But we must not give a wrong idea of this novel. It is not a political object-lesson only. In with the politics is wound a story of men and women, of love and loss and hopes and fears, which displays a number of very cleverly drawn characters, whose thoughts and feelings are of deep interest. The soldier, by strange bonds that remain concealed till the very end, is united by close ties to the Viceroy himself—and the discovery adds pathos to the wretched muddle which everybody made of things. It is not a comforting or exhilarating story, but it is a clever, mature, and thoughtful piece of work that will increase Mrs. Cotes's already high reputation.

*A Benedick in Arcady.* By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. (Murray, 6s.)

THERE are certain books which strain life of its ugliness and turbulence and read like the fulfilment of a nice boy's day-dreams. Their effect is different at different times. Sometimes they fill the reader with a kind of cheap cynicism and an unreasoning hatred of their wholesomeness and their blatant, untrue cheerfulness: sometimes it is pleasant to wish, idiotically, that life was a pottering in a German garden or a summer in Arcady, and then they are mildly amusing and agreeably sad: the literary artifice tickles and pleases like a well-made Moselle-cup, and sleep soon brings the book to its proper climax. But strain life of its ugliness and you rob it of its interest, you lessen its poignant beauty. Rose spectacles shed a rosy tint, like the dreadful monotone of contentment. They put us in flagrant sympathy with those fellows who under the name of realists pry only into the slime on the easy edge of the deep river. . . . This is a great fuss about an omelette, as the French say. Mr. Sutcliffe has written a book simple in design and pleasant, if a little diffuse in execution. Benedick has returned from a honeymoon to his old house with its old garden and two old faithful retainers: his wife is a child whom he calls Babe. Here he smokes and thinks and smokes and lives: he sits under a lime-tree and writes a little: or goes for a walk with the Wanderer and meets a cross-grained farmer who is won over to offer them dinner and discloses a profound knowledge of birds; or he meets a blacksmith who quotes Homer in passages. Always on his return his little wife is waiting at the garden gate. In fact, the book is an idyll, and much better written than such idylls are wont to be. There is one kind of idealist who is able to turn away persistently from any unpleasant fact with a sort of happy knack: to this kind the author of this book belongs. There is another kind of idealist—and no less steadfast—who must see all facts and prays Heaven for the power to look a little beyond them and appreciate what is there.

*From Paleolith to Motor-car; or Heasham Tales.* By HARRY LOWERISON. (A. J. Whiten, and The Clarion Newspaper Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. LOWERISON has hit upon an ingenious idea, and carries it out admirably. In fourteen short stories he presents a panorama of the great epochs in the social and national life of this country in its evolution from the stone age to

the Victorian era. These "tales which are all true, and none of them is true," possess an interest for all readers, and a particular fascination for young people, for whose instruction they are primarily intended: no child could find history or science dull or dry in these pleasant pages. The first story, "Coo," gives us a vividly imaginative picture of the daily life of the brown, hairy people who came from the great plain where now lies the English Channel and settled down in the N.-W. corner of Norfolk. "Coo," "Inito's Axe," "Queena's Sacrifice" are exciting and moving little tales; the author, whose sentiments are humane but robust, does not despise realism as a means of arresting attention. Next follow in chronological order stories of Celt, Briton and Norman, of vassals and overlords, Cavaliers and Roundheads, of Nelson in Norfolk and at the siege of Calvi, and, last, a sketch of the life of a waif in London under modern conditions. Mr. Lowerison is a practical and scientific educationist, and has rarely used his store of knowledge to better purpose than in this volume. It is almost an ideal book for the object he had in view, original, informing, and picturesque.

*Anthony Britten.* By HERBERT MACILWAINE. (Constable, 6s.)

ANY plot or characters that there are in "Anthony Britten" depend almost entirely for their interest and effectiveness upon their setting. For this is not so much a novel in the ordinary acceptance of the term as a study of London life which Mr. Herbert MacIlwaine has clothed in novel form. Anthony Britten, the rolling stone who returns home from Westralia with a fortune, to be driven away by the uncongenial atmosphere of his family, who have not the intuition of the practised novel-reader that Anthony in his ragged coat is a rich man, can hardly be described as an original type of hero. Still, the warm-hearted and uncouth Anthony takes a strong hold on our interest, and we are swept along with him as he probes the pretentious snobbery of his own family's life, as he is introduced to clubland, and, finally, as he goes slumming and meets with fighting parsons, beautiful society ladies and the rest of them. One character there is which appeals to us upon its own merits, and that is Polly, the overworked maid, who somehow or other seems to be connected with all the characters and is the pivot upon which the sentimental incidents of the plot turn. Regarded simply as a work of art, the book is rather crude for an author of Mr. MacIlwaine's skill. It needs a Besant at his best to cram as much London life into a six-shilling novel as is here attempted, and we confess to wishing that the characters were a little less analytical and introspective and would allow us to share more in their conversations. The faults, in short, are easily felt, and yet the book is good, and we found in reading this novel a real pleasure which is completely absent from the perusal of many other works which, if more artistically constructed, are less virile and less earnest.

*Amelia and the Doctor.* By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE village of Barton is the pleasant scene of this pleasantly-written story. The characters are old favourites; the sweet maiden-lady, the grim old gentleman warrior, the Radical sceptical doctor, noble and good as the well-loved vicar, the proud lord, master of an icy courtesy—we know them all: with them we are on as familiar ground as with the incidents in which they figure: the typhus-case, the burglary, the marriage certificate in the old bureau. There is no jarring note of surprise or unpleasantness to mar the pretty tinkle of the story: it is as pleasing and unpretentious as the sound of a distant sheep-bell, heard as the evening draws in, on a moor: it has the same effect, through its very familiarity, upon the mind in gently stirring up the sentiments which bring for their own reasons a little lump to the throat: and finally—to stretch the metaphor to the limit of endurance—it bears much the same relation to art or literature as the sheep-bell does to music.

## FINE ART

## THE GERMAN EXHIBITIONS

"HERZLICHE ZUSAMMENWIRKUNG," these words, though not looking or sounding so pretty as "L'entente cordiale," are as near as I can get to its meaning in the German which was my native language but which has been sadly allowed to rust.

After the municipal and political "rapprochement," it is fitting that there should follow an artistic understanding between Germans and English, and the three Exhibitions at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the Grafton Gallery and the Prince's Galleries afford a welcome opportunity for the study and comparison of ancient and modern German art.

I do not think it fantastic to find some characteristics common to the ancient and modern schools distinguishing them from those of other nations. German artists from the time of Hans Balding Grün, Altdorfer and Durer, have excelled in vigorous and expressive drawing, with a marked tendency to distortion and exaggeration, but the sense for colour is still, as it was in those days, the weakest element. The revivalists, Cornelius, Overbeck, and that great artist, Gustav Retzel, were draughtsmen first, and as draughtsmen Lenbach and Menzel will be chiefly recognised.

Knowing the circumstances in which the Exhibition at Prince's Galleries was organised, as an acknowledgment of the generous manner in which English and Scottish artists have been treated in German centres, we are chary of being over critical, but there is no doubt that putting all considerations of courtesy and hospitality aside, these two Exhibitions maintain a higher technical standard than the majority of our own. As was only to be expected, the artists who are "hervorragend" are Menzel and Lenbach, both recently deceased. We knew that Menzel was unrivalled as a draughtsman, but I did not realise that Lenbach was also greatly superior to any English artist in that respect. His economy of line and its delicacy and vigour are amazing. On the other hand, his colour, although usually pleasant, succeeds merely by being "safe," that is, the vague brown and grey juice which Old Masters sometimes acquire with years. When he drops this formula, and attempts something truer to nature, it is apt to become a saffron, stale sort of colour, not at all pleasing. Occasionally he got an exquisite quality, as in the portrait of *Frau von Lenbach and Marion* in Eastern dress, and his swift lightness of touch is admirably seen in the *Portrait of the artist with his daughter Gabriele, Virchow*, and the beautiful woman, *Frau Lolo von Lenbach*. A few veterans are also to be seen who maintain the skilful style of the past, Defregger, for instance, and Gabriel Max.

The latter's subjects are usually of the melodramatic and "queer" order. The picture of the *Deluge*—three apes watching the approaching flood in terror or resignation—is full of character and powerful technique. But on the whole the modern German is terribly up-to-date, and welcomes with eagerness the latest extravagances of Pointillist and Symbolist. Probably at no distant date Böcklin will be considered as "passé" as Kaulbach or Makart; at present his influence is disastrously evident in Benno Becker, Max Kuschel and Franz Stuck. German artists are unfortunately liable to be influenced by the inflated and pretentious. They are less conservative and timid than the English and less frank than the French, and when they fall there is no mistake about it. Fritz August von Kaulbach, who must not be confounded with the celebrated *ante bellum* Kaulbach, has some admirable works, *Child with Cherries*, the portrait of his father, like a very good Watts, and *Bacchante*. He is not always an artist perhaps, but a painter he is, to his finger-tips, and really this is becoming quite a rare thing in French, English and German art, in which we constantly find bold, thoughtful, or observant work, but seldom the instinctive and inevitable.

It is a pity that von Uhde, who was one of these born painters, should have made a speciality of scenes from the New Testament with surroundings of modern country life. Both sentiment and painting have become confused and muddled thereby. Some of the best works are intensely realistic—the cattle pieces of Zügel, very true and original in their notation of the purple and lilac nuances; the Sargent-esque *Mirror-Room* by Joseph Oppenheimer, perfect in its way; the *Winter Sun* of Hans Olde, like a weaker Monet; the passionate portrait of D'Andrade as Don Juan by Max Slevogt; the unflinching portrait of Prof. Dilthey by Reinhold Lepsius. *Flax Cleaning in Laren, Holland*, must be an earlier work by Max Liebermann; it is too big and prolix for his nervous and witty hand. The decorative piece by Adam Kunz is big, too, but is carried through in a big way, and the peacock, turkey, fruit, and flowers are gorgeous in the rich lacquer of the brush work.

Other excellent works are *Arabian Warriors*, by the late Faber du Faur, influenced, I should think, by Fromentin, the *Mid-day Hour* of Walther Georgi, which recalls William Stott, and the *Child with a Ball* of von Zumbusch.

The bogies of L'Art Nouveau are, I am thankful to say, being gradually eliminated: they threatened to overwhelm all sculpture, decoration and architecture in Germany. Max Klinger, most accomplished of artists, is still sometimes haunted by them, but his bronze, *Bathing*, gathers beauty in an unexpected way, as the figure is in an attitude which would seem to foretell nothing but ungainliness. Among the drawings are some of Menzel's beautiful studies, a *gouache* of the *Church of St. Francis, Überlingen*, by Gotthard Knehl, excellent; a queer etching by E. M. Geyger of *The First Man*, being nursed by apes, a most undarwinian proceeding, and some lurid and ghastly etchings by Käthe Kollwitz, the illustrator of Hauptmann's "Die Weber." Altogether these two exhibitions are the most interesting of all that are at present on view and are witnesses to a keenness and vigour which make our Academy and other bodies seem sluggish and timid by comparison.

B. S.

## GAINSBOROUGH STUDIES AND DRAWINGS

OUR national disposition to put quantity before quality makes it easy for us to neglect smaller galleries when the mammoth art exhibitions are opening. Slowly and painfully we are learning to judge the importance of a painting by other criteria than its dimensions, but we have not yet lost the habit of thinking those exhibitions most worthy of consideration which contain the greatest number of exhibits.

There are many collections of pictures now open to the public of greater extent than the "Selections of Studies and Drawings by Thomas Gainsborough" at Messrs. Colnaghi's galleries (13 and 14 Pall Mall East); but few which, in the language of the guide-book, will better repay a visit. With the exception of *The Mushroom Gatherer*, an unfinished oil-painting with a yellowish brown, Orchardson-like colour-scheme, all these studies are of moderate size, but they show an extraordinary diversity of medium and treatment. There are admirable landscapes in black chalk, indian ink and sepia, vigorous sketches in coloured crayons like the *Spaniel Lying Down* (39), portrait studies in oils, rustic scenes in body and water-colour, and bewildering combinations of two, three, even four mediums—barbarous in theory, but at times wondrously effective in practice. There can, however, be no defence for even Gainsborough's varnishing of water-colour, which murders its fresh charm without bringing any compensating attraction. The loss of quality entailed by this process is obvious if we compare, say, the open hilly *Landscape* (85), sepia and body colour, varnished, on paper, with the more legitimate water-colour *Landscape* (57), in which a lady and gentleman are walking, and a horse is looking over a five-barred gate. The beauty and delicacy of the limpid

colour in this delicious sketch would be irretrievably marred by a coat of varnish. In other respects this drawing is remarkable for its modernity, the economy of means, and the brilliant modelling of the horse by a few deft brush-strokes. Nothing could be better fitted to bring home to the public that Gainsborough's art was essentially an art of suggestion rather than realisation, that it was his constant endeavour not so much to depict the anatomical construction of forms as to show how they appeared to him under the influence of light. It must be added that chalk studies of the *Blue Boy*, the *Duchess of Devonshire*, and of the *Mrs. Siddons* at the National Gallery are included in this most instructive selection.

## MUSIC

### GRIEG'S PIANO MUSIC

GRIEG has come and gone; at least his two concerts have been given, and, if they have raised no new subject for discussion, they have revived interest in an old one. They have given opportunity to the elders amongst us to indulge in reminiscences of his first visit to England, some to remember a little regretfully the promise of great things which he then seemed to give, many to tell how charmingly Madame Grieg interpreted his lyrics, all to find that the same characteristics which made his "Lyrische Stücke" welcome successors to the "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn make them a relief from the splashy impressionism which belongs to the modern school of post-Liszt composers for the pianoforte. What those characteristics are and to what place they entitle him in musical literature are questions which the recent Grieg festival, if so it may be called, reawakens. They must be discussed now from a different standpoint from that of thirty years ago. We have the whole Grieg before us, for, though he should add another book of "Lyrische Stücke" or another group of songs or even a new violin sonata, it is not to be expected that he will break through the limits which have been those of a lifetime. Not only have we the whole Grieg, but we have had it for some time. A very small number of works represent him quite fairly and completely; we may almost say that the two concerts recently enjoyed at Queen's Hall more than represented him, in fact were to some extent tautologous. He has not developed. He had something to say at the beginning of his life and he has just gone on saying it, secure in the knowledge that it is worth saying because no one else could say it, for it is himself. When he began to make music, his music was quite new and people consequently said that it was ugly, but now that he has grown old, and his music with him, time has proved the contrary. What was taken for ugly newness is now the tame oldness of his music. The little turns of uncouth melody, employing over and over again the step of a semitone downwards followed by the leap of a major third in the same direction, strangely piled up harmonic discords and a love of crude-sounding fifths and sevenths—these are the things which made his elder contemporaries regard him as a dangerous revolutionary and now cause young critics alternately to sneer at and to patronise him. Grieg is by no means the only composer whose little tricks and mannerisms have gained him at first an unearned and evanescent popularity and afterwards robbed him of his due appreciation. It happened in a rather different way to Mendelssohn and, if I mistake not, there are at the present day certain composers of works which invariably crowd Queen's Hall or pay the expenses of a Three Choirs Festival, whose popularity will have to wane and die ere they can be properly understood. Grieg's popularity has not died—the audiences at both the concerts showed that plainly—but it has waned.

"Grieg does not seem to be played so much now as he was a few years ago," was the remark a lady lately made to me when she had just played one of his little

pieces really effectively and made a rather unintelligible muddle of a couple of Chopin Preludes. That was not entirely her fault; the piano was an old one and would not respond to her touch, and the pedal did not act well, so that the tone quality on which Chopin depends for his effect, was lost. But with Grieg this was of much less importance. A crisp touch, a feeling for the outlines of his well-defined phrases and a sense of rhythm were all that was necessary to let the music speak for itself. In this lies the secret of his success and of his real popularity, apart from that transient kind which is to be referred to his mannerisms. Here is his link with the classics. The old writers of instrumental music, Bach, Scarlatti, and even Mozart and Haydn to some extent, depended largely for their musical expression upon the exact rendering of what they had set down upon paper. Their beauty rests upon the shapes of their phrases and their relation to one another as influenced both by pitch and rhythm. With almost every modern school, however—and especially is this true of pianoforte music—almost one-half of the music is not set down at all; it demands qualities of tone for its due expression which the performer must supply either by his own instinct and experience of the methods of the composer he seeks to interpret, or by carefully following the precedents of acknowledged leaders in the matter of performance. Grieg takes a place with the old writers in this respect. A tone of melting beauty may enhance the charm of his melody or add a poignancy to his harmony, but they will have some effect without it. Seated at some distance from him while he played his solos at Queen's Hall the other day, I found not much sensuous beauty to be detected in his playing; his *forte* was rather impotent, and his *piano* excessively delicate, yet each little piece seemed more delightful than the last and drew forth unaffected enthusiasm from the audience. There is a life throb in his rhythm, an individuality in his melody, even when he repeats the same little figure a hundred times in as many bars, which gives to all his music the ring of genuineness, and the modern colour of his harmony is naturally to a modern audience no small ingredient in his popularity.

Grieg is, then, a democrat amongst composers in the sense that his music is what the average amateur both can play and cares to play. Unlike the great classics he has no thought too high for average comprehension, while like them he expresses himself instead of deputing the task to his interpreters. It has always to be borne in mind that the capacity of the average listener is far in advance of that of the average performer. The amateur, especially the lady amateur, loves to play Chopin, but the amateur listener does not love to hear her performance. But with Grieg the one is much better able to satisfy the other; granted the necessary technical ability to play the notes (in his shorter pieces his technique is so well suited to the instrument that this implies no very high standard), and sufficient musical appreciation to understand him, his music can be gracefully played without great refinement of tone in either player or instrument. The decay of domestic music is much talked of at the present day, and, in so far as the idea is true, probably the main cause is the fact that, while people's interest in music keeps pace with modern developments of the art, their performing ability does not. They cannot play the music which they most want to hear, and they resort to such unsatisfactory methods as concert-going, or, worst of all, to the pianola. Beethoven was the first to march boldly beyond the powers of the average home-player, and nearly all his successors have followed his example in their different ways, though what he did because of the need that was in him to express himself, they have often done for the sake of displaying the technique of the *virtuoso*. But Grieg, almost alone of modern writers, has, in virtue of the qualities which we have been discussing, written home-music rather than concert-music, and consequently among his contemporaries his genius is unique. If he is not played as frequently as he was a few years ago, it is

partly because the recital-giving pianist has discovered that he does not write for him, that others can and do enjoy his music without professional assistance; and drawing-room music to some extent reflects that of the concert-room. That he "stands high in all the people's hearts" is certain, and he has done a work which his contemporaries have neglected, so that a high and permanent position is assured to him, and where what is simple and sincere is valued his music will continue to be played and loved.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly "The Garter Mission to Japan," by Lord Redesdale, who, as a member of the Diplomatic Service, has had a long experience of the Far East.—The same publishers announce that Sir Frederick Treves's "Dorset," in the Highways and Byways series will be published early in the month. Mr. Joseph Pennell is responsible for the illustrations.—Messrs. Macmillan have also almost ready Mr. George Wyndham's work on "Ronsard and La Pléiade." It opens with an essay on the famous sixteenth-century association of poets and scholars who called themselves "La Brigade" and afterwards "La Pléiade," in imitation of poets at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Mr. Wyndham's essay is followed by selections from the poetry of the Pléiade and their school, and the concluding portion of the book is devoted to translations from the various poets in the original metres.

Messrs. Methuen will issue early this month an important book by Edgcumbe Staley on "The Guilds of Florence." Full details of her twenty-one Guilds—historical, industrial and political—are given, together with chapters on her commerce, markets, charities, etc. The illustrations, mostly from old manuscripts, are reproduced for the first time.—The same publishers have almost ready a book on "Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," by Allan Fea, with illustrations from portraits of Lely, Kneller, Cooper, Petitot, etc.; and a new volume in their excellent Connoisseur's Library—"Books with Coloured Illustrations," by Martin Hardie.

Messrs. J. M. Dent have three books of interest in the press: "Picturesque Brittany," by Mrs. A. G. Bell, illustrated in colour; "St. Bernardino of Siena," by P. Thureau Dangin, translated by Baroness von Hugel; and a new translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have arranged to publish a work dealing mainly with the formalities necessary to secure protection for copyright and dramatic rights in all countries. It is well known that, owing to the failure to observe the prescribed conditions, valuable rights are frequently lost. The book, which has been written by Mr. W. Morris Colles and Mr. Harold Hardy, Barristers-at-law, will bear the title "Playright and Copyright in all Countries." It deals more fully than has previously been attempted with colonial and international law and the operation of the Berne Convention considered as incorporated into the domestic laws.

Of the Pentland edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, four volumes will be ready in the middle of next October, and the complete set will be issued, it is expected, in a year from that date. Brief biographical notes will precede the various works. Unlike the Edinburgh edition, a uniform thickness in the volumes of the series will be maintained, and the binding will be in buckram, the covering with which Messrs. Chatto and Windus made readers and admirers of R. L. S. familiar. The edition is limited to one thousand five hundred copies, and Messrs. Cassell reserve the right to increase the price.

In our last issue we announced that Mr. Heinemann had in the press a complete edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen. Some of the earliest translations of Ibsen's dramas were published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. In 1889

he brought out Mr. William Archer's version of "The Doll's House," the first complete rendering of the drama, though an earlier translation had been made by Miss Frances Lord, with the title of "Nora." Mr. Archer's translation, in the preparation of which assistance was given by Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington, was issued in an edition de luxe, with photographs of some of the chief scenes in the play as produced at the Novelty Theatre. In 1889 Mr. Unwin published in his "Cameo Series" Miss Eleanor Marx-Aveling's translation of "The Lady from the Sea," and in 1891 Mr. F. Edmund Garrett's version of "Brand."

The host of Nature-lovers who have availed themselves of "The Wayside and Woodland" series of pocket handbooks to the wild flowers and trees of this country, will be glad to learn that Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co. announce for immediate publication a new volume in the series, dealing with "The Butterflies of the British Isles." Mr. Richard Smith, the editor of *The Entomologist*, is the author, and he has supplied a popular description and life-history of every native species, together with practical instructions in collecting and preserving the insects. There are coloured plates.

"The Cubs," by Shan F. Bullock, is the title of a new novel which Mr. Werner Laurie is about to issue. In this book Mr. Bullock studies not the Irish peasants as a class, but the Irish boy.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack announce that they intend to complete the issue of "The Century Bible." The volumes required to complete the series have been arranged for, and the first is in the press.

Mr. A. B. Todd, of Cumnock, Ayrshire, whose journalistic experience covers a period of over sixty years, who is one of the closest surviving links with Robert Burns, and the annalist as well as life-long champion of the Covenanters, has just seen the proof-sheets of his autobiography through the press. Mr. Todd has always "been a fighter": whatever cause he espoused it had his undivided and strenuous support. At intervals throughout his long life—he is now in his eighty-fifth year—Mr. Todd has written a good deal of verse, and his "Circling Years and other Poems" was widely noticed on its publication thirty odd years ago. Mr. Todd's father was only nine years younger than Burns, and the autobiography will contain reminiscences of the Scottish bard as he appeared to a contemporary. Mr. Todd is naturally a Burns enthusiast; and he had the honour of presiding at centenary celebrations both of the birth and death of Robert Burns.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### A RHYME TO PORRINGER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Let us render to Cæsar what is due to him and no more. When I was a child, more than fifty years ago, I often read this rhyming doggerel, and have repeated it dozens of times in all, at intervals ever since, so have it rooted in my memory.

The version was:

The Duke of York a daughter had,  
He gave the Prince of Orange her;  
So there, my friend, two words I've got,  
To rhyme with yours of Porringer.

It was put down to Swift, and appeared, I think, in *Chambers's Journal*—possibly in the "Trifles to smile at," of the original folio issue.

M. PATERSON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The resemblance between one of Canon Ainger's *jeux d'esprit*, quoted in the ACADEMY of May 19, and an old Jacobite ditty of the eighteenth century tends to strengthen belief in the truth of the saying: "There is nothing new under the Sun."

Compare

The Princess Mary fain would wed,  
They gave the Prince of Orange her,  
And now it never can be said,  
I've not a rhyme for porringer—

(Canon Ainger)



with the following:

Oh what's the rhyme to porringer  
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?  
King James the Seventh had a dochter,  
And he gaed her to an Oranger . . .

(Jacobite.)

EDMUND J. LUDLOW.

May 26.

#### CHURCH-GOING-BELL

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Cowper in his line—

"The sound of the church-going-bell"

happily coined a new word, which should be printed with two hyphens as above. It is, however, always printed and perhaps originally written "church-going bell," as though it were an adjective and noun, and it is this that gives the sense of oddity that many people feel at first sight, who yet appreciate the beauty of the line.

H. S. BARCLAY.

May 27.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—My warmest thanks to your correspondent, A. L. Mayhew. In future I shall speak and write without hesitation of the "Parliament-speaking clock," the "battle-marching drum," and the "afternoon-tea-drinking gong." These phrases, I flatter myself, are not only, like Cowper's, "good and idiomatic English," but have a true epic and dramatic ring. Think what a magnificent effect would be produced by such a line as

"The resonant afternoon-tea drinking gong,"

if it occurred in an epic poem! I propose, in imitation of one of our great "dailies," to register it as "copyright in the United States."

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

#### THE WORD "ADOBE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Platt, I would remind that gentleman that Arabic is now a very corrupt language, being largely superseded by Turkish; and the colloquial Arabic of Egypt is as Americanese compared to English.

The only vocabulary I have just now access to, quotes *ajorr* for "brick," which must be genuine, as it compares so readily with the Assyrian *agurru* for "fire-baked brick; while *igiru* is to enclose, testifying to its purpose in building.

Now, the proper word for brick in Spanish is *ladrillo*, probably connected with the Latin "later coctilis" or burned brick; just as *adobe* represents the unbaked article. On the general question Mr. Platt seems inclined to separate the Spanish *adobar* "to dress up," from the Italian *addobbare* "to deck, to adorn"; and the French *adouber* "to mend, to repair"; all of which words are inseparably connected with the Latin *adobare*, as I have shown.

A. HALL.

May 26.

#### WIT, versus WHITE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The season of Pentecost represents the Jewish "feast of weeks," called the *haj-Sebuoth*, which occurred seven full weeks after Passover; so it ended on a Sabbath, inclusive. New  $7 \times 7 = 49$ ; thus it was the 50th day, called in Greek *pentekostos*, falling on our Sunday, the Jewish first day of the week.

It was originally observed for one day only, so the true Pentecost is our Wit-Sunday; so called from the outpouring of the *spirit*; see Acts ii., when the Apostles spoke with tongues. Our "wit" is from the A.S. *witan*, to know, as in the "witenagemote," a meeting of wise-men. But in later times the celebration of Pentecost was lengthened, and we have a Monday, a Tuesday in what is called Whit-Sun week, from a different association of ideas.

The fact is that this period, ecclesiastically, was selected for a sort of purification and the examinees were clothed in white, thus the old Wit-Sunday became *dominicus in albo* or a sort of White-Sunday. Here poor letter "h" is in conflict, and professional dictionary-makers take sides; we might choose for ourselves, but the arbitrary printer steps in and insists on uniformity: as with the spelling of our great dramatist's name, from Shaksbur to Shakespeare, with different meanings.

A. HALL.

#### A SUGGESTED EMENDATION IN HAMLET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As you frequently open your columns to questions of words and readings, may I ask you to extend your hospitality to the following suggestion for the emendation of a passage in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*?

The reading of the passage in question, as found in the earliest quartos, and retained, with variations, in subsequent editions is as follows;

"the dram of eale  
doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
to his own scandal"

which is of course nonsense.

Hamlet has been enlarging on the fact that one particular defect—"vicious mole of nature"—often entails discredit upon the whole character of the man. He has glanced at the "little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump," and now borrows a metaphor from the balance.

The crux of the passage lies in the words "of a doubt." We want here a word signifying to "bring down" to "debase." And such a word I think Shakespeare himself supplies.

The verb to "lout" is common enough in the sense (intrans.), *cf.*, to "bend to the earth," to "lout low"; Shakespeare, however, uses it in a trans. and (what is more to our point) figurative sense, in 1. *Hen. vi.*, iv. 3, where we find: "I am louted by a traitor villain," meaning, by my inability to help Talbot, owing to the traitor Somerset breaking faith with me, I am regarded as a "lout," a fool; in a word "I am discredited."

Again we find the word to "lout" used in this same sense of to "debase" in the "Mirror for Magistrates," p. 303, as quoted by Nares, in a passage describing the twofold operation of Fortune:

"Whom double Fortune lifted up or louted,"

*i.e.*, raised and lowered.

I would suggest then that the passage in Hamlet should read

"The dram of evil  
Doth all the noble substance often lout  
To his own scandal,"

*i.e.*, the little particle (dram) of evil in a man often lowers his (in the main) noble character to his general disparagement.

REGINALD GEARE, B.A.

Lansdowne School, Croydon,  
May 28.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ART.

- Leigh, R. A. Austen. *Bygone Eton*. Being a collection of historical views of the Buildings at Eton College, with descriptive notes. Re-issue. 15 x 11½. Plates xlvii. Eton College: Spottiswoode & Co. 21s. net.
- Bericht der Kommission zur Erhaltung der Kunstdenkmäler in Königreich Sachsen*. Tätigkeit in den Jahren 1903, 1904 und 1905. 10½ x 6½. Pp. 130. Illustrated. Dresden: Meinhold, n.p.
- Royal Academy Pictures*, Parts i. ii. iii. and iv. (complete in five parts). 12½ x 9½. Cassell, 7d. net each.
- 1906 *Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Salon*. Containing reproductions in facsimile after the original drawings of the artists. 9 x 5½. Pp. 223. Chatto & Windus, 3s.

### CLASSICS.

- The Annals of Tacitus*. Books I. to VI. Translated by Aubrey V. Symonds. New Classical Library. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xiii. 29s. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d. net.
- Gruppe, Dr. O. *Griechische Mythologie und Religionsgeschichte*. Zweiter Band. 10 x 6½. Pp. viii. 771. Handbuch der klassischen Altertumswissenschaft V. ii, 2, 3. München: Beck; London: Williams & Norgate, M. 15.
- [This volume concludes Professor Dr. Gruppe's work. It contains also the Preface, Contents, Errata, etc. to vol. i., and has an Index to both volumes.]

### EDUCATION.

- Buletinul Oficial al Ministerului Cultelor si Instructiunii Publice. Nos 242-253, April 1905—March 1906. Each 9½ x 6½. Bucharest: Göbl.

### FICTION.

- Mitford, Bertram. *Harley Greenoak's Charge*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 353. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Inchbold, A. C. *Phantasma*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 376. Blackwood, 6s.
- Wood, Montagu. *A Tangled I.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 228. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Herring, Paul. *The Magic of Miss Aladdin*. A humorous romance. Illustrations by Penrhyn Stanlaws. 8 x 5. Pp. 313. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *King Peter*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 338. Duckworth, 6s.
- Griffith, Major Arthur. *The House in Spring Gardens*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 306. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
- Tilton, Dwight. *The Golden Greyhound*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 366. Dean, 6s.
- Pierce, Ernest Frederic. *The Traveller's Joy*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 296. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.
- Grosvenor, Caroline. *The Bands of Orion*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 332. Heinemann, 6s.
- Tynan, Katharine. *The Adventures of Alicia*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 311. White, 6s.
- Howard, Keble. *The Old Game*. 6½ x 5. Pp. 168. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.
- [Short stories.]
- Pain, Barry. *Robinson Crusoe's Return*. 6½ x 5. Pp. 168. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.

### HISTORY.

- Fraser, Edward. *The Enemy at Trafalgar*. An account of the battle from eye-witnesses' narratives, and letters and despatches from the French and Spanish fleets. Illustrated. 9½ x 6. Pp. xviii, 436. Hodder & Stoughton 10s. net.

Davey, Richard. *The Pageant of London*. Forty-five illustrations in colour by John Fulleylove. In two vols. Vol. i.—B.C. 40 to 1500 A.D. Vol. ii.—1500 A.D. to 1900. 9 x 5½. Pp. xxiv, 429 and 649. Methuen, 15s. net.

*Eleusis, her Mysteries, Ruins, and Museums*. Translated from the French of Demetrios Philios, Director of the Excavations (1882-1894), by Hamilton Gatlif. With plates and coloured plans. 7½ x 5. Pp. 79. Appleton, 5s. net.

[The proceeds of the sale of this book are for the sick and poor of Eleusis.]

Whish, C. W. *Reflections on Some Leading Facts and Ideas of History*: their meaning and interest. Preliminary volume, with chart. 8¼ x 5½. Pp. 246. Guildford: Billing, n.p.

## LITERATURE.

Rickett, Arthur. *Personal Forces in Modern Literature*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 228. Dent, 3s. net.

[Contents:—The Moralist: Cardinal Newman; James Martineau. The Scientist: Thomas Henry Huxley. The Poet: William Wordsworth; Keats and Rossetti. The Vagabond: William Hazlitt; Thomas de Quincey. Bibliographical guide and index.]

Duff, David. *An Exposition of Browning's "Sordello"*. With historical and other notes. 9 x 5½. Pp. xx, 224. Blackwood, 10s. 6d. net.

de la Grasserie, Raoul. *De la Catégorie du Genre*. 7½ x 4½. Pp. v, 256. Paris: Leroux. Etudes de Linguistique et de Psychologie, 6f.

[A theoretical and experimental study of gender in language under three heads: (i) the conception of gender, (ii) its expression, (iii) its grammatical function. M. de la Grasserie divides gender into three kinds, subjective, objective, and artificial.]

Fitz-Gerald, John D. *Versification of the Cuaderno Via as found in Berceo's Vida de Santo Domingo de Silos*. 10 x 6½. Pp. xiii, 112. New York: Columbia University Press. London: Macmillan. Studies in Romance, Philology and Literature. n.p.

[Contains two facsimiles of manuscripts of the poem at Madrid.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*English Folk-Songs for Schools*. Collected and arranged by S. Baring Gould and Cecil J. Sharp. 11 x 7½. Pp. 105. Curwen.

Quiller-Couch, A. T. *From a Cornish Window*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 367. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 6s.

*Traveller's Joy*. An anthology. Compiled by W. G. Waters. 6½ x 4. Pp. 319. E. Grant Richards, 4s. net.

Adcock, A. St. John. *London from the Top of a Bus*. How to see London for 1s. Forty-seven illustrations by Henry Irving. 9 x 6. Pp. 106. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.

*The Statesman's Year-Book*. Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the World for the Year 1906. Edited by J. Scott Keltie, with the assistance of I. P. A. Renwick. Forty-third annual publication. Revised after Official Returns. 7½ x 5. Pp. 1604. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.

Whates, H. R. *Canada: the New Nation*. A book for the settler, the emigrant, and the politician. Illustrated. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xiii, 284. Dent, 3s. 6d. net.

[In two parts: (1) The Emigrant in Canada; and (2) An Analysis of Canadian thought. In the first part Mr. Whates has drawn freely upon his letters to the *Standard*, as a representative of which he visited Canada. His aim is to "encourage carefully selected emigration and the emigration of hardy young men with some capital, much intelligence and determination of character"; but Canada, he points out, is no place for the physically deficient.]

Levy, Oscar. *The Revival of Aristocracy*. Translated by Leonard A. Magnus. 7½ x 5. Pp. xvi, 119. Probsthain, 3s. 6d. net.

Power, John O'Connor. *The Making of an Orator*. With examples from great masterpieces of ancient and modern eloquence. 7½ x 5. Pp. 305. Methuen, 6s.

Huggins, Sir William. *The Royal Society, or Science in the State and in the Schools*. Twenty-five illustrations. 10½ x 7½. Pp. xv, 131. Methuen, 4s. 6d. net.

[Selections from four presidential addresses.]

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- (2) The Union of England and Scotland, 1702-7.
- (3) The Political Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America from the Ashburton Treaty of 1842 until the Alabama Award of 1872.

Essays must be sent in before March 31, 1907, to the Offices of the Society, 3, Old Sergeants' Inn, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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The Examiner appointed will be called upon to take part in the Examination of both Internal and External Students, and will be eligible for two annual re-elections. The remuneration of the Examinership consists of a Retaining Fee for the year, and a *pro rata* payment for Papers set, Answers marked, and Meetings attended. Full particulars can be obtained on application to the Principal.

Candidates must send in their names to the Principal, with any attestation of their qualifications they may think desirable, on or before MONDAY, JUNE 18. If testimonials are submitted, three copies should be forwarded. Original testimonials should not be sent. (It is particularly desired that no application of any kind be made to individual Members of the Senate.)

By Order of the Senate,

ARTHUR W. RÜCKER, *Principal*.

University of London,  
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May 1906.

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THE COUNCIL will shortly proceed to fill the vacancy in the Chair of Sanskrit caused by the appointment of Prof. E. J. Rapson to the Chair of Sanskrit in the University of Cambridge.

Applications, accompanied by such testimonials and other evidences of fitness for the post as candidates may wish to submit, should reach the Secretary, from whom further information may be obtained, not later than June 23.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

WHEN Mr. Upton Sinclair's novel, "The Jungle," reached us in due course last March from Mr. Heinemann, we put it aside for further consideration. And the more we considered it, the less we felt inclined to have it reviewed in these columns. As a piece of vivid, straightforward and workmanlike writing, it deserved notice; but its workmanship was not the only thing to be weighed. It was, and is, impossible to treat such a book as a work of fiction, for the one important question—the one test by which the work must stand as a manly and daring criticism of life, or fall as one of the lowest pieces of sensationalism ever perpetrated—was just this: Does it tell the truth? If it did not, if Mr. Upton Sinclair had drawn on his imagination for these sickening details to tickle degraded palates, his book would have deserved to stand next to "Maria Monk" in the windows of a certain class of shop, and himself to be reprehended for committing an offence against the public conscience as great as that of any provider of salacious literature. Who in England and among men of letters was to judge whether his facts were true or not?

The judgment has been pronounced, and by the only court which had a right to speak. The United States President, the United States people, have declared that Mr. Sinclair is no panderer to perverted appetite, but a brave man who has dared not only to tell the truth, but to tell it in the form in which it can be most widely distributed and loudly proclaimed. That being so, we cannot but regard it as unfortunate that the Press and the Government of the United States, by taking up one point only of Mr. Sinclair's indictment, have drawn the attention of the public towards one abuse, to the neglect of others which are quite as important and quite as shameful. Some of the daily papers have revelled in the nauseating details of the manufacture of canned and preserved meats. It is good that our food should be pure: it is not good that we should give exclusive attention to our own stomachs when the crimes against society disclosed in Mr. Sinclair's pages are more and worse than that of laying a large number of people open to the chance of being poisoned.

Mr. Sinclair is more than a "pure-fooder"; and it is unfair to him to disregard that fact. The eaters of canned meats may die: the makers of them must die. *Caveat emptor*: you are not forced to eat canned meat. The miserable Lithuanian or Pole, the Jurgis Rudkus whom political tyranny at home and assiduously spread fairy-tales of wealth to be found abroad drive into the stock-yards of the Meat Trusts, has no choice whether he shall run the risk of death or not. Mutilation, overwork, disease, and tyranny are his certain fate. The revelations which Mr. Sinclair has to make concerning the men, women, and children who work in the stock-yards are more terrible even than anything he has to say of the food that the

stock-yards produce. Read his story of how Jurgis Rudkus's wife kept her place in the works, and how, after all, she died; of the house-agent and the "new" house; of the political jobbery and the methods of the police, and you will find disclosed a fouler corruption than any that dead meat can suffer. We should be surprised to hear that Mr. Sinclair is satisfied with the practical good his work has up till now accomplished. His aim was wider than food-reform. Is not man's life more than meat?

A curious contrast might be drawn between "The Jungle" (why, by the way, should Mr. Sinclair have chosen to libel the wild animals?) and Mr. Richard Whiteing's book, "Ring in the New," that was published a month or two ago. In that book Mr. Whiteing carefully abstained from "sensational" details. We saw his heroine starve, indeed, but we saw, not her pains, nor the distressing details of her poverty, so much as the strange spiritual consolation—absurd yet efficacious—which came to her solace. There is truth in both points of view, Mr. Whiteing's and Mr. Sinclair's. Misery has strange alleviations. The present writer has a friend whose fate it was to be four days without food or fire; and his account of his feelings by no means gives the impression of utter misery: he speaks rather of strange mental exaltation. But there are matters with which Mr. Whiteing's method is not brutal enough to deal; there are times when the world needs such a book as Mr. Sinclair's.

The letter from "One in Doubt" which appears in our correspondence columns this week touches on one or two interesting points. It is perfectly true that there are too many newspapers; it is also true that very many newspapers keep "Poet's Corners" and encourage the minor poet by printing, daily or weekly, as the case may be, one or more poems. Those poems are read by the few who care for poetry, and passed over by the many who do not. The few are sometimes richly rewarded for their trouble in reading large numbers of lyrics which bring no pleasure; and they consider that reward more than sufficient to justify all possible encouragement being given by editors and publishers to those who attempt to practise the highest and most difficult of the arts.

The leading literary reviews, too, with one notable exception, devote an occasional article to recent minor poetry, and their treatment of it is always rather on the side of lenience than of harshness. The one thing that all reputable critics of poetry demand is that the minor poet shall think for himself and speak for himself. Facile and watery imitations of mannered poets—Mr. Swinburne and Rossetti are the most commonly imitated—are more than the most indulgent critic can stand; and they are faults which he is far too often compelled to suffer. That all poets have drawn much of their inspiration from other poets is a commonplace: those that have been worthy have worked on that inspiration, have transformed the borrowed material and made of it something of their own. The wise critic will pardon any faults of expression, mistakes in metre, ruggedness, even feebleness in the minor poet so long as his verses show signs of work, of thought, of effort, and of sincerity. Mere idle parrot-work is what he regards as worthy of the utmost severity or the most merciless ridicule.

On the whole, minor poetry, in spite of the dicta to which our correspondent refers, receives a very fair measure of encouragement in modern England, from the Press and the publishers. Still, it could do with more. Too much, indeed, cannot be given it, lest, by some strange chance, there should be one poet lost through timidity or lack of perseverance. But such a case is unlikely. If a man has poetry in him it will out, be the

obstacles what they may. As for the bad poetry, it may be left, when once its badness is printed out, to die. It does nothing to check the spread of good poetry. To recommend the poet to find other employment is both impertinent and foolish. So long as the unsuccessful poet does not ask to be supported at the expense of the critic, it is nothing to the latter what occupation the former may follow.

If there is a "slump" in poetry—which, having regard to the number and the quality of the books of verses that reach us, we are quite unable to believe—the fault lies not with critics or publishers' readers, but with the public, which never did and never will read poetry. If only it would! At no period of our history, save perhaps the middle years of the eighteenth century, has the heaven of poetry been more urgently needed than it is now. Book after book of very good verse is published: so far from buying or reading them, the public will not even read the very greatest of acknowledged masters. But we question whether the sale, in reality, much affects the production of poetry. The poet who looks to make a living out of his work is introducing an element into his aim which has no right to be there.

"One in Doubt" is unjust to publishers and their readers. If a publisher makes any money out of a book of minor poetry nowadays, that money probably comes out of the pocket of the poet. Poets have always had to pay for the possession of the divine gift. And yet there is no falling off in the amount of poetry published, as our shelves might show. As to the publisher's reader, so far from being a "hanger-on of literature," he sits at the centre of things and his influence is felt in all quarters. Few people realise how many of their favourite books were written on the initiative and at the suggestion of publishers' readers; few young authors realise how, for the sake of some spark of the real fire, the publisher's reader has overlooked a thousand faults in their work, and recommended the publication of some book that did not really deserve to appear.

The case of editors is even more difficult, for an editor has not only to make up his mind swiftly and amid a thousand distractions on the merit of a work; he has to consider whether it suits the character of his paper or not. Some years ago we read in a daily paper a letter from a gentleman heaping scorn on editors in general because a dozen of them had refused to print passages chosen out of a great English classic and sent in without the author's name. What was that classic? Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. Let any unprejudiced person put himself in imagination in an editorial chair and see whether he would admit to his paper detached passages of *Samson Agonistes*. The writer of the letter thought he had proved editors to be fools: he had proved himself to be—unacquainted with the requirements of a journal.

As Ibsen, Taine and Tolstoy were all born in the same year, it is interesting to see whether they have any common characteristics. Like many other young men, Taine and Ibsen began life in a mood of antagonism to existing institutions, and both of them, as years advanced, showed the same dislike of democracy. Both would probably have assented without much difficulty to the doctrine that the majority is always in the wrong. But Taine was less extreme than Ibsen, in that he admired the form of government that works for better or for worse in the British Isles, whereas Ibsen had no particular affection for any established form of rule, but thought that society could only be bettered by the improvement of the individual.

Tolstoy, though he declared Ibsen incomprehensible, had a certain resemblance to him, for both were iconoclasts and both were prophets. Tolstoy's mission has been to

destroy all prejudices, so as to pave the way for the establishment of a new order of things, which is to be brought about without the co-operation of the State, and even in opposition to the State. Like Ibsen, he is in sympathy with all who are rebels against society, as it exists at present; even upon anarchism he has cast indulgent eyes. But he has never escaped from the fatalism, which is a characteristic of the East, and his conception of equality is too often one that would be most likely to haunt the brain of a tramp. Tolstoy's remedy for the evil of the world is that man should bathe in the ocean of love as it is set forth in the Sermon on the Mount, whereas Ibsen's prescription is that he should develop and strengthen his individuality. In holding that the human race exists for the production of supermen, Ibsen is at one with Nietzsche; that is, he is an aristocrat, but his tendencies have puzzled even his countrymen, who have called him idealist, materialist, conservative and radical, socialist and anarchist.

Monday of this week was the seventy-third birthday of Viscount Wolsley, who, since his active service terminated in the military sphere, has given a good deal of his leisure to literary matters. It is now twelve years since he gave to the world an authoritative biography of the Duke of Marlborough; his "Decline and Fall of Napoleon" appeared in 1905, and "The Story of a Soldier's Life" three years ago. Lord Wolsley has always had men of letters among his most intimate friends, and of this his library furnishes interesting evidence. "To the Viscountess Wolsley—Whose books and bindings treasured are, 'Midst mingled spoils of peace and war'"—Mr. Lang dedicated his "Books and Bookmen" volume in 1886, which appeared simultaneously with an enlarged edition of Lord Wolsley's "Soldier's Pocket-Book." Mr. Lang concludes the dedication in this happy style:

In this abode of old and new,  
Of war and peace, my essays, too,  
For long in serials tempest-tost,  
Are landed now, and are not lost:  
Nay, on your shelf secure they lie,  
As in the amber sleeps the fly.  
'Tis true, they are not "rash nor rare";  
Enough, for me, that they are—there.

In the current *Harper's*, Mr. W. D. Howells, from the "Editor's Easy Chair," replies to a correspondent who is perplexed as to "why a second-class writer cannot sell his best work, while he can dispose of his worst?" Mr. Howells does not think, with the writer, that those who write for the daily Press lose the "literary touch," nor does he believe that the magazines are degenerating into "newspaperism" in the worst sense. He is convinced that "magazines have never been so conscientiously, so ably and intelligently edited as at present. The poorest of them," asserts Mr. Howells, "has something worth reading in its verse and prose; they have developed a variety and amount of literary cleverness that would have been incredible thirty or twenty years ago."

No one would care about returning to the poor typographical appearance and the too frequently crude, ultra-conventional illustrations which characterised our periodical literature two or three decades ago; but while this is the case, such a magazine as *Good Words* so far back as the sixties, had more of the imperishable in its pages than have the majority of highly artistic English or Trans-Atlantic magazines of to-day. Many of the serial tales in *Good Words* in its great days have, when issued in book form, won enduring distinction for their writers, and the same might be said of other contributions. Many noteworthy articles, by writers of more than national fame, are still practically hidden in old volumes of this magazine—contributions by the Duke of Argyll, Dean Stanley, W. E. Gladstone, Norman Macleod, and "Matthew Browne" (W. B. Rands), by "Sadie," Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Macquoid, and Miss Florence Nightingale, by

Dr. Livingstone, Lord Kelvin, Mr. Gerald Massey, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, W. R. S. Ralston, and its original publisher, Mr. Alexander Strahan. A volume of selected contributions, in prose and verse, from the earlier volumes of this monthly is likely to be published at no distant date.

In connection with the forthcoming long promised life of William Allingham, the Irish poet who died in 1889, it may be recalled that the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill edited "D. G. Rossetti's Letters to Allingham" in 1898; that a one-volume selection of Allingham's work in prose and verse was published in 1892; and that his complete works, in six volumes, appeared at intervals during the years 1888-93. Born in Ballyshannon in Donegal in 1824, Allingham published his first volume in verse when he was twenty-six. His last volume, "Irish Songs and Poems," appeared in 1887; and "Laurence Bloomfield," the story of a young Irish landlord, regarded by its author as his best work, was issued in 1864. Allingham succeeded Froude as editor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1874, and his prose record of walks in various districts of England, which appeared in that periodical under the title "The Rambles of Patrician Walker," was reprinted. To the early numbers of *Longman's Magazine* Allingham contributed a good many poems.

On the appearance of the one-volume selection from Allingham's work in 1862, an enterprising purveyor of literary "gossip" wrote to William Allingham, Esq., care of the publishers of the volume, asking for information on his plans for future work. The publishers' reply is worth recording: They regretted that they were unable to forward Mr. —'s letter, as they were not sure of Mr. Allingham's present address.

Mr. Crockett, while he dwelt among the Galloway hills, trod a sure literary path with a firm step, avers the anonymous writer of an article in the *Scottish Review* on "The Decline of Mr. S. R. Crockett;" but the freshness and spontaneity of his earlier years, it is immediately asserted, seem to have vanished. In "Kid M'Ghie," Mr. Crockett labours almost pathetically, this critic says, to be his old self. "The plot is forced, the writing is forced, the humour is forced." "Mr. Crockett has ransacked the Newgate Calendar," we are told, "for episodes, and the whole thing seems to be designed for the syndicates that purvey wildly sensational serials at cheap rate for the weekly newspapers. Mr. Crockett has been pot-boiling with a vengeance . . . He has evidently laboured hard, almost frantically, at his task; but he has given us little to be set by the side of his earlier and healthier work. Only one character in the whole book seems clothed with flesh and blood . . . the rest is leather and prunella of a sadly inferior quality. Let us hope," the severe indictment concludes, "that 'Kid M'Ghie' is Mr. Crockett's nadir." Yet they say that modern criticism is "mealy-mouthed"!

So many famous people have been connected with Buckingham Street, Strand, that any changes in it are of interest. It occupies a part of the site of the palace of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and when the palace was pulled down the connection of the spot with the family was kept alive by the creation of Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street. It was in Buckingham Street that Fielding lived before he became a student at the Middle Temple, and for many a long year No. 14 was the home of William Etty. The immortal Pepys also went to reside in Buckingham Street in 1684 in a house that may still be seen, though much remodelled, or perhaps, if the Hibernianism be permitted, entirely rebuilt. Opposite it is another house where Peter the Great found lodgings during his visit to London. Here he entertained the king, and here so many sightseers intruded themselves upon him, even when he was at meals, that in a fit of rage he gave orders that no one at all should be admitted. Two Quakers, however, forced their

way in, despite the prohibition, and made such an impression that next Sunday the Czar attended one of their meetings. Sixteen years later his remembrance of the Quakers was fresh and green. It is this historic residence that is doomed to disappear.

On Thursday, July 3, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will offer for sale a house at Huntingdon which stands on the site of that in which Oliver Cromwell was born on April 25, 1599. There is nothing particularly remarkable about the present house—which fronts directly on to the road on the outskirts of the town—except the magnificent Chinese wood-carving in the drawing room; but the garden, which is contemporary with and earlier than the days of the great Protector, is exceptionally beautiful. A contemporary portrait of Cromwell by Mary Beales is stated to be also for sale. Another interesting house to be offered for sale by the same firm on Tuesday, June 26, is Ware Priory, Herts, an ancient Franciscan Friary, founded temp. Edward III., and not unknown to history. Reference to the dissolution of this Friary under Henry VIII. may be found in Abbot Gasquet's book on "Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries." Much of the present building dates from the fourteenth century, and some of it from an even earlier age.

The recent appearance of a "pocket" volume of the "Decline and Fall" reminds one of John Henry Newman's criticism of Gibbon in the volume, "Essays and Lectures on University Subjects," published in 1858. Treating of style in his lecture on "Literature," Newman differentiates the artist from the mere dealer in words. The latter can paint and gild anything to order; the artist has his great or rich visions before him, and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or feels in an appropriate and adequate way. "Gibbon was a great author working by a model which was before the eyes of his intellect, and labouring to say what he had to say in such a way as would most exactly and suitably express it." "You must not suppose," proceeds the Cardinal, himself a master of style, "I was going to commend Gibbon's style for imitation, any more than his infidelity; but I refer to him as the example of a writer feeling the task which lay before him, feeling that he had to bring out into words for the comprehensions of his readers a great and complicated scene, and wishing that those words should be adequate to his understanding. I think he wrote the first chapter of his History three times over; it was not that he corrected or improved the first copy: but he put his first essay, and then his second, aside—he re-cast his matter, till he had hit the precise exhibition of it which he thought demanded by his subject."

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Geographical Society.—Evening meeting, Monday, June 11, at 8.30 p.m. At the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. Paper to be read: "The Geography of the Indian Ocean," by J. Stanley Gardiner, M.A. The Right Hon. Sir George T. Goldie, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., president, in the chair.

Royal Colonial Institute.—Meeting at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, Whitehall Place, S.W., on Tuesday, June 12, at 8 p.m. Paper on "The Development of our British African Empire," by Lionel Declé. Dr. Alfred Hillier will preside.

The Dante Society, 38 Conduit Street, W.—Wednesday, June 13. The Rev. J. F. Hogan, D.D. on "The Companionship of Dante." Sir Theodore Martin, president, in the chair.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Sale of English, Continental and Oriental Porcelain, Old English Pottery, a collection of lustre ware, silver plate, bijouterie, etc. Tuesday, June 12, and two following days.—Sale of a collection of Early British, Anglo-Saxon and English Coins formed by an astronomer recently deceased. Monday, June 11 and Tuesday, June 12.—Sale of a collection of Roman coins in gold, silver and bronze formed by an astronomer recently deceased. Wednesday, June 13 to Tuesday, June 19.

The English Drama Society will give two private performances of the fourteenth-century mysteries, "The Salutation," "The Shepherds' Play," "The Kings' Play" (being Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, of the Chester Plays), on Thursday, June 14, at 3 and 8 p.m., in Hollywood Studios, Hollywood Road, South Kensington (by the courtesy of Miss Jennie Moore). Tickets of admission (reserved only, 10s. and 5s.) can be obtained from Mr. Nugent Monck, 20 Regent Street S.W., or Miss Jennie Moore, The Studio.



## LITERATURE

## AB URBE CONDITA

*The Pageant of London.*—By RICHARD DAVEY. With forty illustrations in colour by JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I. 2 vols. (Methuen, 15s. net.)

WHEN the Preface of a book starts with the assertion of a claim to be "a series of word-pictures of the principal events that have *transpired* in the Metropolis," the sensitive reader is as likely as not to throw away the volumes, however handsome, without further inspection. The sensitive reader who so treats Mr. Richard Davey's book will lose many a happy and interesting moment. For Mr. Davey is much better than his opening sentence, and his two large volumes are, on the whole, very well written, and full of diverting and even enthralling matter. He does not, as Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer did in a recent volume, catch the soul of this great, horrible, delightful city of ours, and put it in black and white before you: he does not, like Mr. Wheatley, betray himself a scholar of the minutest and most accurate information; but, clearly, he has enthusiasm and originality, wide and pretty deep knowledge of his subject, and he sets that knowledge before you in an agreeable, never wearisome manner. His purpose is not to be minute, but broad: he is an impressionist, not a pre-Raphaelite; but he is not above detail. His book is a store-house of facts, yet never dusty; he gives you vivid impressions, yet never grows vague or sloppy. In a word, if the average reader wants to have a single book on London which will tell him all he wants to know, this is the book. There is more information in Sir Walter Besant's great posthumous "Survey," and the admirable illustrations in that series would make it valuable were the text merely nothing; but those splendid volumes published by Messrs. Black are not within the purses of all of us; whereas for fifteen shillings Mr. Davey will give the reader enough matter to last him and amuse him for many a winter evening.

And what a story it is he has to tell of these events that "transpired"! "London's oldest possession is London's name," and that is older than Tacitus. Who can tell for how long before he wrote that spot on the Thames had been "a place very much frequented by an abundance of merchants' ships"? But we are there in the regions of conjecture. With Roman London we are on safe ground. And yet it is odd to note that:

Beyond fragments of the Roman Wall—which must not be confounded with the mediæval wall that superseded it—and the scant remains mentioned in my text, we have literally no Roman ruin in London—a fact which seems to confirm the more modern theory that Londinium was almost entirely constructed of wood.

Nevertheless, that wooden town was the starting-point of a history which few cities save Rome herself can match for continued importance and pride. London has never been negligible or neglected.

Lancelot swam his horse across the Thames from Lambeth to Westminster, where Arthur and Guinevere held their Court, and whence the false Queen went a-maying with Lancelot prancing by her side. From the quays below the Bridge the penitent Lancelot embarked on his quest of the Holy Grail; and here, too, Isult landed to attend the Council summoned by King Mark. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgin companions sailed from the same quays on their fatal journey to Cologne. Thus London also had its share in the great Arthurian cycle, and in the rest of the legends immortalised by the greatest dramatists, painters, poets, and musicians.

So from the age of legend we pass to the age of mediæval history, that quaint and *naïve* period when shows and shams were fewer than now. Imagine the scene that follows:

the admission of Prince Henry, Duke of York, and twenty-seven knights, into the Order of the Bath; a ceremony which took place at Westminster in 1499, the recipients of the honour being indeed "Knights of the Bath," for they all of them sat stark naked in hot baths to receive the kingly accolade!

As a proof that Mr. Davey's work is no mere compilation of disconnected scenes and events without thought or method, we may mention the chapters on "Norman London," in which he draws attention to the civilising influence of the Queens whom our Kings drew from France and other Latin countries. Henry II.'s wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine, was particularly effective in this respect; and her successors, the Eleanors of Provence and Castile, Philippa of Hainault, Margaret of Anjou, and others, all came from lands more civilised than our own and all introduced some form or other of art and refinement. Not that all our art was borrowed. In architecture at least the English were original, and Mr. Davey rather sorrowfully contrasts the England of to-day with the England of Plantagenet times, which "was as artistic as Greece or Japan"; a patriotic little dash of exaggeration which will strike pleasantly on the mind of any lover of the antique. It is too late, perhaps, to protest against the sale of the Newgate relics—not all of which were horrible—the threatened destruction of Sir Christopher Wren's house in Billingsgate, the ruthless piecemeal "restoration" of such lovely relics as Barton Street and Great College Street, Westminster, and Church Row, Hampstead. But, too late or not, we will enter our protest. We will even go further than any one has yet dared to do in print, and publicly bewail the loss of Clare Market, of the Portuguese Chapel (which is, we believe, to come down ere long) and the threatened embankment of Westminster. We are fully aware of all the arguments by sanitary inspectors, traffic regulators and other worthy officials. Clare Market was a rookery, and Little Queen Street a desperate nuisance to the man who wanted to get from Waterloo to Euston in a hurry. But life is not all sanitation and train-catching; and before all memory of departed things is lost, we would declare our opinion that Aldwych and Kingsway are vulgar *parvenus* who will look as ugly and ostentatious as any other Sir Gorgius Midas; and we will drop a tear over the dear, evil-smelling, old nooks and corners, the sagging red roofs, bulging, ripe-toned walls and loved memories—memories of actors, poets, and beauties dead and gone—that thronged Clare Market. There were colour, variety, surprise, association, sentiment, all the tender things that your wide, airy, commonplace, swaggering new streets will never yield.

But we have travelled some distance from Mr. Davey and his Pageants. Open his book where you will, you find that he has an interesting set of associations to display, a striking picture to draw, or a tendency, a movement, to explain. And he connects present and past in a manner which makes both live. There is a sense of continuity roused by the following passage, for instance:

The "White Hart," farther up the High Street [Southwark], was the headquarters of Jack Cade, during his brief occupancy of the city and borough in 1431. Burnt down in 1675, it was speedily rebuilt, and ultimately immortalised by Charles Dickens, who introduces the inimitable Sam Weller upon the scene of this historic hostelry. This, too, has gone the way of so many other interesting relics of past times. A very few old inns still exist in Southwark, and some twenty years ago the writer recollects putting up for the night in one of them, where he was accommodated with a noble old Gothic bedstead, bearing the date 1494, and an inscription on the tester to the effect that "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John" were to "bless the bed that I lie on"!

Mr. Davey has not a few good stories to tell. Some of them are familiar to many people, but none the worse for re-telling; and the various states of society he sets forth make the reader thankful to be born in the days of comparative peace and safety. Let those who travel safely home this evening by 'bus or train to Hampstead ponder the following, which relates to a period only a century and a half ago:

The daring acts of highway robbery between London and Hampstead at last became so frequent as to interfere with the prosperity of the Wells, and the enterprising manager advertised in the public papers that "he had engaged twelve well-known strong men, otherwise prize-fighters, and a number of well-armed fellows, and stationed

them at intervals along the more solitary part of the road, for the better protection of the ladies and gentlemen frequenting his place of entertainment."

Such things seem to imply that there is something in "progress" after all; and what progress we have made may be gauged by the fact that "less than seventy years ago, about sixty per cent. of our entire population could neither read nor write."

Mr. Davey is not always accurate, and his style is not always pure, but his book is as good a compendium of the history of London as we know: and it may be added that in dealing with controversial matters, such as the Reformation, though his own leanings are obvious, he is never unfair. Mr. Fulleylove's drawings are pretty, and help to preserve the continuity of the story by showing what the historic places of London look like to-day.

### THE LIKENESS OF MARY STUART

*Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart.* By ANDREW LANG. Seventeen full-page illustrations. (MacLehose, 8s. 6d.)

THE fascination which attaches to everything connected with Mary Stuart is naturally intensified when there is question of her *vera effigies*. Nor can we consider this wonderful. For if on her side personal charm had much to do with her romantic history we on ours are easily attracted by pictures, especially when the subject is known to be beautiful and interesting. Nature forces us to form some sort of image to correspond with the persons of whom we think, and we desire to know whether those preconceived notions are true, or, better still for us, whether we can begin with a clear visual representation of the person about whom we wish to form or reform our ideas. We approach the subject of portraiture, therefore, pleased and expectant. Most of us think that we can take in a picture at a glance, and many fondly imagine that they can read on the features of the face the secrets of the heart. But when we turn to the pictures themselves, what a disillusionment! Of the innumerable Mary Queen of Scots pictures which are found in old mansions, collected in loan exhibitions, and reproduced in prints, Mr. Andrew Lang aptly quotes Marlowe on the vision of Golden Helen:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

"No, no," we cry, critics and non-critics together, "this cannot be." So we turn to the learned for reassurance. Yet, even then, while we regard "the winnowed residue left by critical processes," our hearts grow weary. Most even of these seem "solemn school-girls and wasted devotees." . . . "Only three or four justify her fame for beauty and witchery," and how are we to be sure of their authenticity?

The problem, therefore, is to discriminate the authentic from the fictitious and untrustworthy. A number of capable and enthusiastic scholars have already worked at its solution. Mr. J. J. Foster's "True Portraiture of Mary Queen of Scots," and Mr. Cust's "Notes on Authentic Portraits," are both masterpieces; and, to say nothing of Dr. Williamson, M. Dimier and others, Mr. Andrew Lang has now gone over the ground again with an historical acumen greater than that of any of his predecessors in the field.

The solution which the critics offer may be here indicated, though necessarily only in the simplest terms. First, then, it is antecedently probable that the portraits painted from life should be rare. The greater part of Mary's womanhood (1567-1587) was passed in confinement: even the possession of her picture sometimes spelt danger for its owner. During her reign in Scotland (1561-1567) there was an extreme dearth of artists capable of portrait-painting. During her residence in France, indeed (1548-1561), she was living in an artistic, picture-loving country, and the best-warranted pictures which we have of her

date from this time. But she was then but a child, and is represented as such.

The last and most celebrated of these French portraits is by François Clouet. It shows her as a girl-widow of eighteen, in white mourning, and is therefore called *Le deuil blanc*. We have of this both the crayon sketch at Paris, and the finished picture at Windsor. Of these Mr. Foster's reproductions in colours should also be studied. Photo-prints do them no justice, a point which Mr. Lang should have mentioned. Even though the widow's cap and weeds cut off much of her face and hide the contour, this remains the most authoritative of her portraits, that on which our first ideas ought to be formed.

Then it may be well to pass at once to the monumental effigy at Westminster. Though it was not carved till twenty years after the Queen's death, we may be pretty sure that it gives the features with fidelity, and in effect it corresponds fairly well with Clouet's picture of fifty years before. The features are thus described by Mr. Lang: "Dark narrow eyes, a long, rather low nose, long face, high brow, and pretty oval lower part of the face."

Having thus established the first and last terms of the series, we shall be able to fill in the intermediate pictures with less difficulty, and can see at once why whole classes of pictures, as for instance those of "the Hamilton type," are rejected by the critics.

Mr. Lang's identifications will, I think, be all eventually accepted. The most debated has been the portrait belonging to the Earl of Leven and Melville. Our author displays an infinity of erudition to show that the jewels in this picture are to be identified with those which Mary is known to have possessed. The argument is a novel and a strong one. Still, there are objections which Mr. Lang frankly acknowledges, and we must not be too sure of the conclusion yet.

Very interesting is the little-known miniature of the Duke of Portland, "the lady in a symphony of cream and milk," white being a colour specially affected by the Queen. Mr. Lang has made identification all the more certain by pointing out that the motto *Virtutis Amore* is an anagram of the name "Marie Stuart," but he does not notice that the white lady is lying propped up in bed. This makes it very probable that her sickness of 1566 is represented, the motto referring to Mary's "godlie and vertuous sayings," during her illness, which were a good deal talked about afterwards.

An important identification again is that of H. Oudry, who painted Mary in 1577, when she was in captivity. Mr. Lang finds that he was or had been the queen's embroiderer, which accounts for his want of skill. There is a true saying that amateur portraits are always more or less caricatures. Mr. Lang is perhaps unnecessarily severe on Oudry's want of skill, which is, after all, easily understood. Lady Milford's miniature should not be passed unnoticed: it is probably the last picture painted of the queen during her life.

In his "Conclusion" Mr. Lang claims to have established for some thirteen pictures "complete proof" that they are "contemporary and authentic, or at least are related closely to others which did possess those qualities," and some of these thirteen come down to us in a considerable number of early copies. Considering the gloomy prospects under which our researches began, such a conclusion may be considered highly satisfactory.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

### UNSIGNED CRITICISM

*Longinus on the Sublime.* Translated by A. O. PRICKARD, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

ANONYMOUS genius will for some minds always have an irresistible fascination. Even where an author's name is not forgotten, if the story of his life has perished, there will not be wanting some ready romancer to image it

forth for the satisfaction of the curious. And, paradoxically enough, in at least one instance a writer, of whose life some particulars were demonstrable, has been thereupon transformed by some abracadabra of cryptograms into the shadow of another, so that the charm of anonymity may invest his writings.

The book of which Oxford has now given us a translation for the general reader, as Professor Rhys Roberts a little while back gave us a scholar's edition, has had a history that should interest all lovers of problems and mysteries. For any influence it noticeably exercised on subsequent literary criticisms or for any unmistakable references to its doctrines, it might never have been in existence till Robortello published it 1554. Yet since that date there is scarcely a single important critic of literature who does not betray, directly or indirectly, an acquaintance with "Longinus 'On the Sublime.'" The Cambridge editor has collected a list of over sixty translations and editions, and even this is incomplete; for, as we write, there lies before us an anonymous English translation of 1751 with the book-plate of Alexander Brown, Glasgow.

How comes it that a work so generally recognised to be of classic genius was lost to the world till the sixteenth century? Of the eleven manuscripts which give us the text, all but one are no older than the fifteenth century, and that one manuscript, now preserved in Paris, is probably the tenth-century parent of the rest. The early editors from some of the late manuscripts attributed the book to one "Dionysius Longinus," and in our old translation—as in all other books on the subject till recently—this is taken to be the politician and philosopher who acted as adviser to Queen Zenobia, and who, having encouraged her to defy the Emperor Aurelian, was executed by the conqueror. The description of the book in the index to the Paris manuscript as "of Dionysius or Longinus," and in the Codex Laurentianus at Florence as "of an anonymous writer," were considerable reasons for discrediting this view. And now examination of the vocabulary, and of the authors quoted, has shown that the work is in all probability of the first century and by a resident at Alexandria. Again we are led to speculate on the fortunes of the book—buried in obscurity for nine or rather fourteen centuries, as absolutely as any of the works at last recovered from the dustbins of Oxyrhynchus.

But it is not the romantic adventures of the text which alone constitute the interest of the work. In discussing the necessity for high and noble thoughts as the natural material of sublimity, our author writes:

Thus too the law-giver of the Jews, no common man, when he had duly conceived the power of the Deity, showed it forth as duly. At the very beginning of his Laws, "God said," he writes—What? "Let there be light, and there was light, let there be earth, and there was earth."

We can almost fancy that he went to school with—let us say, Apollos, the "Jew of Alexandria." But he was no Jew himself: for he contrasts "our" Demosthenes with Cicero—Mr. Prickard's version, "our defeat" (said of Chaeronea), which an unwary reader might be inclined to quote also, is unfortunately inexact.

Was it contact with the sublimity of the Old Testament that made our critic alive to the difference between the Sublime and the Distinguished in Style? For, however embryonic it may be, the idea of the Sublime as a separable and definite quality in style appears here first in criticism. Coleridge, indeed, in his ample but loose way declared that he never could discover anything sublime "in our sense of the term," in the Classical Greek Literature—and this though he won a medal for a Greek Ode. "Sublimity," said he, "is Hebrew by birth." But it is hard to understand in what sense such general statements can be taken without qualification. Most readers of Æschylus would acknowledge that they have been "awed" by the sublimity of that poet in some passage or other. And, if we concede that the sublime is there, we are driven to suppose that the modicum of truth in Coleridge's statement is that the contact with the patent

and easily recognisable Sublimity of Isaiah or Moses disengaged the latent distinction in the Greek mind, so that, at last, what was before confused with other forms of elevation was dimly, if not clearly, differentiated.

Mr. Prickard thinks that a true Greek, if brought in sight of the Victoria Falls, would have wondered, not with "the wonder which hears a voice warning him that the ground is holy" but with "the wonder of curiosity as to its hidden origin and mysterious periods of fullness," "the wonder which says 'I want to know!'" And he thinks analogously that it is hardly like a true Greek that his author tests intellectual greatness, or rather sublimity, by the awe which it inspires. Was the true Greek, then, we are constrained to ask, a sort of "inspired idiot" who achieved the sublime by accident, and could not explain his success till he had met the Hebrew? Or is it not more in harmony with what we know to be the normal development and course in all human activity, to suppose that the Greek, if more seldom than the Hebrew yet as unmistakably, spoke and wrote sublimely by unreasoned instinct, and afterwards in the maturity of his race learnt a self-conscious art of the Sublime? But the eternal problem still confronts us of explaining why, as soon as art can interpret itself and endures self-criticism, it loses its initiative and creative originality. This is not the place to raise this question: we may content ourselves with observing that the apparent insensibility of the Greek to sublimity is explicable, as has been just now hinted, without supposing that Greeks universally were of the pattern exhibited by Mark Twain's Yankees.

Professor Rhys Roberts wanted to reduce his author's sense of the Sublime, as a definite quality of style distinguishable from others, to an inappreciable variation of expression. He would have *elevation, dignity, grandeur, eloquence* to bear the same sense. Mr. Prickard seems to be on safer ground when he follows the old tradition. It is true that the writer speaks of diction, and composition, *i.e.*, arrangement of words, and figures both of thought and of language as important instruments for sublime expression, but to deduce from this what Professor Roberts deduces is to ignore some very direct remarks of the author. Sublimity, he says in Mr. Prickard's translation

is always an eminence and language . . . it is not to persuasion but to ecstasy that passages of extraordinary genius carry the hearer . . . the marvellous, with its power to amaze, is always and necessarily stronger than that which seeks to persuade and to please. . . . Sublimity, we know, brought out at the happy moment, parts all the matter this way and that, and like a lightning flash, reveals, at a stroke and in its entirety, the power of the orator.

And in a later passage he expressly says:

I am not satisfied with the definition given by the technical writers. Amplification is, they say, language which invests the subject with greatness. Of course this definition may serve in common for sublimity, and passion, and tropes, since they, too, invest the language with greatness of a particular kind. To me it seems that they differ from one another in this, that Sublimity lies in intensity, Amplification also in multitude.

He goes on to declare that the strength of Demosthenes, who appeals to passions and "has a large element of fire and of spirit aglow," is in sheer height of sublimity, while that of Cicero is in its diffusion. An Englishman will hardly read the admiring criticisms of Demosthenes without thinking of another orator who breathed as high and intense a patriotism as the Athenian and with his last words in the House of Lords showed as indomitable a spirit as that which bore the defeat at Chaeronea. And this brings us to one of the most valuable qualities in our author.

He is not afraid to count as the first element in sublimity "the faculty of grasping great conceptions," and

even if it be a gift rather than a thing acquired, yet so far as is possible we must nurture our souls to all that is great, and make them, as it were, teem with noble endowment. . . . Sublimity is the note which rings from a great mind,

or, as the old translator turns it: "the Sublime is an Image reflected from the inward greatness of the Soul."

All who would wish to have criticism attuned to respond to the highest tones of literature will welcome the revival of interest in this "golden" treatise, and Mr. Prickard's translation—easy, modern in tone, generally accurate—possesses an indefeasible title to the consideration and esteem of all interested in literature.

### STROLLING PROFESSORS

*Rambles in Brittany.* By FRANCIS MILTOUN. Illustrated by BLANCHE McMANUS. (Duckworth, 6s. net.)  
*Esto Perpetua.* Algerian studies and impressions. By H. BELLOC. (Duckworth, 5s. net.)

THE work of two earnest men, each anxious to instruct the public in his own learning, lies stored up in the volumes to which the authors have given these alluring titles. Mr. Miltoun's method is to cram as many facts as possible, no matter how miscellaneous and ill-assorted, into the minds of his pupils. He takes in order every township and village which he has managed to discover in Brittany, and sets forth all the information that he has been able to collect from maps, guide-books and inscriptions studied on his hurried journey. His book is scrappy and inconsequent, a confused sequence of facts, set down with no idea of arrangement, but apparently in the exact order in which they were acquired. It is thus a typical guide-book, not full or scientific enough to be of use to one trying to collect statistics, and written in so dry and schemeless a fashion that it cannot possibly interest the stay-at-home reader, who might hope to gain from it some general impression of the country of which it treats. The author will tell you that one part of Brittany is more fertile than another, that one town has more population than another, that this church is older than that, and that the catch is not equally large in every coast town where the sardine fishery is carried on. In his passion for imparting information he will even inform you that: "The French do not use the meridian of Greenwich"; nay, he will teach you English, and point out for your benefit that by *good cheer* "is really meant *good fare*." But here he stops. He speaks constantly of the "manners and customs" of various places, yet relates little that cannot easily be met with in almost any province of France. Though he obviously knows well what he calls "the lay of the land," and is as familiar with the roads and lanes as can be expected of one who views everything from a fast-travelling automobile, yet he seems to have gathered singularly few impressions by the way. He does not appear to have been struck, except very superficially, by any piece of scenery, to have met with any incident worth recording or to have encountered any human beings of interest. At any rate, he does not enable his readers to see anything which he saw or to participate in any sensation which he may have had. One or two things, it must be confessed, have been seen by Mr. Miltoun in a way quite his own, and are consequently recorded in an original and unexpected manner. For instance, at Pont Aven he saw girls with black skirts "plaited like an accordion." At Pornic he saw "the port, the bay, and the canal which empties into the salt waters of the Atlantic," and they seemed to him to form "a delightful setting for artists' foregrounds, be the backgrounds what they may." He gives us also a delightful glimpse into the "manners and customs" of the boats on the Loire below Nantes: "they are known," says he, "as lighters, barges and tenders, and go down with the river current and return on the incoming ebb." Notwithstanding an occasional surprise of this kind, the style of the book is monotonous in the extreme. A place is either "important" or else it "should be included in the itinerary"; interesting buildings are all either "literary shrines" or "ecclesiastical monuments," and so forth. If, without giving himself any extra labour, the author had neglected a few pieces of historical

or statistical information, and had spent the time thus saved in correcting his book, he might have altered such questionable phrases as "the change became permanent," "the town itself numbers three thousand inhabitants, but it does not look it," "the condition of the inhabitants of Pontiny does not differ from most folk elsewhere"; he might have avoided such unnatural matings of language as "La Pompe, or the Fontaine" and "La gare de Cornbourg is not Combourg"; and he might have thought twice before asserting that any Frenchmen are in the habit of saying: "La mer est si grand et nos bateaux si petits."

Mr. Belloc, alas! has changed sadly since he wrote "The Path to Rome." He has joined the ranks of the Professors. His book is, of course, well written, and it is a relief to turn to "Esto Perpetua," the very title of which has an air of decent calm and rest, much needed by one who has just alighted, dusty and shaken, from Mr. Miltoun's scholastic motor-trip. Nor is his manner that of Mr. Miltoun. He does not bully us with exact information; he is like one of those lecturers or divines, to whom most of us have listened at some time, who, by their air of finality and easy flow of ornate speech, come near to persuading their hearers that their point of view is the only tenable point of view, and that what they know not is not knowledge. He who listens to Mr. Belloc hears expounded the only reasonable explanation of the past history of Algeria, the precise limits to which modern European policy can and ought to go in that country, and what her future must infallibly be. Many of his theories it is not our business to discuss here. Few people, probably, will worry themselves much about them. His points were worth making and he makes them well. It is true that once or twice he is apparently so carried away by his theme that he makes statements which it would be difficult to substantiate. Does he seriously think, for instance, that the Berbers harassed the Carthaginians because they felt "a vague sense of cousinship with the Italians"? And had he utterly forgotten—to take one period alone—our Elizabethan age, when in his general eulogy of the first four centuries A.D. he wrote the following sentence?

It is true that plastic art, and to a less extent letters, failed: for these fringes of life whose perfection depends upon detail demand for their occasional flowering small and happy states full of fixed dogmas and of certain usages.

But it is not because we may disagree with Mr. Belloc's doctrine that we quarrel with him. We do so on the ground that he has written a treatise instead of a delightful book of impressions and anecdotes—especially as in the last sixty pages of the book he shows us what he might have done in this way. These pages will be read with pleasure by those who knew him of old, as he tells of his walk by night along a lonely road, his conversation with casually met persons, his wandering in an abandoned town and his first sight of the desert. Of course, Mr. Belloc knows quite well that neither those who like his impressionism nor those who devoutly accept his teaching will care for the conventional sketch which he has placed as a frontispiece to his book. This depicts a large and self-advertising blue mountain with certain meaningless blood-coloured and saffron stains behind it, and, in the foreground, a poor palm, whose nearest and furthest leaves show an identical shade of bright green. He has put it there as a gibe at the public. He expects the Many-Headed Beast to laugh with him when he laughs at it, and to become reverent as soon as he grows serious. Can it be that he is just the slightest bit too sure of his position?

### ROMANESQUE ART

*Histoire de l'Art depuis les premiers temps chrétiens jusqu'à nos jours.* Tome I., seconde partie. Paris: Armand Colin.

In this volume we have the second instalment of one of those comprehensive treatises due to the collaboration



of a number of specialists which are fashionable at the present time. The supply of such books is created by the demand of an intelligent public which refuses to be satisfied with less than the best expert opinion presented in a palatable form. The present volume is the work of a group of *connoisseurs* whose headquarters are in the galleries of the Louvre, and all of them have already, by the scientific method of their investigations and the lucidity of their exposition, established their claim to speak with authority on the subjects which they profess. When we find Romanesque architecture treated by M. Enlart, illustrated manuscripts by M. Hasekff, and ivories by M. Emile Molinier, we know that each of these branches will be handled with authority. M. Michel, the general editor, concludes the volume with a suggestive chapter on the broader aspects of the history of art and also contributes a valuable study of Romanesque sculpture in France, which we welcome as the first comprehensive treatment of this subject. This is supplemented by a section on Romanesque sculpture in Italy, the preparation of which has naturally been entrusted to M. Emile Bertaux, well known to students of mediæval art in Italy by his recent volume in the "Bibliothèque des écoles françaises d'Athènes et de Rome," a remarkable monument of patient research and critical insight.

The value of such a work of reference as we have before us is dependent not merely upon the authority of its text, but also on the number, choice and adequacy of its illustrations. The cheapening of photographic processes has made it possible for the publisher to do far more for the reader than could be attempted even a few years ago. We may mention in this connection M. Salmon Reinach's "Apollo," which with its six hundred illustrations, unpretending as they are, furnishes an index to the whole history of art, and Professor Venturi's "Storia dell' Arte Italiana," a work which, though slipshod and inaccurate in substance, yet derives a value from its wealth of illustration. Now, the present work is in this respect uneven and somewhat disappointing, and the reason is evidently to be sought in the desire of the publisher for economy. The architectural sections are, it is true, freely illustrated from photographs supplied by M. Enlart, who has travelled widely and made good use of his camera. We are thus introduced to a number of unfamiliar examples of the art, for which we are duly grateful to M. Enlart: nevertheless, his negatives do not always rise above a moderate amateur standard—as, for instance, in the case of the remarkable lantern of Zamora Cathedral—and the undersized process-blocks which have been made from them are often of decidedly poor workmanship. M. Michel's chapter on sculpture, which is copiously illustrated from the series of excellent photographs issued by the *Commission des monuments historiques*, is thus rendered more attractive and also more instructive. Again, a liberal provision of ground-plans is essential to the understanding of architecture; but the publishers of this book have contented themselves with a meagre selection of line-blocks after Dehio and Bezold, supplemented by a few plans of French churches.

We are not surprised to find that a French publication should devote a large proportion of illustrations to French examples. At the same time, England seems to be treated in a somewhat niggardly spirit. Norman ecclesiastical architecture in this country is represented only by eight small blocks—two doorways, two towers, details of Durham, Romsey and Fountains and a general view of Southwell; while in military architecture we find only a poor illustration of Norwich keep. And this paucity of illustrations corresponds with the meagre and perfunctory treatment meted out to English architecture by M. Enlart. He allows, it is true, that England possesses a greater number of Romanesque cathedrals than France and that they are of greater importance than the French examples (p. 519); but the statement is followed by a bare list with dates, and the whole section is disjointed and is not free from misspellings (Rothbury, Mardstone, Eriesham, etc.)

and other mistakes, e.g., Fig. 252 is described as "Romsey Abbey (Yorkshire)" (*sic*). On the other hand, M. Enlart has given us not only a full and accurate account of the various schools of Romanesque architecture in France, but a valuable section (amongst others) on the interesting Scandinavian churches in wood or brick, the forms of which are derived from Carolingian models and are connected through these with the Byzantine tradition. In the controversy as to the part played by Italy in the elaboration of Romanesque principles he takes, as we should expect, the side adverse to assigning an early date to the great churches of Lombardy; as to the relations of Italy with France his position is not quite so clear, for on p. 540 he speaks of the "undeniable influence" exerted by Italy on South France (and even perhaps on Normandy); but the tendency of the chapter is to emphasise the receptivity of Italian artists. The truth is that the problems here raised have not yet found their solution; the like questions arise in the domain of sculpture, where M. Bertaux frankly admits that the early date of such monuments as the capitals of Sant'Orso at Aosta and the bas-reliefs of Vezzolano, which belong to the twelfth century, yet present features of unmistakable similarity with French sculptures of later date, creates a serious difficulty. Nevertheless, he holds firmly to the doctrine of French influence. We venture to think that in dealing with the art of the early Middle Ages it will be found better to disregard the barrier of the Alps, and to treat France and Northern Italy as a single artistic province. Even M. André Michel, in his extremely interesting chapter on French sculpture, treats the question with less confidence than M. Bertaux. The latter describes Benedetto Antelami as "an artist who was acquainted with French art, both Southern and Northern," and suggests that he may have served an apprenticeship to French masters at Chartres and at Arles. M. Michel, on the other hand, in demonstrating the eclectic character of Provençal sculpture (as against Vöge), is prepared to admit "Lombard importation" (and especially an acquaintance with Antelami's work) as a factor in the movement which produced as its masterpieces St. Gilles and St. Trophime at Arles. We are glad to find that these divergences of view have not been obliterated by the editorial steam-roller; it is for the reader's advantage that the unsolved problems which lend a fascination to the historical criticism of art should not be slurred over.

Space forbids us to enter into detail as to the other chapters of this volume. We would only note that M. Maurice Prou, in a very brief survey of numismatic history, does ample justice to the artistic merit of Offa's coinage, but does not include a single specimen amongst his illustrations, and that the editor's closing chapter proves him an apt pupil of Lucien Courajod, to whose teaching the historian of mediæval art owes an incalculable debt. We may add that the value of the book is greatly enhanced by the admirable bibliography which concludes each chapter.

H. STUART JONES.

#### FONTENOY

*Fontenoy and Great Britain's Share in the War of the Austrian Succession, 1741-48.* By F. H. SKRINE. (Blackwood, 21s. net.)

THE hero of Fontenoy was Maurice de Saxe, and the chief interest of the campaign centres round that fine soldier, of whom it was said by Frederick that he might be "the professor of all the generals in Europe." Without Saxe the battle would have been an uninteresting affair: with him it only forms a link in a chain of events. Mr. Skrine's book deserves attention, because he has shown the place occupied by Fontenoy in that chain, and especially its connection with the Scottish rising of 1745. It was, indeed, difficult for the writer to know what could be excluded from a book to which he had given so ambitious

a title. Starting with Dettingen and ending with the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle sounds simple enough; but it involves excursions to India as well as to Scotland, and also necessitates a survey of Great Britain and France in 1740. For a civilian to attempt so great an undertaking was a particularly bold thing, but, after all, some of the best military history of the present day has been written by laymen, so that Mr. Skrine had many precedents. When he confines himself to biographical facts, about Saxe, Ligonier, or Wade, he is at his best: his account of military operations is not so good, though by no means unattractive, and one of his most interesting chapters is that on "The Armies and their Leaders." This subject is one that has to be mastered if the operations are to be understood; but it is difficult, and the average reader's knowledge of it may be expressed by Kipling's verse:

The men that fought at Minden, they was armed with musketoons,  
Also, they was drilled by 'alberdiers;  
I don't know what they were, but the sergeants took good care  
They washed be'ind their ears.

Mr. Skrine's explanations are attractive but not always accurate. His statement about the origin of the Buffs is not only wrong, but gives the idea that he has not delved very deep into the history of the army, an impression which is certainly confirmed by the inadequate bibliography printed at the end of the volume, and it would be easy to quote many instances of carelessness in the book, which suggest that it has been written in haste. For instance he says (p. 104): "François, Duc d'Harcourt (1679-1750). Fought at Ramillies at seventeen." This statement shows either that Mr. Skrine does not know the date of Ramillies or else that he is very careless. And what does he mean by *rationale*, a word of which he is very fond? He seems to use it as the equivalent of objective, of object, and of function, in different passages. "The *rationale* of fusiliers was to guard artillery," he writes, "and for this purpose they carried a *chevaux de frise*," etc. Surely here the word function would have served his purpose, and he might have improved his grammar by writing "a *cheval-de-frise*," which is a perfectly legitimate expression.

The object of the book, however, is obviously to stir up the English people of the present day to the performance of their duty as citizens. A sermon disguised as history, with Saxe's *rêveries* as text and a sort of prefatory bidding prayer by Lord Roberts is what the book amounts to, and no doubt, it is a very worthy idea. Lord Roberts proclaims the book to be

a trumpet-call to Englishmen who do not seem to understand that alliances and *ententes*, though excellent in their way, are of little practical value unless we have an army powerful enough to protect ourselves, and be of use to those with whom we are allied.

Fiction "with a purpose" has rather gone out of fashion, and history with a purpose takes its place. The preacher, Mr. Skrine, makes the most of his text. He states, without citing his authority, that we have deteriorated physically; affirms that "there is no surer indication of deteriorating national fibre than a tendency to rely on others rather than on our own strong arm"; and is even moved, in a footnote about the Arquebusiers de Grassin (a regiment formed from bootblacks and vagabonds in Paris) to say "what magnificent raw material is now rotting in our London streets"! This view of the study of history is by no means new, but it is seldom that the moral is emphasised with such zeal as Mr. Skrine has shown. If his historical knowledge were equal to his patriotism, the book would be remarkable. Colonel Lonsdale Hale's study of the People's War in France is the only military history, published in recent years, which effectively combines the teaching of its subject with the enforcement of a moral: but Col. Hale gave thirty-five years of study to his subject—the Franco-German War—before he published his masterpiece.

## WALT WHITMAN'S STYLE

*Days with Walt Whitman.* With some Notes on his Life and Work. By EDWARD CARPENTER. (Allen, 5s. net.)

MR. CARPENTER is, perhaps, the only living writer who can claim to have handled rhythm in the same spirit as did Whitman with any considerable success. And this gives peculiar interest to his study of the American poet's style, a subject which after half a century is still under discussion. To the debate Mr. Carpenter contributes less by formal criticism than by a re-statement of Whitman's doctrine with the insight of a fellow craftsman.

He admits sundry failures in "Leaves of Grass," due now to a lapse in humour, now to some affectation or mannerism, or again to the obtrusion of the writer's set purpose: but he contends, and rightly as we think, that such faults and eccentricities did not arise from lack of literary ability. This is now generally admitted. After all deductions, Whitman is recognised as a master of phrase and of rhythm. The interest centres now in definition. Granted he is a master—then in what field?

While leaving it still somewhat indefinite, Mr. Carpenter helps us toward an answer. Following along the lines already laid down in those suggestive studies of Expression which he gathered together a few years ago under the title of "Angels' Wings," he points out, Platonically, that perfect form must always be decided by the nature of the thing to be expressed. Any change, whether of a word or of a cadence, will alter the essential meaning suggested. If this be admitted (as, indeed, it must be), our question will be seen to turn upon the subjects of Whitman's work. Whether he failed in this poem or in that, can only be decided in so far as we can show whether or no he failed in the expression of his idea.

Criticism is rendered the more difficult by the character of the ideas which he attempted to express; or, indeed, we may say, of his idea, for he apparently simplifies the task of his critics by declaring the unity of his work, the single theme of "Leaves of Grass." But that theme is extremely complex, and the unity is always emotional rather than intellectual. It is, as it were, a "personality," and, even so, a complex and evasive one. Thus the breadth and flexibility of the rhythm—the long forward-flowing recitatives—correspond, so Mr. Carpenter asserts, to "an extraordinarily vast and inclusive" mood or personality.

The suggestion seems to be that Whitman's mastery lies especially in the region of mystical emotions so large in their suggestion that criticism finds itself without a satisfactory standard by which to measure them. At first sight this looks uncommonly like an escape from the issue. But Mr. Carpenter does not wish to escape. He appeals to such readers as have responded to the peculiar stimulus of "Leaves of Grass," asking whether they have found such a meaning expressed therein. It is only necessary to recall such words as those of the late J. A. Symonds in order to acknowledge the justice of this position:

these phrases are redolent of the very spirit of the emotions they suggest, communicate the breadth and largeness of the natural things they indicate, embody the essence of realities in living words, which palpitate and burn for ever.

When discussing the special character of the rhythms Mr. Carpenter says:

here underneath, all the time, one feels a subtle impalpable metre pulsing. Some one possibly may be able to disentangle and define that metre: but I confess that I can't—simply because, each time I read, the meaning holds and fills my mind too full.

We have not left ourselves space to discuss Mr. Carpenter's exposition of that "meaning." It is given partly in two personal studies made in America during the years 1877 and 1884, and partly in the chapter on "Whitman as Prophet." To this latter there is appended an interesting comparison of passages taken from Whitman and the Upanishads. The chapter on "Whitman's Children" is of real biographical value.

## TEARS

SOMETIMES when I was near you  
The tears would fill my eyes—  
To see and feel and hear you  
Linked pain to ecstasies.

Now you are gone the stress is  
That I must play my part,  
And smile while no one guesses  
The tears that fill my heart.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

## SUMPTUARY

Inter silvas academi querere verum.—HORACE.

THE modesty with which Professor Finckel-Smyth, in the preface to the first of the five great volumes before us ("Dress and Manners of the Twentieth Century") speaks of "the industry and research that are necessary in writing on so wide a subject" is characteristic of this profound and brilliant scholar; but we ourselves must not, in praising his diligence, fail in recognition of the magic and genius whereby he has invested his somewhat musty subject with warmth and colour and life. There were many difficulties in the way. We must remember that the Deliverance (Authors) Act of a century ago (which Professor Finckel-Smyth justly calls "The Magna Charta of English Letters"), in proscribing all authorship save that practised by Imperial Patent (and compassing thus the downfall of the Newspaper Nabobs), included the destruction by fire of the whole of the existing printed matter with the exception only of that selected to repose in the Imperial Museum; and of this remnant also the greater part perished in the memorable disaster of forty years ago. Zeal such as that of the Professor, therefore, in the face of such privation, is beyond praise; and for a literary romance to parallel the finding by Professor Finckel-Smyth of the documents in the ruins of the tunnel under the Thames, we have to go back to the discoveries of Grueber and Tischendorf.

It is not possible to do more than select for comment a few of the multitudinous articles of apparel, the names and functions of which the Professor has so indefatigably investigated. We confess to some surprise (since we had imagined ourselves to be not altogether ignorant of the subject) in learning that the expression commonly used to denote a set or suit of clothes, the *shell*, is to be taken literally; we had identified this exceedingly simple attire with a much earlier century, and had, indeed, not considered it to have been at any time indigenous to these islands. It is interesting also to learn that the term *bags* was, in effect, synonymous with *trousseau*; but that, after all, leaves us little wiser as to the precise cut of this garment or garments, and we hesitate to follow the learned author in two of his conjectures: namely, that the odd phrase, "*cut saucy over the kicksies*" is derivable from the provincial French "*qué qu' c' ests*" (or as we should say, "what d'ye call 'ems"), and that the term *bell-bottomed* meant that the hem of the *bag* or *bags* was actually adorned with silver bells (*cf. cap. II9, pearlies*).

These, however, are moot points, and the broadsheets of the period, which in a perfect state would still leave room for ambiguity, lie under glass, too frail even for the reverent handling of Professor Finckel-Smyth. A more serious matter, as it seems to us, is that of the now historical word *clobber*; and though we have little desire to revive the fierce controversy that raged about this article of dress a quarter of a century ago (in which, if we remember rightly, Professor Finckel-Smyth himself played a distinguished part), yet it seems to us that in receding from his original position, namely, that the *clobber* was a specific garment and not a contesseration or suit, he is

traversing the facts as they are known to us. In the songs of the mimes of the period in question references to *bond-street clobber* are, happily, not rare; and we believe it was the Professor himself who first pointed out that the barbarous phrase "*bond-street*" meant no more than *bond-strict* or *strait*, thus showing that the *clobber* was so designed as to confine the arms to the sides after the manner of the strait-waistcoat. Again, we know not how the Professor reconciles the fact that the *clobber* was frequently *spouted* (or, as we should say, piped) with the opinion of any practical tailor or *modiste* that a system of piping-cord throughout a whole series of garments would be highly inimical (to go no further) to the posture of sitting down; and to the many cryptic references to *clobber on tick* that are extant the Professor does not even refer. We fear that in this particular he has not succeeded in establishing his point; and consequently his corollary of buttonholes—that a lilac or pink buttonhole denoted the colour, while one of cornflower indicated the material of which the hole itself was made—falls to the ground also.

But even in this we are perhaps over-meticulous, and this admirable work is throughout abundantly suggestive. Where much is debatable, it is satisfactory to know once for all that the *starver* was a short jacket, that the curiously-named *top-slep* was a wrap, a *sautoir*, or something to slip on, and that the *pyjama* was the identical Persian garment of which King Lear said: "Let it be changed." Undoubtedly the chief service of these volumes will be to the student of history. As straws show which way the wind blows, we are here enabled to follow, step by step, the growth of the effeminacy and luxury that even then prognosticated the downfall of a *régime*. That for the charge of a single brooch or fixing (we refer to the *stud*) a special officer of the wardrobe, called the *stud-groom*, should be appointed—that foppishness should go so far that a *knuckle-duster* was frequently carried in the pocket—and finally, that even in the Courts of Justice corruption should have had such a hold that to *tip the cady* or *cadi* was no infrequent practice—these things need no comment. Of scarcely less interest to the serious student is the influence of the military on articles of fashion, *i.e.*, Wellington and Blucher boots and a lady's bonnet Sir Garnet; but on the whole, we are of opinion that Professor Finckel-Smyth has been well advised to give the story of the notorious General Combie in an appendix and to shelter himself in the Latin tongue.

We trust we have said enough to show how indispensable is this monumental work. Ourselves, we like to picture this grand old man of scholarship, peering through the glass at the musty relics one touch would dissipate and weaving therefrom the magic tapestry in which men and women move and pass with the hue and motion of life; and there rises involuntarily in our minds a prevision of another figure—of a Professor yet unborn, who, centuries hence, shall pore thus over *our* relics and by the spell of his learning kindle them also into truth. The volumes are admirably illustrated, and the plate of the man with the antique red *bedsox* on his hands is a triumph of the printer's art.

G. F.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## SCIENCE IN FICTION

THE other night I happened to meet at my club a famous man of science who has also a fine taste in literature, and our conversation turned upon the subject of these gossiping remarks. My friend held an opinion which, to tell the truth, I had some difficulty at first in grasping. He said that the truly scientific novel had yet to be written. My mind naturally turned back to a great number of novels in which it seemed to a mere literary man with a colossal ignorance of science that their

artistic value had been spoiled by the introduction of his element. The novels of George Eliot owed no improvement to the influence of Herbert Spencer, and it appeared to me that the novelist, in using the Christian religion just as though it had faded back into the condition of a myth similar to those of Greece, was carrying the scientific spirit too far. And, as fiction and poetry are arts closely allied, I wondered whether it was the desire of my friend that the results of research should be mastered and poured forth as they were in "In Memoriam." But in both cases, apparently, I had gone on a false scent. The man of science was large and liberal in his ideas. He did not think that it was the business of a man of letters to acquire such knowledge, for instance, as is necessary in pathology. He did not even ask him to understand evolution. It was necessary for him to have followed the growth of myth and legend in the same manner as the gradual development of the human being from protoplasm can be followed. He did not even need to understand that all those institutions which belong to our civilisation have grown up in answer to the wants of man: in other words, that the Ten Commandments were not thundered forth in tones of authority from Mount Sinai, but were gradually evolved out of the experience of men who appreciated the greater comfort of living in societies. What my friend wanted was not a comprehension of those doctrines but the appearance of a writer who had been imbued with the scientific spirit. Even this is not a full statement of his position, because there are men whose theory of the universe is based exclusively on materialistic explanations and who look forward to no immortality, just as they believe in no divine Creator, not even the "sorting demon of Maxwell." All this a man may have, and yet lack the one thing needful. In the novel which my friend imagined there would no longer be any warfare of creeds; that is where the scientific writer of to-day falls short. He is almost invariably eager for controversy. Until now, he has been so ardently engaged in the destruction of other men's beliefs that he has had no energy to spare for the work of creation. "Under which Lord?" may be taken as the type of such scientific novels as we possess. That is to say, the scientific writer is always in danger of perpetrating a tract. He delights above all else in aggression, or, as he would call it, the destruction of superstitions; but in the future, always provided that my friend's hypothesis is a sound one, these controversies will be dead. In some cases, I fancy, they are so already. I was thinking at the time of another acquaintance of mine, a man now so elderly that soon he will be called old. He was brought up at the feet of his father, one of the early pioneers of science in this country. No religious influence was at any time allowed to come near him, and, although it is possible that he may number a few clergymen among his acquaintance, the subject of their belief is always taboo. He told me not long ago that never on any occasion that he remembers did he enter a church, and what goes on within the sacred walls is a mystery to him; though gifted with a singularly alert and comprehensive mind, he has no curiosity whatever about religion and regards it as something that has passed away out of all reality. He is not even like the wine-stained young man in the poem that Thackeray credited to Penderennis, whom he likened to "outcast spirits that wait and see through Heaven's gate angels within it." The expression used here argues a lost soul, and our man of science (I do not say all men of science, but refer to the particular friend whose conversation I am trying to recall) does not believe that there is any soul to lose. Out of dust was man formed and whatever is in him is dust: there is no dual existence; body and soul are one and indivisible. When the breath goes out of the body there is an end, and utter oblivion. *Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux, nox est perpetua, una.* If you recall to him that nothing in Nature is destructible, he replies that that is only applicable to the atoms. The material

out of which a plant is made is indestructible, but if you pull up that plant by the roots the atoms which have been previously collected in it immediately begin to lose their bond of union, and from the moment of its death each of them begins to take its several way. It may be hours or it may be years, but soon or late the wind and the rain and the other forces of nature will carry the atoms that composed this individual body far away to build up new forms that cluster together again and make a life. So it is with the human body. It is, upon dissolution, resolved with more or less speed into the dust and ashes of which it was originally composed. "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away"; or, in more prosaic language, the particles that once formed the tissues of a man enter into the grass and flowers that grow on his tomb, become part and parcel of beast and bird and insect, are disseminated as widely over the surface of the globe as they would be if the body had been cremated and its ashes thrown to the wandering winds.

Now, my friend's contention was that an increasing number of men and women of the new generation hold that this is all we know of the phenomenon called life, and that, in those who come after, such a belief will be bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. I do not say myself that he is right, and I do not say that he is wrong. But it is easy to perceive what an immense change will pass over man's thought and spirit should this come to be his genuine belief. Let him look out from his metaphysical watch-tower, and how vain and futile must the controversies of the moment appear to him! All those politicians who are now disputing over religious education must, under that new light, be seen to be mere phantoms chasing phantoms of butterflies in the short sunshine of life. Not only will the creeds that sufficed for so many be shaken to their foundations, but the hopes and fears and consolations which have sustained humanity during the ages of its recorded existence will have passed like dreams of the night. We have but to take a concrete instance to see the immense effect that will be produced. Imagine a woman, as many a woman has heroically done, undergoing pain, shame, humiliation, yet held up by an implicit faith that when a period is put to her afflictions her reward will be given "in the green fields of Eden." In a similar spirit is the command: "Lay not up for yourselves treasure upon the earth; where the rust and moth doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

All this is merely to say that with the advent of Charles Darwin we obtained a new cosmogony, and that it is not as the old; and yet, even at the risk of appearing to be indefinite and doubtful, I cannot help questioning this belief of the evolutionist, even on the assumption that what he has postulated must be granted. Let us go so far as to admit for argument's sake that the whole body of belief or superstition—call it what you will—is a fabric that rests on no surer foundation than primæval man's misunderstanding of the true nature of dreams. Even then we have the proposition made by Goethe that Christianity is something that mankind ought to be proud of having evolved. In that case its truths, that have so long been accepted, must for ever remain truths, even though the literal interpretation of them ceases to hold. I have often thought, for example, that the truly divine passage: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," is true of the potentialities of the human heart, whether promulgated by authority or not. To take a similar passage: "When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness which he hath committed and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," contains a truth that is derived, not from a material heaven or a personal deity, but from the unbounded love of justice that is in human nature.



Thus, in spite of my friend's contentions, I think the novel of the future will be very like the novel of the past, except in so far as it will be divested of some of the hypocrisies which we have formerly cherished. Life and life's reward will be prized for their own sake, and the "peace which passeth understanding" will be attributed to its true cause. But, indeed, if we look back to the great writers of the past we seem to see that they have instinctively recognised that these things must be so. Homer and Shakespeare did not depend for immortality upon the maintenance of any particular theory of the universe.

A.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "A Short Way with an Unbeliever," by A. Martin Freeman.]

## FICTION

*King Peter.* By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THIS is the chronicle (a chapter to each year) of the first twenty-one years of King Peter of the Little Kingdom; whose mother, Arnice of the red hair, died at his birth, and whose father, a fierce and headstrong ruler, soon followed her after a most unhappy rebellion against the ways of God. A fair and pleasant kingdom, although small, was the baby king's inheritance. To the south and west of it lay the sea, and an "old map" given as a frontispiece shows how, away on the Northern confines, a stream ran from the forest of Boreswode and past the hamlet of Langdon, marking the boundary line. His own white-walled town, perched high on a hill, lay snugly in the south-east corner, with its castles, gardens, and pleasaunces, its abbey and clustering red-roofed houses, just where the River Candida, skirting the eastern wall, widens to the sea. All around him dwelt men and women of every degree, courtiers and warriors, lords and ladies, farmers and fisherfolk, and he knew something of them all. For as a boy he would put on a little red cap whenever he wished to drop his state, and by this token, wandering freely in the midst of a community who loved him, he would hear strange stories from many lips. At four years old it was his bright laughter in a solemn place that broke the spell, as men thought, of a terrible drought. At ten he received his baptism of blood, when some caitiff knights tried to capture him as he kept Christmas with a scanty retinue at his house of Verwod. At thirteen he came near to losing his kingdom in a great rebellion, and helped gallantly to save it. And he learnt many things (of some curious attributes of cowardice, and what a stirring passion ambition may be, and of an unpleasant side to virtue) before at last he came to know, as the prologue has it, of "the storm of life, and of the beauty of sacrifice and of true love." These concluding chapters round off the book with a beautiful and touching incident exquisitely treated. Mr. Calthrop has adopted the pre-Raphaelite tradition throughout, but his detail, always most carefully selected, is never excessive, and he never forgets that, for all the gorgeous colours and fantastic patterns of mediæval Christendom, the general lines of thought and action were far simpler and less complicated than some romancists suppose.

*The Bands of Orion.* By Hon. Mrs. N. GROSVENOR. (Heinemann, 6s.)

THE novel has all the qualities, good and bad, of amateur work. The writer has thought and felt more finely than she was able to express her thoughts and feelings. Her picture is clouded and blurred, but gives the suggestion of something which has beauty and which is refreshing for that reason. That beauty is seen especially in the close love of the two brothers, Arthur and Richard Dering. Arthur has genius, but is unable to turn his genius to any account. But he inspires Richard with ideas and

makes him a successful novelist, and Richard recognises how much he owes to his brother. Arthur was born under Orion, the hunter's star, and is a wanderer. Not even his love for Clare can induce him to settle. Any yoke will always fret him, and he knows it. Clare's gradual recognition of the fact is handled with extreme delicacy and weight. It is far the best thing in the book. But the solution seems to us unconvincing and disappointing. Arthur dies and Clare marries his brother. We can imagine a marriage between Richard and Clare based on ties of memory and affection; but that Richard should want her love, and that Clare should give it, seems frankly impossible, and in flat contradiction to the characters of both, which have not been shown hitherto to be in any way commonplace. We are inclined to feel that the author has come to the conventional lions and gone round without discovering that after all the lions are chained and tame.

*The House in Spring Gardens.* By Major ARTHUR GRIFFITHS. (Nash, 6s.)

"THE MASTER" has set the authorities of Scotland Yard at defiance for many years. He has moved mysteriously at the back of half the brilliant crimes in England: he is sinister, and has a long arm to punish any of his minions who do not carry out his commands faithfully. He has many an *alias*, and with each *alias* a wife. One of these wives runs her hat-pin into his heart, when he has evaded the police and, in his pyjamas, is driving with her in a hansom-cab. The murder is not due to her outraged sense of what is fitting in dress: the pyjamas she could pardon; she knew that the policemen would most probably not allow him time to dress as a man should dress to drive with a lady, before he shot them and made his escape. Under the criminal lurked the heart of the woman who did not like her Sam (for so she called him) to be faithless. Salome Raffles (such was her name) was not wholly bad. At least she saved the Master from the ignominy of being captured by Colonel Noel, the amateur detective, and lent a graceful touch of romance to his ending. That must surely be remembered in her favour. And Colonel Noel is not entirely stupid. He has the sense to marry Daphne de Boigne and settle down comfortably into a *rôle* that is far more suited to his capacity than that of an indomitable sleuth-hound. Till then he is a Watson without his Holmes. But his adventures are often thrilling and are well written—with a brave disregard for possibility; and if he is a little dull, it is not really his fault: many honest men are.

*Lady Betty Across the Water.* By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON. (Methuen, 6s.)

LADY BETTY BULKELEY's experiences across the water are bright and amusing; the interest is smartly whipped up, and kept spinning and humming gaily to the last page. The setting of her story has some claim to novelty, the scenes are constantly shifting, and so kaleidoscopic in their variety and dazzling effect, that there is barely time to appreciate or criticise them as they sparkle and change and make way for fresh combinations. The only sustained impressions are that Betty is a charming *ingénue* with the simplicity and shrewdness of her kind; that the way of millionaires in search of new pleasures is hard, their rivalry vulgar and their extravagance childish and irritating. Betty, who is too beautiful for the matrimonial success of a plain elder sister, is packed off to America as the guest of Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, that astute lady using the acquaintance adroitly enough for her own social promotion. In New York and at Newport Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox gives Lady Betty a "real good time," and shows her the wonders that unlimited dollars can accomplish. Some of them are brilliant efforts of imagination which would ensure the success of any pantomime if carried out upon a far less magnificent scale than the revels at Newport. Betty makes one disinterested friend, rich but not too rich, a Kentucky girl with a story and a heart.

More important still, she is haunted by a face seen in the steerage when crossing the Atlantic; and, after that, no aspiring millionaire of Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's acquaintance has a chance of entering the ducal fold. For reasons of her own, Betty runs away from Newport and her ambitious hostess, and thanks to the steerage passenger, Jim Brett, she finds friends among his homely kinsfolk, and Jim, who is made of the right stuff, and at a pinch could buy a navy to play with, shows Betty another and a pleasanter side of American life. It is all in accordance with the old order of romance, of which novel-readers never tire, and if there is no new element in Lady Betty's love-story, there are some pretty passages in connection with it and much that is clever and entertaining in the account of her adventures.

*Count Bunker.* By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Blackwood, 6s.)

"COUNT BUNKER: being A bald yet veracious Chronicle containing some further particulars of two Gentlemen whose previous careers were touched upon in a tome entitled 'The Lunatic at Large.'" Such is the inscription on the title-page of Mr. Clouston's book. He brings Baron Rudolph von Blitzenberg back to London, where he "vunce did have fun for his money," "a dignified representative of a particularly dignified State." But the memory of old times with his friend Bunker and the proximity of that gentleman are too much for him, and afresh springs the desire to "go once more a-roving by the light of the moon." Straightway he puts it into execution, in spite of his agonised wife's reminder of the state in which he had returned after the last evening spent in Bunker's company. But the Baron is not attached to an embassy for nothing. "In diplomacy it is necessary for a diplomatist to be diplomatic;" and, unblushingly attributing this sapient axiom to Bismarck, he hies him out to meet his friend. Bunker is all that he remembered him, nay, more—much more—and quickly does his inventive genius pile one compromising situation upon another and honeycomb with pitfalls innumerable the paths along which it is his delight to lead his best friend. In any but the author's hands the plot would have justified the reviewer in dubbing this tale a roaring farce, but the adjective would be misleading where the character of the central figure is brought out by delicate touches that raise the story to the level of true comedy. Mr. Clouston loves his pair of boon companions: he makes his readers do likewise, whether in the scene where the Baron heartens up the diffident Tollyvoddle with the exhortation: "Approach her mid a kilt," or on the many occasions when he endeavours to prove not less to his friend than himself that his wife is "ze magnet" and he "ze pole"; only "I jost sometimes vish marriage was not qvite—qvite so uninterruptable." If there is a weak point in the workmanship of the book, it is in the *dénouement*; the fun is had and not sufficiently paid for, as, to be true to life, it should have been. But, again, this is due to the author's affection for his creations. As personal friends, Mr. Clouston could not put them "in the cart" and leave them there, and this lapse from the strict canons of art will be readily forgiven if in the future the author will (as every line of the concluding chapter hints he will) once more set the Baron and Bunker afloat on another voyage of adventure and misadventure, and—take us with them.

*The Evasion.* By EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. (Constable, 6s.)

THIS book is admirably named. Superficially, the evasion is that of a young man who cheats at cards, cannot face the odds of confession, allows another man to bear the blame and ultimately marries the very exquisite young girl whom that other man loves. Fundamentally, it is the much more vital evasion by the best type of American mind—the strenuous, upright New England mind—of the doctrine of the Incarnation. This is too controversial a question to discuss in a short review, and yet the main interest of Mrs. Frothingham's novel lies in

this greater evasion and its resulting egoism. It is impossible to read the more serious American novel of to-day and not be struck with its insistent note of more or less lofty self-centredness. The part which dress, in its highest development, plays in the American novel of society is typical of this. To be poor, in our old-world sense of the word, to wear an unmodish gown, is a fate so terrible that the sternest American novelist shrinks from finally abandoning his heroines to it, though they may, like Gladys in "The Evasion," know the agonies of the home-made frock for a few short months as one of the principal goads towards a loveless marriage. The hero, Dick Copeland, is the only character who does not evade some—to us—obvious duty, and almost the only person in the book who does not, more or less delicately, live for himself; and we are glad to feel that he will get his reward in a union with the woman he loves, though we leave them both in a state of waiting. Mrs. Frothingham writes with thoughtful distinction, and a fine feeling for character. Her style is cosmopolitan and her point of view that of the dweller in both continents, but her spiritual outlook is of the younger world, and to the end we are left in doubt whether she is on the side of authority, or of negation. In short, her own mental attitude is surely only another witness to her sense of fitness in nomenclature—an evasion.

*The Adventures of Alicia.* By KATHARINE TYNAN. (White 6s.)

ALICIA MACNAMARA is one of this author's most fascinating Irish girls, and readers know what they can be at their best. Alicia also has the advantage of belonging to an ancient and impoverished family, and is brought up in the picturesque, happy, shiftless manner peculiar to these circumstances—in Ireland. And who will regret the good old times, the past splendours, the falling rents, at least in these pages where poverty, whenever we meet her, wears a gay and smiling face? The author "puts the comether" upon us, and shows us things, not as they are, but as she wishes them to appear, and leaves us with no desire to resist the spell of her charming, romantic story. Misunderstanding and sorrow there are, since not even Katharine Tynan can contrive a story all of sunshine, but there is always a golden path to happiness, and life is half a fairy-tale that might come true. As the elder daughter of her house, Alicia sets out into the world to lighten the family burthen, and, as her friends hope, to marry according to her birth and beauty. Her adventures in the ideal situations she obtains as companion form a series of tales in which she plays the principal part, particularly in the breaking of hearts, while keeping unswervingly faithful to Sir Carew MacNamara of Castle Truagh, who is away on the Indian frontier, with no money and no prospects. Her beauty is fatal to the peace of several households, and brings about a variety of complications and an unusual amount of love-making, monotonous or delightful according to the reader's taste for scenes of this order. Marriage is obviously the only way of stopping Alicia's innocent mischief, and in good time the MacNamara legend justifies itself, and "henceforth there would be no more lack of money than of love at Castle Truagh." There is Molly also to claim our interest, Alicia's wilder Irish sister, and quite as attractive in a daring, impetuous fashion; and Aunt Sibbie and the Colonel, and a score of other pleasant people, young and old, who help to make Alicia's adventures cheerful and agreeable reading.

## FINE ART

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN

THIS remarkably gifted artist aroused discussion from the first and will continue to harass the perplexed critic who has felt that at least he was not to be dismissed with a word. The public, too, or that small section of it which

troubles itself about modern art—which, like a woman, is usually right in its conclusions but wrong in the reasons it gives for them—has exclaimed against the “ugliness” of his art, against its defiance of nature, lack of colour, or, when colour is there, its falseness, even discovering something unpleasant in the taste of it, and so forth.

We must go a little deeper than these mere exclamations of dismay or discomfort if it is desirable to place him, and the exhibition at the Chenil Galleries, Chelsea, of eighty-two of his etchings may help us to do so.

Mr. John is curiously typical of that movement which has spread lately among the younger men, especially in the New English Art Club and the International Society, and which I have called the archaistic movement. They are all clever artists, these archaistic ones, but Mr. John's ability and versatility are almost uncanny. When I visited the Royal Academy I thought I had got by mistake into a “one-man show,” as all the pictures seemed to have been painted by Sargent, whilst at the Chenil Gallery a whole Academy or rather museum is displayed. *Old Man of Liverpool!* Surely not—he hailed from Haarlem, that Old Man. *Head of Old Underwood*, this attribution is incorrect, as the etching is an undoubted Dürer; Rubens etched the *Girl with Curls*; Manet, *La Gravidà*; Legros, *The Quarry Folk*; and, most curious of all, Mr. Reed, of *Punch*, has been induced to contribute one caricature, *The Idiot*. As for the Rembrandts, which abound with appropriate collectors' titles, we actually giggle with delight at their cleverness: *Annie with a Feather Hat*, *Self Portrait*, *Old Man in Fur Cloak*. As I do not frequent museums, which I hold to be institutions as barbarous and ghastly as the Morgue, I was unable to find the originals of some of the Italianate pieces, such as *Ursula*, but I have no doubt they exist. It is difficult not to seem unfair in such strictures as these, since, after all, the greatest artists are those who have derived most from their predecessors and fellows. But, to put it shortly, two influences are paramount in all art that is on a sound basis:

1. Nature.

2. Immediate predecessors.

Now, most great artists, early in their career, have looked at nature with an eye biassed, it is true, by study of art—Gainsborough, for instance, and Turner—but they did look at her. Mr. John and the whole of his school never seem to have opened their eyes to the world at all.

Secondly, Mr. John makes a leap back for some centuries, and ignores his immediate precursors altogether. For him no painter has existed after Rubens, no etcher (except Mr. Reed aforesaid) after Rembrandt. Our magnificent English schools have had no part in his development; even the Pre-Raphaelites, who are traceable in the other archaistic pictures, are practically negligible, and, of course, all the modern atmospheric effects first discovered by Turner and Constable, and developed steadily for nearly a century by painters of all nationalities, including Whistler, Monet, Corot, Degas, are put aside.

No one was more derivative than Turner. We may imagine Claude whispering in his ear, Van de Velde slapping him on the shoulder, Canaletto pointing a stern finger at some piece of shaky drawing, Ruysdael gently clapping his hands, Titian raising his eyebrows, even Watteau smiling shyly on him; and yet who, after all, dominates the assembly—who but Turner? The kind ghosts are his servants, and not he theirs. All the ingredients have been so welded and moulded together, so absorbed and assimilated, that you can rarely put your finger on any point and say: “that is a bit of Van de Velde,” and in any case no one painter dominates the rest.

But when Mr. John does a Rembrandtesque etching, it is more than Rembrandtesque; it is Rembrandt himself. No doubt any modern artist may modestly deprecate comparison with giants like Turner; my point is that the trick of imitating the handling of the masters has never

until recently been pushed to the extent we see now, or by artists of the calibre of Mr. John. He is magnificently equipped, with an eye and hand that make all artists envy his gift; and what does he do with them but repeat what has been said centuries past perfectly and finally? I am sure he could, if he were not unfortunately an honest man, turn out for the markets that are craving for them the “authentic” masterpieces of all the old masters, and be making a pile overtopping that of any of his contemporaries. The signatures alone are wanting; probably they will be supplied by another hand when he can no longer profit by them.

B. S.

## ROUND THE GALLERIES

RECENT visitors to the not very impressive exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists cannot have failed to remark the virile, direct paintings of Mr. J. D. Fergusson, who is holding a one-man exhibition at the Baillie Gallery (54 Baker Street). In an explanatory foreword to the catalogue the artist states that he is “trying for truth, for reality: through light,” and to the initiated this will reveal the kinship of Mr. Fergusson's intentions with those of Gainsborough, as well as with those of Velasquez and Manet, whose manner of painting his own more closely resembles. Mr. Fergusson is seen at his best in a still life, *After Dinner* (2); of a grand piano and a table set out for coffee; a Japanese portrait, *The Pink Camellia* (15), in which the means are concealed more effectually than is his wont; and in another still life, *The Japanese Statuette* (12), which has the gravity and suave charm of a good Alfred Stevens. Mr. Fergusson's nice sense of quality and harmonious colour is further displayed in a number of coast scenes, but these are so strongly reminiscent of Whistler that they feebly represent the individual force of the painter's considerable talent.

Mr. Arthur Studd, a collection of whose paintings is also at Mr. Baillie's, is well known as the happy possessor of the *Little White Girl* and other choice Whistlers, and his own works amply testify his devotion to this master. Indeed, *The Girl in Brown* (14) and the *Head of a Workman* (33) are little more than echoes, pleasing echoes it is true, of the *Rose of Lyme Regis* and the *Master Smith*, and no stronger individuality is revealed in his impressions of Venice and other cities. In short, these are School pictures, though we hasten to acknowledge that the school is good and the scholar apt.

Mr. Mark Fisher's water-colours are far too distinctive and their exhibition is too rare an event for the collection at the Leicester Galleries to be negligible in the most crowded exhibition season. Strongly personal, more personal in some respects than his oils, these vividly recorded impressions of sunny scenes are nevertheless legitimate descendants of the landscapes of Gainsborough and Constable, and mark a stage in the development of British landscape. It is noteworthy, moreover, that rich and deep though Mr. Fisher's colour be, it is never heavy, but ever has that limpid quality which is the prime virtue of the medium he uses boldly, yet with much discretion.

## MUSIC

### A SIDELIGHT UPON WAGNER

WAGNERIAN criticism seemed almost dead when a recent article on the *Ring* in the *Daily News* proclaimed Mr. Baughan the latest of Wagner's assailants. It would have been a bitter pill, perhaps the bitterest of his hard life, could Wagner have foreseen his future position as the lapdog of fashion and the idol of the musical dilettante; but to this he has come, in England at any rate: by such he has been invested with “the divinity that doth hedge a king,” and any one who calls that in question is

a traitor. Consequently, Mr. Baughan has got himself into trouble, a result which he probably anticipated and for which he does not much desire pity. At any rate that is not the point I wish to discuss, nor whether the music of the *Ring* is really symphonic or dramatic, a task for which I should be ill qualified, but to draw some attention to an early work of Wagner's, one which we have heard in London more recently than the *Ring* performances, and perhaps to draw some inferences from it—"Das Liebesmahl der Apostel." The Männergesang Verein of Vienna gave this as the closing work of their two London concerts last week, and probably it must be considered the chief among the great variety of works which they gave with surprising perfection, though many other things gave greater pleasure. "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel" is not new to London. In a moment of unwonted enterprise the Royal Choral Society sang it at the Albert Hall some years ago, but many people must have heard it for the first time on Monday week, and to some it was a surprise to know that Wagner had ever attempted so considerable a choral work apart from the stage. Now Wagner, or rather his champions, have so often evaded musical criticism on the ground that his music had to be made subservient to the drama (and now they are called upon to defend the counter charge of sacrificing the drama to the music) that at first sight it seems as if with "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel" he had for once descended into the open and given us one opportunity of judging his purely musical powers by the same standards as those of other men. This is true to some extent, but since it was written shortly after *Rienzi* and before *Tannhäuser*, it is, of course, infinitely less valuable than such an experiment would have been had it, for instance, followed *Götterdämmerung*. It is only the tentative Wagner beginning slowly to feel his way towards his own individual expression. How far he achieved anything in the attempt will be seen from some detailed description, which, as the work is still comparatively unfamiliar to English people, may not be superfluous.

The subject-matter is founded on an incident in the Acts of the Apostles, where Peter and John, having been imprisoned for preaching in the Temple, are released with a threat of death should they preach any more in that Name. Wagner treats it as happening to the Twelve, who return to the other disciples and recount what has happened, rejoicing that they are counted worthy to suffer for the faith; they join together in the breaking of bread and in prayer for the sending of the Holy Spirit upon the Church; their prayer is answered and all join in a hymn of praise culminating in the words:

Denn ihm ist alle Herrlichkeit von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit!

Apart from the suspicion that Wagner has chosen rather for its obvious possibilities for scenic effect a subject, which, if set at all, should have received only the most thoughtful and spiritual treatment, the main idea is beautiful and inspiring. Three four-part choruses represent the Disciples, twelve bass voices the Apostles, though these latter never sing in more than four-part harmony. The first part of the work consists of unaccompanied choruses, probably suggested to him by his work as Kapellmeister at Dresden, where he tried to revive some of Palestrina's music. The three choruses converse in a *capella* style, first separately, then in closer combination, the words being mainly an exhortation to courage in the face of persecution. The music is, however, extraordinarily loose, with very little distinctiveness of subject or treatment. Wagner seems to have been content to catch something of Palestrina's manner of dealing with voices, discarding, of course, the restrictions of harmony which his time imposed, and not realising that modern liberty implies the duty of a consistency of musical treatment in form and matter at which Palestrina had not arrived. However, with the aid of one rather poor theme to the words: "Kommt her, ihr die ihr hungert," which is repeated and receives some-

thing of the dignity of a principal theme, the chorus is developed to the point where the apostles enter. They tell what has befallen them in music which attempts to do no more than declaim the words in a choral quasi-recitative. All this time the listener feels that the musical point is still to come, and he expects to arrive at it when the full chorus bursts in with the prayer, beginning: "Allmächtiger Vater der du hast gemacht Himmel und Erd' und Alles was darin!" But no. It is still declamatory, one shape of phrase succeeding another, with apparently no purely musical design. With the words: "Sende uns deinen heiligen Geist," the intensity of emotion thickens rather than deepens. *Crescendo* and *decrescendo* marks are sprinkled thickly over the score. The effect which he has been unable to produce by musicianship he to some extent gets by working up his singers to a climax of tone and breaking off on a *fortissimo* chord of D. We then hear in the distance "Stimmen aus der Hohe," singing words of comfort. This theatrical effect is succeeded by another. The orchestra enters, drums and *tremolando* strings shivering over chords of the diminished seventh. The *crescendo* is tremendous. Soon the full orchestra blaze out, the chorus cry aloud:

Welch' Brausen erfüllt die Luft? Welch' Tönen, welch' Klingen!  
Bewegt sich nicht die Stätte, wo wir stehen?  
Gegrüßt sei uns der Geist des Herrn, den wir erfleht!

The Apostles sing a noble-sounding recitative, but still no music, only musical declamation. At last this gives place to something definite. The tenors give out a theme which is the principal subject of the last movement. It is almost amusing to see how like Mendelssohn Wagner's treatment becomes, when the long-deferred moment for definite musical matter arrives, only that this is far weaker than Mendelssohn would have allowed it to be. If Mendelssohn could not have written a better tune than this for a finale, he would have resorted to a chorale and justified himself by classical precedent. Wagner, too proud to do that, makes up a commonplace tune, which, sung by two hundred voices, has a certain effectiveness, and uses Mendelssohn's favourite device of accompanying this with a counterpoint of rushing semiquavers on the violins. Having developed this to some extent in harmony, he returns to a grandiloquent repetition of the time in unison, which leads into the coda. Here is nothing new, save a subject in crotchets to the last line of words, quoted above as the culminating-point. It is evidently suggested by the ecstatic passages in the Choral Symphony, but its effect is not impressive and it gives place to a cadence which is so by sheer weight of tone.

If this description does justice to the work—and in spite of a detailed examination of the score and carefully listening to the recent performance, I am unable to find any deeper musical qualities in it—it is some indication of how little natural grasp Wagner had of the absolute value of music material and its treatment. Here any theme is good enough to serve as a peg on which to hang his tonal effects. He does not discriminate. Nothing is too poor to serve him; the impressive nature of his subject, a great power of vocal declamation and of disposing qualities and quantities of tone in effective contrasts, were at this time what he relied on for his results. From such a starting-point it is well nigh impossible to conceive a composer making the dramatic needs of his theatre music subservient to a symphonic design, which is Mr. Baughan's charge against him. If in his mature works he did so, it is explicable only by Wagner's extraordinary power of acquiring anything which his astute feeling for effect saw to be needful. His power of writing sustained melody was always uncertain and apt to degenerate into something trivial, but he could devise short characteristic figures and themes and these, woven together with the help of his unerring sense of harmonic colour, could be made to take the place of pure melody. Thus the *leit motif* principle was evolved, as a sort of short cut to composition by one who was keen self-critic enough to discover his own



weaknesses, both of natural endowment and of musical education. It could not have been so extraordinarily successful as it was, had it not had the help of alliance with the drama. Wagner was too clever to suppose that such a device could be the sustaining force of pure instrumental music or even of choral music without drama, and when he had evolved it he made no experiments of such a nature as "Das Liebesmahl der Apostel." His less wise successors have done so, however, and its persistent use causes the weakness, if not the complete failure, of the works of many a gifted composer of the present day. The process of weaving together *leit motiven* may be at times too cumbersome and slow for the pace of the dramatic movement, but it seems less so than any other kind of musical design, and Wagner had found in such early experiments as the one we have discussed the need for some such design in anything calling itself music, even if only dramatic music. It is, in fact, the *minimum* which music demands in order to maintain its identity in its partnership with the drama. If this much cannot be granted to it, Wagner, in seeking to create this partnership, may only have proved their incompatibility.

H. C. C.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reading the current number of the ACADEMY I have been much interested in the second criticism of the Royal Academy under the heading "Fine Art." I should like to give expression to my sympathy with the writer's views regarding the advisability of earlier retirement on the part of Royal Academicians, thereby providing for the admission of younger men, with fresher ideas and readier sympathy with the newer methods and more daring aspirations of youth. Quoting from the article, these views may be summed up in the sentence, "As his age advances the Academician has 'less reverence for the young,'" and one cannot but think that the author had in mind those forceful lines of the inspired poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

The young run on and see the thing  
That's coming. Reverence for the young, I cry.  
In that new church for which the world's near ripe  
You'll have the younger in the elder's chair,  
Presiding with his ivory front of hope  
O'er foreheads clawed by cruel carrion-birds  
Of Life's experience.

It is a strange anomaly that in the present age, which favours the efforts of youth in almost every direction more than perhaps any other has done, the work of the younger and newer schools of art should be so consistently slighted, misinterpreted and misunderstood. The earlier retirement of Royal Academicians and consequent election of younger men would to a great extent tend to remedy the injustice that at present undoubtedly exists, and to remove the prejudice that is felt in certain artistic circles against the work of the younger and more virile artists of the later schools. It cannot be doubted that the ultimate result of such action would be a great advance in the *quality* of the work seen at our largest annual exhibition.

K. M. THORNTON.

May 30.

## MICHAEL ANGELO

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Sturge Moore's article on "Taste or Imagination?" was first rate. But why, oh why, do you let him say "Michelangelo"? Michael Angelo I know, and Michelange I know, but in the name of the King's English, mediæval and the Entente Cordiale who is this bastard Michelangelo?

R. F.

## ENCOURAGING THE MINOR POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Certain dailies, taking their cue from an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, are at the old game of deriding "minor poets," whom they haughtily advise that there are too many bards in the world. The "minor poet" might with justice retort that there are too many daily papers, and consequently too many editors and journalists. During the last six months at least thirty copies of "influential journals" have been thrust unsolicited and gratis into my letter-box. I thought them superfluous, and as no stamps were enclosed they went straight to the dustbin.

The same organs warn young romance-writers to find other employment. From what we hear as to the pay of manuscript-readers and other hangers-on of literature, it would seem as though another telling retort were to hand, and that the lordly advisers were trying to destroy their own occupation. No doubt many young writers almost kill themselves in vain attempts to secure a place, but they who so often wing the shaft that maims should be the last to sneer. Let them call to mind Tony Weller's remark as to what might happen if people left off dying: "What 'ud become o' the undertakers?"

A practical joker of my acquaintance once sent a poem, written by a gifted American bard, the round of all the dailies that have "literary columns," and then to all the monthly magazines. In every case it was returned, and in none was the fraud discovered. He sent the poem all round again, calling attention to refusal, and to its undeniable beauties of language and sentiment. In every case it came back like a shot from a gun, and in many the editors added brief and cutting remarks, yet the fraud was not detected. He interpolated a few lines of doggerel, and sent the poem in its new rig to a certain budget of flippancies. The editor, who has as much to say on such matters as here and there one, *accepted and published*. This is stark fact. My acquaintance holds the letters, but, mischievous though he is, has too much delicacy to make them public at present.

Now, a plain man might see in the above ample explanation of the "slump" in poetry. We are not all plain men, and some might be inclined to court your readers' opinion. No journal has ever dealt more graciously with poets and young writers than the ACADEMY has. It would be interesting to have a decision from its many gifted readers as to whether the "slump" is due to the persistency of unskilled poets, or to the facts that some editors, instead of running "literary columns," should be carving and weighing cheese, and that the public of most of the dailies prefers cheese, even mouldy cheese, to ambrosia. For my part, I am inclined to think minor poets cannot be too plentiful, any more than skylarks and throistles can. And it would not be hard to prove that much so-called "higher poetry" is very poor stuff.

ONE IN DOUBT.

## HAD THE ANCIENT GREEKS "CORNERS"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me to point out that Professor R. Y. Tyrrell's contention, in yours of to-day's date, p. 527, "... a people [the ancient Greeks], ... which ... could not make 'corners' in anything," is, I submit, unfair to the contemporaries of Aristophanes and to those mentioned by Athenæus. The "regraters" or "fore-stallers," *πρωτεύοντες*, of the *Clouds*, as well as the whole description of the Athenian fishmongers in the man of Naucratis (of Athenæus Dr. Tyrrell has an excellent edition, with Latin notes, as I happen to know) prove, I take it, the existence of "corners" in fish and in other commodities.

H. H. JOHNSON.

June 2.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Does not Professor Tyrrell's remark, in his article on Greek at the Universities, about "a people which ... could not make 'corners' in anything," somewhat under-rate the business ability of the Ancient Greeks? Aristotle (*Pol.* I. 11, 1259 a. 6) tells us a story of Thales, the earliest of Greek philosophers, making use of his astronomical knowledge on one occasion to "corner" the oil trade; and observes in the context that this was a general principle of money-making, and one adopted by some cities, when in financial straits.

G. A. PURTON.

Leatherhead, June 2.

## COWPER'S "CHURCH-GOING BELL"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is waste of time to argue against a poet's particular use of a locution by producing hypothetical instances of its abuse. As in Cowper's epithet there is no question of the breach of any grammatical propriety the only question can be whether it offends the sensitive literary taste. Well, about matters of taste we cannot expect perfect agreement. We might as well expect unanimity on the Education Bill. I think however that most lovers of poetry will agree that there is nothing very shocking in the sound of Cowper's bell.

A. L. MAYHEW.

## "KNOWLEDGE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to the pronunciation of the word "knowledge," about which you wrote a fortnight ago, I do not know if you will think the following story worth printing. Years ago a friend of mine was one of a dinner-party where Tennyson was present. In reply to a question of his host my friend said, "I have no knowledge of the fact." Instantly, to the amazement of the company, Tennyson started up, walked round the table to my friend's seat, held out his hand, and exclaimed, "Let me shake hands with the Englishman who says knowledge instead of knowlege! Among the faithless faithful only he!" And having resumed his seat he denounced in vehement terms the iniquitous mispronunciations of the English language.

"A propos de bottes," may I ask if it is not morally certain that in former times the second "i" in the word "infinite" was pronounced long? E.g., in the well-known hymn of Watts,

Infinite day excludes the night,

and in Milton's poems,

Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause  
Through the infinite host. Nor less for that  
The flaming seraph, etc.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

[Milton was too good a Latinist not to know that the second "i" in "infinite" should be long; and our correspondent is right in his suggestion that it was so pronounced in former days.—ED.]

## WIT, VERSUS WHITE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The name "Whit Sunday" means simply White Sunday, the Anglo-Saxon *Hwitan Sunnan dæg*. It has nothing to do with "wit" or "witan"; the form "Whit-Sunday" arose some time in the twelfth century from the dropping of *h* by Norman scribes, who could not pronounce the aspirate before or after *w*. Mr. Hall's "Dominicus in albo" (he means Dominica in albis) was so named from the white garments worn by candidates for baptism, whom Mr. Hall somewhat strangely calls "examinees." The rite was originally administered on the First Sunday after Easter, or "Low Sunday," but was afterwards transferred to Pentecost or Whit-Sunday. The history and derivation of the name is fully explained in Skeat's "Dictionary of English Etymology."

C. S. ERRAM.

Oxford, June 5.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Speight, Harry. *Nidderdale, from Nun Monkton to Wharfedale*. Being a record of the history, antiquities, scenery, old homes, families, etc., of the beautiful valley of the Nidd. Illustrations and a map. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 571, lxvii. Elliot Stock, n.p.

[Twelve years ago Mr. Speight published a larger work on Nidderdale. In the present volume he has endeavoured "to revise and condense the old work, and thus present the story of this attractive valley in briefer and more portable form."]

Bloom, J. Harvey. *English Seals*. 93 Illustrations. The Antiquary's Books. 9 × 5½. Pp. 274. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.

Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them. *Gothic Architecture*. By Edith A. Browne. 48 full-page illustrations, reproduced from photographs. 9 × 6½. Pp. 125. Black, 3s. 6d. net.

*Ancient Records of Egypt*. Historical documents from the earliest times to the Persian Conquest, collected, edited, and translated, with commentary, by James Henry Breasted. Vol. iii.—The Nineteenth Dynasty. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 279. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, n.p.

*Rembrandt: a Memorial, 1606-1906*. Part vii. 14½ × 10½. Pp. 6 + Pl. 7. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

[The Schmidt plates are "Sketch of Leonardo's 'Last Supper': Red chalk (Prince George of Saxony); Pen-and-wash drawing, 'Cottage surrounded by Trees' (Heseltine), and Study in red and black chalk for the etched portrait of Renier Anso, 1640 (British Museum). The Photogravures are: 'Portraits of the Artist' (Vienna); 'Family Group' (Brunswick); 'Portrait of an old Man' (National Gallery) and 'Samson and Delilah' (Palace, Berlin).]

Frantz, Henri. *Delacroix*. 9½ × 6½. Pp. xxii, Pl. 48. Art Library. Newnes, 3s. 6d. net.

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Thureau-Dangin, Paul. *Saint Bernardine of Siena*. Translated by Baroness G. von Hugel. 8 × 5½. Pp. 288. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.

### EDUCATION.

*Kingsley's Andromeda, with the Story of Perseus Prefixed*. Edited for Schools by George Yeld, M.A. English Literature for Secondary Schools series. 7 × 4½. Pp. 94. Macmillan, 1s.

*Stories from Don Quixote*. Told to the Children by John Lang; pictures by F. M. B. Blaikie. *Æsop's Fables*. Told to the Children by Lena Dalkeith; pictures by S. R. Præger. Told to the Children series. Each 6 × 4½. Jack, 1s. net each.

*Kingsley's Water-Babies*, slightly abridged and edited, with introduction, notes, and illustrations, by Janet Horace-Smith and Marion L. Milford. 5 full-page illustrations by Janet Robertson. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.

*Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village; Gray's Elegy; Coleridge's Ancient Mariner; Wordsworth's Simpler Poems*. With introductions and notes. The Temple English Literature series for Schools. 6½ × 4½. Dent, 1s. net.

[These four texts are also issued separately in limp cloth cover at 3d. net per vol.]

Kirkman, F. B. *La première année de français*. Première partie. Phonetically transcribed by L. Savory. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 26. Black, 6d.

### FICTION.

Yarcott, W. G. *Pinch, Potty and Co.* 7½ × 5. Pp. 212. Harper, 3s. 6d.

Harte, Edith Bagot. *The Price of Silence*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

Biddulph, Mrs. Wright. *Cressida*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 312. Greening, 6s.

Rowland, Henry C. *In the Shadow*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 316. Heinemann, 6s.

Koch, Mrs. Mary. *Paul Jerome*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 320. Greening, 6s.

Clouston, J. Storer. *Count Bunker*. Being a bald yet veracious chronicle containing some further particulars of two gentlemen whose previous careers were touched upon in a tome entitled "The Lunatic at Large."

7½ × 5½. Pp. 340. Blackwood, 6s. (See p. 551.)

Burchell, Sidney Herbert. *The Grip of Fear*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 322. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

White, Fred M. *The Yellow Face*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 307. White, 6s.

Bindloss, Harold. *Beneath Her Station*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 310. White, 6s.

Curtis, Henry. *An Imperial Love-Story*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 343. Washbourne, 3s. 6d.

Herniman-Jones, F. *The Polyphemes*. A story of strange adventures among strange beings. Frontispiece by Harold Piffard. 8 × 5½. Pp. 318.

Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.

Gunter, Archibald Clavering. *My Japanese Prince*. Being some startling excerpts from the diary of Hilda Patience-Armstrong, of Meriden Connecticut, at present travelling in the Far East. Illustrations by Victor Prout. 7½ × 5. Pp. 256. Ward, Lock, 6s.

Speight, T. W. *Mora: One Woman's History*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 128. Greening, 6d.

Halcombe, Charles J. H. *Children of Far Cathay*. A social and political novel. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 461. Printed and published at the Hong Kong Daily Press Office, 6s.

Koebel, W. H. *The Seat of the Moods*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 159. Francis Griffiths, 3s. 6d.

Neuman, B. Paul. *The Spoils of Victory*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 367. Murray, 6s.

Bullock, Shan F. *The Cubs: the story of a friendship*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 350. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Molesworth, Mrs. *The Wrong Envelope, and other stories*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 248. Macmillan, 6s.

[The last story, "A Ghost of the Pampas," is by Mrs. Molesworth's son—Bevil R. Molesworth—who died at his ranch in Patagonia seven years ago.]

### GENEALOGY.

*The Knights of England*. A complete record from the earliest time to the present day of the Knights of all the Orders of Chivalry in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of Knights Bachelors. By William A. Shaw. Incorporating a complete list of Knights Bachelors dubbed in Ireland, compiled by G. D. Burtchaell. 2 vols. 10 × 7½. Pp. lxiii, 479, and 420 + Index (253 pp.). Printed and published for the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, by Sherratt & Hughes, 42s. net.

### HISTORY.

Shore, Thomas William. *Origin of the Anglo-Saxon Race*. Edited by T. W. and E. W. Shore. 9½ × 5½. Pp. 416. Elliot Stock, 9s. net.

[“A study of the settlement of England and the Tribal Origin of the Old English People.”]

### LITERATURE.

Bayley, Harold. *The Shakespeare Symphony*. An introduction to the ethics of the Elizabethan drama. 9 × 6. Pp. 393. Chapman & Hall, 12s. 6d. net.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Reich, Emil. *Plato as an Introduction to Modern Criticism of Life*. 9 × 6. Pp. 336. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.

*Louis Wain's Summer Book, 1906*. 9½ × 7½. Pp. 96. P. S. King, 1s.

*Ruskin at Venice*. A Lecture given during the Ruskin Commemoration at Venice, September 21, 1905, by Robert De la Sizeranne. Translated by Mrs. Frederic Harrison. 7½ × 5. Pp. 70. Allen, 1s. net.

Gledstone, James Paterson. *Should Christians Make Fortunes?* 7½ × 5. Pp. 127. Headley, 2s. net.

### MUSIC.

*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*. No. 8. Being the third part of vol. ii. 8½ × 6½. Pp. 77. London: 84 Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W. [Contains songs collected from Essex, Norfolk, Sussex, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Kent and London.]

Burgess, Francis. *Verdi's Il Trovatore and Rigoletto*. Nights at the Opera series. Nos. x and xi. Each 7½ × 4. Pp. 56 and 42. De La More Press, 1s. net each.

Dry, Wakeling. *Wagner's Flying Dutchman*. Nights at the Opera series. 7½ × 4. Pp. 66. De La More Press, 1s. net.

### PHILOSOPHY.

Joseph, H. W. D. *An Introduction to Logic*. 9 × 6. Pp. 564. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 9s. 6d. net.

### POETRY.

Lawson, Henry. *When I Was King, and other verses*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 270. Sydney: Angus & Robertson, 3s. 6d. net.

[Many of the verses in this volume appeared in the *Sydney Bulletin* and other papers; eleven are reprinted from "The Children of the Bush" (Methuen).]

Newmarch, Rosa. *Songs to a Singer, and other verses*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 108. Lane, 5s. net.

Sill, Louise Morgan. *In Sun or Shade*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 226. Harper, 6s. net.

[Several of the poems are reprinted from American magazines.]

*The Red West Road, and other verses*. By "Quilp N." 8½ × 6. Pp. 55. Wellington: Turnbull, n.p.

[Reprinted from various Australasian papers.]

Drew, Bernard. *Cassandra and other poems*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 100. Nutt 3s. 6d. net.

Gould, Gerald. *Lyrics*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 47. Nutt, 1s. net.

Lawson, Will ("Quilp N."). *Between the Lights, and other verses*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 114. Wellington: Ferguson & Hicks, n.p.

[Reprinted from various Australasian papers.]

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

*Plutarch's Lives*. Translated by Aubrey Stewart and George Long. 4 vols. The York Library. 6½ × 4½. Bell, 2s. net each.

[This translation of Plutarch's Lives was first published in 1880-1882 in Bohn's Standard Library. Thirteen of the lives were translated by George Long and the remainder by Aubrey Stewart. A revised edition was issued in 1883-4, and it has been frequently reprinted. It is now added to the York Library.]

- Crommelin, May. *Bay Ronald, a novel*. New edition.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ . Pp. 348. Jarrold, 3s. 6d.
- Borrow's *Lavengro*, and *The Zincali*; *Democratic Vistas*, and other papers, by Walt Whitman; Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* (vol. ii.—Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen); and Sir Edward Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World, from Marathon to Waterloo*. Each  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ . The New Universal Library. Routledge, 1s. net per vol.
- Poems of Matthew Arnold*, and *Dramas and Prize-poems of Matthew Arnold*. Edited by Laurie Magnus. Each  $6 \times 4$ . The Muses' Library. Routledge, 1s. net each.
- Viscount St. Cyres's *François de Fénelon*. With 8 illustrations. Oxford Biographies.  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 208. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net. [Abridged.]
- The Works of Shakespeare: *Titulus and Cressida*. Edited by K. Deighton. The Arden Shakespeare.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ . Pp. 208. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
- Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Each  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ . Nelson's Sixpenny Classics.
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry. *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 204. Sixpenny Copyright Novels. Newnes.
- Murray, David Christie. *The Martyred Fool*.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 148. Sixpenny Novels Illustrated. Newnes.
- Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (in 7 vols.), vols. ii. and iii. Borrow's *Romany Rye*. Each  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ . The World's Classics. Frowde, 1s. net each.
- Ainslie, Douglas. *John of Damascus*. Fourth edition.  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 335. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.
- Bremner, Robert Locke. *The Modern Pilgrimage from Theology to Religion*. Popular edition.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 296. Constable, 2s. 6d. net.
- Haeckel's *The Evolution of Man*: a popular scientific study. Translated from the fifth (enlarged) edition by Joseph McCabe. Vol. i.—Human Embryology, or Ontogeny.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 178. Watts, 6d. net. [Vol. ii, completing the work, will be published in September.]
- Russell, George W. E. *William Ewart Gladstone*. Fifth edition. Pp. 292. Stanmore, Low. *The Earl of Aberdeen*. Third edition. Pp. 330. Each  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Prime Ministers of England Series. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.
- [Originally issued in Messrs. Sampson, Low's "Queen's Prime Ministers" series, taken over by Messrs. Dent and renamed "Prime Ministers of England."]
- Rawlinson, W. G. *Turner's Liber Studiorum*, a description and a catalogue. Second edition, revised throughout.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. lvi, 244. Macmillan, 20s. net.

## SPORT.

- Fishermen's Weather*. By upwards of one hundred living anglers. Edited by F. G. Aflalo. With 8 full-page illustrations in colour from paintings by Charles Whymper.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xii, 256. Black, 7s. 6d. net.
- Grenfell, F. H. *Swedish Gymnastics as a Physical Training for the British Schoolboy*.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 28. Simpkin, Marshall, 6d. net.
- [An address delivered at the Annual Conference (1905) of the Association of Preparatory Schools. Reprinted from the "Preparatory Schools Review."]

## THEOLOGY.

- Fotheringham, Rev. David Ross. *The Chronology of the Old Testament*.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ . Pp. 143. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, 3s. net.
- Walker, Rev. W. L. *Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism*. God, Freedom, and Immortality in View of Monastic Evolution.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ . Pp. 484. Edinburgh: Clark, 9s.
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- Literary Illustrations of the Bible*. Edited by James Moffatt, D.D. The Gospel According to Saint Matthew.  $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ . Pp. 187. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. 6d. net.
- Smith, Goldwin. *In Quest of Light*.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ . Pp. 177. The Macmillan Co., 4s. net.
- [Most of the papers contained in this volume appeared originally in the form of letters to the *New York Sun*. They aim at giving some guidance to those perplexed by certain religious problems.]
- Jones, Rufus M. *The Double Search: studies in Atonement and Prayer*.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ . Pp. 106. Headley, 2s. net.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Battersby, H. F. Prevost. *India Under Royal Eyes*. 165 illustrations from photographs taken by the author.  $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 453. Allen, 12s. 6d. net. [Some chapters have appeared in the *Morning Post*.]
- Okey, Thomas. *The Story of Paris*. Illustrations by Katherine Kimball. Mediæval Towns Series.  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 448. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
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- [With a chronological table of recent events in the Caucasus.]
- Clinch, George. *St. Paul's Cathedral, London*. Little Guides series.  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ . Pp. 231. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.
- Armstrong, Arthur C.; and Inglis, Harry R. G. *Short Spins Round London*. 285 Maps and Plans.  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 303. Gall & Inglis, 2s. net.

## THE BOOKSHELF

*The System of the Stars*. By Agnes M. Clerke (Black, 20s. net). *Modern Cosmogonies*. By Agnes M. Clerke (Black, second edition).—In her preface Miss Clarke ventures upon the statement that "Astronomy is essentially a popular science." This might well be challenged; but no exception can be taken to the principle which the writer founds upon this assumption; that a proper literary treatment of a scientific subject, such as astronomy, is likely to clear it of unnecessary technicalities and specialisations, and thereby to popularise it. And in the highest sense, though not perhaps in the broadest, it may be said that this book deserves to succeed in its object, for it has the remarkable feature of combining extraordinary profusion of precise information with an elegance of literary style quite unusual in scientific authors. This conjunction of merits is bound to recommend the book to the average student of the stars, the person, that is, who has read a few books on the subject, and who has enjoyed gazing at the heavens with a field-glass or a small telescope; while it will possess no less weight upon this score with what may be termed the class of regular astronomers. On the other hand, it is to be feared that the book will never be popular in the sense of serving as an introduction to astronomy for the average layman, who may be ignorant as yet of the subject, but willing to learn; for it postulates a certain amount of knowledge, just as it requires a certain amount of enthusiasm and attention for its intelligent perusal. One of the first comments which occurs to the reader is upon the extraordinary magnitude of the task which sidereal astronomy sets itself; a second is upon the vast extent of the knowledge already acquired. As to the first, to quote Miss Clerke's words, it is no less than: "to investigate the nature, origin, and relationship of thirty million stars, and of one hundred and twenty thousand nebulae . . . to assign each its place and rank in the universal order . . . and thus at last rise to the higher synthesis embracing the grand mechanism of the entire." With such a programme it is obvious that: "the prospects of its advance are incalculable; the possibilities of its development virtually infinite." But it is difficult to know whether to marvel more at the potential, or at the actual scope of our knowledge. Certainly the sum of our acquaintance with the stars, as set forth in this book, is a matter of profound wonder in consideration of the state of accumulated knowledge even a few years ago, and of the appalling distances at which the objects of inquiry exist. It gives a good conceit of the power of the human mind, and of the astronomical mind in particular. Of course, the bulk of recent progress in investigation of the stars has been due to the spectroscopic and to vastly improved methods of photography, though the telescope can never be superseded, nor the work of earnest observers rendered nugatory. The fact that stars, unutterably distant, can be weighed and measured, their velocity calculated, and their chemical composition determined with comparative accuracy, may now be taken with composure by the regular astronomer, but must still be regarded as something of a miracle by the average student of the heavens. The book is well arranged, and the subjects are treated in a logical sequence. First, stars are considered spectrographically, chemically, and physically. The temporary and variable stars are mentioned in some detail and are carefully classified, several of the latter being admirably illustrated by light-curve diagrams. This naturally leads to the consideration of double stars, stellar orbits, and variable doubles, of which the numerous varieties as regards period, size, and colour are well described. From double stars it is but a step to "double-doubles," and to multiple stars, whence another step takes us to star clusters, and one more to nebulae. In this series of gradations Miss Clerke seems to indicate that we are working backward; we are tracing the evolutionary processes back to their beginnings, although the relations and methods of inter-action of bodies of various densities, at distances which are necessarily unknown, must remain largely a matter for conjecture. The distances and proper motions of the stars lead up to that apparently baffling problem of the Milky Way, closely allied with which is that of the structure of the heavens, to which Miss Clerke devotes two careful and lucid chapters. Mention has been made of the admirable literary style of the book; but this very merit brings into sharp relief a very inelegant phrase in the note to Fig. 22, which should be altered in future editions. The text is illustrated by many excellent drawings and photographs.

The larger part of "Modern Cosmogonies" has already appeared in the pages of *Knowledge* and *Knowledge and Illustrated Scientific News*, whose readers will doubtless welcome the opportunity of obtaining the essays bound together in proper form. Much that has been said of the former book applies also to this, which is perhaps the most brilliant example of Miss Clerke's work. *Modern Cosmogonies* is, however, on a different plane from the *System of the Stars*. It aims rather at summarising existing theories and enumerating new ones, than recording facts or basing generalities upon them. And to this extent it is the more advanced and the more ingenious production. Freed from the trammels of description and classification, Miss Clerke gives rein to her literary instinct and to her scientific imagination. And, indeed, in this phrase we have the key-note of the book. Imagination is a very necessary quality for an inductive thinker, a propounder of theories. Theorising is a fascinating occupation, for which imagination is as necessary as facts, but, if the imagination be not scientific, there is danger of the theorising becoming fantastic. In this respect Miss Clerke seems to us to possess exactly the right spirit, to be at once careful in dealing with existing theories, and reasonably courageous in advancing conclusions of her own. To any one interested in modern

inquiries regarding the origin of the world, this book may be confidently recommended as both fascinating and profound.

*Our Stellar Universe*; stereoscopic star-charts and spectroscopic key-maps. By T. E. Heath. (King, Sell and Olding, 10s. net.)—In this book Mr. Heath elaborates an ingenious idea, which he has already brought forward in two separate volumes similarly named. The main principle can hardly be better or more concisely described than in the author's own prefatory words: "All the stars to the fifth magnitude, and such other stars as the author could collect parallax for are projected, without distortion, upon twenty-six plane surfaces, each fifty degrees square. The star discs are drawn to a scale of magnitude, and in the key-maps the magnitude, spectrum and parallax, when known, are written against each star. From the key-maps the stereoscopic charts are made. In these the stars appear to give light proportionately to magnitude and to be in the constellation as seen from the earth, but to be hanging in space of three dimensions; those of which the parallax is known at their relative distances; the remainder at estimated average distances." The greater portion of the text consists of an explanation of the author's idea and method, and of an introduction to the study of the stars in accordance therewith. The idea is clever and original; and it is worked out in such a way as to be of considerable assistance to any one who will follow it out carefully. As the author points out, many astronomers appear to have fallen into the habit of regarding the space of the heavens as spherical; while the average star-map projected upon a plane surface necessarily involves a compromise leading to error. Mr. Heath's system is an antidote to misconceptions of this nature; while the wonderful vividness of the stereoscopic star-charts supplies a stimulus to such minds as do not easily think in three dimensions. Of course, Mr. Heath has to make some compromises himself in order to render his effects intelligible to the ordinary student possessed of ordinary eyesight. He has been obliged, in fact, to magnify the parallaxes 19,000 times, as if the earth revolved at a mean distance from the sun of 1,767,000,000,000 miles, instead of 93,000,000 miles. This, however, in no way detracts from the essential accuracy of the charts, which have been plotted with extreme care. The study of these through even an ordinary stereoscope is extremely fascinating, and would be still more so for any one who took the trouble to follow out the author's suggestion with regard to perforating the cards and covering the holes with gelatine dyed to correspond with the characteristic colour of each star. Turning to *Ursa Major* as our oldest friend among the constellations, it is very interesting to observe how the difference in the parallaxes of the principal components is illustrated by Mr. Heath's method.  $\alpha$  *Ursæ majoris* has a parallax of .046"  $\theta$  the same,  $\eta$  .095"; while  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ ,  $\zeta$ , and  $g$  are each .0165." In the stereoscope  $\eta$  stands out apparently twice as near as  $\alpha$  and  $\theta$ , while the others drop back again, all in the same plane, well behind the plane of  $\alpha$  and  $\theta$ . This gives the student a vivid sense of their community which no verbal statement could possibly achieve. Besides the text already mentioned, the star-charts and key-maps, there are tables, one to find the sun power of any star, and another for working parallaxes for placing the stars in the stereoscopic charts; and there is an admirable index of each of the principal stars, giving a reference to the key-maps, its R.A. and declination, its magnitude and type of spectrum, its distance in light-years, hypothetical diameter in miles, sun power and other data. Mr. Heath has certainly produced a book which will be of interest to every astronomer.

*Church Music*. (Dolphin Press, Philadelphia.) *The Passing of the Precentor*. By Duncan Fraser. (W. J. Haig, Edinburgh.)—Some time ago we had pleasure in calling attention to the first number of an important journal called *Church Music*, which deals with its subject from the Roman Catholic point of view as influenced by the recent *motu proprio*. The second, a Lenten number, is now before us, and proves even better than the first. In it begins "Gregorian Rhythm, a theoretical and practical course," by the Very Rev. Dom André Morguereau, O.S.B., Prior of Solesmes. This is a matter of such importance, and is, moreover, treated with such learning and in so fundamental a manner, that it should be read and studied by all musicians quite apart from its particular bearing on the liturgical services of the Roman Church. An article, "On Recitation," by the Rev. Ludwig Bouvin, S.J., appears to recommend a practice which has been used during the last half-century by every parish church in England boasting a "musical" service. If, hitherto, Roman churches have been spared vocal recitation with organ accompaniment as a substitute for music, we may counsel those in authority to hear its result in certain Anglican churches before they introduce it to their own. Other important articles are "The Official Lyricale," by the Editor, and a second instalment of the article on "Woman's part in the *motu proprio*." Easter music rightly takes an important place in this number, including an illustrated article on "The Gradual for Easter day," and there are some forty pages of "Chronicle and Comments." The musical supplements, settings of offertories for feasts of the B.V. Mary, are written in a dignified ecclesiastical style by the Rev. Ludwig Bouvin.—It may, perhaps, seem incongruous to include in the same note with this record of modern activity in the greatest of the churches, a notice of a modest little volume which calls to mind the individual efforts of men who filled the "desk" in the Scottish kirk of the last century. The "precentors" of Scotland were to the people what the organists of North Germany were in the eighteenth century, objects of interest and pride in every parish and centre of all local musical activity. In *The Passing of the Precentor*, by

Duncan Fraser, the author has put on record a number of personal details of the lives and work of these worthies, which it were, indeed, a pity to lose. That the book is slight and sketchy is no fault, and it is adorned with a number of portraits of its heroes, which help to make it a charming little volume. We shall never know how much of the great artistic movements of the world are built upon the foundations of humble and lowliest effort in obscure corners. It is far from desirable that this effort should be written and talked of and lose its natural beauty by being paraded in the Press, but this little volume is a timely tribute to a type of artist who cannot be spoilt by it, since he has departed in favour of the organist and choirmaster.

In so amusing and bright a book as Mr. J. Henry Harris's *Cornish Saints and Sinners* (Lane, 6s.) we are sorry to find a few lapses from good taste, which spoil what otherwise would have been—with the aid of Mr. Raven-Hill's drawings—a very good piece of work. Every one who knows the legends of the Cornish Saints knows they they are full of quaintness, that they amuse as well as touch by their *naïveté*, and that, simply told, they are delightful. No stories in the world are less in need of "modern humour" to make an effect, and yet we find Mr. Harris feebly and coarsely imitating Mark Twain at his very worst, with the result that the feelings of any person of taste must be shocked. Take his version of the story of St. Michael and the Conger, "St. Michael had got rid of the very last drop of the L.L. whiskey"—"St. Michael was the gold medallist of his college, and could put two and two together with the help of his fingers"—"The saint took that [the giant's telescope], but forgot to send a 'return' to Somerset House, and pay death duties"—"There was no time to advise the newspapers, and get special correspondents on the spot, but it was reported that the battle [between the Saint and the Devil] was tough and long." What is this but vulgarity and silliness conjoined, as they usually are? But for such errors as these, we should have been glad to recommend a book the appearance of which we can now only lament.

*Jewish Encyclopædia*. Vol. xii. (Funk and Wagnall.) The twelfth and last volume of the *Jewish Encyclopædia* is one of the most interesting and representative of the series. The two chief articles appropriately deal with the Talmud, called by Heine the Bastille of Judaism, and with Zionism, which he might with equal fairness have designated its Revolution, thus treating of the corner-stones of both orthodox and modern Judaism. The Talmud, that giant cyclopædia of theology, medicine, mathematics, botany, law, was the great whetstone on which the intellect of mediæval Jewry was sharpened, and the extraordinary Jewish genius for subtlety and casuistry may be well realised when it is understood that there are no less than one hundred and ninety-four branches of Talmudic Law, and no less than one hundred and seventy commentaries on the Talmud which was itself, in its original essence, a commentary on the Bible. The article on Zionism (by Professor Gottheit), which contains an illustration of the interview in Palestine between Dr. Herzl and the Emperor William, is in every way comprehensive, giving the history of the movement from the Messianic aspirations that followed the dispersion down to the formation of the Jewish Territorial Organisation under the leadership of Mr. Zangwill. Among the numerous other contributions we would mention in particular the article on the Temple by Mr. J. D. Eisenshein, which has a full-page illustration of the Holy of Holies and those from the pen of Mr. Jacobson, "Types," "Typography" and "The United States." It is interesting to notice that the current conception of the Jews as a brunette race needs considerable modification, and that not only do many of them exhibit either the mixed or the blonde type but that the distribution of the blonde type among Jews is in inverse proportion to its distribution among Gentiles. In the article on the United States a pregnant comment on the alien problem is supplied by the fact that a million have immigrated during the last quarter of a century. With the twelfth volume is published a compact and adequate guide to the *Encyclopædia* by Mr. Jacobs. Taking the twelve volumes together they contain sixteen thousand six hundred and six general articles which treat over one hundred and fifty thousand subsidiary subjects, and contain two thousand four hundred and sixty-four illustrations. Speaking generally the work is efficient, although here and there the style halts owing to an inadequate translation from one of the six hundred and four cosmopolitan contributors. The chief impression left, however, by the *Encyclopædia* is that of the disproportionate predominance of the Jews in finance, literature, art, the drama, journalism, medicine and law. Coming, moreover, at a time when Zionism is entering on a more modern and practical phase, the work is particularly significant as an eloquent testimony to the power and existence of the Jewish race.

*The National Gallery, London*: I. *The Flemish School*. By Frederick Wedmore; II. *The Dutch School*. By Gustave Geffroy. (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net each.)—To their admirably planned "Art Library"—the volumes in which have hitherto been devoted to individual painters—Messrs. Newnes are now adding a companion series on the same lines dealing with "The Art Galleries of Europe." The format of the new series is practically the same as the old, the only change being a quarter cloth instead of vellum binding, while the contents remain the same, a maximum of well-chosen reproductions with a minimum of critical and descriptive letterpress. The opening of the Guildhall exhibition gives a special topical interest to "The Flemish School," whose achievements as seen at the National Gallery are summed up by Mr. Wedmore in a well-balanced and gracefully written essay.



Monsieur Geffroy's essay on "The Dutch School" has not the literary charm of Mr. Wedmore's, and in our opinion Hals and Hobbema deserve lengthier consideration than they receive, but the main facts regarding Rembrandt and the "Little Masters" of Holland are adequately stated. The reproductions in both volumes are good, though the half-tone blocks after Rembrandt's work might, with care, have produced clearer and distincter impressions.

*La Bibliofolia, Rivista dell' Arte Antica in Libri, Stampe, Manoscritti, Autografi e Legature* is a periodical publication which might be better known than it is in this country, among those who are interested in books as well for their binding and printing as for their contents. It is published and edited in Florence by the proprietor, Commendatore Leo S. Olschki. The articles which see the light in its pages are of various interest. The most important features in the numbers now before us (November and December 1905 and January 1906) are: an article by C. Lozzi, with many reproductions from old pictures, on the Festivals of the Communes of Italy; one by Hugues Vaganay on a book entitled "Le Douziesme Livre d'Amadis de Gaule, contenant Quelle in prindrent les Loyales Amours d'Agesilan de Colchos et de la Princesse Diane . . . Traduyt nouvellement d'Espagnol en François." Paris 1556 by G. Aubert de Poitiers, dedicated to Madame Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois; and an excellent review, with many coloured illustrations, by Leo S. Olschki of the work of M. Henry-René D'Allemagne, "Les Cartes à jouer du XIV<sup>e</sup> au XX<sup>e</sup> Siècle." Of equal (or even greater) value with the letterpress are the illustrations, each issue containing a large number of beautifully executed reproductions, both in line and colour, of bindings, title-pages, frontispieces, woodcuts, illuminated pages, ex-libris and so forth. Amateurs and collectors will find much useful information and suggestive reading in the current notices of sales by auction and articles on the management of libraries, the various problems of the book-trade, and fresh discoveries of inscriptions or manuscripts.

To their series of "Modern Master Draughtsmen," Messrs. Newnes have added the *Drawings of Rossetti* and *Drawings of John M. Swan, R.A.* (7s. 6d. net each), and a comparison between these two volumes leads one to reflect what varying, even conflicting qualities may be grouped under the common head of "drawing." If by this word is understood the accurate delineation of form, then surely Mr. Swan must be reckoned the more accomplished of the two. Of Rossetti it has been finely said, "he couldn't draw a man; but he created a woman," and the phrase makes one pause to consider whether the creative faculty, inventiveness, rather than a habit of keen observation and conscientious reproduction, is not the better part of draughtsmanship. Now Mr. Swan can draw anything. It is true he is best known as an animal painter, but his rendering of the human form is not less scholarly and correct even though it lack the masterly breadth of treatment and unity of vision which hall-mark his studies of beasts. Turning over the leaves of this volume of reproductions, gazing at these lionesses, tigers, polar bears and leopards, we exclaim admiringly, "How life-like, how natural, how true, what splendid modelling, what a sense of movement, what superb drawing! Such expressions do not rise to the lips when we take up the other volume of drawings by Rossetti. Opening it, we find we have left the world of facts for the land of dreams, we have exchanged the finely seen for the finely imagined. When he sees such compositions as the *Mary at the door of Simon*, the craftsman may laud the balance of the design, the magic web of intricate patterning which the artist has spun, but the layman has only one phrase. How beautiful! We cannot say, nor do we wish to say of Rossetti's drawings, "How life-like! Can we say of Mr. Swan's, "How beautiful? Rarely; for Mr. Swan is not primarily occupied with beauty. And herein lies the difference between him and Rossetti. The latter appeals, almost feverishly, to our emotions; Mr. Swan, soberly, to our intellect. Rossetti from the depths of his imagination has brought forth beauty, beauty laden with sensuous charms and saddened a little by the thought of all the sin those charms have caused. Mr. Swan, alert and open-eyed, has journeyed from the poles to the tropics, and faithfully reproducing his observations, tells us the truth about the beast. Often enough the beast is a magnificent creature, majestic in repose, graceful in action. Our sympathy goes out to it and we are grateful to Mr. Swan for the introduction. But when all is said and done it remains a beautiful object rather than a creation of beauty, and this objective beauty leaves us admiring but cold, it cannot quicken the pulse or warm the heart. Inasmuch as it is the end of art to give enjoyment and not to stimulate criticism one should be content with the excellent way in which the drawings in either volume are reproduced. Some reproductions in colour of Mr. Swan's sketches are unusually successful, while the rendering of Mr. Hollier's photograph of Rossetti's "Study for the Salutation" is a revelation of the wonderful way in which colour can be suggested by a monotone. At the first glance it seems an impossibility that the same ink has been used for the eyes and the lips. In the matter of selection, too, the volumes leave little room for complaint, though perhaps more of Rossetti's Tennysonian illustrations might have been given. But the student who wishes to learn as well as to enjoy may reasonably suggest that the method of arrangement leaves room for improvement. From his point of view chronological order should be strictly observed and dates or approximate dates given on all plates. Such an arrangement could be displeasing to no one and would undoubtedly increase the utility of the volumes by allowing the development of the artist to become more easily manifest.

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

THE suspense is over at last and the appointments to the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery are officially announced. Sir Charles Holroyd gets the National Gallery, as every one expected that he would. It cannot be denied that this appointment is something of a blow to those who hold that the Director of the National Gallery should be a kind of Dictator, with the trustees for his servants; a man with a strong and definite policy of his own which it would be the business of the Trustees to accept, assist and authorise. The ideal Director has been described in these columns as "active, alert, rapacious"—a Dr. Wilhelm Bode, in fact; who would know better than any one where good things were to be had, hold his tongue about them till the right moment came and then—snap! He must be content to be a thorn in the flesh of his Trustees, spurring them on to the efforts which, animated and united by a will and a decision stronger than their own, they are only too willing to make. He should be able, even, to bully the Treasury and on occasion to snap his fingers at Authority.

Wilhelm Bodes are few here below; and these are not the qualities by which Sir Charles Holroyd has won the distinguished position he thoroughly deserves. It is early to judge; but his reign, we foretell, will not be a reign of great *coups*, of surprises and heroic achievements, of booty carried off under the very guns of the enemy. Yet it will be a reign in which, thanks to the tact and energy for which Sir Charles Holroyd has always been remarkable, Trustees and Directors will very comfortably agree not to do nothing, as in the old days, but to do all they can with their cumbrous machinery, a miserable Treasury grant and an apathetic public. The new Director is a young and sturdy man, with an inexhaustible power of work, wide sympathies and a genuine love of art; and even if he does not take up in his new and difficult position a decided and dictatorial line, his many good qualities cannot be without effect on the management of our national collection.

At the Tate Gallery we are in another pair of shoes. Mr. D. S. MacColl is known best as the man who headed the attack on the Royal Academy's administration of the Chantrey Bequest. His appointment to the very Gallery where he will have to house and arrange the Chantrey pictures is a humorous and illuminating comment on the result of the trial (for it was no less) in which he was the prosecutor. There can be no question of Mr. MacColl's decision, knowledge and courage. The question, indeed, is not so much what he will do to the Tate as what will the Tate do to him? Will it tame him? Will it add sugar to the salt of his judgment? Will he put the Chantrey pictures in the cellar, or have the rooms where they hang permanently "closed for repairs"? or will he come to like them, to find them comfortable companions; and set about qualifying himself for an A.R.A.? We

hope not: we need hardly say that we believe not. Our eyes are fixed upon the Tate Gallery: we quite expect to see some fun.

The fact that "Il Santo," the recent book of Antonio Fogazzaro, poet, novelist, musical enthusiast and philosopher, has, in consequence of advanced theories and freedom of expression touching clerical matters in Italy, been placed on the "Index," has created a greater degree of British interest in that author's writings than has been manifested hitherto. Fogazzaro has never been one who could be called a prophet not without honour save in his own country, seeing that the Italian editions of "Piccolo Mondo Antico" (which deals with the progenitors of Piero Maironi, "Il Santo") number nearly forty, while those of some of his other works—"Daniele Cortis" for example—are well over twenty. In France and Germany he has long found favour, and translations of his prose and verse are numerous there. Some, too, have appeared in Danish, Dutch, Polish, Russian and Swedish. In England, as yet, he can scarcely be said to have come to his own, although keenly appreciated by a literary few. But he now bids fair to do so, and as Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's issue of an English version of "Il Santo" is likely to elicit inquiry as to his previously translated works, reference to some of them may be serviceable.

"Valsolda" is a volume of verse (mainly descriptive of the natural beauties of the locality by the Lake of Lugano, to which it owes its title), published by Fogazzaro thirty years ago (Milan, 1876). This includes two poems—"A Sera" and "In San Marco di Venezia"—both gems of their kind, which in 1893 appeared in "Italian Lyrics of To-day," a book of translations from contemporary Italian poetry, with biographical notices by G. A. Greene. A further rendering of "A Sera," it may be mentioned, was subsequently produced in the *Leeds Mercury* weekly supplement, August 14, 1897. An English translation of Fogazzaro's earliest novel, "Malombra," published in 1881 (this, like his later ones, has a mournful end, but is powerful in scenic depiction), was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1896, but attracted little public notice. In 1888 his short sketch (subsequently reproduced with others in one volume), "Un pensiero di Ermes Torranza," appeared in English in the January monthly number of the *Rivista Italia*.

To the British public at the present moment "Daniele Cortis," published in 1885, is certainly the best known of Fogazzaro's novels. It was translated into English in New York in 1887; and also in London in 1890 (Remington and Co.) A pathetic short story, "Pereat Rochus," originally produced in the *Corriere di Roma* and subsequently included with the Ermes Torranza sketch in "Fedele ed altri racconti," Milan 1887, was translated into English in two parts, in the June and July numbers of the *Italian Monthly Magazine*, 1888. Fogazzaro's third important novel, "Il Mistero del Poeta," in which the author covers German ground as well as Italian, came out in 1888, and an English translation, still available, was published in 1903 by Messrs. Duckworth. Translations of expressions of some of his evolutionary theories are to be met with in the 1895 May and July numbers of the *Contemporary Review*.

An English rendering of Fogazzaro's most popular novel, already referred to, "Piccolo Mondo Antico," might have been expected to appear by this time. But the amount of dialect introduced into it appears, so far, to have proved a stumbling-block, for, to the best of our knowledge, none has been forthcoming, although the book has been reproduced in French, Swedish and Polish. Its sequel, "Piccolo Mondo Moderno"—an inferior work—shares a similar fate. But many are sure to be interested in the translation of "Il Santo," and then they will

be curious as to what previously befell the characters and their predecessors. So something remains to be done.

At the extreme end of the churchyard of St. John the Baptist at Southend, facing the sea, lies the grave of Robert Buchanan. The memorial consists of a bronze bust on a black pedestal, and is inscribed as follows: "Robert Buchanan, poet, novelist and dramatist." Surrounded by six cypress trees, the granite kerbing bears the dates and places of his birth and death, and among other inscriptions the following verse from "The City of Dreams":

Forget me not but come, O King,  
And find me softly slumbering  
In dark and troubled dreams of Thee;  
Then with one waft of thy bright wing  
Awake me.

It has been customary for admirers of Robert Buchanan's genius to place tributes on his grave each year, and this year was no exception to past years. Many wreaths were deposited on the grave, including one from his biographer, Miss Harriet Jay. One who stood reverently by the grave was forcibly reminded of the lines in Buchanan's dedication to Dante Gabriel Rossetti of his "God and the Man," the *amende honorable* for a bitterly regretted mistake:

Calmly thy royal robe of Death around thee,  
Thou sleepest and weeping Brethren round thee stand:  
Gently they placed, ere yet God's angel crown'd thee,  
My lily in thy hand!  
I never knew thee living, O my brother!  
But on thy breast my lily of love now lies:  
And by that token we shall know each other,  
When God's voice saith, "Arise."

Without ambition the world would not go far, so we must honour the enterprising spirits who presented Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* at the Crystal Palace last week, for the first time on any stage, and repeated it at the Scala Theatre on Monday. Miss Elsie Fogerty was at their head, and her past and present pupils formed the greater part of the cast. The modern note was rather obtrusive, but most of the players were very young. The Chorus was delightful; it was graceful and ornamental, if not Greek; it sang admirably and postured with smoothness and feeling. If the fire and wild, swaying melody of the poem did not get over the footlights, that was not due to lack of earnestness and heartiness in the expositors. Mr. Lewis Casson's opening speech gave the nearest approach to the thrill of enchantment felt in reading the poem.

"Overwhelming" is the only word for the Ellen Terry Jubilee *matinée* at Drury Lane. The entertainment was "colossal" and of the highest quality; the packed house was an unforgettable sight; enthusiasm filled the air. As the vast programme proceeded, the applause grew louder and louder, till it seemed that no greater climax could be looked for. The *tableaux vivants* in themselves were an afternoon's pleasure. The loudest welcomes were given to the simplest and the most elaborate; Miss Ellaline Terriss, sitting in the firelight as Cinderella, evoked shrill shrieks of joy from all the children scattered through the house: and when the curtain rose on Mr. Byam Shaw's "Blessed Damsel" there was a moment's hush before the storm that greeted the golden-crowned Madonna, sitting enthroned above a blue and purple twilight full of white and crimson sweeping wings.

When the curtain rose on *Much Ado About Nothing* there was desultory clapping, as Mr. Gordon Craig's mysteriously beautiful lighting half revealed the "stars" scattered about the stage: then the retreating wave of sound gathered itself up as Miss Kate Terry came forward; hesitated, grew higher and almost toppled over for

Miss Marion Terry as Hero; but when the rose-clad Beatrice ran on, it burst into a roar, flung itself down, spread into a wide sheet of shouting and clapping and stamping, an uproar that swept every thought away and left only a wild exhilaration. It did not subside for many minutes, and then only to break out again at the "dancing star" speech; and there was plenty of energy left for the masked dance, when the three sisters, wreathed in green, came to the front of the stage together. After the reception scene and Signora Duse's silent tribute and all the smiles and tears, the curtain went up again and again, till at last Miss Ellen Terry, with her arms round her sisters' waists, appeared before it. With a final roar the audience decided that it would see nothing better than that, and could in decency ask for no more; and so left the theatre in happiness and exhaustion.

On June 27 Stoke Park will be put up for sale. Stoke Park is known wherever English literature is read, for it includes Stoke Poges. Gray's long connection with the place began in 1742, when his mother went to live there; but the two-storied house with the porch and old garden, gorgeous in autumn with asters, carnations and marigolds, has been greatly altered since her time. The muse seems to have visited Gray with inspiration almost as soon as he went to Stoke, for a few days later he wrote his "Ode to Spring." This was soon followed by the "Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College," which can be seen from a spot near the house. As for the famous "Elegy," it was begun at Stoke in 1742, then put away in Horatian fashion for seven years, then continued at Stoke, then roughly finished at Cambridge, and finally polished into perfect form at Stoke in 1750.

Another of Gray's poems is due to his connection with Stoke. In a fine old Tudor manor-house with high gables, projecting windows and stacks of clustered chimneys, there dwelt a Lady Cobham, who earnestly desired to make the poet's acquaintance. But Gray was shy and inaccessible. Application for an introduction was made to Mr. Purt, a clergyman at Stoke, but he knew Gray so slightly that he could not undertake the responsibility. But Lady Schaub, a guest of Lady Cobham's, knew a Lady Brown, a friend of Gray's, and on these slender grounds she ventured on a visit. Hence a friendship between Gray and Lady Cobham, which almost resulted in her marrying the poet to her niece—at any rate, he seems at one time to have been much afraid that some such scheme was in the air. Gray commemorated the circumstances of his introduction in the "Long Story," in which he inserted the name of Mr. Purt, who was so annoyed that he died of small-pox shortly afterwards.

It was at this old manor-house that Sir Edward Coke entertained Queen Elizabeth, presenting her there "with jewels and other gifts to the value of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds." Here too he spent many of the years that were embittered by the quarrel with his wife, who abandoned him in his old age, when he found himself "alone on earth, suspected by his king and deserted by his friends." She set out for Stoke, indeed, on a report that her lord was dead, in order that she might take possession of the house, but when she found that the report was false and that he was still alive she returned to London. Of the original mansion nothing remains except the fantastic chimneys and a rough shell, which is used as a stable. Here Sir Edwin Landseer had a studio and it was here that he was working when he suddenly became deranged in 1852.

There has been no period of the Public Library movement since the labours of Ewart resulted in the passing of the first Public Library Act in 1850, in which so great an advance has been made as during the last five or six years.

The most recent evidence of expansion is the "Library Year-Book," announced for publication in the autumn. The first attempt to found a year-book after "Public Libraries" by Mr. Greenwood was the "British Library Year-Book," due to the endeavours of the same pioneer, and published in 1897 and again in 1900. Possibly the time was not then ripe for so advanced a publication, as the support received did not justify the publishers in bringing out a new edition. But we hope that this new venture will come to "stay." A copy of the first issue will be presented to every librarian.

A recent coincidence is interesting if only because it "places" the manuscript of one of the most popular poems in our language. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's friendship with Sir Edwin Arnold commenced in India; and Mr. Carnegie became possessed of the manuscript of "The Light of Asia." Not long ago he received the freedom of Gravesend from the hands of the poet's elder brother, a well-known writer on Kentish archæology and antiquities. Mr. Carnegie, who previously did not know of the relationship between the two writers, was presented with the first honorary freedom of the borough in recognition of his gift of—a public library.

A curious light is thrown upon the way public matters are managed in Russia, even in the Art-world; by an article in the current number of the review *Souremennost*, concerning Prince Paul (or Paolo) Troubetzkoy. The facts, as stated in this journal, and which we give on its authority, are as follows. It seems that about eight years ago, when this sculptor's reputation as a devotee of "the New Art" was at its height, a public memorial was projected to Alexander III., which was appropriately to stand opposite the station for the Siberian Railway, which Alexander III. had laid. Competition for this memorial was not thrown open, but given by Court favour to Prince Paul, as being *hors concours*, and the sculptor at once had an enclosure erected opposite the station, which has remained as an eyesore from that day to this. Prince Paul Troubetzkoy has now vanished from St. Petersburg, abandoning both his studio in the Nevski Prospekt, and his memorial to Alexander III. The scandal is, that after a lapse of about eight years the authorities have now decided that the memorial shall be open to competition, and the commission given to another. And, remarks the *Bourse News*, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy is scarcely likely to return: what interest has this Italo-Americanised scion of a princely family, who cannot speak his own tongue, in Russia?

We notice that the birthplace of George Borrow, at Badley Moor, East Dereham, Norfolk, is to be offered by auction at the King's Head Hotel, East Dereham, on June 20. Borrow mentions the house in "Lavengro." It is a red-brick house, with a farm of about fifty acres. The sale will offer a good chance to holiday-makers for a Borrow pilgrimage.

Professor Mackarness having been obliged to resign the Chair of Roman Dutch Law at University College, London, on account of his professional and parliamentary engagements, Mr. R. W. Lee, Fellow and Lecturer of Worcester College, Oxford, Barrister-at-Law, and formerly of the Ceylon Civil Service, has accepted the invitation of the Council to occupy the Chair of Roman Dutch Law for a period of three years.

The Kann collections, it is now stated, have not been bought *en bloc* for America. They will probably be sold by auction, and collectors may look forward to one of the most important art-sales ever known. The two brothers, M. Maurice, who died this year, and M. Rodolphe, who died last year, built themselves houses adjoining each

other and so arranged that their two picture-galleries could, on occasion, be thrown, into one. And then, buying independently of each other, they each formed collections of pictures, china and *objets d'art* which, when united, could scarcely be matched in Europe or America. Between them they owned some thirty of the very finest Rembrandts, and M. Maurice's collection was especially strong in Hals, and in Ruysdael and the great Dutch landscape-painters. It is reported that he never hung his pictures or unpacked his china, putting it off from day to day, until it was too late.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Royal Geographical Society.—Evening meeting, Monday, June 18, at 8.30 P.M. At the Theatre, Burlington Gardens, W. Paper to be read: "A Fifth Journey in Persia," by Major P. Molesworth Sykes, C.M.G. The Right Hon. Sir George T. Goldie, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S., president, in the chair.

Royal Meteorological Society.—An ordinary meeting will be held in the rooms of the Society, 70, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., on Wednesday, June 20, at 4.30 P.M. Paper to be discussed: "The Development and Progress of the Thunder Squall of February 8, 1906," by R. G. K. Lempiert, M.A., F.R. Met. Soc. Papers to be read: (1) "The Mean Prevalence of Thunderstorms in various parts of the British Islands during Twenty-five Years, 1881-1905," by Frederick J. Brodie, F.R. Met. Soc. (2) "Note on a Typical Squall at Oxshott, May 25, 1906," by W. H. Dines, B.A., F.R.S.

Royal Microscopical Society, 20 Hanover Square, London, W.—The next meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 20th instant, at 8 P.M. precisely, when the following paper will be read by the president: "On the Structure of some Carboniferous Ferns."

The Musical Association, 32nd Session, 1905-6.—The eighth and last meeting will be held on Tuesday, June 19, at 5.15 P.M., at the King's Room, Messrs. Broadwood and Son's, Conduit Street, W., when a paper will be read entitled, "Prolegomena to Musical Criticism," by P. C. Buck, Esq., M.A., Mus. D. Oxon.

A paper on "The Generalised Law of Error, or Law of Great Numbers," by Professor F. Y. Edgeworth, M.A., D.C.L., will be read before the Royal Statistical Society, 9 Adelphi Terrace, on Tuesday, June 19, at 5 P.M.

Linnean Society of London.—Evening meeting, Thursday, June 21, at 8 P.M., when the following Papers will be read: (1) "The Botany of Southern Rhodesia," by Miss L. S. Gibbs, F.L.S., etc.; (2) "The Authentic Portraits of Linnæus (lantern slides)," by Mr. W. Carruthers, F.R.S., F.L.S., etc.; (3) "Plantae novae Daweanae in Uganda lectæ," by Dr. Otto Stapf, F.L.S., etc.; (4) "On the genitalia of Diptera," by M. W. Weschê.

New English Art Club, Dering Yard, 67A, New Bond Street, W.—Private View, Saturday, June 16. Open to the Public, Monday, June 18.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 18-20. Sale of books and manuscripts, including the library of the late Mr. Francis Leven; sporting books, the property of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bart.; a portion of the library of Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart., and the collection of early medical works, the property of the late Sir Mitchell Banks of Liverpool.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Thursday, June 21. Sale of the Naval and Military Medals, Orders and Decorations of the late Mr. John Sumner Whidborne of Dawlish.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 27-30. Sale of books and manuscripts, historical and literary documents, autograph letters, etc.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson.—Monday, June 18. Sale of the late Rev. C. J. S. Bowles's Furniture (Early English and other), English and other China and Porcelain, Jewelry, Watches, Miniatures, Medallions, Carvings, Pewter and Brass.

The Incorporated Stage Society.—The Fifth Production of the Seventh Season will take place on June 17 and 18. The programme will consist of *The Invention of Doctor Metzler*, a Play in One Act by John Pollock, and *The Inspector-General* in Three Acts, based on a translation from Gogol's "Revisor," by A. A. Sykes.

## LITERATURE

### THE MAC CAILEAN MHOR

*The Duke of Argyll*. Autobiography and Memoirs. Edited by the DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ARGYLL. 2 vols. (Murray, 36s. net.)

In his time the Duke of Argyll played many parts, and he was very conscious of the fact; hence the two portly volumes which contain his biography. They are to a large extent autobiographical, and only towards the middle of the second volume does his widow take up the pen and tell of the closing years of his life. The book is



interesting, in spite of the fact that the Duke evidently had a somewhat exaggerated view of his own importance and seems to have thought that a great deal which concerns his family must have an equal interest for the public. The curious thing is that in this respect he to a large extent sins against the light. In the very first paragraph he says of biography that the "passages—sometimes the pages—which are devoted to family history and genealogies are almost always wearisome." He promises therefore not to inflict on others what he has found irksome to himself, whereat the reader waxes very cheerful until he finds that, in spite of this promise, the Duke goes on for page after page, and page after page, to discuss what the Scotch call his forbears. Perhaps the most interesting fact he tells us is that on the mother's side he was descended from the beautiful Miss Gunning, who, after being Duchess of Hamilton, became Duchess of Argyll. It is scarcely needful to say that in the Duke of Argyll's opinion the type of beauty belonging to Elizabeth Gunning was only to be compared with that face which "launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Ilium." He compares her with Nelson's Lady Hamilton, much to the disadvantage of Emma. Lady Hamilton, we are told, although she fascinated many men, never could enthral the world. "Crowds never waited on her steps, nor did men and women mount on chairs to see her pass." This was the case, however, with the Duchess of Argyll, as may be seen from the portrait of her by Cotes which "represents a beauty of the very highest type—a beauty absolutely devoid of any element merely meretricious." After so much preface we must quote his description of her:

Her general complexion was fair; her eyes were long rather than large, of an almost pure blue, but set off with eyelashes which were dark; all her features were clear-cut, delicate, and harmonious. Everything is in keeping, no colour very brilliant but enough for warmth. Perfect refinement, and perfect symmetry of features and of figure, with great sweetness of expression, are the predominant characteristics, with a pose of the head and neck in lines of faultless beauty. One sees that her carriage and her walk must have set off the whole effect with extraordinary dignity and grace. The artist in this beautiful picture has represented in the background a sunflower throwing its golden disc towards his lovely subject—a graceful artistic compliment, well conceived and well deserved.

Perhaps our taste is not quite so fastidious as was that of the Duke of Argyll, but Romney's pictures of Lady Hamilton seem to present the more entrancing personality of the two. However, we must haste away from the Duke of Argyll's progenitors to come to "My early days and pursuits." His father was a determined enemy of Mr. Pitt, and he had erected a high flagstaff on the top of a new tower at Ardencale. On this flagstaff he hoisted a large Union Jack whenever Lord Grey's Government received any check, so that the people round about, when they saw the flag flying used to say: "Heh, sirs! what's come over the Whigs nco?" He gives a very pretty picture of himself seeking birds' eggs, making an aquarium, and studying natural history generally on the banks of the Clyde. There he seems to have learned his love of Virgil and other classic authors, but we are bound to admit that his love of Roman literature did not enhance the delicacy of his taste in regard to contemporary writers. The present writer is old enough to remember a time when he was somewhat surprised to find that the Duke of Argyll who claimed to be a patron of letters very often invited literary beginners to Inveraray: they were usually of the stamp that comes to no good afterwards, and even in those early days we felt some doubt as to his discrimination. These doubts are not allayed by the literary judgments delivered in the course of this book. The greatest of the geniuses entertained at Inveraray appears to have been Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is described as carefully as if she had been a Sappho or a Jane Austen. "Nothing escaped her," we are told, "and I felt that I gained more knowledge from her remarks during a short drive than from any books I had ever read." We have pages of this adulation, which perhaps will not create very much sur-

prise seeing that patrons of literature in these days usually show their love of letters by encouraging the worst authors. It would be invidious to particularise, but we cannot forget where the foundation of the fame of some of the most notorious novel-writers of the present day was laid. All the Duke of Argyll's geese were swans, as witness the following tribute to the memory of another of his protégés:

Dr. Johnson has said that whoever would desire to have a polished English style "must give his days and his nights to the pages of Addison." I venture to think that this is nonsense. Hugh Miller's English is quite as good as Addison's, and far more full of thought and of charm. It is the brain that makes style in writing, just as it is the brain that makes the harmonies of line and colour in painting, and of sound and sense in poetry. In speaking to Hugh Miller, I felt that I was speaking to a born genius, and the roughness of the setting seemed to me only to set off more distinctly the native brilliance of the gem.

Of course, it is not by any means our wish to disparage a writer so worthy as Hugh Miller, but at the same time to institute a comparison between his literary style and that of Addison is to come little short of being ridiculous. A few of the literary reminiscences of the Duke are, nevertheless, of great interest. The following description of Samuel Rogers, who was still alive when the Duke came to London, is certainly worth quoting:

He was hideous to behold. When I first knew him in 1841 he was seventy-eight years of age, and he continued leading the same ubiquitous social life for ten years longer, till he was in his eighty-eighth year, but he had none of the venerable aspect of age in his appearance. He was a small man with a bald head, a very flat face, and a complexion perfectly cadaverous. His eyes were sharp and observant, but amiability was not conspicuous in the expression. His speech was slow, and always apparently premeditated. He was famous for his sharp sayings, not infrequently bitter. His temper was jealous and irritable.

But the best pen-portrait in the book is undoubtedly that of the Duke of Wellington:

The Duke's eyes were very large, the eyelids cutting across them very high up, but not leaving them uncovered. They arrested all one's attention in a moment. One thought no more of the beaky nose or of the small and firm mouth. I do not think that the softer emotions of humanity were prominent. Self-possession, calmness, circumspection, firmness, truthfulness, and wisdom—these were the speaking characteristics, blended in one calm and impressive whole. His head was not a high one—I mean that it was not a domed head. It was only moderately high, but very broad and massive. It was, as it were, a battlemented forehead, "foursquare to all the winds that blew." His voice was powerful, deep-toned, and with a military imperativeness of enunciation. I need not say, after my one experience of his personal conversation, how I felt the truth of Tennyson's later couplet:

"His language rife  
With rugged maxims bewed from life."

This is scarcely the place in which to discuss the political career and opinions of the Duke of Argyll, though, of course, it was as a politician that he cut the greatest figure. In science he was but a brilliant amateur, and was scarcely treated as a serious opponent by Huxley and others whom he drew into controversies. The determining fact about his line of action in politics was that he was a great landlord. He had come into possession of estates that had been somewhat impoverished owing to the carelessness of one of his progenitors, and a great part of his life-work consisted in organising them upon a better footing, while he spent above half a million out of revenue in improving the estate. It was his views on the land question that led to his severance from his old friend, Mr. Gladstone, in 1881. He formed part of the old Whig cleavage of the time. Naturally enough, he was opposed to the Home Rule Bill, and remained in opposition to the party with which he had previously acted, but, at any rate, his was a cross-bench sort of mind, and in no period of his career does he seem to have been a very enthusiastic partisan. He was, however, a man of considerable importance in his day, and his biography was well worth writing; though it might have been advantageously condensed into half the size. We say this without at all under-estimating its value as a document bearing on the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and various other events of the great reign in which he lived.

## THE TUDORS

*Ten Tudor Statesmen.* By ARTHUR D. INNES. (Eveleigh Nash, 15s. net.)

*England under the Tudors.* By ARTHUR D. INNES. (Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. INNES has a wise and frugal mind. Having contributed a volume on the Tudors to the History of England edited by Professor Oman, he used the knowledge and experience thus gained, to sketch the characters of ten Tudor statesmen. In the text-book he takes a broader view and covers a larger field. But he excels in the drawing of character, and we are not sure that his later book does not present a quicker impression of the great men who gave a new shape to England and to English policy. At any rate, we do not regret his frugality, and, if his history be read in our schools and colleges, his "Ten Tudor Statesmen" may be cordially recommended to the general reader for his profit and pleasure.

The Tudor age was in many respects the greatest of our history. For variety of enterprise, achievement and character it is without parallel. The men who were fortunate enough to live their lives then might wake up every morning to a fresh discovery. New lands were floating into human ken. New literatures were invented. Old literatures were being brought back by the scholars from the dead. The Latin poets were once more an example to their loyal descendants. Greek, a tongue long forgotten, was once more interpreted by the zeal of Erasmus and his disciples. The masterpieces of all countries and of all time were translated into English for the use of our dramatists. History and drama, two arts that had fallen into oblivion, were practised with an admirable skill and originality. And the graver art of government was pursued with equal energy and courage. The iron hand of Rome was forced from the throat of England, and, whatever were the motives which prompted Henry VIII. to reform, at least it may be said that he led the way to untrammelled thought and to the freedom of the intellect. But achievements so lofty are only possible when character corresponds to intention, when men of bravery and insight are found to do the work that is set them by king and people. For though popular enthusiasm may compass much in the way of sympathy and encouragement, it is the individual and not the mass which is the real author of victory in arms as in the arts.

It is, then, in the character of its great men that Tudor England was richest, and Mr. Innes could not have found better material for his exercises in psychology. And he has treated his material with an almost inhuman impartiality. He is cruel to none. He sees the excellences, which lurk in the coldest brain. He finds the right thing to say even of Henry VII., who, in spite of Bacon's panegyric, has missed the appreciation of the modern world. He recognises how hard was the task which this king set himself to accomplish, how small a chance he had of winning the gratitude of his fellows.

[His whole life [we read] had been a tremendous strain. His boyhood and early manhood aged him prematurely. From the day that he landed in England to wrest the sceptre from Richard, the strain had never relaxed; the bow had never been slackened. At five-and-forty, he may well have been as much worn out as are men less severely tried twenty-five years later in life. The work he had to do was anything but inspiring; he did it with dogged patience. The task was thankless, and he got little thanks. It was accomplished ungraciously, and he receives no grace in return. A dreary life, and a dreary reign; yet the reign is not without admirable qualities, nor the life without gleams of nobility.

That seems to us the right thing rightly said. And Mr. Innes is equally wise, when he sums up the vices and virtues of Henry VIII. Now, Henry VIII. is far more "sympathetic," as the critics of drama say, than Henry VII. He was a *bonhomme*, if sometimes his *bonhomie* were forced and false, and even the *faux bonhomme* will always have his defenders. Moreover, he loved all that was splendid and decorative in life. His reign was one long festival. He

delighted in pageants and processions. He was never so happy as when fountains ran with wine in Gracious Street. He took as much pleasure in the revellings of May Day as did his subjects, though he made it an occasion for kingly magnificence. At the same time he was pitiless in cruelty, ungrateful to those who served him best, and prodigal to madness of his revenues. But he touched the imagination of the mob, and he remains the type of the bluff, honest king, that England is supposed to love. Though it is not an easy character to disengage, Mr. Innes has risen to the occasion.

To the instinct for gauging men [thus he writes] he added the instinct of gauging popular sentiment—a perception of the line which must not be overstepped; a knack of gracious and timely withdrawal if ever he seemed to have passed the danger-point. Withal, he recognised that the surest method of getting his own way was to make his subjects believe that it was their way too. His figure is very, very far from being god-like; it is quite remote from the heroic; it might, however, have fairly been called Titanic, if that term did not imply ultimate failure—for he did not fail. Neither his intellectual nor his moral qualities permit us to love him, to praise him, or to honour him; and yet, if we have read him aright, it is impossible not to admire.

As we read these records of Tudor statesmen, we cannot but deplore the gross ingratitude of kings. Of Mr. Innes's ten, two sat upon the throne. Of the eight that remain, five died on the scaffold, and another was snatched from violence only by a sudden death. And it is not only the ingratitude of this policy which appals us; it is the waste. When Sir Thomas More lost his head, Charles V. said the last word of wisdom: "If we had been master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions than have lost such a worthy Councillor." But Henry was as reckless of the lives of great men as of the public money. No king was ever served more prudently and more loyally than was he by Wolsey. Indeed, whatever wrong Wolsey did was done for his master. And Henry forgot in an instant his eminent services, his statesmanlike policy. The death of Cromwell we can forgive. The death of Wolsey, a ruler of genius, who had stooped only to the chicanery of the divorce, was an act of unpardonable folly. But the deepest stain of all upon the reign of Henry VIII. is the execution of Sir Thomas More. Of this great man's character no word need be said. Praise cannot enhance his perfections, nor gild his simplicity. A scholar, a champion of the new learning, a great lawyer, a wise statesman, a man of honour and amiability, he fell a victim to folly and truculence. We have quoted the comment of Charles V. Let us also recall the lament of Erasmus, the man in all Europe best fitted to appreciate the ability of More. "You will learn from a letter which I enclose," thus he wrote to the Bishop of Cracow, "the fate of Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester. They were the wisest and most saintly men that England had. In the death of More I feel as if I had died myself, but such are the tides of human things. We had but one soul between us." Such loyal and eloquent words as these prove the futility of human rage, and outlast the impotence of angered tyranny.

## A LOST CAUSE

Ἀλβηρίων ΔΙΔΑΚ Εὐριπε κοινά, or *The Religious Songs of Connacht*. A collection of poems, stories, prayers, satires, ranns, charms, etc. 2 vols. (Unwin, 10s. net.)

As spectators, for the man who fights gallantly in a lost cause we have felt always pity, sympathy, and admiration, in proportion differing according to the cause at stake. From the detached standpoint of the spectator, ready—irrespective of the nationality of the combatants—to applaud a brilliant manœuvre, a defeat turned into a victory by a fine piece of strategy, we have viewed the struggle of a few scholars, backed by a number of interested politicians, to revive the Gaelic tongue in Ireland. And pity has been uppermost in our hearts—pity for a genuine scholar, leading a cause obviously foredoomed,

ever mistaking a Jack-o'-the-lantern for a beacon of triumph, and struggling impotently on. The futility of it has awakened our pity, but of admiration there can be none in the heart of any far-seeing well-wisher of Ireland for the losers of a cause aiming at alienation from a country whence only can Ireland's salvation come. Between literature and politics there can be no connection. For a struggle waged in the interests of literature there was little hope of a successful outcome; waged in the interests of politics there is none.

Our concern is with the literary side of the question; and we fail to see why a revival was ever attempted. The claim of the revivalists, as stated by Mr. Leahy, is that Irish literature:

does undoubtedly tell us much of the most ancient legends of modern Europe which could not have been known without it; but this is not its sole, or even its chief claim to be heard. It is itself the connecting-link between the Old World and the New, written, so far as can be ascertained, at the time when the literary energies of the ancient world were dead, when the literature of modern Europe had not been born,\* in a country that had no share in the ancient civilisation of Rome, among a people which still retained many legends and possibly a rudimentary literature drawn from ancient Celtic sources, and was producing the men who were the earliest classical scholars of the modern world.

As a matter of fact, Ireland has never had a literature: the claim is based on a dozen or so old legends, romances—call them what you will—contained in the Book of Leinster, the Leabhar na h-Uidhri and other manuscripts. Collectively, a certain amount of interest attaches to them, but none has any particular merit, and literature they are not. One of the best of them, "The Sick-bed of Cuchulain," is preserved in a fifteenth-century manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin, and in the Leabhar na h-Uidhri. The origin of the romance is unknown, but it was transcribed from the lost Yellow Book of Slane by Maelmuiri mac Ceileachair into the Leabhar na h-Uidhri in the eleventh century. In both manuscripts two versions of the original story have been mixed together, with the result that of every incident there are two descriptions, frequently at variance. Of such is the literature of Ireland; and it is that Irishmen shall be enabled to appreciate this sort of thing that they are asked to spend their lives endeavouring to learn an unpractical language.

Before us is Dr. Douglas Hyde's latest contribution to the literature which awaits students of Gaelic. It has been printed—very badly printed—in Dublin, where there are less than three hundred errors in the two volumes. The work is the result of twenty years' collection among the people of Connacht—twenty years of more or less wasted effort. Here and there is a prayer which, crude though it be, is not without beauty, but in the whole eight hundred and eleven pages there are not more than a score of pieces worthy of preservation, and the majority of these are, not the prayers or the poems, but the stories. And all are mixed, as Dr. Hyde observes, with

no special order or arrangement on them . . . prayer, story, poem, or again, poem, prayer, story, just as [he] got them from the mouths of the shanachies and old people, or after the manner of the *Bolg-antolathairs* or miscellaneous collections that were so common amongst us a hundred years ago;

so that selection is difficult.

We may take as an instance that story of "Mary's Well," which Dr. Hyde is careful to tell us he "got from Próinsias O'Connor, in Athlone, who heard it from an old woman who was herself from Ballintubber, in the County Mayo." Here the collector has caught the spirit of the tale both in the Gaelic and in the translation, as when he refers to the ass which regained its sight, though the scoffer was brought home "as blind as the sole of your shoe"—a typically Irish phrase. In the poems he has

\* The only possible exceptions to this, assuming the latest possible date for the Irish work, and the earliest date for others, are the kindred Welsh literature and that of the Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain.

failed because he has no soul for poetry and certainly no divine afflatus. It is impossible in the space at our disposal to deal at length with the translations, which, since few will read the Gaelic, are the important thing. Dr. Hyde's literal translations are for the most part good—often very good: his verse translations are lamentable, e.g.:

Ζηλδκιζ μαρι ευ ρειν ο εοι  
 Δο εδωκαμα τ-ροιρ εζυρ τ-ριαρ,  
 Ζηλδ ιρ ρο ινο 'να ζαε ζηλδ  
 Ταβκιρ-ρε ζο βραε δο δια.

which he renders:

And love thy neighbour as thyself,  
 (Not for his pelf thy love should be),  
 But a greater love than every love  
 Give God above who loveth thee.

None but Dr. Douglas Hyde could have written that second line. Apart from its horrors, why the allusion to "pelf"? There is no reference in the Gaelic to anything which could be so designated. Again there is charm in:

Ζη διαβελ ιρ δοιρε δαιλ  
 Ζη ρεαρ με ναε αιλ αετ λοετ,  
 Ζη ρεαδαυβ αν θεατα εε \*  
 Ιλ ηρυν α ρπειρ να 'nn mo εοιρ,

but there is none in:

The loathly devil, I wis,  
 Whose business is to sow tares,  
 Not for body, not for gold,  
 Only for my soul he cares.

And:

For the first five hundred years  
 —It appears themselves admit—  
 Christ's (our Roman) church was still  
 Free from ill, with saints in it,

is a very poor rendering of:

Δο ρειρ α η-αδωαλα ρειν  
 Κυζ ευδ βιαεκιρ ταρ ειρ εριοιτ  
 Ζη εαζκιρ Ιωμδντα εαιε  
 Ευδ η-ι αμδαν αν εαζκιρ ριοιρ.

But there are good things in the volumes to reward the searcher, and our last word must be one, not of depreciation, but of regret that so much time and scholarship should have been given to so little purpose.

## SYMBOLIC BEASTS

*Fictitious and Symbolic Creatures in Art.* By JOHN VINYCOMB.  
 (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE quaint and fantastic creatures that have come to be especially associated with heraldry, because it is principally in that connection that they occur to-day, are the subject of an interesting work which gives a fairly comprehensive account of their characteristic forms. To the mediæval mind they were by no means exclusively heraldic devices, but were the completely credited figures of actual creatures. Even in the pre-heraldic period—if indeed there were ever times when personal devices, essentially heraldic, did not exist—the tales of travellers joined with tradition to people the world with strange things.

In the Bestiaries and their successors, the zoologists of more than six centuries followed each other in learnedly describing Dragons, Griffins and Cockatrices, as well as Unicorns and other figures that are recognisable as distorted versions of actual forms. The symbolism that is inseparable from the subject is always, in the earlier

\* αν θεατα εε = αν δομδαν ιομλδν.

works, of a religious nature, a beast serving as a sort of illustration to a moral lesson. Thus the Panther is described as of beautiful black colour with white spots, and out of his mouth comes a smell surpassing balsam in sweetness, which entices all animals to him. And he is heraldically depicted "incensed" with flames that issue from his mouth. The Bestiary that was translated by Philip de Thaun for Queen Adeliza, the wife of Henry I., says that "the panther is loved by all animals except the Dragon alone." And the "Significatio" goes on to say that Christ is the panther, the Dragon is the devil. In all such stories the dragon, as is usual in symbolic art, represents the evil principle. But not the dragon alone, for in these curious moralisings the devil appears in many shapes. Onegar, the wild Ass, "signifies the devil in this life." The monkey, "without doubt resembles the devil, he is false and vain, fond of evil deeds." Even Cetus, the whale, is the devil on occasion.

The religious aspect influenced the descriptive, so that in some accounts of the mystic Phoenix it is said, with obvious allusion, to come again to life on the third day. In the legend of the Pelican it is said:

She fervently loveth her birds yet when they be haughty they smite her on the face and wound her and she smiteth them again and slayeth them and after three days she mourneth for them and then striking herself on the side till the blood runs out she sparkleth it upon their bodies and by vertue thereof they quicken again.

Creatures of the sea are described: Serra, with the head of a lion and the tail of a fish and with wings to fly, so that when it sees a ship in the deep sea it rises aloft. And mermaids, revelling in storm, singing merrily with shrill voices, so that shipmen forget their steering, and are lulled to sleep, to wake, too late, on a sinking wreck.

Besides Griffins and other forms that were also of eastern origin, the effort to depict tigers, antelopes and so forth from descriptions that were all too vague resulted in figures no less fantastic, to which the word "heraldic" has to be prefixed in order to distinguish them from what are now known to be the natural forms of beasts. The descriptions being so various and scanty it is not remarkable that the draughtsman evolved strange shapes. Take for instance the Gazelle. "This beaste in figure is like a kow, having short horns, also long teeth and white about nine inches of length standing out of his mouth like a Bore," and Isidore of Seville is quoted in a Bestiary, as saying that elephants are like goats in shape.

Nevertheless, surprising pieces of more accurate knowledge crop up at times, such as that "when the whale closes his jaws he sucks in all those fishes, but it is only the little fish he thus ensnares, the big ones he cannot seize."

The Unicorn is said in one description to be like a horse, and in another like a goat, and this has resulted in two well-established types.

With the real age of chivalry, the thirteenth and following centuries, when heraldry was at its height, the knightly mysticism which coloured, and was coloured by, the religious mysticism developed its own symbolism, assigning noble qualities to heraldic figures, and consequently a reflected glory on their bearers. These were recorded in heraldic treatises which took their natural history from the learned works that were copied from, and enlarged on, the Bestiaries. They still retained the frank simplicity of belief in the marvellous, though here and there, in the sixteenth century, disbelief is expressed in the existence of some creatures while faith is retained in others no less incredible—doubting the Griffin but accepting the Dragon.

Griffins are emblems of vigilance, for they guarded the Hyperborean mountains, where were gold and precious stones; and of Power, for their amazing strength enabled them to carry away both horse and rider though in full armour. So says Gerard Leigh in "The Accedens of Armorie," 1562, wherein is much of interest and no little humour. In describing the Ass, he says:

Though he be slow yet he is sure. And as he is not the wisest so is he least sumptuous especially in his diet. For his feeding is on

Thistles. . . . I could write much of this beast, but that it would be thought to mine owne glorie.

The usefulness of the book before us would have been much increased by the addition of an Index, for which a Table of Contents is but an inefficient substitute. This however, should not prejudice readers against a work on which the author has successfully expended much research and skill. We could have wished for some early examples for purposes of comparison, especially of the dragons and griffins of the Masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the engravings of Van Mecken and Schongauer and the wonderful wood blocks of Dürer and Burgmaier among others. In particular, the masterly Griffin, full of dignity and power, that leads the way in the latter artist's "Triumph of Maximilian" and is quite the most magnificent of its wonderful kind. The reproduction of Dürer's seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse is too much reduced to be effective. The author's own illustrations reach a high degree of merit, as was to be expected, and yet are strangely unequal, showing at times very considerable decorative power, while at others there is that futile uplifting of the forepaw that is seen too often in place of the vigorous expression of raging vitality in a similar pose, that is the very essence of the heraldic spirit. Though they are somewhat overwrought, perhaps, and would have gained by simpler treatment, they exhibit very marked heraldic feeling without a too slavish adherence to ordinary types. The Dragon and the Hydra are particularly good.

A word of protest is necessary against the perpetuation of the stiff rod that has for so long taken the place of the torse of particoloured silk that surrounded the helm below the crest. It is true that such wreaths were stiffly modelled in leather in the fifteenth century, but it was reserved for a later and less artistic time to treat them as straight supports instead of circular decorations.

#### THEN AND NOW

*Kaempfer's History of Japan.* Translated by T. G. SCHEUCHZER, F.R.S. 3 vols. (MacLehose, 37s. 6d. net.)

*Makers of Japan.* By J. MORRIS. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.)

WHEN Dr. Engelbert Kaempfer joined in May 1690 as physician the embassy which the Dutch East India Company sent once a year to the Japanese Shogun's Court at Yedo (Tokyo), the Dutch alone of foreigners were allowed the right of trading with Japan; and that concession was permitted them only under conditions which Mr. Morris describes as humiliating. Certainly the Dutchmen were kept under very strict supervision; but they travelled through a country otherwise closed to foreigners, and Dr. Kaempfer had opportunities of observing and recording things which might have passed without record. It is this which lends peculiar interest to his history, which he wrote immediately in High Dutch. It was translated under the patronage of Sir Hans Sloane by J. G. Scheuchzer, F.R.S., in 1727, and published in two folio volumes, which have not been reprinted in full before the appearance of the present edition. Kaempfer's book is an ingenious cross between the diary of a scientific traveller and a compendious history. Thus, we have chapters on the origin of the Japanese, on the first monarchs of Japan and a list of the Ecclesiastical Emperors, jostling chapters describing the voyage to Japan and the fish and animals and climate of the country. Kaempfer recounts all that he saw of Japan in his journeys, all that he thought of Japan and Japanese customs and all that he could conveniently discover about the history of the people and of their institutions. *Quicquid agunt Japanese . . .* and though of course he lacks the fervid adulation which we, properly enough, feel for them now, and at times shows a natural resentment at their rigorous treatment of his countrymen, which was too akin to the treatment of dogs during a muzzling craze to bias them in his favour,



he yet cannot withhold his admiration for the beauty of their manners and the happy comfort of their life. He can even see beauty in their religion, though he is sometimes fain to sneer at them as superstitious heathen. It is a wise and faithful account with more than an occasional touch of dry humour, which is somehow a little unlooked-for in the learned writing of a Dutch scientist, and on that account uncommonly agreeable: as when in telling of the paper inscriptions hung on Japanese doors he adds: "There is also one directed against Poverty. Houses with this last mark must needs be very safe from thieves and housebreakers."

After reading what Japan was at the end of the seventeenth century, an extraordinary interest is lent to Mr. Morris's book, "Makers of Japan," for Modern Japan dates, as he says, from the advent on the coast of the Idzu province of the American squadron under Commodore Percy in 1853, and up to that time Japan remained much as it was when Kaempfer went with the Dutch embassy to pay homage to the Shogun. Foreigners were excluded and the ancient feudal system was supreme. During the reign of the present Emperor a complete reconstruction of the Empire on a new basis has taken place: a revolution initiated by those in power, contrary to the custom of revolutions. The aim of Mr. Morris's book is to record the history of this unusual revolution in recording the lives of those men (many of whom are still living) who played the chief parts in it—in brief, as he puts it, to supply History through the medium of Biography. His work is admirably successful: it is careful without being laboured, and learned without being dull. It should hold its place in the literature of a nation's progress, the most astounding, perhaps, in the whole history of the world.

As Count Okuma said recently:

The eminence of Japan is ascribable to no mere mushroom growth; it has its roots in the past and her progress is to be explained by natural causes which any one may comprehend who cares to study her history attentively. . . . The victory of Japan points to the ultimate blending into one harmonious whole of the ancient and modern civilisations of East and West.

And in those words lies the kernel of the matter.

#### A REPRESENTATIVE ANGLICAN

*Bishop Wilberforce.* By REGINALD G. WILBERFORCE. "Leaders of the Church series," edited by GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL. (Mowbray, 3s. 6d. net.)

NOBODY will dispute the claim of Bishop Wilberforce to a place among Anglican "leaders" of the nineteenth century. Even after every allowance has been made for the natural bias of a son writing his father's biography, that claim is patent in the story of his life. The services that Bishop Wilberforce rendered to the Church of England were very great; no man had a larger share in the revival of her corporate consciousness, and the fact that he did so much was, no doubt, largely due to his exact suitability to his environment. It might be said of Wilberforce, as Macaulay said of Keble, that the Church of England fitted him exactly. He was essentially a man of the Centre, and, like all men of that type, he never pleased the thoroughgoing on either side. But the charge so frequently made—that he was a time-server whose opinions were always in a state of flux—seems to have been quite unfounded; in our opinion Mr. Wilberforce makes out a clear case for the defence in that regard. Had he been a time-server, Wilberforce would hardly have taken so strong a stand against the Prince Consort in the matter of the revival of Convocation, or have described, even in a letter, the Prince's policy as "immoral and fatal." The epithets were not undeserved, since the Prince proposed that a system of marked disfavour should be shown towards High Churchmen in the hope that they

would not long hold "principles which permanently excluded them from preferment." His Royal Highness seems to have regarded religion as a convenient pillar of the State; but we wonder by what warrant he interfered in the matter at all.

Bishop Wilberforce's position is summed up in his criticisms on Dr. Liddon's *régime* at Cuddesdon, quoted on pages 110-111. He did not like the men to say their private prayers in the chapel where chance visitors might see them and be reminded of the Continent by a sight unknown in Church of England churches. The church was for "public" services—and visitors; it is a delightfully British view. And, indeed, Wilberforce was in some ways very insular, though he seems to have broadened somewhat in later years, as his brother-in-law, Manning, did in another way. But Wilberforce was not a man of wide spirit; he took the narrowly orthodox side in the "Essays and Reviews" controversy and the Colenso business, and was rather shocked at F. D. Maurice, though he defended him. How far off the "Essays and Reviews" controversy seems now! The Conservative defenders of orthodoxy have been forced to admit most of the positions which in 1860 Wilberforce considered to involve the abandonment of "God's Word, Creation, Redemption, and the work of God the Holy Ghost." In truth one is not broad because one belongs to the Centre. Nor is there much breadth in an identification of true religion with that particular form which happens to suit the average British temperament. But Wilberforce's ability was essentially on the practical rather than the intellectual side; he was not a profound thinker and his knowledge was not extensive. He never swerved from the conviction that the English Reformation settlement represented the exact and final norm of religious truth, and in that assurance he was able to devote himself to a life of fruitful activity.

#### MR. KAY ROBINSON'S RELIGION

*The Religion of Nature.* By E. KAY ROBINSON. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

IN sending this book out to be reviewed, the author accompanied it with a request for special attention as being something more than "a mere nature book." We turned to it, in consequence, with more than usual interest. Mr. Kay Robinson is an accomplished and interesting student of the open air, whose writings, whether appearing in a periodical or a book, are always welcome; but in this instance he seems to us to have got considerably out of his depth. It would be very flattering and insincere to describe him as a scientific naturalist, and as a speculative philosopher he is not more than a tiro. To go direct to the main point, the fault of this book consists first in the author's inveterate habit of putting the cart before the horse, and secondly in his speaking in the most positive terms on matters that have always caused doubt and perplexity in the most thoughtful minds. Perhaps if we state the conclusion of the work it will be possible for the reader to guess at the steps by which it is reached. Mr. Kay Robinson, then, has been engaged in a task that would have been congenial to the late Mr. Gladstone, viz., that of reconciling the Mosaic account of the creation with the doctrine of evolution as it is now generally understood. But he goes about the business in a manner that is more original than convincing. It appears that this book was suggested to him by the letter of a "free-thinker," who declared that the cruelty of Nature was incompatible with the conception of a merciful God. After much cogitation Mr. Robinson has found salvation in the teeth of this rationalist argument. He claims to set forth views "which have brought comfort and complete satisfaction" to himself. We only wish that it were possible to say that they are at all likely to impart similar feelings to those who read the book. The argu-

ment appears to us as though it were based on a huge confusion in the meaning of words. The author is by temperament very positive in his statements, and he does not seem to think that the terms he employs need, in a work of this kind, to have exact definition. We did not think it had been seriously disputed by any one professing even the most elementary knowledge of scientific facts that all recent investigation goes to show that life is one and the same thing whatever be its manifestation; that it is the same in the leaf and in the flower as in the philosopher, and that all forms of it are united and blended together. That being granted, the next point to be determined is what is consciousness? "We know," says Mr. Robinson, "that sensitive plants have no consciousness," and the query arises at once to the lips: How do you know anything of the kind? No real student of science would for one moment commit himself to any such statement. A more cryptic saying is that "the human conscience governs one's notions of pain." If for the word "governs" the word "affects" had been substituted, the sentence might have been allowed to stand. Even then, it seems to us that in a book of this kind the nature of conscience should have been clearly defined. Is it an out-growth of that utilitarianism which, according to Mr. Robinson, is the basis of our emotions, or is it, as the old theologians used to hold, a divine lamp set in the human breast for our guidance? He is welcome to take either view, but it seems nothing else than ridiculous in a book of this kind to use the word at all without discussing the point. Even such terms as moral and immoral, right and wrong, require careful explanation, because the very nature of the author's task demanded that he should be able to reconcile the growth of those ideas in civilised man with the statement that they were delivered to humanity by divine authority. He can scarcely establish the latter hypothesis, because he frankly admits that man in a savage state does not differ in this respect from the lower animals:

Where, owing to his environment, man is still compelled to live in some respects the life of an animal, there he blindly follows in those respects all his animal instincts for the good of the race, and enjoys neither happiness nor unhappiness in so doing. What he does by instinct he does as a matter of course, seeing in it neither wrong nor right.

If he had traced the history of those regulations which are generally referred to as human laws, his argument, to say the least, would have been a little more convincing. But by far the greatest defect in his theory is the hiatus which he assumes between the instinct of animals and the reason of man. It is his constant habit to speak of the two as though they differed not only in degree but in kind. The point is one on which it would be a waste of time to argue. Indeed, the controversialist would have no difficulty in showing from Mr. Robinson's own words that if he were logical he would have to admit that reason is only a development of instinct, a larger instinct. In savages as we know them, it differs but in degree from that of the animals they hunt, and there is nothing in man the roots of which cannot be found in the lower animals. His attempt to draw impassable divisions between man and the lower animals is almost childish in its futility. In his chapter on the growth of consciousness he uses in the most confusing manner the terms consciousness and self-consciousness apparently to describe the same thing. "I based my case," he says, "upon evidence which proves that man alone possesses that gift of consciousness which causes him to know when he is happy or unhappy." By that it would appear that when an animal is gay and sportive it does not know that it is happy, and when, as often happens, it is dull and melancholy it does not know that it is unhappy. How he ascertained that is one of the mysteries in which the book abounds. Man has only the experience of his own life to guide him, and it can only lead to error and fallacy if he attempt to interpret animal life by any other aid. The author goes on to say that:

If other animals had self-consciousness, *i.e.*, if they thought about things, including themselves, we should long ere this have been able to invent a language of sounds and signs in which we could converse with them upon all sorts of subjects. But they cannot think *about* things, only *of* them; so our converse with them as well as their converse with each other is limited to expressions of simple animal emotions. The possession of language, as a means of expressing thoughts other than mere emotions, thus offers definite evidence that man alone is self-conscious.

As a matter of fact, animals do have language, and can communicate with one another and we with them, though, probably enough, it was owing to the great increase in his vocabulary and hence in his means of communication with his fellow men that man first began to make huge strides in front of the rest of creation. If we add the discovery of fire to the extended use of language we should already have got a long way towards bridging over that gulf which Mr. Robinson represents as impassable. He goes on with his argument in this way:

Another definite proof that man alone is self-conscious is provided by the fact that man alone decorates his person.

Now the phrase here, "decorates his person," is a mere literalism, true to the letter but not to the spirit. A cock-bird when he is displaying his airs and graces before the female is practically decorating himself, although it may be quite true that he does not take up a patch of cloth or other material and add it to his own feathers; the essential thing is not what he actually wears but that he is actuated by the spirit of display.

Mr. Kay Robinson's description of the origin of religion appears to have been self-evolved and takes no account of what others have said on the same subject:

He could fling handfuls of water this way or that; who then drove the mighty rivers along and tossed the waves of the sea? He could blow a flower to pieces; whose breath shattered the forest trees? Thus, by thinking about himself, man could not help thinking of some mysterious being or beings who controlled vaster forces than he. These, in one shape or another, became his gods, whom he tried to propitiate. Age by age the lamp of religion thus humbly lit has burned more brightly, with a purer flame, until in the great revealed Faith, that man has been made in the likeness of God, the whole civilised world is united.

Of course, here Mr. Kay Robinson has given up any pretence of writing scientifically and is using his imagination for the purpose of guessing at what may have happened. It is more reasonable to suppose that the beginning of religion lay in fear. Primæval man, when his intelligence had been developed a little beyond that of his arboreal progenitors, heard the thunder and saw the lightning and might very well have come to the conclusion that some power greater than he was launching the bolt and sounding his artillery. He could not understand the wind and the wave, and so he made gods who controlled them. At night he dreamed of his dead and arose thinking they must be alive, and so framed his Paradise or his Valhalla. This explanation is surely just as good as that which Mr. Robinson puts forward. As to the phrase, "the great revealed Faith," he does not condescend to show how much of what is now accepted as revelation was really bad translation couched in the most beautiful language. As a case in point, it will be sufficient to refer to the sentence with which so many youths have been sent off to college; "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

To sum up the whole matter Mr. Kay Robinson argues too much over the infinitely small. He has pursued those creatures which the school-boy compendiously calls "bugs" and studied their ways, and he has had a great number of letters from those versatile persons who write to the cheap newspapers, and, as far as we can see, this is the material out of which he claims to have framed the Religion of Nature. He has in no sense taken a survey of the vast and varied considerations that would occur to one who had read widely and thought deeply on the growth and development of religious ideas

## ANCIENT VOYAGES

*The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century.* By WALTER RALEIGH. (MacLehose, 4s. 6d. net.)

If it is delightful to see how zealously we are reprinting our old books, there is a sense in which it is also ominous. For when we desert the recognised classics of literature and pay this homage to men who were of no great importance in their own age or any other, one reason for this attention suggests itself which is melancholy rather than otherwise. It may be perhaps that we are so anxious to preserve certain works, of second-rate interest in themselves, because we are conscious that the supply is exhausted, and that unless we cherish these specimens the whole race will become extinct. When, for example, it becomes necessary to reprint in two stately volumes the "Crudities of Thomas Coryat," we may well ask ourselves how this necessity has arisen. For the book is not remarkable for its literary merits, nor extraordinary for its geographical information, nor curious from the light that it throws upon the age. But yet there is no doubt that it satisfies a craving that would otherwise remain unappeased, and that with all our modern refinements we have lost the art of writing books like this.

A recent work by Professor Raleigh, "The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century," suggests in a most interesting way some of the reasons for the marked taste we have lately shown for the travels of our ancestors. He shows us what qualities those were in them which delight us so greatly, and, as we realise the nature of their gifts, we may judge of our own deficiency. The contrast, for instance, between the literatures of the age which had read Hakluyt or heard his stories from the lips of the seamen themselves, and that which read Godwin's "Political Justice" and had realised the Empire of which their forefathers dreamed, tells its own story. "Before the first acre of land beyond the seas had been effectively added to the dominion of England, the poets had foretold the British Empire," writes Professor Raleigh. To realise that prophecy was the work of a later age, and the sober performance of it seems to have crushed the prophetic spirit out of us. And it is noticeable that, when Hakluyt's book was first published, all the efforts which it records had so far ended in failure. A great many ships had set forth, a great many lives had been lost; but though the substantial result was small the effect upon the imagination was incalculable. A great distance, spreading no man knew where, tempted both seaman and writer out upon its waters; Drake and Hawkins went hand in hand with Marlowe and Shakespeare.

Hope presumably can thrive only when you are without the thing you want; and it is the consciousness of our own deficiency in this stimulating quality that makes us regret the old voyagers so deeply, study them so enviously and reprint them so piously. For they give us what we can never have again. Whatever future lies before us, it is certain that no one will ever circumnavigate the world again for the first time, and that that particular thrill has gone from our writing for ever. The charm of it, as we trace it in these rough and voluminous narratives, is still so potent that all later books of travel, however marvellous their adventures, seem insipid in comparison. No map is sufficiently perilous and romantic to contain the route of their voyages; for the spirit in which they travelled seemed to transform even the permanent outlines of the globe. We may follow Stanley and Livingstone in the Atlas and add thus to our admiration of their achievements, but to measure the exact course of the *Pelican* or the *Jesus of Lubeck*, to make them sail by sophisticated shores where we may even possess relations, is an anachronism of the worst description. We are forgetting that the world was quite different then.

The truth of this commonplace is illustrated once more

and with peculiar force by a book like this of Thomas Coryat. For Coryat makes no use of the sea, that almost indispensable element for a narrative of adventure; nor did he, in the work preserved, discover any land that was not already tolerably well known to his contemporaries. He merely walked through the familiar parts of France, Germany and Italy, and returned to his native Odcombe and hung up his shoes in the village church. But though his style is a plodding style, as befits a good pedestrian, he has that gift of transforming the world of which we have so completely lost the secret. Custom draws films across the eyes, and it is almost startling to observe how many things Coryat could see in a little Italian town or in a stretch of the road that are invisible to us. It is true that we make up for this blindness to the external world by an insight into our own souls in which Coryat is hopelessly deficient.

And again, if we see less than he did, we have much more knowledge and sentiment about the things we do see, and many more words in which to express them. Coryat, beside later tourists, is like an intelligent child, inscribing his impressions of abroad in a large and laborious hand for the benefit of his little brothers and sisters at home, who will want to know everything. Like a child he observes no proportion, and his eye is candid and credulous of all things impartially. Here, for instance, we have an elaborate description of the Doge's Palace, and here "divers red snails of extraordinary length and greatness" attract his attention. Again he noticed "things which they commonly call in the Italian tongue umbrellas . . . they are made of leather and something answerable to the form of a little canopy." Still more; he had the good fortune to be able to see forks for the first time with an unprejudiced eye. "The Italians . . . do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat. The reason of this their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all mens fingers are not alike clean." Coryat was "quipped by a certain learned gentleman" and called "furcifer" when he introduced the fashion to Somersetshire.

And, again, there are the wonderful tales that are told him by the natives, to be inserted gravely because it is plain that strange things may happen in foreign parts, although he would not like to commit himself as to their truth. Good company also was to be met with on the road; an Italian, for example, one Antonio, "who would oftentimes cheer us with his sociable conceit; 'Courage, courage, le Diable est mort,' that is 'Be merry, the devil is dead.'" Consider with what a labour of words the modern traveller would tell us that the devil is dead and how in the end we should scarcely believe him. Or compare the effort with which a tourist of to-day matches the view to words with some such simple and sufficient remark as this of Coryat's. "I observed an exceeding high mountain betwixt Lasnebourg and Nevalaise. Some told me it was fourteen miles high; it is covered with a very microcosm of clouds." And then it appears that on the highest pinnacle there dwelt a repentant brigand who spent his life in contemplation of two pictures of Christ and the Virgin Mary, "and never came down more." Much sentiment might have been expended with a less result.

No art, indeed, can reproduce this natural simplicity and curiosity of mind, and it is this more than any gift of language which makes this ancient pilgrimage such good reading, though we have all travelled the same way a dozen times. We did not see what Coryat saw. It is a book which records in all good faith the travels and adventures of a pair of stout legs and a couple of keen eyes; it is no record of the accidents and emotions of a soul. We can plod all day long by his side without tiring of our company and end the day the better for our outing.

## A LITTLE DOCTORED FAUST

The version of *Faust* which Mr. Stephen Phillips is contemplating will, it is interesting to learn from the author, be "a compact drama," of which spectacular embellishment will form no part. In Mr. Phillips's view the story is in itself so strong and so rich in all the elements that make for dramatic effectiveness that to treat the subject as one for elaborate scenic display would be to diminish the direct appeal of a great tragedy. "First let me say," said Mr. Stephen Phillips, "how gladly I approach a task which will bring me again into association with Mr. George Alexander, whose admirable treatment of *Paolo and Francesca* you will no doubt remember. In the version of *Faust* which I am going to prepare there will be nothing spectacular, nothing to overshadow or intrude upon an immortal theme. As to how I shall treat the story, and as to the form in which it will be written, I am not yet sure—it may be a play in blank verse, or in prose with lyrics." . . . Mr. Phillips added that he had also in view a play on the subject of *Harold*."—*The Tribune*.

## PROLOGUE.

*Alexander* (from *force of habit*). I always told you he was reasonable.

*Goethe*. Well, I consent. Mein Gott! how colossal You English are! 'Tis nigh impossible For poets to refuse you anything, And German thought beneath some German shade—  
*Unter den linden* as we say at home— Sounds really quite as well on British soil. Our good friend Marlowe hardly seems so pleased.

*Marlowe*. Oh, Goethe! cease these frivolous remarks. Think you that I, who knew Elizabeth, And tasted all the joys of literature, And played the dawn to Shakespeare's larger day, And heralded a mighty line of verse With half a dozen mighty lines my own, Am feeling well?

*Gounod* (brightening). Ah! Monsieur Wells Auteur d'un histoire fin et romanesque Traduit par Davray; il a des idées. C'est une chose rare là-bas . . .

*Stephen Phillips*. He does not speak of Huysmans; 'tis myself.

I thank you, gentlemen, with all my heart,  
I thank you, gentlemen, with all my soul,  
I thank you, Sirs, with all my soul and strength.  
So for your leave much thanks. You know my weakness:  
I love to be at peace with all the past.  
The present and the future I can manage;  
The stirrup of posterity may dangle  
Against the heaving flanks of Pegasus.  
I feel my spurs against the saucy mare  
And Alexander turned Bucephalus.

*Marlowe*. Neigh! neigh! though you have told us what you are,

And we have witnessed Nero several times,  
You do not tell us of this wretched Faustus,  
Who must be damned in any case, I fear.

S. P. Of course I treat you as material  
On which to work, but then I simplify  
And purify the story for our stage.  
The English stage is nothing if not pure.  
For instance, we will not allow *Salome*,  
Only its author, in my play of Nero.  
So in Act II. of *Faust* I represent  
The marriage feast of beauteous Margaret,  
Act I. I get from Goethe, III. from Marlowe  
And Gounod's music fills the gaps in mine.  
Margaret, of course, will never come to grief.  
She only gets a separation order.  
By the advice of Plowden magistrate,  
She undertakes to wean Euphorion,  
Who in his bounding habits symbolises  
The future glories of the English empire.  
As the production must not cost too much,  
Harker, Hawes Craven, Hann are relegated  
To a back place. It is a compact drama,  
Of which spectacular embellishment  
Will form no part; the story is so strong  
So rich in all the elements that make

A drama suitable for Alexander  
That scenery, if necessary to Tree,  
Shall not intrude on this immortal theme.

*Goethe*. Pyramidal! my friend, but you are splendid.  
Now have you shown the manuscript to Colvin?

*Marlowe*. He is a scholar and a ripe and good one,  
And far too tolerant of modern poets.

*Alexander*. One of your lines strikes my familiar spirit.  
Surely that does not come from Stephen Phillips.

*Marlowe*. No matter; I may quote from whom I will.  
Shakespeare himself was not immaculate,  
And borrowed freely from a barren past.

*Goethe*. What thinks Herr Sidney Colvin of your work?  
S. P. That he will tell you when he sees it played.

## ACT I.

Scene: *Faust's Studio*.

*Servant*. Well, if you have no further use for me,  
I will go make our preparation.

*Faust*. If anybody calls, say I am out;  
I must have time to see how I will act.  
As to the form in which I shall be written,  
I must decide whether in prose or verse.

My thoughts I'll bend. Give me at once the *Times*—  
Walkley I always find inspiring—

His style, a Studio Murder in itself—  
And really I learn more about the drama

(Even the German drama) from his pen,  
More curious than that of Paracelsus—

(*Reads*) "Sic vos non vobis, Bernard Shaw might say  
Dieu et mon droit. Ich dien. Et taceat

Femina in ecclesia. Ellen Terry  
La plus belle femme de toutes les femmes

Du monde." Archer, I have observed,  
Writes no more for the World, but for himself.

Then I forgot; he's writing for the *Tribune*,  
That highly independent Liberal paper.

(*Faust muses, bell heard.*) The Elixir of Life, is it a play  
Which runs a thousand nights? Is it a dream  
Precipitated into some alembic  
Or glass retort by Ex-ray Lankester?

(*Enter Servant.*)

*Servant*. A gentleman has called.

*Faust*. Say I am out.

*Servant*. He will take no denial.

*Faust*. Show him in.

Most probably it is poor Herbert Tree,  
Who long has planned a play of Doctor Faustus.

(*Enter Mephistopheles.*)

*Mephistopheles*. Ah! my dear Doctor, here we are  
again!

Micawber-like, I never will desert you.  
How do you feel? Your house I see myself  
In perfect order. Ah! how much has past  
Since those Lyceum days when you and I  
Climbed up the Brocken on Walpurgis night!  
That times have changed I realise myself;  
No longer through the chimney do I come;  
I enter like a super from the side.

Widowers' Houses dramas have become;  
Morals and sentiment and Clement Scott  
No more seem adjuncts of the English stage.

*Faust*. Oh Mephistopheles, you come in time  
To save the English drama from a deadlock.  
Like Mahmud's coffin hung 'twixt Heaven and Earth,  
It falters up to verse and down to prose.  
Tell us, then, how to act, how consummate  
The aspirations of our Stephen Phillips!

*Mephisto*. Ah, Alexander Faustus! young as ever,  
Still unabashed by Paolo and Francesca,  
You long for plays with literary motives,  
Plots oft attempted both in prose and rhyme.



*Faust.* As ever, you are timid and old fashioned.

*Mephisto.* Hark you! one thing I know above all others,

The English drama of the century past.  
Though English critics have consigned to me  
The plays of Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Shaw,  
And Wilde's *Salome*, none has ever reached me.  
Back to their native land they must have gone,  
Or else you have them here in Germany.  
Only to me come down real British plays,  
The mid-Victorian twaddle, the false gems  
Which on the stretched forefinger of oblivion  
Glitter a moment, and then perish paste.

*Faust (drily).* Well, if I learn of any critic's death  
Leaving a vacant place upon the Press,  
You'll hear from me; meanwhile, Mephisto mine,  
As we must needs play out our little play,  
Whom would you cast for Margaret, *alias* Gretchen?  
Kindly sketch out an inexpensive *Faust*,  
Modelled on the Vedrenne and Barker style  
Now much in favour at the English Court.

*Mephisto.* The stage is now an auditorium,  
And all the audiences are amateurs,  
First-nighters at the bottom of their heart.  
What do they care for drama in the least?  
All that they need are complimentary stalls,  
To know the leading actor, to be round  
At dress rehearsals, or behind the scenes,  
To hear the row the actor-manager  
Had with the author or the leading lady,  
Then to recount the story at the Club,  
Where, lingering lovingly on kippered lies,  
They babble over chestnuts and their *Punch*  
And stale round-table jests of years ago.

*Faust.* So Mephistopheles is growing old!  
Kindly omit your stage philosophy  
And tell me all your plans about the play.

*Mephisto.* First we must make you young and fresh as paint,

Filters and elixirs are out of date.  
A week in London—that is what you want;  
London Society is our objective.  
There you will find a not unlikely Gretchen,  
For actresses are all the rage just now;  
Duchesses quarrel over Edna May,  
And Mrs. Patrick Campbell is received  
In the best houses. I shall introduce you  
As a philosopher from Tübingen.  
A sort of Nordau, no? Then Doctor Reich—  
Lectures on Aristotle at the Ritz—  
Advocates Polyandry, children suffrage—  
One man, one pianola; the usual thing  
That will secure success: here is a card  
For Thursday next—Lady Walpurge "At Home"  
From nine till twelve—a really charming hostess.  
Her ladyship is intellectual,  
The husband rich, dishonest, a collector  
Of *objets d'art*, especially old masters.  
He got his title for his promises  
To England in the war; financed the raid,  
A patriot millionaire within whose veins,  
Imperial pints of German Jewish blood.  
Must make the English think imperially,  
And rather bear with all the ills they have  
Than fly to others that they know not of.

*Faust.* Excellent plan! Except at Covent Garden,  
I've hardly been in England since the eighties.

## ACT II.

*Scene: Broken House, Park Lane.*

*The top of the Grand staircase. Lord and Lady Walpurge receiving their guests. The greatest taste is shown in the decorations, which are lent for the occasion of the play, free of charge, owing to the deserved popularity of Mr. George*

*Alexander. Furniture supplied by Waring, selected by Mr. Percy Macquoid, Old Masters by Agnew and Son, P. and D. Colnaghi, Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell. Wigs by Clarkson. A large full-length Reynolds, seen above the well of staircase, R. a Gainsborough, L. a Hoppner. The party is not very smart, rather intellectual and plutocratic; well-known musicians and artists in group R., and second-rate literary people L.; among the latter may be seen the author of "In Lord Kitchener's Garden," etc. An Irish peer, and a member of the White Rose league, are the only "Society" present. There are no actors or actresses. Faust, who has aged considerably since the Prologue, is an obvious failure and is seen talking to a lady journalist. Mephistopheles, disguised as a Protectionist Member of Parliament, is in earnest conversation with Lord Walpurge. Footman announcing the guests.*

*Sir Daniel and Lady Ridgeley, Captain Booth Voysey, Mr. Richard Wetherbee, Mr. Edward Voysey, The Rev. C. L. Voysey, The Bishop of Hereford, Mr. Maldonado, Mr. Andrew Undershaft, Mrs. Gorringer, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Tanqueray.*

*Lady Walpurge (archly).* Ah Mr. Tanqueray, you never forwarded me my photographs; it is nearly three weeks ago since I sent you a cheque for them.

*Tanqueray.* Labby has been poisoning your mind against me. You shall have a proof to-morrow!

*Footman.* Mr. Gillow Waring.

*Lady Walpurge.* I was so afraid you were not coming. My husband thought you would give us the slip.

*Waring.* How charming your decorations are! You must give me some ideas for my new yacht, you have such perfect taste.

*Maldonado.* Walpurge! what will you take for that Reynolds? Or will you swap it for my Velasquez?

*Walpurge.* My dear Maldo, I always do my deals through

*Footman.* Mr. Walter Dowdeswell.

*Walpurge.* Through Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, and you, my dear Maldo, if you want to get rid of your Velasquez ought to join the National Art Collections Fund or go and see —

*Footman.* Mr. Lockett Agnew. 'Er'Ighness, the Princess Swami.

(Enter the Princess Salome.)

*Lady Journalist.* Fancy having that woman here! She is not recognised in any decent society, she is nothing but an adventuress; talks such bad French too. Have you ever seen her, Dr. Faustus?

*Faust.* Yes, I have met her very often in Germany. Though the Emperor will not receive her, she is much admired in Europe.

*Lady Journalist (hedging).* I wonder where she gets her frocks? They must be Worth a good deal.

*Faust.* From Ricketts and Shannon if you want to know.

*Lady Journalist.* Dear Doctor, you know everything! Let me see; Ricketts and Shannon is that new place in Regent Street, rather like Lewis and Allenby's, I suppose?

*Faust.* Yes, only different.

*Irish Peer (to Faust).* Do you think Lady Walpurge will ever get into Society?

*Faust.* Not if she gives her guests such wretched coffee.

*Lady Journalist.* It's nothing to her tea. I've never had such bad tea. Besides, she cannot get actors or actresses to come to her house. You can never attract duchesses without them.

*Lady Walpurge (overhearing).* I expect Mr. and Mrs. Tree here to-night, and perhaps VIOLA (sensation).

[Enter, hurriedly, Mr. C. T. H. Helmsley.] Mr. Alexander, a moment with you! A most important telegram has just arrived.

*Faust (reading).* "Handed in at Greba Castle, 10.15. Reply paid. Do not close with Stephen Phillips until you have seen my play of Gretchen, same subject, five acts and

twelve tableaux. Hall Caine." Where is Mr. Stephen Phillips? [*Stephen Phillips, who has been talking to the author of "In Lord Kitchener's Garden," advances.*] My dear Phillips, I think we will put up *Harold* instead, "The Last of the Anglo-saxons," by the last Anglo-saxon poet.

CURTAIN.

ROBERT ROSS.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### A SHORT WAY WITH AN UNBELIEVER

SCROOGE was one of the most notable heresiarchs of the nineteenth century: he did not agree with Dickens's ideas as to the proper way of celebrating the Feast of Christmas. Therefore Dickens condemned him (unjustly and without even a fair trial, as it seems to many thoughtful people now living in this town, which witnessed his spiritual struggle) to perpetual conversion. Although he is now happily beyond the reach of our praise or blame, and we can do nothing to reverse the sentence passed upon him, still, in the interest of history and for the comfort of those who follow his doctrines, we propose to give here a short summary of what may be gathered from an unbiased study of Dickens's exceedingly biased account of Scrooge (unfortunately the only document we possess in which mention is made of him), together with some critical remarks on the obviously mythical relation of his doings immediately after his condemnation.

Dickens seems to have singled out this obscure and peaceful personage, and made of him an "awful example" in order to promote a wider diffusion of general indiscriminate amiability and an increased observance of the rites of eating and drinking. In his opinion, all men should on the twenty-fifth of December feel equally inclined for beef and beer, family gatherings, the exchange of conventional salutations and boisterous merriment. But one Christmas eve he discovered working in the heart of London, with one half-witted clerk, a lonely, philosophic man, who neither needed nor yearned for the orthodox festivities of the season. The brutal luxuries of slain birds disgusted him; the company of his relatives he desired not overmuch at a season whose annual recurrence causes an old man's mind to wander from the present and induces in him a state of thoughtful brooding over bygone years; and, as for the games, he could not but reflect that it was only intellectual torpor which could rejoice in or tolerate them. Dickens could not escape from this man, whose very existence was at first a puzzle to him, for such a frame of mind as that of the real Scrooge was unthinkable to him. Scrooge appeared to him merely as the man who would not keep Christmas, and, limiting his character-study to this feeble conception, Dickens necessarily misinterpreted the externals of Scrooge's life, and allowed his wrath to be kindled against this lowly person, whose rooms were not decorated with leaf or berry, and whose board displayed no blood-sacrifice. For these sins of omission Scrooge had to be presented to posterity as entirely undesirable. Dickens's theory of Christmas was not to be refuted by an enigmatical character whom he failed to understand. So it came to pass that Dickens wrote the Scrooge Legend, which for the last two generations or so has hidden a valuable personality from our regard.

What are the allegations against Scrooge? First, the bare assertion that he was merciless in business; but this without proof we cannot in fairness accept, considering the prejudice of his accuser. Then he is blamed for his loneliness; but the life of thought naturally begets this estate, and why is Scrooge more than other thinkers to be reproached? Indeed, considering the responsibility he was under in having an imbecile clerk to look after daily, the wonder is that he was not even more morose than he was. Poor Bob Cratchit's madness rendered him incapable of doing much work, and at times was apt to assume dangerous

forms, one of them that of playing with fire, and the other that of sliding in one of the busiest thoroughfares of the city. Scrooge, by keeping the coal-scuttle in his own office, did his best to protect his clerk from the consequences of one of these dangerous habits, but the public authorities of the period seem to have been unable to prevent his criminal indulgence in the other. Thirdly it is supposed that Scrooge "sweated" Bob. Fifteen shillings a week is not very high pay for a clerk with a family, but are there many business men who would give even that amount to one of Bob's intellectual capacity? To those who hold that Scrooge was a Midas and a Croesus combined, this charitable disbursement will seem trivial, but the evidence is not in favour of his being a rich man. What his calling was is not stated, but we are told that he had a small and dark office up a court, and that his establishment consisted of himself and his clerk. The next charge is that he was deficient in the social sense and had in his heart no pity for the poor and weak. To prove this, his answer to the officious collectors on Christmas eve is quoted. But in attempting to form a reasonable judgment of this incident several things should be borne in mind. First, that Scrooge was very busy when interrupted by them: second, that it was a time of great anxiety, for his clerk, madly excited by the Dickensian weather, was allowing his fancy to dwell either on the Fire of London or on some prospective slide from the Bank to Charing Cross: third, that Scrooge's nephew had just treated his uncle to a repulsive sample of full-bellied benevolence: fourth, that in spite of the ostentation with which those fat, contented collectors went about their business, they offered no proof of the genuineness of their errand, and the money they took might, for all Scrooge knew, have been given to any but deserving cases: last, that Scrooge, as he plainly says, did not agree with indiscriminate charity, but believed that such social diseases as starvation, destitute childhood and needy old age were evils needing State remedies—fulfilling his own obligations in the matter by willingly aiding with his money State Institutions founded for their alleviation. One more charge remains; namely, that he was inaccessible to the charms of music. In proof of this we are told that he restrained the author of certain hoarse and fog-laden notes from making utterance through his keyhole when he was busy verifying accounts!

The case for the defence is now clear. We see in Scrooge a man who has his own theory of life and lives up to it; an unobtrusive person who does good in his own way and not in that suggested to him by casual callers; one to whom the gin-crawl and the banquet of slaughtered flesh make no appeal; one whose time can be more profitably spent in thought or reading than in the distasteful company of people whose unthinking optimism takes the place of brains and whose heaviest cares can be driven away by a dose of the simplest medicine. And at this point, after diverging so long from Dickens, we come again and for the last time face to face with him. For though, as we have seen, he has grossly misrepresented and vilified Scrooge, yet he evidently felt, in spite of himself and intuitively, the force of Scrooge's moral character, which we can appreciate after a process of dispassionate reasoning. At any rate, he saw that a man of Scrooge's calibre was not to be won over by his message of: "Love your neighbour, fill your glass and pass the bottle." So in order to make the conversion credible to posterity he invented the ghosts. All good Scroogists, of course, believe that at this point the region of fact yields definitely to the region of myth; they do not believe that Scrooge would have seen a ghost; moreover they believe that no array of ghosts, however visible and audible, would have been able to bluff him into making a sudden and radical change in his mode of life, which, as we have seen, was the outcome of a consistent and well-reasoned philosophy. But, by way of meeting the Gentiles on their own ground, we shall take one or two points in the latter stage of the story, to see whether the visions there related would have had the same significance for Scrooge as they had for Dickens.

That Scrooge, on having recalled to his sight events of his past life, which bore witness to the making of his personality, should have become naturally elate or sorrowful, "non pare indegno ad uomo d'intelletto"; but to Dickens it seems wonderful and fills him with boundless glee. With the Christmas-observance obsession strongly upon him, he conducts Scrooge to the house of Fezziwig, whose festivities entirely blot out the reproach attaching to an employer who provided no better dormitory for his apprentices than two beds under the counter in his shop. From here the scene changes to the meeting between Scrooge and the girl, who is bewailing with a touching feminism her inability to retain the affection of a man whom she entirely failed to appreciate or understand. The development of his ascetic and philosophic temperament, leading naturally to a distaste for marriage, was unintelligible to her. She therefore ascribed the change in him to a growing lust for money. Although the remembrance of this episode is sufficiently wearying to Scrooge to make him desire the Spirit to efface the picture, the subsequent remorse and intention of amendment are obviously a figment of Dickens. To pass on to the second visitation, what could it have betokened to Scrooge? The Spirit's throne composed of animal wreckage, the streets foul with muddy snow, the inclement weather? And the shops! Economically they represented a state of wasteful competition; socially they meant a number of overworked assistants, whose method of keeping Christmas consisted in going to bed dead-tired in the early morning and sleeping half the day. Again, what could any thoughtful man discern in the garishly decorated windows but Life's *impedimenta*? Would he not say with the Greek sage: "How many things are there in the world which I do not want"? As for his nephew's party, enough has been said to prove that Scrooge would have been quite tolerant of it, and quite uninterested in it. In the scene of the Cratchits' Christmas party Dickens achieves real though obvious pathos, and, in setting a crippled child like Tiny Tim in a family hard-pressed in the cosmic struggle, he could make an appeal to Scrooge as he could to all who read his tale. It is quite reasonable that Scrooge should have been affected at witnessing certain sordid details of the home life in Camden Town, and that he should in consequence have determined to help the Cratchit household by an increase of almsgiving to Bob. But can we possibly believe that he was sentimental enough to lose suddenly all his mental balance and be won over by Dickens's preposterous threat, namely, that, unless he became a meddling nonentity for the rest of his days, Tiny Tim would die? Last, we have the third visitation. This shows to Scrooge principally two facts, which he must have foreseen many years back. One was that his death would be hailed with satisfaction by many to whom it would mean the removal of the responsibility they were under to pay what they owed to him. The other was, that he who had lived detached from society must expect to die lonely, as indeed he would have desired.

Our thesis, then, may be recapitulated as follows. First, that Dickens grossly misrepresented Scrooge's past life. Second, that Scrooge saw no ghosts. Third, that if he had seen them, they would not have had for him the significance which Dickens assigns to them. Fourth, that, presuming that in his old age Scrooge had been so far upset by the horrible series of nightmares as to fall into that state of deterioration which Dickens describes at the end of the legend, it would have been a voluntary sacrifice of his personality in order to stay Dickens's hand from the barbarous murder of Tiny Tim.

A. MARTIN FREEMAN.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Snobbery in Art and Literature," by C. B.]

## FICTION

*The Undying Past.* By HERMANN SUDERMANN. Translated by BEATRICE MARSHALL. (Lane, 6s.)

SUDERMANN'S "Es War" is not one of his greatest books; but it is infinitely superior to most of the novels published to-day, and it is with pleasure that we find Mr. Lane issuing Miss Marshall's translation of it. It is no easy task to translate Sudermann, and it cannot be said altogether that Miss Marshall has attained a very high standard. We are constantly reminded by such little things as two consecutive hyphenated adjectives, long involved sentences and sentences which begin with a conjunction and have no verb, that the work is translated. But at least it may be said that she has given us a readable and fairly literary rendering of the original. Many people are puzzled by the last few pages of the book. The position is one in which two men, bosom friends, have been estranged by a woman. Leo von Sellenthin has been the lover of Felicitas in the days when she was married to a man named Rhaden. The discovery of the *liaison* is followed by a duel, in which Rhaden is killed. Von Sellenthin leaves the country, and in his absence Felicitas consoles herself by marrying his great friend, Ulrich von Kletzingk. When Leo returns he finds the position unbearable, and declines to go near Felicitas. Her husband naturally assumes that it is because he had killed Rhaden, for he is quite unaware of the true state of affairs. Finally, a peace is patched up at Felicitas's own invitation, and before they realise it Leo and the woman find themselves on the brink of resuming their old relationship. The man recoils in time and they decide to die together. But Ulrich surprises them alone at night—his wife leaves him and goes to live alone in Berlin. The barrier between the friends appears to have been removed and most people interpret the end of the book as meaning that the old friendship will be renewed. But this view appears to be untenable to any who read the book with an understanding of Sudermann's views of life. The real ending appears to be that by the undying past, by that sin against the first husband, not only is the second husband's life blighted, but the friends are set for ever upon different paths. The undying past is not the past of the friendship which nothing can kill, but the undying past of the sin, which kills everything. The fact that the book can be thus discussed, even in the space of a brief review, is testimony to its virility and power. The three chief characters in "Es War" are wonderfully drawn; Leo with his strength of body and honest, frank views of life, Ulrich, the weakling, who has lived by sheer force of will, the dreamer who can see evil in no man, and Felicitas. What is Felicitas? To some she is an enigma, to others she is a very ordinary woman, who sinned not from wickedness, but inability to fight against herself. Felicitas is one of the most complex studies of woman-kind that Sudermann has given us, and yet even among English women there are characters not widely different from that of the heroine, if such she can be called, of "The Undying Past."

*The Spoils of Victory.* By B. PAUL NEUMAN. (Murray, 6s.)

EVEN without the warning preface that "the discerning reader" will easily recognise the real hero of Mr. Neuman's novel, it would not require much learning to supply the names of the original *dramatis personæ*. Mr. Neuman has given us a tale of a novelist enamoured of an unknown correspondent, who writes letters of appreciation on the publication of his books. The novelist, Champlain by name, has a foolish mother, a sister Laura whom he loves, a friend who is more than a mother to him, many debts, curious taste in dress and architecture, and a great scheme for a collected uniform edition of his works to be called "The Common Life." From all this it will be seen that de Balzac, his "Comédie Humaine," his sister Laura, his

mother who treated him always as a boy, his friend Madame de Berny, the Polish lady Madame Hanska and her invalid husband, the fantastic villa at Sèvres, and everything tangible have been transported into a novel of English life. Here they are again, these good people, strings of them, like the Widdicombe fair chorus; most of them to be identified with ease; some reconstructed by guesswork. But "this isn't the end of this shocking affair" by any means. Why change names and places at all if history is to be so closely followed, from the start in Grub Street to the final breakdown of the novelist after his marriage with the unknown fair one? The result is only to make Champlain come very near to being what is vulgarly known as a bounder. Dickens is the nearest approach to an English Balzac, but to say as much is absurd, for an English Balzac is a contradiction of terms. Mr. Neuman thought to create his man anew with the help of externals, and thus missed the more important but less obvious fundamentals. Any one can appreciate the force of Balzac's female characters, and can readily understand that women constituted his first, his last, and his fondest public: the incident of the Polish lady was only an illustration of this. To transfer this knowledge of women and their character to an Englishman in fiction is easy, but it is impossible to imagine an English brain evolving the system of the *Comédie Humaine*. De Balzac also hated all that was bourgeois and provincial with an excess of zeal rivalled only as a passion by his firm and refined purpose. The assumption of the honorific prefix may seem to show that he had not the true spirit of the aristocrat, but in a genius may be excused what in a lesser man would be snobbish. Mr. Neuman can hardly be unaware that his Champlain and his lady are wholly obnoxious folk: he must, of course, include such types if he himself has a "Common Life" series on the stocks, but it is not fair to play such games with poor de Balzac. He has his fun with all of us, however, and tells us, through Mr. Champlain, that journalists are "so horribly clever, so pat, so quick": magazine writers are "smart, dapper little men," up to any dodge. The flatterer proceeds to describe an editor's room (in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden) where the "walls were covered with soft blue hangings and a couple of Indian rugs redeemed the squalor of the bare boards. Three silver candlesticks with silk shades stood on the small black oak writing table" . . . and so on. These things have vastly arried us, but may cause those who are uninitiated furiously to gnash their teeth as they think of the clever journalists and the luxurious editors and break the tenth commandment.

*The Cubs.* By SHAN F. BULLOCK. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE boys at Thalma lived: there is no doubt of that. They lived like young Elizabethans. There was nothing drab or colourless about the life of Thalma. The bullying of the Pets was terrific; the adventures and wickedness of the Cubs was incomparable; the goodness of Brunel unmarred; the friendship of Jan Farmer for him vivid and inexplicable as most friendships are. These wild Irish boys bear little resemblance to the staid English public-school boy. They play marbles, they steal apples, they shoot blackbirds and even ducks and geese with catapults, they fight at the least provocation, they pay out private scores at important football matches. They are what boys used to be, and are still sometimes thought to be, but are not. The development of the boy has been swift and wonderful. We shall never forget the shock of amazement at hearing a wise old boy of thirteen explain of his master: "Oh yes, he's a good enough chap and bowls at you all right at the nets and all that, but he can't teach math.;" and explain, too, without being kicked. But no matter. That critical spirit was not developed at Thalma; and we are glad of it. Though the wise old boy may shake his head in disdain and mutter "outsiders" as he reads of these fellows who play marbles, we confess to reading every word excitedly, liking their rough-and-tumble doings, and liking still more

the relish and gusto with which these doings are described. Mr. Bullock's enthusiasm is so catching that he makes his love felt even for Brunel, the invalid boy who never had an evil thought and dies upon the last page. It seems almost a miracle that the little imp of scoffing should not answer such a clear call as this: if he came for a moment, he quickly hid his little face in both his little hands and was sorry.

*Cattle Brands.* By ANDY ADAMS. (Constable, 6s.)

WIRE and sheep have to a large extent turned the old-time picturesque cowboy of the West—the last cavalier, as some writer calls him—into a mere farm-hand, and the steady, relentless shooting of the old Rangers, with their motto *not to wait for the other man to shoot first* and their firm belief after a survey of each other's shot-drilled bodies at the bathing pool that "it was simply impossible to kill a man," has laid the foundation of a system of law and order under which

Times aren't now as they used to be  
When gold was flush and the boys were frisky.  
And a man would pull out his battery  
For anything—maybe the price of whiskey.

So it is only natural to find in books written now dealing with those far-off days a lack of that vivid impressionist colouring with which writers like Bret Harte drove their dashing stories home, and only Mr. Owen Wister now preserves. These stories are somewhat slight in texture, more suited to the ephemeral needs of a magazine than a bound volume, but they have a ring of sincerity about them and an insight into essentials, as is evidenced by the treatment of the inefficient boss, "Bad Medicine," by the self-restrained contemptuous hands of his outfit, where the author has shown himself as capable of self-restraint as California. That the ranch and the prairie have not yet lost their power to attract "the feet of the Young Men" is quaintly brought out in the story headed "A College Vagabond," and the capture of Pegleg testifies to the extent to which the endurance of a man and a Ranger could go, when camping for fourteen days on the trail of a criminal.

## FINE ART

### FANTIN AND ZORN

IN a letter to his life-long friend, the engraver Edwards, the late Henri Fantin-Latour made the following interesting declaration:

It seems to me [he wrote] that a painter may congratulate himself on having made great progress when he sees that the beautiful is quite close to him. From that moment he is a painter, then it is the painter who sees; before it was the man.

That Fantin himself arrived early in life at this stage of the painter's progress is clearly revealed by the retrospective exhibition of his works which now occupies the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts at Paris. Among this collection is a small interior, *La Toilette*, painted in 1859, which proves that in his twenty-third year Fantin was sensitive to the beauty of colour afforded by such homely objects as the washhand-stand and mirror in his bedroom. Two years later we find him painting a cup and saucer, a silver mustard-pot, a knife on a mahogany side-board, and other still-life subjects, all rendered with the simplicity, the seriousness, and the direct effectiveness of a Chardin. In these early days he painted portraits also, and again he found his models "quite close to him." He was only seventeen when he painted the first of a long series of "portraits of the artist;" he painted his sisters, and his sisters' friends; he went to the Louvre and made careful copies of the masterpieces of Titian, of Veronese, of Correggio and of Watteau; in short, he studied his art exhaustively by endeavouring to penetrate the secrets of



the old masters and then putting his knowledge to the test by painting all things which came under his observation.

Still-life was a favourite subject because, as the painter said of himself, "c'est un modèle qui est toujours prêt, il offre tous les avantages; il est exact, soumis, et on le connaît avant de le peindre." Among the early still-life subjects were a few flower-pieces, and some of them, being introduced into England by his friends the Edwardses, met with an uncommonly favourable reception. Fantin at this time was struggling against hostile criticism and lack of sales at Paris, and henceforward he devoted much time to the painting of flowers, not so much that he preferred these to other still-life subjects, but because he found flower-pieces more readily saleable. Had he been less of an artist, these paintings of flowers—as near to "pot-boilers" as he got—might easily have fallen beneath the high standard he maintained, but to understand Fantin and to appreciate his art it is important to realise that they were regarded by the artist not as ends, but as means. Like his other still-life pieces, they were exercises in painting which would prepare and fit him for the greater works he had in mind, the great portrait-groups by which he paid his homage to genius, the rhythmical and imaginative compositions in which he revealed his passionate adoration of music and his devotion to Wagner, Berlioz and Schumann.

Although no paintings could be more real, more true to life, than the portraits and groups by which Fantin is represented at the Beaux-Arts, he was not merely a realist. He was essentially a romanticist and a poet, but his scrupulous regard for truth to nature caused him to approach romance and poetry by way of realism. So were created those wonderful portrait-groups of his great contemporaries, the *Hommage à Delacroix* and the *Atelier aux Baignolles* in which he expressed a chivalrous idea by natural means. In these the vision, though that of an artist, is severely real and simple. In the first, Whistler, Legros, Manet, Bracquemond, Baudelaire, the painter and others are gathered together to view a portrait of Delacroix on an easel. In the second, Manet's friends, among whom we notice Zola, Renoir, Zacharie Astruc and Claude Monet, are watching the master at work. Intimate glimpses into the home life of artists, these paintings are real in that they give a natural rendering of a natural scene. But in the end the romanticism which lay at the root of Fantin's nature conquered, and his tribute to Berlioz, *L'Anniversaire*, has a less natural and more poetic setting. Beside the tomb of the composer the Muse, in deepest mourning, points to his name. To the left Music weeps over her lyre; to the right advance the heroines of Berlioz: Marguerite with a crown in her hand, Dido with a palm, Juliette accompanied by Romeo with an armful of flowers. And last, in the lower right-hand corner of the picture, we see the back of a man's head and shoulders which we recognise as belonging to Fantin, who in his turn advances with a wreath of immortelles, his bowed head and rounded shoulders most movingly expressive of sorrow and deep reverence. In this work and in such allegorical compositions inspired by Wagner as *Le Graal* and the *Finale de la Götterdämmerung*, Fantin probably came nearest to the achievement of his heart's desire.

With an artist so varied it is difficult to say in what consists his chief claim on the memory of posterity. He will assuredly be remembered as a painter of flowers, as a portrait-painter, as a lithographer—in which medium he had no rival among his contemporaries save Whistler—and Whistler never dared to push lithography so far—and if exquisite harmonies of rich glowing colour, rhythmical designs, firm drawing and poetical inventiveness make for immortality, then will Fantin be remembered best of all for what he loved most of all, his *Inspirations Musicales*, *Allegories*, and *Mythologies*.

M. Anders Zorn, the Swedish painter and etcher—a representative collection of whose work is being shown at M. Durand-Ruel's galleries in Paris—is less a poet than

Fantin without being more a realist. Like M. Blanche, he is amazingly clever, but again like M. Blanche, he rarely allows us to forget his cleverness. His nudes are wonderful for their elastic modelling, their fleshiness, and the exact values of sunlight and shadow, but his paint is often just a little too sleek, his brush-work a little too "slick" to give complete satisfaction. His ability as a draughtsman and as a colourist it is impossible to deny. His etchings are so well known in England that the qualities of his line need no commendation here, while the portrait of a lady in red, exhibited at the New Gallery about eighteen months ago, revealed in London M. Zorn's complete mastery of this difficult, and, with him, favourite colour. In the Rue Lafitte M. Zorn's passion for scarlet is often betrayed only by the flaming ribbon which binds the hair of a nude figure in a landscape, but scarlet, however small in quantity, is seldom missing from his palette. A few overgrown water-colours cannot atone by their technical dexterity for the painter's inability to see what may and may not be attempted in this medium. Able in construction, clever in execution are M. Zorn's exhibits almost without exception. And there is quality in the paint of some of the portraits and nudes, just as there is quality in the early paintings of Fantin, though not so fine a quality as that shown in his later works with more broken colour. But, admitted that good painting is something of a trick, there is this difference between the paintings of Zorn and of Fantin: with Zorn the trick is done; with Fantin the trick is done and concealed.

## MUSIC

### THE OTHER SIDE

"COULD God make a sheet of paper with only one side to it?" was the question once put by a small sceptic of four, when the omnipotence of the Deity was first presented to his mind. We do not remember how nursery authorities solved the difficulty of a reply, but the obvious consideration seems to be that though God could of course if He chose He generally doesn't, and that a sheet of paper with only one side to it might prove occasionally unsatisfactory. Talking of sheets of paper, it may seem slightly irrelevant to begin a musical paper in this way, particularly as the anecdote was recalled to the writer's mind by an interesting article on Grieg's piano-music which appeared in the ACADEMY of June 2, in which one side of these naïvely-charming compositions was discussed. But may there not be another side to criticism—another side to Grieg's music? And, if so, may another hearer of Grieg be allowed a few discursive remarks on the subject? It is certainly true that Grieg owes a large measure of his popularity to the fact that a large proportion of his works is easily within the scope of amateurs. An audience, especially a British audience, best likes what it most thoroughly knows. An anecdote of Paderewski, and one which he particularly loves to tell himself, is illustrative of this. At the close of one of his earlier recitals in London, in the days when the great virtuoso was not so rigorously shielded from the public as he is now, a lady hammered at the door of the artist's room. She must see Mr. Paderewski, she positively must, she had something important to say. Admittance was more or less grudgingly allowed, and then the important communication gushed out. "Oh! Mr. Paderewski, I was so delighted with that Beethoven sonata. My daughter Arabella plays it!"

That was her side of the question. But there must surely be another to the general acceptance of any composer besides mere familiarity with his works—a better justification of the proverb: "Vox populi, Vox Dei"? else how could the supreme voice obtain a hearing with regard to Edvard Grieg? It was, again, Paderewski who, speaking of latter-day composers, once said to the present

writer that there were two whose genius would only be recognised fully by posterity. Of these one was the giant Wagner, the other was Grieg. No comparison was intended between them, of course; the remark merely emphasised the true originality of both. *Reizend* was the word used in connection with Grieg. We have no exact English equivalent for the noun from which this adjective is derived, and which ought properly to translate itself into something a trifle less spiritual than "ravishment," and more forcible than mere "charm." To fall under the spell of such a quality is to be first allured, then arrested, then carried out of oneself. All truly lyrical creatures possess this power of enchantment, from the mythical Lorelei on her lonely rock, to the blackbird singing in its green boughs after rain; they thrill us less by actual combination of sounds than by what these sounds mysteriously suggest of unknown and unutterable things beyond. In a word, all lyrical creatures are in touch with the ideal, and to be in touch with the ideal is to hold at least one qualification for immortality. Grieg is nothing if not lyrical, if not an idealist. At his highest he is heroic, at his lowest no lower than the level of the soil. One alternative compels an immediate uplifting of the spirit in those who share his thought; the other wakes that sense of kinship with primitive things which is one of the intimacies of being. In either case, as our mind travels backwards and forwards, it rests on nothing less than infinity. One may find endless definitions for this feeling of the ideal in art. "Le sentiment de l'idéal c'est la nostalgie du beau dans le beau." And again: "C'est l'élan de la beauté créée vers son principe invisible." "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," wrote Keats. The more transparent the sheath of the idea, the nearer we get to truth, the nearer to beauty. Music by reason of its ethereal qualities is the most illuminative medium of any. Grieg's method of handling this medium is certainly simple. "Little turns of uncouth melody," we are told, "employing over and over again the step of a semi-tone downwards followed by the leap of a major third in the same direction, strangely piled-up harmonious discords and a love of crude-sounding fifths and sevenths." O, please, please, Mr. Critic, why uncouth? But let the word stand. Might there not have been rude stone and rough timber in those:

... magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn?

The thing to be considered appears to some people not so much construction as inspiration, not so much the masonry of the casement as the question: "Can we see through?" Those who can, hear the voice of the Lorelei and—leaving the shams of a circumscribed and everyday world in a neat pile on the window-seat, or window-sill, or whatever other picturesque similitude they may apply to the stuffy stalls in Queen's Hall—not only do they look through, they plunge in. Perilous seas indeed! Who in real life would face conceptions, passions, emotions, as music presents them—who would dare? They are too strong, too simple, too genuine in their prototypes to bear translation here. Society would be overwhelmed, conventions would shrivel, the very limitations of our nature forbid. They belong, alas! to "faëry lands forlorn"—literally forlorn. In so far as other people's perceptions ride the same tides as ours, in so far as we taste the joys of companionship, but we can only travel thus a very little way. Between us and our fellow pilgrims rises betimes an impalpable mist—the mist of each other's identity. Our nearest and dearest are as far removed from us in spiritual experience as are the twin lights of a double-star one from the other, between which, say astronomers, roll billions of miles of space. It is at once the glory and the tragedy of the soul that she sets forth on these wanderings as solitary as on that journey from which there is no return. And, as on that last journey, whenever the summons comes, follow she must. It is, of course, the simple-minded among us who are easiest led away. In the case of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, for instance, the

rats were the first to prick up their ears, the children trooped after, and, had the piper cared to pipe longer, doubtless staid townspeople would have been allured in their turn. Garrulous enthusiasts like myself would not have waited for the children; they would have cast their stylo-pens to the winds, and gaily leapt forward with the rats "over the hills and far away." But had there been a truly intellectual person in Hamelin he might have had the piper judicially examined. Answer, thou vagabond! What is thy theory and method? Whence hast thou these uncouth melodies, and why do the people run after thy crude-sounding fifths and sevenths? Why, indeed? Is it because the artlessness of thy tunes is such that rats naturally scamper, and babes toddle to them; while the Arabellas of Hamelin rattle them off easily to Papa and Mama? Or is it because of a certain divine impulse underlying the music, which is the magnet of all popular enthusiasm and belongs to genius alone—*das reizende genie* which another living genius recognised and praised.

E #.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. S. WELLWOOD, 34 Strand, is commencing the publication of a number of finely produced volumes to be called the "Wellwood Books." They are not a "series." Each book will have its distinctive format. The first, which is to be published shortly, is a sonnet anthology, entitled "A Book of English Sonnets." The printing is by the Chiswick Press in an exclusive type designed after Froben, an early Basle printer, and the paper is Van Gelder handmade. The anthology will range from Wyatt and Surrey to poets of the present day, and will contain many copyright pieces which have not previously appeared in any collection. Among the living poets represented are: Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and others. The edition is limited to five hundred and thirty-five copies on paper at 12s. 6d. net, and ten copies on Japanese vellum at £2 2s. net. After printing the type will be distributed.

Herr Schlaf has arranged to translate into German Mr. Henry Bryan Binns's "Life of Walt Whitman," which was issued by Messrs. Methuen a short time ago.

A selected edition of the poems of the late Mrs. Nora Chesson is in preparation, and will be published almost immediately by Mr. Alston Rivers. Mrs. Chesson, better known as Nora Hopper, left a young family almost entirely unprovided for; and the proceeds of this publication, to which Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer contributes an introduction, will be devoted to the fund now being raised for their benefit. Mr. Hueffer (90 Brook Green, W.) would be glad to hear in advance from intending subscribers to this edition, the price of which will be 5s. net.

Mr. John Murray has in the press a book on "Lord Milner's Work in South Africa" from the pen of Mr. Basil Worsfold.—Mr. Murray will also publish some time this month "An Englishwoman in the Philippines," by Mrs. Campbell Dauncey. The book consists of letters written home during a year spent in the Islands, and contains descriptions of the land and its people, of social customs, administrative difficulties, etc.—An interesting book of reminiscences which the same publisher has almost ready is General Sir Thomas Gordon's "A Varied Life." The author has spent much time in India, Persia, and Central Asia, and his volume is a record of military and civil service, sport and travel.

"The Hampstead Garner" is the title of a new anthology to be issued shortly giving a collection of verses in praise of Hampstead or relating to the celebrated writers who have been connected with the locality in earlier and present times; among these are Keats, Leigh Hunt, Akenside, Mrs. Barbauld, Joanna Baillie and others. The book will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A book on "Schiller's Dramas and Poems in England," by Mr. Thomas Rea, will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on June 18. The work is a contribution to the study of the literary relations between England and Germany in the nineteenth century. A complete literary history is given of Schiller's dramas and three of his most important poems in England, and an attempt is made to estimate their influence on British writers.—"In Search of a Siberian Klondike" is the title of a book by Mr. Washington Vanderlip and Mr. H. B. Hulbert, which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish on the same date. It is a narrative of Mr. Vanderlip's travels in Kamchatka.

Mr. Robert Harborough Sherard's long expected "Life of Oscar Wilde" is now ready for publication. This volume gives the true facts of his career, and an account of his literary work. One purpose of the book is to dispel a number of false reports which have associated themselves with his life and work. It contains many illustrations and facsimile documents of interest and a full bibliography. The publisher is Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

Lord Dunsany—whose "The Gods of Pegana" was reviewed in these columns a short time ago—has another volume of a similar nature in the press: "Time and the Gods." Mr. Heinemann will be the publisher.

Messrs. Routledge are adding to their excellent little Muses' Library "Peacock's Poetical Works": "Suckling": and "Thomson's Poems." To their New Universal Library they are adding a volume of selections from Sir Thomas Browne's writings; Leigh Hunt's "Stories from the Italian Poets"; "Marlowe's Complete Dramatic Works"; and Lord Houghton's "Life of Keats."

Mr. W. Jasper Nicolls is publishing this week, through the De La More Press, a new book entitled "A Dreamer in Paris." Mr. Frank H. Taylor has provided five full-page illustrations and a number of other sketches affording glimpses of almost every aspect of Paris life, grave and gay.

"The Green Gateway—a peep into the plant world" is the title of a new book by Mr. Francis George Heath—the first volume of his "Nature's Doorstep series," fully illustrated "studies of earth, air and water for young people." The Country Press of Kensington, W., will be the publishers.

Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, announce for immediate publication in their Sixpenny Series Mr. David Christie Murray's "A Martyred Fool." By a strange coincidence, this novel, which, as is well known, deals with the adventures of an anarchist who brought about his own destruction in a moment of desperation, was already in the press when the Madrid outrage occurred. This story, therefore, is of particular interest at the present moment.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE PORTLAND MINIATURE OF MARY STUART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I wish that I could agree with Father Pollen in thinking it "very probable" that in the Duke of Portland's miniature of Mary Stuart, "her sickness of 1566 is represented." But, as Father Pollen says in reviewing my "Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart," I "do not notice that the white lady is lying propped up in bed." Indeed I can find no bed in the miniature. A royal bed of the period was a great "four-poster," draped with the heavy hangings of costly fabrics often recorded in inventories. In the picture nothing of the sort is shown but merely the conventional ground of blue.

Again, a lady did not go to bed in full morning costume, and in a sunshade of great size and peculiar fashion, like the subject of the miniature. Once more, Father Pollen probably refers to Mary's dangerous illness at Jedburgh, in October and November 1566. At that season, in Scotland, no woman would wear a summer costume and a great sunshade in or out of bed. She would wear, probably, the costume, trimmed with fur, styled *à l'Espagnole*. The subject certainly appears to be a convalescent, and, if we had any trace of a miniaturist in Scotland, in 1566, the picture might represent Mary convalescent after the birth of her son, in July 1566. She appears to rest her back against something, as if in a garden chair in the open air. But even if her painter, Jehan de Court, was with her in 1566—and his

name and salary are recorded in her *Etat*—no miniatures by him are known to exist. I incline to think that the miniature was done in France, after her first marriage, when she is known to have been in bad health, and hopes were entertained of her becoming a mother. That the subject is really the Queen, the anagram, *Virtutis Amore* (Marie Stuart), seems to indicate. But the eyes are certainly grey, whereas hers were brown; at the same time the ermine, I presume, denotes royalty, and the portrait is assuredly not that of any Valois princess. The original, to which the reproduction, enlarged, does scant justice, appears to me to represent the sitter in the open air, in summer weather; not in bed at Jedburgh in November.

A. LANG.

### COMMERCIAL "CORNERS" IN ANCIENT GREECE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Aristophanes, *Clouds*, 1198–1200; *ὅπερ οἱ προτένθαι γὰρ δοκοῦσι μοι ποιεῖν*, etc., is the reference I should have added to my mention, in mine of 2nd inst., of Aristophanes, as rebutting Professor R. Y. Tyrrell's contention that the ancient Greeks "could not make 'corners' in anything." (I gave the reference loosely—"προτένθαι, Aristophanes, *Clouds*,"—from memory only, owing to the Whitsun holidays insulating books). *προτένθαι* are defined by the Schol: "as taking beforehand all goods before they reach the market, and as reselling them (*μεταπιδράσκοντας*) at a premium (*πλειόνους*)." If one fondly imagines that "corners" were estopped by Periclean legislation (Curtius, *History of Greece*, ii. p. 554, French translation): "il (the *προτένθης*) commettait un délit s'il tentait d'exploiter à son profit les embarras de l'Etat, et de spéculer avantageusement sur la gêne des concitoyens", one sees at once, by the scholiast himself, that the *προτένθης*, or maker of "corners," was neither scotched nor killed by Pericles and his laws, by his Protection up to the hilt, by his *σιτοφύλακες*, *ἀγοράνομοι*, and the rest. The *προτένθης* continued uninterruptedly, under the *alias* *μετάβολος*, says the schol. Our Professor of Greek here agrees with me herein, and specially refers to "corners" in corn in Ancient Greece.

H. H. JOHNSON.

June 5.

### AN EMENDATION IN HAMLET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I venture to ask if your correspondent—Mr. Geare—has seen Professor Dowden's note in his "Hamlet" (Methuen and Co.). He does not find the text quite "nonsense." I have not now a copy of it—but, relying on a memory of some four or five years, he takes "doth scandal" as a verb and makes quite a worthy plea for his case. I'm always suspicious of "emendations" and I only write to ask if Mr. Geare has seen Professor Dowden's note—which was received most favourably by the critics and which seemed to me to quite get rid of the "crux."

W. M. KENNEDY.

June 6.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This passage needs no violent treatment seeing that we have to deal only with the misprint "of a"; if then we read "offer doubt," we have a sort of chivalric challenge to man's nobility, against the drinking habit under censure, which involves the scandal deplored.

A. H.

### A RHYME TO PORRINGER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your note and the correspondence in issue of June 2 *re* rhyme to porringer have just come under my notice. Possibly another version may interest you. I heard it more than forty years ago at my mother's knee and it was attributed to Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, under the following circumstances. Two noble lords of King Charles's Court were disputing about the possibility of a rhyme for porringer, and Butler's powers were in question. He was sent for in haste to settle the matter on which a wager of £1000 was pending. He came, and the question being propounded, replied on the instant:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,  
He gave the Prince of Orange her,  
My Lord, you've lost your thousand pounds  
For there's a rhyme for porringer!"

EDITH WARD.

June 8.

### THE PRONUNCIATION OF "KNOWLEDGE"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—  
"No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,  
For there it was I pick'd up my own knowledge."

BYRON, *Don Juan*, I. lii.

This shows how Byron pronounced "knowledge." And Byron was right. All the great authorities on English pronunciation agree with

him. It is not only a correct pronunciation of the word, but it is the only correct modern pronunciation whether in church or in the market-place, in the pulpit or on the stage. There is complete unanimity on this point among lexicographers, grammarians and writers on English phonetics. It will be sufficient for me to adduce the names of Dr. J. A. H. Murray (in the *New English Dictionary*), Dr. Noah Webster (in the *International Dictionary*), Dr. Annandale (in his *Concise Dictionary*), and Dr. Henry Sweet (in his *History of English Sounds*, p. 338). The shortening of the vowel in the compound is in strict accordance with the laws of English phonology. Compare *coal*, *collier*; *nose*, *nostril*; *vine*, *vineyard*; *house*, *husband*; *nation*, *national*. Accordingly the pronunciation of "knowledge" with a long *o* is quite contrary to rule, and should be severely condemned, *pace* Lord Tennyson.

A. L. MAYHEW.

WIT, *versus* WHITE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If Whit-Sunday does mean "white" to which I offer no objection, why not spell the word properly, with the final "e"? Archaisms are very well, but exactitude were better.

A. H.

## "ACCORDION-PLAITED"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Now do I suspect your reviewer of the "Strolling Professors" of the unspeakable crime of celibacy. May the fair readers of the ACADEMY grant him their pardon and not impute his ignorance of their fashions to the whole of the male fraternity!

Shades of Wheldon! What originality pray can Mr. Miltoun claim for having seen skirts "plaited like an accordion" when "accordion-plaited skirt" is a household phrase among womankind? For the benefit of the more hopelessly uninformed may I be permitted to point out that this particular type of skirt is not so called because of any musical properties it may possess even though it be made of the finest rustling silk.

SUFFRAGIST.

June 9.

[Has Suffragist a wife? Does his wife wear a *plaited* skirt and *pleat* her hair? If he had a wife, would she not wear a *pleated* skirt and *plait* her hair?—ED.]

## A BOOK-GUIDE FOR LIBRARIES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In regard to your interesting paragraphs in the "Literary Week," I have no doubt you will be glad to learn that the late Mr. Foskett (of Camberwell) published a monthly book-journal for libraries at the nominal price of one penny. Unfortunately his enthusiasm was greater than that of his *confreres* and the publication died an early, but a natural death. At one time the Library Bureau held a permanent exhibition of books for the use of both London and Provincial libraries. But for commercial reasons that no longer exists. The Library Association publish Lists of Best Books in the "Record"; but they are only annual lists, and are therefore too late to be of much practical use.

The Library World includes a "book selector" page, but this is naturally limited and the competent Librarian cannot accept an outside "selection" without question and comparison, although the list is invaluable for the books given; what he really wants is a highly technical book-list of current publications. It would be a great advance if a list such as that you suggest could be promoted, and the time is much more ripe than when the previous abortive attempt was made. But it is doubtful, in view of the animus with which some of the publishing houses on this side of the Atlantic regard public libraries, if they would do anything to foster a new endeavour. Too often the fault of the haphazard nature of the collection is to be found in the inability of the library authority to appoint a competent librarian.

ALEX. J. PHILIP.

June 7.

## "ENCOURAGING THE MINOR POET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is good to find in last week's ACADEMY not one only, but two kindly words (your own and that of your correspondent) for that derided being, the minor poet.

That "minor poets cannot be too plentiful any more than skylarks and throistles can" is a comforting statement that goes a long way to taking the bitterness out of one's next acrid review.

One point, the minor one's reviewer constantly forgets, if he ever knew it, is, that the poet does not necessarily imagine himself to be a major one, because he submits himself to the reviewer's lash. The process may make for modesty as well as heroism, by the way!

Perchance a reviewer does not inevitably contrast the last writer of a novel or a collection of short stories with Scott, Thackeray or

Meredith; yet he is mighty fond of pitting the minor poet's work against Shelley, Wordsworth or Arnold, to the former's undoing, with a sense of unction in his own performance, that seems a little disproportionate to the event.

However, minor poets sing on, in spite of an unkind world in the main, and their way is sometimes brightened by the encouragement of an unknown friend, and the sympathy of a kind, if severe, literary journal.

A MINOR POET.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## ART.

*Algeria and Tunis.* Painted and described by Frances A. Nesbit. 9×6½. Pp. 229. Black, 20s. net.

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Ellis, William Ashton. *Life of Richard Wagner.* Vol. v. 9×6. Pp. 460. Kegan Paul, 6s. net.

## EDUCATION.

*Exercises in Spelling, Dictation, and Composition, for Middle Forms.* (A new method.) 7½×5. Pp. 55. Relfe, 6d.

Sprague, W. Norton. *Easy Latin Prose.* 7½×4½. Pp. 120. Arnold, 1s. 6d. [For the use of those who are commencing the translation of consecutive pieces of prose after having had some practice in rendering English into Latin in the form of sentences.]

*Arnold's Modern French Book.* I. Edited by H. L. Hutton. 7½×5. Pp. 198. Arnold, 1s. 6d.

[Intended especially for pupils who have done about a year's French by any method.]

McCabe, Joseph. *The Truth about Secular Education.* Its history and results. 6½×4½. Pp. 96. Watts, 6d.

## FICTION.

Cox, F. J. *A Stranger Within the Gates.* A story of Severn Side. 7½×5½. Pp. 300. Francis Griffiths, 6s.

King, A. R. *The Agony of Love and Hate.* 7½×5. Pp. 319. Drane, 6s.

Black, Ladbroke; and Lynd, Robert. *The Mantle of the Emperor.* Being the adventures and operations of Richard Blennerhasset in the following of the Third Napoleon. 12 illustrations by Paul Henry. 7½×5½. Pp. 211. Francis Griffiths, 6s.

Elliott, Robert. *Hi-You.* A Phase of Immaturity. 7½×5½. Pp. 151. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker, 2s. 6d. net.

MacPhail, Andrew. *The Vine of Sidmah.* A Relation of the Puritans. Illustrated. 7½×5½. Pp. 432. The Macmillan Co., 6s.

Harrison, Mrs. Burton. *Later-Day Sweethearts.* 7½×5. Pp. 318. Unwin, 6s.

Moore, George. *Memoirs of My Dead Life.* 7½×5. Pp. 335. Heinemann, 6s.

Merrick, Leonard. *Whispers about Women.* 7½×5. Pp. 320. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.

[Short stories.] Godfrey, Elizabeth. *The Bridal of Anstace.* 7½×5½. Pp. 409. Lane, 6s.

Pennell, M. *Amor Veritatis, or Love of Truth.* The Baronet's story. 7½×5. Pp. 223. Elliot Stock, 5s.

Maud, Constance Elizabeth. *Felicity in France.* 8×5½. Pp. 331. Heinemann, 6s.

[Sketches. Three have already appeared, in a slightly different form, in two of the quarterlies.]

Stranger, Poynton. *Toll Marsh.* With a preface by His Grace the Duke of Newcastle. 7½×5. Pp. 375. Skeffington, 6s.

## HISTORY.

Leach, A. F. *History of Warwick School, with notices of the Collegiate Church, Gilds, and Borough of Warwick.* 9×6. Pp. 262. Constable, 10s. net.

*The History of England from Addington's Administration to the Close of William IV's Reign (1801-1837).* By the Hon. George C. Brodrick, D.C.L. Completed and revised by J. K. Fotheringham. Political History of England series, vol. xi. 9×6. Pp. 486. 3 maps. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.

Harris, Rev. Isidore. *History of the Jews' College, 1855-1905 (5616-5666).* Being the First Part of the Jews' College Jubilee Volume. 9×5½. Pp. ccii. Luzac, printed for private circulation.

Decle, Lionel. *The New Russia.* 9×5½. Pp. 279. Eveleigh Nash, 7s. 6d.

Black, Kenneth Macleod. *The Scots Churches in England.* 8½×5½. Pp. 375. Blackwood, 5s. net.

[Endeavours "to furnish a careful collection of relics and records of 'old unhappy far-off days, And battles long ago,' to survey generally the position of Scots Presbyterianism in England, and to give in . . . detail the life-history of some of the more representative and interesting congregations."]

## LITERATURE.

John Siberch. Bibliographical notes 1886-1905, by Robert Bowes and G. J. Gray. With facsimiles of title-pages, colophons, ornaments, initial letters, wood-cuts, etc., used by John Siberch. 8×6. Pp. 49. Printed by John Clay, M.A., Printer to the University of Cambridge, for Robert Bowes and George Brimley Bowes, M.A. (Macmillan & Bowes), No. 1 Trinity Street, over against Saint Mary's Church, 7s. 6d. net.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Savage, Ernest A. *Manual of Descriptive Annotation for Library Catalogues.* With chapter on Evaluation and historical note by Ernest A. Baker. 7½×5. Pp. 155. Library Supply Company, 5s. net.

*Farming in the Canadian North-West.* By an Old Settler. 7½×5. Pp. 81. Drane, 1s.

*Musings of a Chinese Mystic.* Selections from the philosophy of Chuang Tzu. Introduction by Lionel Giles. Wisdom of the East series. 6½×5. Pp. 112. Murray, 2s. net.



- Cook, The Rev. W. Hendy. *The Creation and Science*. 7x4½. Pp. 39. Exeter: Pollard, n.p.
- Carey, Harold. *De Beauvoir the Masterful, or The Adventures of Carteret Sausmarez de Beauvoir in the Days of Elizabeth*. 7x4½. Pp. 156. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s.
- Newman, George. *Infant Mortality*. A social problem. New Library of Medicine. 9x5½. Pp. 356. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
- Department of the Interior United States Geological Survey: *Bulletins* 265, 269, 272, 273, and 274; *Water-Supply and Irrigation Papers* 148, 150, 154, and 167; *Professional Papers* 43, 44, and 48 (Parts i., ii., and iii.); *Mineral Resources of the United States, 1904*; *Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Director of the United States Geological Survey to the Secretary of the Interior, 1904-5*. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- Library of Congress: *Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789*. Edited from the original records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. v. June 5-October 8, 1776. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- The English Hymnal*. A new hymn-book for use in the Church of England as a companion to the Book of Common Prayer. 5½x3½. Pp. 635. Oxford University Press, music edition, 3s. net.; words only, 1s. net. and 2d. net.
- [Many hymns are included which are not in any other hymn-book. A copy of the music edition will be sent to any benefited clergyman who desires to examine the book with a view to its introduction into his church. Applications for grants of copies at half-price to churches adopting the book should be made through the publisher.]
- Julio Cezaro*. Tragedio en kvin aktoj. De W. Shakespeare. Tradukita de D. H. Lambert. 7x4½. Pp. 85. Brita Esperantista Asocio, 1s. 6d. net. [Uniform with "Hamlet" and "La Ventego."]
- Plumpton, T. Arthur. *Hossfeld's Italian Dialogues*, with a vocabulary, a chapter on pronunciation, and the conjugation of the regular and irregular verbs. *Hossfeld's Pocket Manuals*. 5x3½. Pp. 261. Hirschfeld, 1s. 6d.

## MUSIC.

- Baughan, Edward Algernon. *Music and Musicians*. 7½x5½. Pp. 325. Lane, 5s. net.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

- South, Richard. *The Butterflies of the British Isles*. With accurately-coloured figures of every species and many varieties, also drawings of egg, caterpillar, chrysalis, and food plant. 6½x4½. Pp. 204 + Pl. 127. Warne, 6s. net.

## POETRY.

- Pearl*: a fourteenth-century poem. Rendered into modern English by G. G. Coulton. 6x4½. Pp. 51. Nutt, n.p.
- Price, Jessie M. *Thought for Quiet Moments*. Short Poems. 7x4½. Pp. 66. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.
- Cust, Maria Eleanor Vere. *Lucem Sequor, and other poems*. 7x4½. Pp. 55. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Robertson, F. W. *Lectures on The Influence of Poetry and Wordsworth* 7½x5. Pp. 169. H. R. Allenson, 2s. 6d.
- [Two lectures on the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes, delivered before the members of the Mechanics' Institution, in February 1852; and a lecture on Wordsworth delivered before the members of the Brighton Athenæum on February 10, 1853. "First published elsewhere."]
- Thomas, W. H. Griffith. *The Catholic Faith*. A manual of instruction for members of the Church of England. Second edition. 6½x4½. Pp. 462. Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net.
- Haackel, Ernest. *The Riddle of the Universe at the Close of the Nineteenth Century*. Translated by Joseph McCabe. 8½x6. Pp. 142. Issued for the Rationalist Press Association: Watts, 6d.
- Garnett, Richard. *De Flagello Myrteo*. CCCLX Thoughts and Fancies on Love. Third Edition. 6½x5½. Pp. 96. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.
- Salome*. A Tragedy in One Act, translated from the French of Oscar Wilde. 6½x5½. Pp. 66. Lane, 2s. 6d. net.

## THEOLOGY.

- Plain Sermons for the Christian Year*. By Various Contributors. Volume 5. Trinity Sunday until Eighth Sunday after Trinity. 6½x4½. Pp. 238. S.P.C.K., 1s.
- Robinson, E. Kay. *The Religion of Nature*. 7½x5½. Pp. 215. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d. (See p. 570.)
- Neumann, Arno. *Jesus*. Translated by Maurice A. Canney. Preface by Prof. P. W. Schmiedel. 7½x4½. Pp. 180. Black, n.p.
- Carey, Vivian. *Parsons and Pagans*. Being an indictment of Christianity and the exposition of a New Faith. 7½x5. Pp. 248. Drane, 3s. 6d. net.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Bell, Mrs. Arthur G. *Picturesque Brittany*. Illustrations in colour by Arthur G. Bell. 9½x6½. Pp. 232. Dent, 10s. 6d. net.
- Moore, Frederick. *The Balkan Trail*. 62 illustrations and a map. 8½x5½. Pp. 296. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
- Jerrold, Clare. *Picturesque Sussex*. 7½x5½. Pp. 153. The Shire series. Valentine, 2s. 6d. net.

## THE BOOKSHELF

- Etchings of Van Dyck*. By Frank Newbolt. (Newnes, 7s. 6d. net.)—This second volume in the Master Etchers series will be a revelation to many who are familiar only with Van Dyck's work as a painter. Mr. Newbolt does well to remind his readers that Van Dyck was a

pioneer in etching, that "he was born in 1599, but a few years after Callot, and actually before Claude, Rembrandt, Ostade, or Hollar, and he followed in the history of etching only Durer and his immediate successors." These are facts generally lost sight of, and their remembrance, while viewing these beautiful and faithful reproductions of the prints in the British Museum, should go far towards establishing Mr. Newbolt's contention that "Van Dyck was one of the greatest etchers who have ever lived, though he died so young, and with so little done"—and, we may add, though he restricted his use of the art to portraiture, and usually the portraiture of his artist friends. A catalogue *raisonnée* of the thirty-four etchings reproduced is a welcome supplement to the scholarly introductory essay.


*Bygone Eton*. 1622-1905. By R. A. Austen Leigh. (Eton College Spottiswoode & Co., 21s. net.)—This is a re-issue in a single volume of five monthly parts which appeared during 1904 and 1905: but it contains many additions and a few alterations, and is now an ideal leaving-book for an Eton boy and wedding-present for Old Etonians. Mr. Austen Leigh has contributed numberless books and pamphlets to Eton bibliography during recent years, and his knowledge of the local history and topography is displayed in the interesting notes which he has prefixed to the forty-seven illustrations forming this volume, and ranging from the Founder's Design (1447) to a flattering photograph of "Tatham's" in 1905, just before it was pulled down to make room for the Memorial Buildings. Eton is beautiful in spite of a great many architectural atrocities, and we may be very grateful to Mr. Austen Leigh for avoiding any insistence upon the less prepossessing edifices. Some Etonians will be glad because the book is published before it is possible to include a picture of the War Memorial; and in general it may be said that it was a happy and judicious scheme which lays stress upon "Bygone Eton" rather than upon the more modern aspect of the college. The book is a model of what such volumes should be.

In a series of homiletic lectures, entitled *The Scientific Temper in Religion* (Longmans, 6s.), Mr. Waggett (a member of the Cowley brotherhood) shows the compatibility of biological science and of the evolution theory with theology. The subject is treated in a lucid and popular manner. Chapters v. and vi. are especially good. In dealing with the question of freedom and determinism the author rightly insists that the fact of experience is of far more importance than any philosophical conclusions which have been reached. At the same time he recognises that, among philosophers, Hegel has come nearer than any other, not to a solution of the mystery, but to its complete statement. He shows that Hegel's theory as to freedom and necessity being opposite poles of the same reality is realised in experience, and of this he furnishes some remarkable illustrations. On the other hand, on page 42 his psychology is confused. To oppose science, as he does, to the critical spirit is unmeaning and untrue, for the scientific position is definitely critical. But, after all, the antagonism between science and theology is now most acute, not in the sphere of biology, but in that of biblical and historical criticism, in the region of inspiration and dogma. Yet only one of the addresses is devoted to the former, and in this the author refurbishes the old discredited attempt to find modern ideas in Genesis. The chapter on "Experience and Dogma" is equally unsatisfactory; for, though the author rightly finds the heart of religion in experience, yet he does not apparently allow that this experience itself is proper matter for scientific (psychological) investigation (page 26), nor does he seem to realise the historical relation between this experience and dogma. It is in the effort to determine this relation that the true "scientific temper in religion" is manifested. Yet the whole of this chapter is little more than a rhetorical homily, which is almost entirely devoted to showing that dogma does not fetter the intellect, a proposition which, to say the least, requires considerable qualification.

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**MISCELLANEA GENEALOGICA ET HERALDICA**, Vol. ii, First Series (about 1870), wanted; good price given.—W. E. Goulden, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury; (Vol. I, 1869 for sale.)

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No. 1781

JUNE 23, 1906

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## THE LITERARY WEEK

A RECORD of the additions to the Civil List Pensions for the year ending March 31 has been laid on the table of the House of Commons, and will be perused with considerable interest by those engaged in the work of literature. It would be ungracious to make any adverse comment on the recipients of these pensions, but it is impossible to avoid asking by what advice the Government acts in this matter. Probably there is no more delicate detail of administration. Poverty in itself can scarcely be a qualification, nor can connection with a celebrated man be always so described. There are some names in this list which will, to say the least of it, call forth a certain mild surprise. However, we append it without further comment.

## Those granted in 1905 were :

August 10.—Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Platts—in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. John Thompson Platts, to Oriental scholarship in England—£75.

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## In 1906 pensions were given to the following :

February 15.—Dr. Charles Immanuel Forsyth Major—in consideration of his services to biological science and of his straitened circumstances—£150.

March 2.—Mr. George Bennett Smith—in addition to his existing pension of £80—in consideration of his services to literature and of his inadequate means of support—£70.

March 2.—Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid—in addition to her existing pension of £50—in consideration of her contributions to literature and of her inadequate means of support—£70.

March 2.—Mrs. Elizabeth Merivale—in consideration of the literary work of her husband, Mr. Herman Merivale, and of her straitened circumstances—£50.

Total, £1200.

The Australian Commonwealth Copyright Act, 1905, which received the Royal Assent last month, is to be proclaimed and pass into law this week. With some claims to rank as a Code, the Act undoubtedly marks an epoch in the history of Colonial Copyright. It effects, on the lines of Lord Monkswell's Literary and Artistic Copyright Bills, many notable reforms. Copyright includes the right of abridgment, dramatisation and translation. As well as performing right in dramatic and musical works, a lecturing right is created as regards both sermons and lectures. The duration of artistic copyright is assimilated to that of literary copyright, thus establishing homogeneity, but, unfortunately, in the place of the proposed period of Lord Monkswell's Bills—the author's life and thirty years—the old and cumbrous term of life and seven years or forty-two years, whichever be the longer period, has been most unaccountably selected.

Amongst other details we must roughly summarise, "Magazine Copyright" endures for one year only instead of twenty-eight years, as under the Imperial Act of 1842, and the rights of proprietors are strictly limited to publication in their own periodicals. Translations, or abridgments, not the work of the author, must be so declared on the title-page, and after ten years the right of translation, unless exercised, lapses. Notices are made compulsory in the cases of the reservation of performing right in dramatic and musical works. The right of search and seizure is conferred in the case of pirated copies, and penalties provided may be recovered summarily. A simple system of registration is provided for the Commonwealth, but as in England, is only necessary before action brought.

The Act, as foreshadowed in the ACADEMY on November 28, 1903, contains a "manufacturing clause." Primarily, its benefits are conferred upon books, etc., whether by British subjects or not, "printed from type set up in Australia or plates made therefrom or from plates and negatives made in Australia in cases where type is not necessarily used"—an exception which seems to require elucidation. Publication, performance, or delivery must take place either simultaneously with or within fourteen days of first publication, etc. elsewhere. The integrity of Imperial Copyright, of the Berne Convention and International arrangements made by the Imperial Government is, however, sufficiently safeguarded by Part VI., Section 62, which admits literary, musical, dramatic or artistic works "entitled to protection in Australia by virtue of any Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom" to the same protection as other works under the Act.

Some doubts seem to be held as to the operation of this section, but it obviously includes all works embraced by the International Copyright Act, 1886, and all works simultaneously published in England with first publication elsewhere. The condition which is attached to this protection is "registration under this part of the Act" and, presumably, the deposit under Sections 75 (1) and (2) of two copies of every book and one, or a photograph, of any work of art required from "every person applying for registration." The position of the United States is, therefore, unaffected by the Act, but remains exactly as before. Subject to simultaneous publication in the British Empire, American works can be protected in Australia in the same way as British works. We propose to deal more fully in a future number with the Act and with the American Copyright Bill now before Congress.

Early next month Scotland will celebrate at St. Andrews the fourth centenary of the birth of George Buchanan, practical statesman, poet, scholar, historian, controversialist, as Dr. Robert Wallace, in his uncompleted monograph, termed the great Scottish humanist. It is remarkable that Scotland has no worthy memorial of Buchanan. "He lived from hand to mouth," Dr. Wallace records.

"During the greater part of his career, he might have prospered in the Church, as Dunbar was willing to do. But he had ideas of his own on that subject, and neither gold nor dignities could tempt him to sell his soul." George Buchanan died so poor that the city of Edinburgh had to bury him at its own expense, and tradition assigns the historic Greyfriars Churchyard as his place of sepulture. An iron tablet with appropriate inscription, affixed to a rod rising from the ground, was placed by a working blacksmith thirty odd years ago as a tribute to this Scots worthy, near the Martyrs' Monument in old Greyfriars, and attracted the attention of pilgrims to the Scottish Santo Campo: but the inscription has long since been obliterated.

About the end of this month Dawley Manor Farm at Harlington, near Uxbridge, will be put up for sale. Dawley Farm was once the residence of Lord Bolingbroke. On his retirement from politics he endeavoured to persuade mankind that he had discovered true happiness in the rural life; and so keenly did he throw himself into his new career as a farmer that he did not disdain to shoulder a prong and help his haymakers. Pope in a letter to Swift draws an amusing picture of Bolingbroke standing between two hay-ricks reading one of the dean's letters, and ever and anon casting up his eyes to heaven, not in ecstatic admiration of what the dean had written, but to see if it were going to rain. When his lordship had to run after a cart, Pope managed to insert in his letter that Bolingbroke had offered a painter two hundred pounds to paint the hall with rakes, spades, and other agricultural implements in keeping with the character of a farm. The summer-house, however, was adorned with quotations from the classics.

At Dawley Bolingbroke kept open house. There might be seen Gay, fat and indolent, with illimitable talk. Thither, too, came Swift with the manuscript of "Gulliver's Travels" in his pocket. Swift hated the French cookery at Dawley: when he asked for beef, he said, he wished to be able to see that it was beef, and when they brought him fowl he wished to be able to see that it was fowl. Another famous visitor was Voltaire. In 1739 Bolingbroke, ever in pecuniary difficulties, was glad to sell Dawley, and much of it was then pulled down. But the steward's apartments, or what was originally a laundry, still remain.

The recent disastrous fire at Faringdon House, Bucks, recalls the memory of the Laureate who preceded Southey. Henry James Pye inherited the Faringdon estate, and as the house was much damaged by a fire, he built the present mansion in 1780. Ten years later he was made Poet Laureate, not because of the excellence of his verses—for probably the most poetical thing that he ever did was to plant a clump of trees in a happy situation—but because he was a warm adherent of Mr. Pitt. His loyalty was unquestionable, and he regularly treated the king's birthday with an ode that breathed the most ardent patriotism. He was known for his frequent allusions to vocal groves and feathered choirs, so that on one occasion a wit, on taking up his ode, exclaimed:

And when the Pye was opened  
The birds began to sing;  
And wasn't that a dainty dish  
To set before the King?

Pye was of ancient family and unimpeachable morality: indeed, there was nothing about him that was not respectable except his poetry.

There is nothing new under the sun. Mr. Kay Robinson's proposition that the lower creatures do not perceive pain, as described in last week's ACADEMY, has a most curious resemblance to Descartes's theory of the *animal-automate*. Animals, said the great Frenchman, do not really feel.

They are merely perfect machines. You tread on a dog's tail and he squeals. The act is as purely mechanical as the opening of a doll's eyes if you touch a hidden spring. Unhappily, this idea of Descartes had an immense vogue, especially among the Christian philosophers who were anxious to keep man distinct from the brutes that perish. To our mind, much of the callousness displayed by the French to-day towards animal suffering is due to the gradual filtration of this pernicious heresy through all classes of society. Let us hope that Mr. Kay Robinson's book will not lead to a similar result in England.

"Week-ending" is not so new a practice as some suppose. An early "week-ender" was Samuel Pepys. We find in his Diary that he was so much pleased with a Sunday trip to Epsom in July 1667, that he determined to repeat the performance frequently. "Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house."

Besides the "seventeen extremely rare pre-Shakespearean Plays, original sixteenth-century editions, the property of a gentleman in Ireland," of which we made notice in our issue of the 2nd instant as forming part of the four days' sale of books\* to be conducted by Messrs. Sotheby on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of this month, there will be a remarkable array of First Editions, Illuminated and other Manuscripts, Autograph letters, Nelson Documents, and other notable books. Amongst the first editions are Shirley's *The Maide's Revenge*, a Tragedy, as acted with good applause at Drury Lane, 1639; Spenser's *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, 1595; Addison's *Cato*, 1713; Jane Eyre, 3 vols., 1847; Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, Newark, 1807; *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1713, by Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in our Alley"; Martin Chuzzlewit (with some of the original proof sheets); *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766; *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773; Decker's *The Dead Tearme*, black letter, 1608; Dryden's *The Hind and the Panther*, 1687 (the present copy was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's in 1903 for £19 10s.); Fletcher's *Purple Island*, 1633; *The Deserted Village*, 1770; Gay's *Panegyric Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow*, Goldsmith, 1721; *Paradise Lost*, 1669; and *Paradise Regained*, 1671; Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*, 5 vols., 1810; Shirley's *Hide Parke*, a Comedie, 1637; Sir Robert Stapylton's *Musæus*, or the Loves of Hero and Leander, 1647; Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, 2 vols., 1768; Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*, 1646; A Fool's Preference, or the Three Dukes of Dunstable, by Thomas D'Urfey, 1688; Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man*, 1768; Spencer's *Faerie Queene*, 2 vols., 1590-5; White's *Selborne*, 1789; and many of Ruskin's, Swinburne's, Tennyson's and Thackeray's books.

Of editions of Shakespeare there are two copies of the First Folio, one of the Second and two copies of the Fourth; also an edition of *Macbeth*, Edin., "printed for Allen Ramsay and sold at his shop, price One Shilling," 1731—the first edition of the first of Shakespeare's plays printed in Scotland; the first illustrated edition of Shakespeare, that published by Jacob Tonson, 6 vols., 1709; and of Shakespeariana there is a great deal. Three Scottish lots of interest, described respectively as the property of a Nobleman, the property of a Gentleman and the property of a Gentleman in Scotland, are the John Knox's *Book of Common Order* in Gaelic, translated by the Rev. John Carswell and printed in 1567, an extremely rare book; an autograph song by Burns, entitled "Nancy," and a long letter from Burns to the Rev. John Skinner at Peterhead, the author of "Tulloch-

gorum's *My Delight*," which Burns describes as the "best Scotch song ever Scotland saw." There are several very interesting manuscripts in the handwriting of Thomas Campbell and a letter from Charles Dickens referring to the terrible accident at Staplehurst, on June 9, 1865, in which he narrowly escaped injury. The carriage in which he travelled left the line, but did not, with others, fall over the viaduct.

"What should an annual report of a Public Library contain?" was a paper read in the absence of the writer (Mr. Willcock, Peterborough) by Mr. Bond, Woolwich, on Monday, at the last monthly meeting of the present session of the Library Association. The object of the annual report is the information of the Committee and the Town Council and the increase of the popularity of the library with the general public. The majority of the reports at present drawn up and presented are of little practical value for either of these purposes, in a great measure because of their lack of uniformity, shown chiefly in the want of a general system of close classification. One of the most common features of the average report is its superfluity, and the desired advertisement is better obtained by means of a "chatty" article in the local press. The many tables and forms of statistics now issued in a report could be made more plain to the Committee, more digestible to the Town Council, and more interesting to the general public, if they were arranged in a narrative form.

The financial statement so often omitted from reports is actually the most important table (Mr. Brown, Islington). Without it the ordinary report is a complete waste of money, and it would be advisable for the Association to issue a Library Year Book, and defray the cost by subscriptions obtained from municipal bodies (Mr. Baker, Woolwich). The full report of the American library is a valuable asset, and if adopted here should be largely distributed (Mr. Sayers, Islington). The Croydon report is to be displayed in the waiting-rooms of the railway stations, in restaurants, and cafés. Much of the adverse criticism of public libraries is due to the secrecy surrounding the working of municipal authorities (Mr. Jast, Croydon). Mr. Baker's suggestion was ultimately adopted as a recommendation to the Council of the Association.

The duty of the Association in relation to newly appointed Library Authorities was discussed under the second paper, which was really a statement on behalf of the Council of the Association. The Council proposes to publish a handbook, founded in some measure on the Handbooks of American Libraries, although perhaps not so elaborate, for the guidance of these infant library committees. It will recommend the co-option of outside members, and the delegation of the full powers of the library authority under section 15 of the 1892 Act. The Association will strongly recommend the appointment of a trained librarian at an early date. Where the library authority cannot defray the cost of a qualified librarian the Association will, if requested, appoint an advisory librarian. It will also recommend the appointment of competent architectural assessors for plans for new libraries, and the limitation of a competition to a reasonable number of invited architects (Mr. Brown, Islington). At the same time, the appointment of a librarian is much to be preferred to the appointment of an advisory librarian, wherever such a course is possible (Mr. Preece, Stoke Newington).

The British Museum authorities have taken a retrograde step in the imposition of fees for permission to photograph objects in the Museum. The minimum fee is two shillings for one photograph. If by time, the fee is two shillings for the first hour, and a shilling for every hour after.

From whatever point the subject is viewed it appears to be in the nature of a tax on knowledge, and one quite alien from the principles of the institution, and, in fact, of all public libraries. It may be urged that these photographs are for the purpose of reproduction, and so of profit to the photographer. But by far the greater number of readers at the Museum are engaged in literary work, and as reasonably might be charged for admission on some arbitrarily prescribed scale. It is difficult to see any way in which the photographer incurs expense to the authorities, in excess of the ordinary reader, which would justify the proposal. The matter was brought up at the meeting of the Library Association, and although the meeting was strongly opposed to the imposition of these fees, it was decided to defer the matter to the annual meeting.

To the many columns of "copy" that have been produced over the recent unveiling of a monument to Dumas *filis*, M. Paul Bourget's contribution is especially remarkable. M. Bourget, who knew Dumas, would have us believe that the son of the "ventripotent mulatto" was an adherent of the simple life—at any rate after he was sixty. He liked to dine out, indeed, but left at eleven, so that he might be able to get up at six, and his diet, even when he was a guest, was of the plainest sort. Alcohol he avoided; and, though he had been a great smoker, yet he lived to hate tobacco. He attributed his good health to his abstinence: "these little things are of such great importance," he said on one occasion in a conversation upon health, pointing to some one who was emitting clouds of smoke. Like Tchaikowsky, he believed in walking for two hours a day, and he held that every one should sleep for seven hours.

Some of his sayings are worthy of our recollection. "In marriage, when love exists habit destroys it, but when it does not exist habit engenders it." "Life is impossible except to those who are indifferent and to those who can forget." "The people in the street—do you know whither they are bound? They are all going to ask some one for something." "A woman's past is like a coal-pit: you must not apply a light to it or there will be an explosion." Is it fair to add that Dumas was gifted with such penetrating eyes that women were known to run away from him as soon as he looked at them?

Visitors to Rouen this summer will perhaps be tempted to make an excursion to the Flaubert Museum, which has just been opened in Croisset, some seven miles away. The little house where Flaubert sometimes stayed has been saved from demolition by the energy of friends. The interior has been fitted up as a museum, containing an old-fashioned arm-chair, the table on which his masterpieces were written, some quill-pens, an inkstand, and one of the little pipes that he loved to smoke. Besides these, a gilded idol, representing Buddha, a few letters, and a novel containing notes in Flaubert's handwriting, make up all the objects that the museum possesses for the moment. It is not very much, but it is a typical example of the length to which Frenchmen go in perpetuating the memory of their literary heroes. What, we wonder, would be the fate of a museum of the relics of an equally famous English author, opened (say) in a village seven miles from York? Would it be visited by any one but Americans?

The following additions have lately been made to the National Gallery, and the National Gallery of British Art: "Sunny Days in the Forest," by N. Diaz—hung in Room XVII. at Trafalgar Square; marble busts of Mr. and Mrs. Wynn Ellis, by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A.—placed in the eastern vestibule of the entrance hall at Trafalgar Square; a picture entitled "The Last Load," by John Linnell, to be hung in Room III. in the Gallery of British



Art; a marble bust of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., by John Thomas—placed in Room III. at Millbank. The Trustees and Director have purchased, out of the interest of the Clarke Bequest Fund, "Diana of the Uplands," by the late Mr. C. W. Furse, A.R.A. The picture is hung in Room IX. at Millbank.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Physical Society of London.—A meeting of the Society will be held at 5 P.M. on Friday, June 22, at the Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. Agenda: (1) Mr. A. A. Campbell Swinton—The effect of radium in facilitating the visible electric discharge in vacuo; (2) Mr. A. O. Allen—A comparison between the Peltier effect and other reversible heat effects; (3) Mr. T. A. Vaughton—The effect of the electric spark on the activity of metals; (4) Dr. P. E. Shaw—Dielectric strength of thin liquid films; (5) Dr. W. H. Eccles—The effect of electrical oscillations on iron in a magnetic field.

The Jewish Historical Society of England.—A meeting of the Society will be held on Monday, June 25, at University College, Gower Street, W.C., at 8.30 P.M. Agenda: Exhibition of the following lantern slides, with explanatory comments: (1) "The Return of the Jews to England," by Sir Isidore Spielmann; (2) "The Crawford Hagadah," by Israel Abrahams, Esq., M.A.; (3) "Some Members of the Whitehall Conference," by Israel Solomons, Esq.; (4a) "Menasseh ben Israel's Marriage Certificate"; (4b) "Simon de Montfort's Leicester Charter," by the Rev. S. Levy, M.A.

A special meeting of the British Empire Shakespeare Society is to be held at the Garrick Theatre on the afternoon of Monday, July 2. Mr. Sidney Lee, the President, will take the chair at 2.30. The Bishop of Ripon will give an address on Shakespeare Plays. Lady Bancroft will distribute the Society's prizes. Miss Ellen Terry, Sir Squire Bancroft, and others will speak. Tickets for non-members may be obtained of the hon. sec., Miss Greta Morritt, 17 Southwell Gardens, S.W.

Exhibition of Works of Contemporary German Artists in London.—A musical reception on Friday, June 22, at the Prince's Galleries, Knightsbridge; music at 5 P.M., tea at 4 P.M. Messrs. Mark Hambourg and Boris Hambourg will perform.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 27-30. Sale of books and manuscripts, historical and literary documents, autograph letters, etc.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Friday, June 22. Sale of engravings (framed and in the portfolio), comprising mezzotint portraits after Sir J. Reynolds and others, fancy subjects after G. Morland, engravings after J. M. W. Turner, including several plates from the Liber Studiorum, etchings by Whistler, Méryon, Cameron and others, and mezzotints after Constable by Lucas.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.—Monday and Tuesday, June 25 and 26. Sale of works of art, including English pottery, many pieces of which came from the Soden Smith Collection; English needlework, the property of Miss Betts, and old watches, the property of Mrs. A. Edenborough.

## LITERATURE

### THE UNDYING PAST

*All that was Possible.* By HOWARD OVERING STURGIS. (Constable, 6s.)

IF the province of a novel be something more than to be read for amusement in an easy chair or on a sofa, no fault can be found with the somewhat disagreeable theme chosen by Mr. Sturgis. The events narrated in it are by no means impossible, and it cannot be said by any fair and judicious reader that the author has tried to gild vice or to make it attractive. The chief character in the book is a woman with a past, and a very immediate past, since the story opens while she is passing from one state of life to another. We may as well say here that the tale is told in a series of letters written to an intimate female friend, and the first of these tells how Lord Medmenham, with whom the girl had lived, had deserted her to marry another woman. She does not play the martyr over this in the slightest degree. She has also the satisfaction of having been a good friend to Lord Medmenham. She is able to say with evident sincerity:

Lady Florence has me to thank that her future husband is in every way a pleasanter person to live with than he was before he knew me. I cured him of gambling: he only did it because he was bored; and of drinking brandy and soda in the morning. I never could get him to read books, it is true. "Damn it all, Sibby," he used to say, "it is not in the bond; I never engaged you as a governess." But I did

succeed in giving him a taste for music, and taught him to sing quite passably; he has a very pretty voice, and an ear that only wanted cultivation.

Even assuming her, then, to be an erring sister, she was by no means one of the worst of her kind, and when the rupture came she betook herself, after a little hesitation, to a quiet cottage in Wales, where she lived, if not in the "odour of sanctity," at least quietly and respectably. But the consequences of a false step dog one through life. A young man, whose family was the most important one in the neighbourhood, happens to meet her incidentally and becomes very much attracted, even if he does not fall in love, though he is obviously very near doing that; but his friends, having some *fama* of the lady's reputation, interfere with more energy than was required, since she was absolutely on their side and very far indeed from wishing to lead the boy astray. He, indeed, is easily got rid of, but in the course of the proceedings she forms the acquaintance of his cousin, Mr. Robert Henshaw, who is the Admirable Crichton of the district, his mind full of a severe morality, although he is by nature kindly and even generous. Very gradually and delicately is the tale unfolded. Robert Henshaw discloses a tenderness and warmth of heart that gradually incline the heart of the woman towards him. The state of his feelings is made evident during a visit that they paid together to the quarries from which the immense incomes of the Henshaw family are drawn. While underground, he induces her to listen to the explosion used for blasting purposes, and this is what happened during her fright.

Suddenly it came, like a cannon going off; it was not so loud as I had feared, nor sharp, but somehow I seemed to have waited so long that it was as unexpected as though I had not waited at all, like the deaths of very old people. I gave a little involuntary scream, and stepped back, forgetting that I was on a stone, lost my balance, and should have fallen if Mr. Henshaw had not caught me. And now we come to what I am half unwilling to tell you. For one second I was conscious that he clasped me more tightly than was necessary to save me from falling, and at the same time I felt his lips just touch my cheek.

A very pretty courtship ensues, but the tragic thing in the situation may be judged from the following letter, which we give after jumping over a large number of pages:

I can't write it all down, nor tell you how it came to me that I had mistaken him utterly, and what he really wanted. When, at last, his meaning forced itself on me, I started back with a sudden cry. He took my hands and tried to draw me to him again. My voice sounded in my ears as though it came from some one else, quite strange and unlike myself. "See," I said, "how six months in the country have restored my sense of modesty; your proposition quite startled me," and I laughed, a hard, discordant laugh, with no mirth in it.

Do you see, Milly? it had never once occurred to him as a possibility that he should marry me. What I had taken for the struggle of his love with his worldly prudence, was really between his growing passion and his principles, his virtue, his religion, whatever it was that taught him to regard an irregular connection with a woman as sinful. He had never for a moment dreamed of any other as possible after a past like mine. I had looked on him as an angel—a redeemer—and he had regarded me as something pleasant but wrong, a temptation of St. Anthony, to be resisted if possible; and, when resistance became irksome, to be yielded to, and enjoyed in secret.

Such in bald outline is the story that Mr. Sturgis has set before his readers. It is sad and painful because it shows that while error on the part of a man is easily forgiven and forgotten, a similar error on the part of a woman, even when accompanied by much that makes for honour and loftiness of conduct, is regarded as a stain that cannot be eradicated. We can very well understand that there was a period in the history of society when it was necessary that women who departed from the conventional rule should meet with a certain amount of disapproval, but when this disapproval merges into relentless persecution and hatred, it has ceased to possess anything that can give it justification. The case presented by Mr. Sturgis is an eminently sensible and reasonable one, and it will be no mean reward for his efforts if he should be able to induce the world to take a kindlier view of those whom the clergyman calling on Mrs. Crofts called "erring sisters."

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

*The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902.*  
General Editor, L. S. AMERY. Vol. iv., edited by BASIL  
WILLIAMS. (Sampson Low, 21s. net.)

THOSE upon whose shelves the first three volumes of this monumental work have an honourable place may find some difficulty in comparing the merits of vol. iv. with those of its predecessors. For there has been a rather unfortunate break in the continuity of the editorial arrangements of this remarkable history. Of what had previously appeared Mr. Amery had been, in the main, the compiler as well as the editor. In the composition of the present volume Mr. Amery's work has been almost exclusively confined to criticism and suggestion. Mr. Basil Williams is an able and conscientious deputy, whose previous connection with the Army adds a happily sympathetic quality to a style marked by clearness and restraint. But the transference of editorial responsibility, however desirable for the purpose of expediting the production of the work, has interfered somewhat with its coherence, and has tended to diminish its personal authority. It is now a little uncertain to what extent Mr. Amery holds himself responsible for the very frank and sometimes very damaging criticism in which the *Times History* necessarily abounds, the term "General Editor" in such a connection being a little indefinite. Possibly to the general reader the point may not seem one of very great importance. But a commander, for instance, who has been hauled over the coals in one of the four chapters, for the original drafts of which indebtedness is expressed to "two officers who prefer to remain anonymous," will probably like to know exactly how far Mr. Amery is associated with Mr. Basil Williams and the two officers of retiring disposition in responsibility for the reprimand in question.

In any case, the General Editor must answer for a rather doubtful proposition in his own preface. He asks whether crushing victory in the field was attainable in this campaign, or whether we must infer that, in the pursuit of secondary objects:

the only primary and certain means, the destruction of the enemy's forces, was too much left out of sight or only half-heartedly essayed. It is [continues Mr. Amery] for the reader to judge for himself: this volume will supply him with ample material for his judgment.

We are puzzled to know why the reader should be left to judge for himself on a point of such essential significance. Surely it is the historian's, more particularly, perhaps, the military historian's part to clear up any such dubiety, or, at least, to give us a clear expression of opinion on the subject. The failure in the present instance to do so is the more singular since there must be few histories in existence in which, generally speaking, the law is laid down with greater confidence than that which, for the most part justifiably, pervades the work of Mr. Amery and his colleagues.

One more snarl before proceeding to the more gracious work of commendation. It will be remembered by those who studied vol. iii. that chapters dealing with the siege of Kimberley and with the closing weeks of the siege of Ladysmith were mentioned as being "held over" for want of space. These chapters have now been supplied, but their insertion at the end of vol. iv. is most unsatisfactory, and goes far to destroy the *lucidus ordo* of the whole work. To be brought back, more especially, to the close of the Ladysmith siege, long after the termination of Buller's advance through Natal, and in a chapter subsequent even to that recounting the return of Lord Roberts to England, is positively exasperating, and it is much to be hoped that in any future edition of the History this deplorably faulty arrangement will be rectified.

The above defect is the more to be regretted since otherwise the scheme of the present volume is shipshape and coherent. It includes the operations carried out under the chief command of Lord Roberts, from the date

of the entry into Bloemfontein to that of the Field-Marshal's return to England.

It is a period, viewed broadly, of almost continued success. In it Lord Roberts's victorious armies march from end to end of the republics, occupy all the chief towns, and make themselves masters of the whole system of railways; it opens with wholesale surrenders of burghers and closes with the dispersal of the last organised Boer army. Yet that success is from time to time marred by regrettable minor incidents, and, as the event proved, it lacked the quality of completeness. The essential object of all war, the imposition of the will of one people upon another by breaking its spirit of resistance, was not attained.

Such is Mr. Amery's neat and lucid summary of fourteen chapters, in all but one of which—that dealing with the plan of the great advance from Bloemfontein—there is a continuous record of movements and fighting, never so desperate as at Colenso and Magersfontein, but sometimes quite sufficiently thrilling and always vividly instructive. After the necessary digression caused by the incidents of Sannah's Post and Reddersburg, and the sturdy defence of Wepener, we are shown Lord Roberts sweeping irresistibly up to Pretoria. Then, in successive chapters, Buller's advance through Natal, the Western Advance, and Rundle's operations in the Eastern Free State, are carefully detailed. Returning to Pretoria, we have a chapter devoted to Diamond Hill, and another to the tangled operations in the Brandwater Basin, of which the Prinsloo surrender was the extremely satisfactory outcome. The movements under Hutton, Baden Powell, and Ian Hamilton in the Western Transvaal, and the futile performances of the Rhodesian Field Force, are followed by the brighter story of the advance to Middelburg. Finally the "First De Wet Hunt" and the "Advance to Komati Poort," bring us to the close of Lord Roberts's command, the effect of his victories in England and on the Continent, the general belief that the War was practically at an end and the disquieting indications to the contrary.

In any such scheme much must depend upon the estimate formed of the character and work of the chief performer, and here the *Times History of the War* is never likely to be surpassed for fairness, discrimination and plainness of speech. The final estimate is, of course, eulogistic—it could not be otherwise. Lord Roberts's magnificent optimism, his vigour, his splendid promptitude in rectifying mistakes, whether of his own or of his subordinates' making, his wisdom in securing the railways, his truly Irish tact and sympathy in dealing with his men—these and other fine attributes of this great commander are adequately and even generously recognised. But no disposition is shown to slur over defects and errors of judgment, and the Field Marshal's repeated misapprehension of the nature of the Boer resistance is carefully insisted on. He is freely blamed for his application to South Africa of the punitive processes in vogue on the Indian Frontier, and the policy of farm-burning is condemned in terms which will probably commend themselves to the majority of thoughtful readers. Of Lord Roberts's strategy perhaps the most interesting criticism is that dealing with the misconception which led to the highly regrettable incident known as "Sannah's Post." If anything, however, the conclusion, which dwells on a "want of definiteness" in regard to Broadwood's position at Thaba 'Nchu, errs on the side of leniency. Certainly, Thaba 'Nchu should have been regarded as a detached post, and should have been properly supported. Lord Roberts's failure to close that important gap was one of the most serious and far-reaching mistakes of the war. At the same time, it is pleasant and easy to agree with the *Times* historian in admitting that, as soon as the Field Marshal understood the danger in which Broadwood was placed, "he showed the rapidity of decision habitual with him in a crisis," and took all reasonable steps to render assistance.

The ineffectiveness of certain lesser commanders in this and other cases in which opportunities were lost is, on the whole, very fairly weighed. But many will question whether Buller might not have been less freely "nagged

at" for the slowness of his advance after the Relief of Ladysmith. The physical difficulties with which he had to contend are certainly not over-stated in the chapter which, we are told, is almost exactly as it came from the hands of Lord Lucas, formerly Mr. Auberon Herbert. Comparison, too, of the progress achieved by Roberts and Buller respectively makes insufficient allowance for the fact that a force which is pulling itself together after such experiences as those undergone round and in Ladysmith cannot be expected to move with the *élan* of one which has met with very few obstacles from the start.

The most completely satisfactory piece of work in the book is the account of the "Sannah's Post" incident, a stirring as well as admirably clear narrative, for which the original draft was supplied by Mr. Lionel James. The chapters on the sieges of Ladysmith and Kimberley would have been, as already explained, more warmly appreciated if they had not been so awkwardly misplaced. That on the Kimberley siege is marked by a just appreciation of the extremely troublesome, but not altogether surprising attitude maintained by Mr. Rhodes. There is an adequate and brightly written chapter on the siege of Mafeking, for which Mr. S. T. Sheppard furnished the draft. The maps and plans and the numerous portraits leave nothing to be desired.

#### SOME PHRASES AND A METHOD

*The Works of Ben Jonson.* Vol. i. Edited by H. C. HART. (Methuen, 6d. net paper, 1s. net cloth.)

WE have often expressed our surprise at the continued existence of the "Introduction" to reprints of classical authors and wondered what good purpose it served or whose needs it met. Of late the semi-critical, æsthetic appreciation (we think that is the right word) has bifurcated, and there are now, commonly, two kinds. The more innocent of these consists of a few biographical facts, necessary, perhaps, in these days of hurry, to save the reader the trouble of looking up his author in a biographical dictionary; a few bibliographical details concerning the work; and the reader is then left to form an independent judgment. Of the other kind, the best we can say is that it probably forms a pleasant occupation for the writers thereof.

These thoughts have been again brought forcibly before us by the publication of the first volume of a cheap reprint of the works of Ben Jonson, containing the three plays, *The Case is Altered*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, edited by Mr. H. C. Hart. Any attempt to bring the writings of Ben Jonson into the hands of a wider circle of readers is most commendable, and for the intention, and the act, so far as it goes, we are duly grateful. True, the presumed requirements of the modern reader have been met by levelling down the fancies of Elizabethan spelling and punctuation (be they author's, or printer's); stage directions have been added after the fashion of Dyce and other earlier editors of the Elizabethans (editors who would not leave anything to the imagination of readers, and who desired to regard the conditions of the Elizabethan stage as akin to those of modern times, without reference to historical accuracy); and the lines have been duly numbered, giving the page the appearance of a schoolbook, though for what purpose we fail to understand, for there are no notes. But all these are "sma' sums," and they may be forgiven if one more person becomes acquainted with "rare Ben" by the publication of this edition.

When we turn, however, to the forty-four pages of introduction, we see how hardly the bad old custom dies. There are a few interesting references which the reader will welcome: they would have been more useful in the form of notes, but *cadit quæstio*. Of what use is it to tell a beginner on p. xiv. that *Volpone* is by many "considered his finest play," on p. xv. that the *Alchemist*

"many regard as his masterpiece," and on p. xxxiv. that *Every Man in his Humour* "is generally held to be one of Jonson's best works"? What kind of feeling will he acquire towards Jonson's Epistles and Epigrams by being told that "many of these are graceful gems in their kind" (p. xviii.), or that "Timber" "gives abundant insight into his . . . visible common sense"? Wherein does invisible common sense differ from visible? And what is to be said of phrases such as the following scattered throughout these pages: "Hosts of characters appear, like the cuckoo in June, heard but not regarded. All are subservient to a few pillars of the play, who utter very beautiful poetry"; "He takes and keeps an interest in his story and contributes it to his audience" (p. xxiii.); "Human follies are ephemeral in their kind, but crimes are unvarying, hence it is that his plays were not for all time but for an age, except historically" (p. xxv.)? Mr. Hart's sentences defy analysis: it is possible with careful study to make out what he means, but his inversions are most irritating: take for instance the passage at the foot of p. xliii.:

There is an old play of *Timon*, written in Dyce's opinion about 1600, who reprinted it from a MS. for the Shakespeare Society, to which Shakespeare appears to have been slightly indebted in his *Timon of Athens*. It is reprinted in *Shakespeare's Library* (2nd edition, 1875), a strange would-be-scholastic production, aping Lucian, which may be described in the words of one of the huge-named characters, "O foolisher than foolishness itself."

We tremble to think what would happen to a public-school boy if he wrote such sentences as these: they occur in a responsible editor's introduction to the plays of one of the greatest of English dramatists.

That Mr. Hart should regard Gifford's notoriously faulty text as "excellent" (p. xxvi.), and that he should have thought it necessary to collate the 1609 edition of *The Case is Altered* "with Gifford's text for the present issue" (p. xxviii.), indicate with sufficient clearness the editor's textual standard. Serious students of Ben Jonson will await with impatience the long promised edition of Professor Herford. May he, and all other editors of texts, bear in mind a passage from Professor Saintsbury's recently published "History of English Prosody," a passage that ought to be written in letters of gold and kept in front of all who deal in texts:

The editions of Chaucer now current [says he] are constructed with a view of piecing together from this MS. and that, even (where the MSS. will not help) from this printed text and that "critical" text, things that shall comply with the notions as to Middle English grammar, prosody, and pronunciation, which have been ex-cogitated by guesswork, or, if that seem too uncivil, by inferential hypothesis, during the last half century or more. Now in reference to these "critical" texts there is always an irrefutable logical *aporia* lying in wait. Any single MS., however bad, may be a copy at first or second-hand, careful or careless, of the original. A blending of two or three or more is less and less likely to represent any actual original at all.

#### WARWICK SCHOOL

*History of Warwick School, with notices of the Collegiate Church, Gilds, and Borough of Warwick.* By A. F. LEACH, M.A. (Constable, 10s. net.)

MR. LEACH's reputation as a sound and scholarly writer on educational foundations is well established, and it will be further enhanced by this timely volume. Much attention will shortly be directed to the ancient and picturesque borough of Warwick, by the pageant of historical incidents about to be held in the singularly apt setting of the castle grounds. Such a book as this will prove a treasury of accurate information to those who may desire to possess a genuine memorial of most of the events which will be then portrayed; for the story of Warwick School goes back to very early days, and is so closely interwoven with the town in all its aspects that Mr. Leach's book yields much as to the castle, the great earldom, the borough, and the collegiate church.

The more recent history of Warwick school has been

so comparatively uneventful that few, save those of the county or district, would call it to mind when thinking of the first score or two of old-established schools of this country. And yet various almost forgotten circumstances gave it no small share of fame and importance for several centuries of its earlier life. As Mr. Leach says :

Warwick School up to the middle of the eighteenth century occupied the place which Rugby has occupied since, and if it had been developed by a governing body of trustees with a single eye to its development, and not with an eye to their own interests or supposed interests, it might well have continued to occupy the position which Rugby has now taken, and the town of Warwick, with far greater advantages to start with, could have thriven as the towns of Rugby and Bedford have thriven on the progress of the school.

The King's Grammar School of Warwick is one of the very few English schools that can boast of a pre-Norman antiquity. There are three, and probably only three, of greater age, namely, the schools of St. Paul's, London, St. Peter's, York, and the King's School, Canterbury; and yet in none of these can the link of the past with the present, in continuous connection, be satisfactorily established in the same clear way as is the case with Warwick. Every one who has had occasion to study the ancient history of Warwick, and certainly every Warwickshire man with the least claim to be considered an antiquary, must, we should think, have studied the ancient register or chartulary of the Collegiate Church of the county town, which is preserved at the Public Record Office. This authoritative transcript of ancient charters, from which Dugdale cites largely both in the "History of Warwickshire," and in the "Monasticon," is in excellent condition and consists of two hundred and thirty-two folios. Among the earliest of these charters is one of "Henry, King of the English" (Henry I.), addressed to the Bishops of Worcester and Chester and to Earl Roger and all the barons of Warwickshire, commanding that the Church of All Saints, Warwick, should continue to hold the customs and the school of the town, as they used to have them in the times of Edward the Confessor, of William the Conqueror and of William Rufus. This particular document has not lain dormant in an ancient chartulary, but was set forth at length in the third volume of the "Monasticon" so long ago as 1673. Mr. Leach has not, therefore, in any true sense of the word, discovered the antiquity of the school; but, although it has been in print for far more than two centuries in a work constantly handled by every ecclesiological or historical student, marvellous to relate, Dr. Way, the present headmaster of Rossal, who was headmaster of Warwick from 1885 to 1896, was actually unaware of the antiquity of the school of which he was chief, and applied to Mr. Leach in 1895 for information. Mr. Leach himself did not know this Dugdale-given fact until asked the question by Dr. Way, and seems to have been astonished when this charter statement "leaped to sight" in the columns of the old historian.

There is good reason, however, to be thankful that Dr. Way aroused Mr. Leach's interest in the history of the school both ancient and modern, for the result has been the production of a very interesting volume, which no one who is in any way concerned with Warwick can afford to neglect. The origin of Warwick, and the union of the old collegiate castle church of All Saints with the later collegiate foundation of St. Mary's, and the dissolution and refoundation of the ancient school are fully discussed and illustrated by a variety of documents that have hitherto been unknown or but sparsely cited. The nineteenth-century story of the school is enlivened by a most piquant and vivid narrative, contributed by the Rev. James Baly, Archdeacon of Calcutta, who became a pupil at Warwick in 1832 when of the age of eight; it is reprinted from recent issues of the *Portcullis*, the school paper. The large churchyard of St. Mary's was the only available space for sports, for the school playground had been for many years confiscated to serve as the headmaster's kitchen-garden. A vivid account is given of the steeples and tombs and graves, and of the

falling of the sexton with the upturned bones. The following brief paragraph from these reminiscences is of interest during the present educational storm, as showing how scanty was the theological school training of the time of the great Reform Bill, and yet it sufficed to produce a learned Archdeacon :

Our religious instruction in school began and ended with writing out and learning on Saturday the following Sunday's Collect.

The preface concludes with a remarkable acknowledgment. Mr. Leach states that all those interested in his book owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Gore, who, when Bishop of Worcester, allowed him "the use at home of the Episcopal Registers." Against such action on the part of Dr. Gore every antiquary and historical student in the land ought to utter a protest. The early diocesan registers of English sees are of absolutely priceless value, and under no pretext whatsoever ought they to be allowed to pass into the private home of even the most distinguished scholar. An interesting point arises in connection with this disclosure: is not the diocesan Registrar the true custodian of these records, and was his consent obtained?

J. CHARLES COX.

#### MENTEM MORTALIA TANGUNT

*Religio Medici and Urn-Burial.* By Sir THOMAS BROWNE. (Methuen, 6d. net.)

*Religio Medici and Other Essays.* By Sir THOMAS BROWNE. With an Introduction by CHARLES WHIBLEY. (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.)

It would be a very interesting task, if time and space permitted, to compare the religion of Sir Thomas Browne as it is here set down with the beliefs entertained by men of corresponding station in our own day. We look over the familiar pages in these editions and see the magical phrases once more that have lingered in our memory since we began to read, and the spirit of him who wrote them seems to be the direct antithesis of that which modern science has brought forth. The very phrases we refer to could only come to one whose imaginative vision was even stronger than that of his actual eyes, and who lived in a world of shadow and dream where the unseen was populated not only with the common objects of the superstition of the time but with the stately figures of those who had been created by the poets of old and who are thus floated down the ages. There is at once a fulness and a majesty about Browne unequalled elsewhere in English literature. The very first phrase in the Epistle Dedicatory to the *Urn-Burial* seems to spread out before us all the obsequies of the past :

When the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes, and having no old experience of the duration of their relics, held no opinion of such after-considerations.

And, as we turn the leaf, we come upon those massive phrases that have delighted generations of thinking men.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture.

The mere words "the famous nations of the dead" seem to spread the past before us like some vast ocean over which the curtain of night falls with the solemn words :

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity.

Browne's eyes, says Mr. Waller in his scholarly introduction to Messrs. Methuen's edition :

were open to everything in the world of nature around him; he knew the birds, the beasts, and the flowers of his native county; he could correspond with learned men on matters of common interest.



He was a man of science; and the question is what attitude he would have assumed if his curious and searching mind had been brought face to face with modern discovery, if he had heard, for instance, the greatest of our modern students proclaiming that everything bears witness to the fact that the end of life is annihilation, and our only course is to submit to it as inevitable. Such a sentence as the following is the exact contrary of what a modern man of Browne's learning would have written:

Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been; which was beyond the mal-content of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being; although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

The consequence of it all is that, as Mr. Whibley points out in his adequate and graceful preface to Messrs. Blackie's edition, we read Browne not for his ideas but for his literary merits. Mr. Whibley says what he has to say so well that we can scarcely do better than quote his summing up:

For Sir Thomas Browne was a musician, who played upon the instrument of speech with the skill of a conscious artist. And his daring was equal to his skill. He had no fear of new forms or fresh words. By using Latin derivatives he doubled the resources of our tongue, and cunningly heightened its contrasts. Thus he could always oppose a homely image to one more pompous, and, by the interchange of Latin and Saxon, he could obtain effects unknown before. Thus no literary or rhetorical artifice was beyond his reach. And much as we admire his quiet irony, his gift of epigram, and his ingenious intelligence, it is the genius of the poet, a noble use of words, a vivid sense of metaphor, an exquisite harmony of phrase and cadence which have given his book a gracious immortality.

The subject of this panegyric would probably not have felt any particular pleasure in the terms in which he is here praised. There can be little or no doubt but that his most imaginative phrases represented something real to him, and that the world of spirit existed in his mind as much as the physical earth. He gave far more proof of superstition than is to be found in his writing, and so perhaps "Religio Medici" and the "Urn-Burial" are both valuable now as documents attesting to the state of thought and progress at the time in which they were written.

### THE CREED AND ETHICS OF MATERIALISM

*Ethics and Moral Science.* By L. LÉVY-BRUHL, Chargé de Cours à l'Université de Paris, Professeur à l'École libre des Sciences politiques. Translated by ELIZABETH LEE. (Constable, 6s. net.)

*The World's Desires, or the Results of Monism.* An elementary treatise on a realistic religion and philosophy of human life. By E. A. ASHCROFT. (Kegan Paul, 10s. 6d. net.)

It may be admitted that the inductive method should be applied in sociological research, as it has been in the case of the physical sciences. But the question raised by M. Lévy-Bruhl's book is whether, or how far, such a science can become fruitful in the ethical field. M. Lévy-Bruhl seems only imperfectly to realise the nature of the difficulty. He assigns it principally to the dead weight of opinion fixed by custom, which, no doubt, is very strong; but the real crux consists in the translation of "What is" into "What ought to be," in bringing the products of scientific ethics under the aegis of the internal authority of conscience. Not that he is altogether unaware of the difficulty, for he returns to it more than once, thus showing that he has an uneasy feeling about it and is, perhaps, himself not entirely satisfied with his own attempt to meet it. In fact he never meets it at all.

He acknowledges the correctness of Kant's analysis of the sense of obligation, while very rightly insisting that

conscience must no longer be uncritically taken as an ultimate fact of consciousness, but must itself be analysed by the comparative and historical method. Yet, in spite of its composite and variable character in races and individuals, there are certain constant features, more especially the sense of obligation, the abstract sense of right and wrong, of which, as a universal element in Mind, M. Lévy-Bruhl does not adequately realise the significance. And the admitted fact of variation, both statical and dynamical, does not help us to realise, as the writer seems to think, how the passage is to be effected between the recognition of the wisdom of an external rule proposed by scientific ethics and the feeling of its obligation. The problem is metaphysical, and it is because the author thinks Metaphysics out of date that he is unable to appreciate its force. It is, in fact, one aspect of that larger problem which concerns the relations between thought and object, mind and matter. Metaphysics, in its essence, and apart from errors and contradictions, to which inductive science has also been subject, does not deal with shadows, but with real and vital questions that lie at the root of human consciousness, and upon which the whole theory of knowledge, and therefore of morals, ultimately depends.

There is no necessary opposition between Metaphysics and the inductive method, but the two act and react on each other with the result that they are being drawn closer, on the one hand, by the reduction of the *a priori* element in Metaphysics and of its absolutism to relativity, its theoretical speculations to the position of scientific hypotheses; and, on the other hand, by the gradual realising of the limitations of the scientific method so that hypotheses, valuable and necessary up to a certain point, may no longer be used as universal categories.

It is, then, an error to imagine that Metaphysics can be overthrown by the scientific method, which, so far from destroying its categories, reforms them by widening their application, as in the well-known example of Final Causes: it destroys their old form, only that, like the Phoenix, their undying principle may spring rejuvenated from its ashes. Comte disparaged Metaphysics, as does M. Lévy-Bruhl, but, as this writer complains, he then proceeded to make his own philosophy of history with the increasing welfare of Humanity as its final cause. One of the chief results of the inductive method will be to provide a broader basis for Metaphysics. In the nature of things Positivism must swing back to Idealism.

The historical process, in fact, is exactly that described in the abstract by Hegel—the Subject differentiating itself from the Object, and, in realising the nature of the Object, realising itself, returning into itself enriched and renewed.

For the ultimate strength of the idealistic position is not absolutism as against relativism, or indeed its case would be parlous, but the fact that Mind cannot go outside itself or its own categories, but must refer everything to itself and interpret nature in terms of itself. It is the failure to realise this inevitable truth which vitiates the argument of this treatise throughout. Many instances might be adduced, but it is enough to state the criticism generally and leave the reader to apply it.

At the same time, M. Lévy-Bruhl is naturally an idealist, as all men are at bottom, though it be unconsciously or inconsistently. For, though he criticises the existing moral ideals, yet he has ideals of his own, thereby recognising their necessity as regulative of progress. Devotion to the cause of Humanity and to scientific sincerity are noble ideals, of which the first is already familiar to a Christian Idealist, and the second differs from religious moral ideals only in appealing to a much smaller number and therefore being less operative in promoting general moral progress, while the idea of Progress itself constitutes an ideal.

M. Lévy-Bruhl is right when he contends that some reform is needed in existing moral systems and in his recognition that such reform can only come by the gradual

modification of what he calls the "ethical reality." And the means he proposes to that end—of establishing a true science of morals—may certainly promote such reform, at least by helping to abolish some hypocritical conventions of Society. But such reform could only be negative: it could not, as already pointed out, establish any positive rules of conduct.

Mr. Ashcroft's book falls under the same general criticism. His object is more ambitious—to found all the highest ideals of religion and ethics upon Haeckel's monistic materialism, to positivise, *e.g.*, the ideas of "God" and of "self-sacrifice" by divesting them of all non-phenomenal implications, while retaining them as ideals regulative of future progress. The book, though containing some practical wisdom, at times ably expressed, at others much too verbose, lacks proportion, system and thoroughness of treatment. It opens with an enthusiastic description of the nature, and future effects on civilisation, of this new religion. The proper position of this section is at the end of the book, where, in fact, we are treated to another long chapter of the same kind. Parts II. and III. might well have been omitted as far as the main purpose of the book is concerned, since they deal almost entirely with such matters as are to be found in handbooks of Natural Science. The author could then have devoted more space to the chapters on Psychology, a subject which receives very meagre treatment, and also to that on Ethics, which is good as far as it goes, and is on much the same lines as M. Lévy-Bruhl's work, except in its higher "idealism."

Like the latter, the author frequently girds at Metaphysics, but he betrays an ignorance of the subject that the other took care not to show. That this charge is not untrue any one will admit who, being acquainted with the doctrines of Kant, reads the extraordinary summary of them with which Mr. Ashcroft presents us on p. 41 of his book. He will be particularly interested to learn that Kant "successfully reasoned away the hitherto unassailable necessity of the relation of cause to effect."

Such crude attempts at philosophising as these can have only an academic interest to those who recognise that the region of ideals is necessarily metaphysical. There can be no common measure between Absolute Goodness, Wisdom, and Self-Sacrifice, on the one hand, and nerve-centres on the other. Therefore, to say, as does Mr. Ashcroft, that the latter "produce" the former has no meaning, though it is open to science to attempt to trace those conditions of the brain which are the invariable concomitants of these or other ideas.

If this is "dualism," it is due not to "metaphysical subtleties," but to the nature of things, which cannot be arbitrarily reduced to unity by a so-called monism whose claim to be such is founded upon the confusion of ideas so disparate as thought and extended matter. The only real monism is idealistic, for it recognises that nothing can be known except in terms of thought, which finds its necessity, which has its beginning and its goal in the Ego. Let Empiricism deal with phenomena: Idealism has no quarrel with it except when it attempts to explain Mind by physical categories.

#### RAWNSLEY, WITHOUT SONNETS

*Months at the Lakes.* By Rev. H. D. RAWNSLEY. (MacLehose, 5s. net.)

THE average clerical writer seems to have but little respect for the decencies of English composition. The practice obtained in the preparation of the weekly sermon might be expected to strengthen the parson's hold on the language, but, in reality, it appears, rather, to have a relaxing effect than otherwise, and the glib preacher soon loses his grip of the pen. Maybe, this is only natural, Oratory and writing, though nearly related, are not twin accomplishments. The sounding, but ill-constructed,

periods, which, when delivered from the pulpit, serve to impress an uncritical congregation, will seldom bear the light of common day when exposed to the critical eye in the nakedness of print. Although Canon Rawnsley is by no means an unpractised writer, his work bears this test little better than that of his brother clerics. The baneful shadow of the pulpit lies dark on this book, too much of which is written in what we may term parish-magazine English. The Vicar of Crosthwaite has always been so keenly on the alert to take every journalistic advantage of his fortunate charge that he has gained some reputation as Chronicler-in-Chief of the Lake-Country, or what he, with the unfailing instinct of his kind, prefers to call "Lake-Land"; and, certainly, it is not through any lack of knowledge or enthusiasm that these papers are ineffective.

Canon Rawnsley is an amiable observer of men and manners; he has an eye for natural beauty, and an ear for every echo of folk-tale or tradition that lingers in the dales; but he seems to be almost incapable of expressing himself in precise and straightforward English. More especially in the earlier pages of this volume, verbose, invertebrate, under-punctuated sentences waylay and bewilder the reader. When we stumbled on the phrase "par excellence" in the first chapter (later, we noted that Canon Rawnsley rarely manages to struggle through a month without dragging this undesirable alien with him) we knew that we were destined to trudge over many tedious acres of journalese; but we were scarcely prepared for the sloughs of slovenly and even ungrammatical prose which we were to encounter in our course. The first few lapses from grammatical rectitude we were inclined to set down to carelessness in proof-reading; but, although there are many obvious misprints in the volume, we do not think that the printer can be held entirely accountable for all the violence done to the King's English. We might quote many long and involved sentences as examples of slack writing, but a short and unelaborately bad passage will serve just as well for an instance of reprehensible carelessness. "*Purple and gold* then may be truly called *the favourite colour of March*." The east-wind seems to be undecided which is best." (The italics are ours.) The almost invariable absence of hyphens from compound words does not tend to lessen the confusion of the reader. Such slips as "none answer" are of frequent occurrence. On page 58 "Sumer is icumen in" is misquoted. A protest against the excessive and injudicious use of the awkward, impersonal "one" has already appeared in the ACADEMY. Most of the writing in this book is cumbered and clogged by this, the most unwieldy of pronouns. Canon Rawnsley has a keen eye and a noble enthusiasm for colour-effects; but, after all, paint is the proper medium for the expression of the sense of colour. Verbal rhapsodies in colour-names (which in English are curiously indefinite) convey very little to the reader; and, although we are in fullest sympathy with the author's sometimes too floridly expressed appreciation of lake scenery and the reading of his description of "A Sunrise from Helvellyn" gave us much pleasure, we feel that he is happier in his relation of the manners and customs of the dalesmen. "A Lake-Country Sheep-Clipping" is a capital sketch; and his accounts of Ram-Fairs, Hinds' Hirings, Wrestling Matches, Pace-Egging, and Rush-bearing are curious and valuable chronicles.

One other occasion for gratitude we must not omit to record. Knowing Canon Rawnsley's reputation as the most redoubtable of living sonneteers, we turned each page of this book with a timid apprehension of "the inevitable sonnet" that we felt sure was awaiting us on the other side; but, incredible to relate, we reached the last paragraph without finding a single exercise in this form of versification.

## THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

THE little hours went quickly by;  
It seems not yet an hour ago  
Since dawn was budding in the sky,  
And now the Sun is low.

We did not pause at noon to say,  
"Already, half the day is done."  
We passed the golden time in play  
And did not mark the Sun.

Alas! that night-fall comes so soon  
For us who revelled in the light.  
Pray God, there be a fair full moon,  
And stars be bright.

FREDERICK BROUGH.

THE MARCIANA LIBRARY AT  
VENICE

A LITTLE more than a year has gone by since a great ceremony was held in Venice at the re-opening of the Library of St. Mark's after the removal from the Ducal Palace to the new site appointed for it in the Palazzo della Zecca, or of the Mint. The date of this ceremony was April 27, a day especially chosen as being the sixth centenary of the birth of Petrarch, the poet and man of letters who originated in Venice the idea of a public library and bequeathed his books with this intent to the "Evangelist St. Mark," whom he named his heir. His desire was that these books:

should neither be sold nor dispersed, but preserved in memory of Messer Francesco for the perpetual comfort of the clever and noble men of the city. From time to time [he continues] other volumes will doubtless be added to these first ones, either by the glorious city herself, or by the noble sons of this country, or maybe even by some foreigners, emulous of this my example, so that a great and famous library may arise to equal those of the past, which will prove the glory of Venice, while Messer Francesco, seated at his Lord's feet, will rejoice at having been in some way the author of so much good.

The scheme of the poet that his books should form the nucleus of a library never came about, and no certainty exists as to their fate. It has even been said that they never actually reached Venice, but whether that is so or not it is certain that they were all lost or dispersed, while the legend that a few miserable manuscripts found in St. Mark's Church in 1635 were remnants of Petrarch's legacy is now looked upon as an absolute myth. The idea, however, of "a great and famous library" for Venice was not allowed to perish. The Republic of St. Mark recognised that such an institution was befitting in her midst, and her patricians were equally alive to its advantages. The first important gift to the Library was made in 1469, when Bessarion, Cardinal of Trebizond offered his collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts to the "Serenissima," requesting, as Petrarch had done before him, that they might be housed in St. Mark's, where scholars and men of letters could have easy access to them. The offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted, and nine hundred volumes of priceless value were despatched in forty-eight cases from Rome, and were lodged—not as the donor had desired, in the church—but in the Ducal Palace. Here they remained for close upon a century, when they were transferred to the church, and measures were set on foot to provide a place where they could at once be properly housed and conveniently used. Such a building was designed by Jacopo Tatti, known as Sansovino, and bears to this day the designation of the "Old Library" (*Libreria Vecchia*). Sansovino himself only carried out the work as far as the sixteenth arch from the Campanile corner, the rest being completed after his death by Scamozzi. The work is looked upon as being Sansovino's masterpiece and the finest building erected in Venice in the sixteenth

century. Palladio declared it to be "the richest and most ornate edifice that has perhaps been erected since the days of old," while Aretino pronounced it "superior to the works of the ancients."

The Venetian patricians were noble contributors to the rising Library, and donations from the families of Grimani, Contarini, Recanati, Farsetti, Nani, and Molin swelled the numbers of books and codices which eventually made the Marciana one of the richest and most important libraries in Italy. Nor did the nobles confine their interest to gifts. There were in their ranks men who, like Pietro Bembo and Marco Foscarini, devoted their talents and learning to the Library and added to their other duties that of acting as librarians to the Marciana. Even the age of decadence had less evil effect on the Library than on other institutions in Venice; while during the tempest-tost period of the French Revolution treasures such as the Grimani Breviary, the Diaries of Sanudo, and many a collection removed from old monasteries found a haven and a home on the shelves of St. Mark's Library.

The sense of rest and quiet essential for the well-being of study was not, however, maintained within these walls, for in 1807 Napoleon the Great desired the removal of the Library, so as to throw the building designed by Sansovino into that already used for the Royal Palace. Such a measure was stoutly contested by Jacopo Morelli, the Head Librarian, who pleaded with tears against a scheme so injurious to his "Lady Love" (*Morosa*), as he termed the Marciana, and whose plea was warmly supported by Canova. Their representations could only obtain the deferment of the evil day, and in 1812 Napoleon's orders were carried out, books, manuscripts and the art treasures belonging to the Marciana being transferred to the Ducal Palace.

A more hopelessly inappropriate place for a library could not possibly have been chosen. The gorgeous, sumptuous halls, where the Doges had sat in state to discuss with their Councils matters relating to the affairs of the Republic either by land or sea, had none of the conditions needed whether for safeguarding the books or for studying them once they were inside those stately, decorated walls. Space, it is true, was there in abundance, but none of it was at the disposal of the Library, and an arduous task fell to the librarians and their staffs to house the books and to erect the cupboards and book-cases in which to stow the treasures committed to their charge. The way in which the volumes were scattered here and there was as far removed from order and practical working as could be; but there was no help for it, and tomes, documents and pamphlets had to be relegated to unused corners of the Hall of the Great Council and the Hall of Scrutiny, too fortunate if such corners happened to be under a dry piece of roof or sufficiently remote from any alarm of fire. For ninety-two years the Marciana remained in these uncomfortable, ill-adapted quarters, an unwelcome guest, but with no other habitation open to receive it, and no apparent sign of one being prepared. In the meanwhile gifts and legacies kept on annually increasing the value and size of the Library, and increasing, too, the difficulties of its accommodation. The books stood two and even three deep on the shelves; and it can hardly be said whether the student who asked for an out-of-the-way, unknown work, or the official who was expected to find it, were the more to be pitied.

On the night of December 21, 1821, a fire broke out in the Ducal Palace, and the Austrian Governor decided that the offices then situated in the old home of the Doges should be removed to safer quarters. The Library, however, with its Archæological Museum and two other literary institutions, was to stay there still, and though much discussion was indulged in as to moving it nothing was done. Time, however, was to set this long-standing abuse right. The condition of the walls of the Ducal Palace, the rents and fissures that began to appear, telling their tale of neglect and misuse, warned those in

authority that the heavy burden of an ever-increasing library was no fit lodger for an old and monumental building. Were it to stay there, it could only be at a very serious risk. In 1900 a decree was sanctioned by Parliament, and a grant set apart from the public funds to prepare for the reception of the Marciana the palace used in the days of the Republic as the Mint. These works, however, were only started two years later; and maybe even then no active measures would have been taken had not the fall of the Campanile on July 14, 1902, warned the inhabitants of Venice to see to the safety of every building great or small, public or private, throughout the city. Fears were entertained as to the condition of the Palazzo della Zecca, and, in spite of the reassuring report of the architect, another two years went by ere the building was declared ready to receive the Library. The move was accomplished in the autumn of 1904; the books crossing for the second time the road they had travelled nearly a century previously over the Piazzetta, and taking up their abode at the side of the very place where they had originally been located.

The credit of having obtained the removal of the Library to suitable quarters belongs almost entirely to Dottore Salomone Morpurgo, at that time Head-librarian of the Marciana. He allowed no obstacles to daunt him, and the resolution and perseverance with which he adhered to his purpose and carried it through in the teeth of untold opposition deserve the admiration and gratitude of every student and bibliophile. He has accomplished a good work for Venice and the Marciana, and the memory of what he has done will live in the ages. He was well and loyally served in his work by his under-librarians: Dottori Arnaldo Segarazzi, Enrico Meucci, Gino Levi and Giulio Coggiola, the two latter especially showing their devotion to a good cause with all the zeal and energy of intelligent, honourable men. Dr. Morpurgo has, it is true, left Venice, but his place is admirably filled by Cavaliere Carlo Frati, in whose hands the well-being and able administration of the Marciana are assured.

The plan of the Library in its new quarters at the Zecca is carried out on simple and thoroughly practical lines. On the ground floor are the reading-rooms, a special feature of the public reading-room (known as the Sala Petrarca) being that it is formed of a covered-in courtyard with a sky-light above and admirably arranged for the comfort and convenience of readers and students. Here, too, are the rooms for the catalogues, works of reference and the most recent publications, together with the offices for the lending of books, their distribution, etc. On the first floor are the 11,000 manuscripts which form the special glory and value of the Library, the chief collections either given or bequeathed to it, while on the upper floors are ranged the rest of the volumes, leaving, it must be owned, but a limited space for such works as are sure to demand admittance some day to the Marciana.

The anniversary of the removal of the Marciana has been celebrated by the publication of a beautiful work, entitled "La Biblioteca Marciana nella sua nuova sede," in which its vicissitudes are related in a most full and interesting manner. The account of how the librarians, especially the Abate Morelli, toiled and plotted and pleaded, first to keep the Library out of the Ducal Palace, and then to remove it from so ill-adapted a locality, reads like the pages of some all-absorbing biography. The book contains numerous plans of the Library in its past and present dwelling-places, and gives examples of several choice reproductions from Codices in the Marciana, among them being a very beautiful coloured illustration from the Grimani Breviary, as well as some "ex-libris" of the old patrician families. The work has been a labour of love on the part of Dr. Giulio Coggiola, and proves in a most convincing way that the devotion which was so marked a feature in the Librarians of the Marciana in bygone times is as active and keen and efficient to-day.

ALETHEA WIEL.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

### SNOBBERY IN ART AND LITERATURE

THE snob in Art is always with us. His petty cry of Art for Art's sake is but the latest expression of the base-born craving after professional gentility. He oscillates between the fashion-plate and the footlight versions of life, between the conventional and the bizarre. He naturally loathes the mechanical arts, oblivious of the fact that his so-called fine arts are but the off-spring, often degenerate, of those unparalleled times in which the craftsman and the artist were still undistinguishable. That was the golden age before pictures had become detachable from their panels, and a Madonna with Child could be crucified on the walls of the dining-room of a South African plutocrat. The statue, too, was still part of some big scheme of organic decoration, or at most the central figure of the temple or tomb, whose glory, while it filled the shrine or illumined the sarcophagus, never blinded the eye to the fact that it was intended not to conceal but to transfigure the work of the craftsman. It was the trophy planted on the site of yet another triumph of man over the stubborn obstinacy of brass and stone, not a forlorn mass of metal or block of marble, looking for all the world like a stranded relic of the plutonic or glacial period, that humanity has caricatured into a likeness of itself. As for the statues of the past, which find a last refuge in some friendless museum, they recall certain rare exotics unkindly taken from their tropical surroundings to swell the crowded orchid house of some insatiable collector. The best arranged of our museums are but almshouses for decayed statuary. The worst, and they are far the more common, are mere spitals, casual wards in which the Olympians in exile sit higgledy-piggledy like slaves in a hold; or they dream, as it were, of the lordly temples from which they were torn, or gaze upon the remains of their dismembered brethren, whose scattered and mutilated limbs, ticketed and catalogued, recall all the horrors and hideousness of the anatomical peep-show. As for the statues of to-day, who can fathom their unutterable melancholy and sorrowful amazement? Born as it were out of due time and brutally pilloried among hustling crowds who have well-nigh lost every sense of beauty or harmony, amid jerry-built streets, in the midst of a pandemonium of rattling omnibuses and screeching motor-cars, they look down in their pseudo-classic garb like some bedraggled and belated masqueraders in the murky dawn of the twentieth century, surprised like some Rip van Winkle to find themselves awakening ages after the period of their proper *floruit*. But the vast majority are not even pathetic—they are merely incongruous. Perched on the pillars like St. Simon and exposed to a perpetual downfall of rain and soot, they have all the unhappy look of a man who has left his umbrella at home for ever, when they are not placed, like the Albert Memorial, beneath a sort of tawdry awning under which they are obviously catching an interminable succession of colds. The desolation of the daughter of Zion in a garden of cucumbers is nothing to their desolation. And it has all come to pass because we have cut Phidias into two, or possibly three parts, and we call one of them a stonemason and another an architect, and a third Herr Doctor von Bildhauer, or Professor Chiselhurst. "Nothing but specialists in Art" must be the bane of Art as much as "Nothing but specialists in Science" is the bane of Science. When shall we recover the sense of the oneness of things, with its corollary that there is nothing common or unclean, but only higher and lower? When that millennium arrives it will not be the snob who cuts himself off from the community, but the community which will cut itself off from the snob.

The literary snob, if less exclusive than his artistic double, is so because he dates from further back and with time has learnt experience. He came into existence when



painting was, fortunately, not sufficiently advanced to rank by itself as a fine art, and sculpture was at most thinking of a judicial separation from architecture. At all events, the divorce had not yet been pronounced. Alexandria was his cradle, and his immediate progenitors doubtless did good work in separating the Mavis Clares of the day from the sempiternal George Merediths. The besetting sin of the critic is his inordinate desire to pigeon-hole everything. Consequently, while he is admirable in classifying the small fry of literature, when he comes across a mastodon he is only able to pigeon-hole it by mere legerdemain. The first literary conjurer of this kind was the first literary snob. Thanks to his mastery of the graceful and elegant, he pretended to be able to analyse the elemental and dynamic. A man may try to explain Plato for the drawing-room; his explanation may be admirably suited to the drawing-room type of intellect, but it is not Plato. The most successful drawing-room critic is the one who looks for *quatorze heures à midi*, and succeeds in persuading his audience that he has found it; that is to say, he leaves out the essential and manages to read in something alien of his own. He not only shifts the meridian, but manages subtly to change the values by substituting fancy for fact and virtuosity for imagination. So fully does he believe that he has mastered his trade that he imagines himself capable of providing recipes for the successful reproduction of every type of literature.

The fruits of such a conviction are to be seen in the lifeless products of those cold-blooded worshippers of the Muse, Callimachus, Apollonius Rhodius and that appalling aftermath of poetasters and criticasters that the Alexandrian culture, when transplanted to Rome, produced in the days of Pliny and Juvenal. The results on literature will always be the same, as long as critics with the soul of a Lindley Murray pretend to give formulæ for the production of *Hamlets* and *Othellos*. These pseudo-Alexandrians and their Roman imitators would have been invaluable if, instead of laying down the laws for the manufacture of epics, they had anticipated several centuries, and started a school for journalists. Their catechism of what to do and, more especially, of what not to do is a perfect mine of literary etiquette. Their antique chestnuts remind me not a little of a certain volume on Deportment, entitled "Don't," which had a great vogue about twenty years ago among the lower middle classes, and contained such directions as: "Don't pick your teeth with a fork."

So much for the first race of literary snobs, sorry caricatures of Aristarchus and Quintilian. The second dates from the rise of Vaugelas and Boileau. They rediscovered and put once more into circulation the majority of the eternal truisms of their predecessors. They issued regulations for the dress of the Muses as if they were a town council laying down rules for bathing costumes; so many inches of lace and frills according to the "nobility" of the topic, and the periwig always *de rigueur*. They made a drastic reduction in the list of canonical writers, cut down ruthlessly the number of eligible subjects and issued a general proscription of words, a sort of literary Edict of Nantes *au rebours*, which, while intended to make for linguistic orthodoxy, robbed the language for a long time, and in some cases permanently, of some of its most vigorous elements. In a word, they succeeded in impoverishing the nascent literature of some of its best life-blood. Like mediæval leeches, having bled their patient white, they left behind them recipes for producing the most anæmic and unnatural poetry the world has ever seen. They thought to ennoble literature; they only made snobbishness part of a literary outfit. Buffon putting on his white cuffs to write his *Natural History* is an admirable instance of the flunkeyism with which they infested literature. Voltaire's judgment on Shakespeare is that of a literary snob, albeit an uneasy one, half aware of being in the presence of one of Nature's gentlemen. It needed no less than a Victor Hugo to pour new blood into French literature, and permanently to

shatter the long-established forces of literary snobbery in France.

We in England have suffered less from this complaint partly because we are by nature Philistines, and literary snobbery cannot flourish so much in a land where three-quarters of the people have not the faintest notion what literature means, and the other quarter are divided among themselves. Still, if we have never had a full-blown Sanhedrin, like the French Academy in its worst days, we have not been without a series of self-appointed high priests of literary elegance which came in with other French fashions in the age of Pope, many of whom showed their genteel limitations. Johnson attempting to measure the pulse of Milton's verse with his poetic metronome and condemning its irregularities was an excellent instance of the eighteenth-century flunkeyism. His direct descendants, Jeffreys and Brougham, acted as if they were standing counsel for the Muses, or at least as holding a watching brief in any case where the so-called poetic licences were exceeded. It was against these sartorial and tom-sorial critics that Byron thundered, and Keats (destined himself to be done to death by these literary flunkies) no doubt had them in his eye when he denounced Boileau and all his works in a passage that Alfred de Musset must have seen when he wrote his celebrated tirade against the self-same "polisson." The history of the recognition of ballad poetry, of the Lake school, of every poetical movement since has been a record of a struggle with literary snobbery. One after another the banned forms of prose and poetry have been received into the catholic fold of Literature. The word "classic" itself has received of recent times a wide expansion. Many works of Science and Philosophy have been allowed a place, though fifty years ago for one critic who would have admitted the Darwin of the potherb garden, ten would have banned the Darwin of the "Voyage of the Beagle." No doubt, literature requires a certain standard of literary attainment, but many a book wanting neither in lucidity nor interest fails to please our professional booktasters, simply because they do not know the ABC of the ideas it professes to illustrate. To a Goethe, Spinoza is a sublime model of austere eloquence: to the amateur of style he is a confused and incomprehensible reminiscence of the hateful Euclid of his youth. Descartes's "Discours sur la Méthode" is the Bible of French thought, whose massive periods form a fitting vehicle to the close-packed loads of ideas that they carry. On the other hand, the mere rhetorician, like Brunetière, sneers at the style as insipid and likens it "to pure water which has no special flavour." I wonder what the English Bible would read like to a civilised man who had never heard of it before the age of twenty. Yet we should surely rather take the verdict of those to whom its text is redolent with the myriads of explanations and applications which generations of commentators have drawn from it or pressed into it. Surely, if a writer can satisfy his critics on the general grounds of grammar and clearness, his merit must depend largely on his message. He may have an audience of a select few, like Spinoza, or one of millions, like Shakespeare. The critic has a perfect right to dispose of the pretensions of the Shallows in Literature, the Martin Tupper and Montgomerys, but he necessarily and inevitably becomes a snob when pretending to criticise ideas of which he does not understand the import or importance. He naturally fails to appreciate the fitness of the language in which they are couched, and joins himself to the elegant mob of the kid-glove critics by declaring the subject unworthy of treatment or the vocabulary vulgar.

C. B.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Poetry of Modern Pantheism," by Edward Wright.]

## FICTION

*The Bar Sinister.* By J. MORGAN DE GROOT. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THERE is a curious pleasure in the contemplation of a foreign landscape touched in by a native hand. Mere physical features apart, we feel that the atmosphere is right. And so, the inhabitants, breathing their native air, live and move and have their being naturally, while the reader, all untroubled by doubts as to local colour, escapes the hovering wonder as to whether they are really true to the life of their particular corner of the world. This is, perhaps, the first impression left by Mr. Morgan de Groot's preliminary sketches of the Dutch village of Grasland and its more noteworthy people. Capital sketches they are, pointed with a plain humour that bites all the better for its air of *naïveté*. With the development of the story itself, however, there arises a rapidly growing suspicion that, since all the villains and malpractitioners in it are quite paradoxically lacking in shrewdness, all the excellent people with the "good" parts will have to be fools (to put it brutally) in order to keep up the excitement to the end. And so it turns out. Hugo Sax, a cocoa manufacturer (a widower with a grown-up son) has fallen in love with one of his factory girls, but only marries her just before the birth of a boy to them and her own subsequent death. But the legitimisation of little Paul is contrary to the interests of various people, and Sax is duped, on the evidence of a letter in his wife's handwriting, into believing that the child is the son of a poacher in the neighbourhood—a very guileless acceptance, we feel on reading the incident. In spite of this blow he treats Paul as his own son, concealing his supposed illegitimacy as long as possible; but, when the boy eventually discovers it, he feels in honour bound to refuse to marry his benefactor's niece, a girl born blind, with whom he has been brought up, and who loves him as devotedly as he worships her. The pathos of the situation is heightened by the fact that he has been chiefly instrumental in helping to restore her sight, but his manner of renunciation does not appeal to us very strongly, and the author pleads justifiable morbidness only just in time to win a sigh of romantic sympathy for his hero. Be that as it may, when, a turn or two further on, the elder son forces himself upon Laura as a suitor and induces her to accept him by holding out a promise of "rehabilitating" Paul, the wonder is that her suspicions were not aroused, and on the final revelation of the truth to those principally concerned we grow impatient at their hesitation to settle matters out of hand on the score of the recapture of certain documentary evidence by the chief surviving villain. It is really quite a relief when the long arm of coincidence (busier throughout than we have been able to describe) deals the wicked Rudolph the necessary knock-out blow, so that all may end happily in the mists of a Dutch Evening Landscape. But the story itself, as we have hinted, is by no means everything here, and few will read of the Baron de Montfoort, or of the greedy village cronies, Pot and Geld, or of that terror to all sinners in Grasland, Dominé Pel, without paying tribute to highly original powers of impressionistic delineation.

*Harley Greenoak's Charge.* By BERTRAM MITFORD. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. MITFORD's readers look to him for exciting narrative, and they will not be disappointed. He does not give them much of a story and he tells them no new thing, but every chapter has its thrilling incident, its marvellous escape, and a generous allowance of violence and bloodshedding. Harley Greenoak, South African prospector, hunter, and native trader, is one of the strong men of fiction who keep the British Empire standing by their tact and knowledge of native tribes, and who go to their graves without praise or reward from a jealous Colonial Office. When such a hero promises to introduce Dick Selmes to the adventurous life of the country, "the real thing," we brace our nerves to receive the shocks and thrills in store for us, and they are many. Greenoak's "charge" had "come out to kill,"

and does it with an enjoyment that is never sated: man, beast, or bird, it is all one to Dick, whose reckless daring keeps Greenoak and the reader alert and busy rescuing him from imminent death every few pages. Only once does woman get a chance to show her mettle, and full advantage is taken of that opportunity. One of the most impressive scenes in the book is that where Elsie Dunn kills five Kaffirs with an axe, deliberately and without a qualm. If the author falls below his best work here, his hand has not lost its cunning in veldt craft, in hunting adventures, in fights with savages: these are, to quote Dick Selmes, "Good—and good again."

*The Bridal of Anstace.* By ELIZABETH GODFREY. (Lane, 6s.)

MISS ELIZABETH GODFREY has at least hit upon an original opening for her novel. The Greek marriage service, with all its quaint ceremonial, is well worthy of the chapter she devotes to it. We can only regret that so picturesque an entry into married life should be followed by such swift disaster. That the hair of Anstace should turn snow-white on the very night of her wedding seems almost too dire a stroke of fate, though the mysterious disappearance of the bridegroom, Count Basil Leonides, who slips out of the back-door and vanishes with a completeness only attained to by the Russians and Greeks of fiction leads us to the conclusion that she is well rid of him. We have met this type of hero too often before. Anstace is something of a patient Griselda, and accepts the situation with becoming meekness. But this slipping out of back-doors would seem to be infectious. She is seized with the desire to disappear on her own account. After this we are glad to find her in less troubled waters. The little cottage on the coast and its kind inmates are drawn with a sympathetic touch, and the adventures of Anstace are both interesting and amusing. In spite of a certain natural distrust of an unknown lady with prematurely white hair and a propensity for speaking modern Greek, who drops into their circle as suddenly as she dropped out of her own, the people, one and all, take her to their hearts. The resignation with which she accepts her husband's loss, her capacity to wipe away all memory of the past and live happily in the present are somewhat unconvincing. True, when brought face to face with the love of Clyne, the blind misanthrope, she is "thunderstruck," being, we are told, "to her own consciousness as much married to her vanished phantom husband as any wife living under her husband's roof." And yet, after the rather commonplace *dénouement*, where the inevitable adventuress (Leonides's other wife) makes her usual dramatic appearance—to disappear in her turn as deftly as any of them—we find Anstace bidding an eternal farewell to the man who is and is not her husband, leaving him in his monastery on Mount Athos with the same unnatural resignation she has shown throughout. Miss Godfrey tells her story in easy, flowing style, and handles her unwieldy cast skilfully.

*The Grip of Fear.* By SIDNEY H. BURCHELL. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THE tale that is here told by Mr. Burchell, is without even sound and fury; and its signification, like the old countryman's thoughts, "mostly nout." Few things are more depressing than a tired melodrama: this one wanders round the well-worn course, limping and lame and old; not even at the last lap, when the housekeeper goes mad and pushes the lovely twin sister of the first misunderstood wife (she flaunts sadly under the name of Ninon) down from the high wall of the ruined chapel on to the hard rocks far below and the poor old woman overbalances as well and there is a "fearful thud"—not even then does the pace brighten. Once we laughed, and felt ashamed at laughing at the gambols of the poor old story. That was when the young hero leads his bride into his father's house and is obliged to say: "Is it not a noble hall, Ninon?" But our laughter sounded mirthless and unkind. Poor tattered, tired old tale, let it rest in peace!

## THE DRAMA

## THE STAGE SOCIETY

THE members of the Stage Society regard their hard-working committee as the fat boy in *Pickwick*. They think it ought to make their flesh creep on certain Sundays in the year. But the wise committee is homœopathic in its doses, and for every shudder it has an antidote. How many people hoped that *The Invention of Dr. Metzler*, by Mr. John Pollock, had something to do with surgery, and that Gogol's *Inspector-General* would inspect Russian hospitals? By a sheer accident, I knew the latter play in *Merimée's* version; otherwise the name Gogol would have suggested something delightfully prohibitive. It might even be the Russian for *gaga*; the noise which nurses make to children whom they want to swallow indiarubber or something indigestible, concrete or even poisonous. But Mr. John Pollock had provided a kind of Ibsenite melodrama in tabloid form, very burroughs and very welcome; and the Russian play is a delightful farce, which I, for one, enjoyed thoroughly.

Mr. Pollock's work might really have been in three acts, a very rare distinction for a one-act play. So far as characters and background went, there was ample room for development; and the play proves, what few trial performances even suggest, that the author is going to be one of our new playwrights, and, it is just possible, one of our few dramatists. The century is getting on (Mr. Shaw belongs to the last century), and it is high time that we, or rather the Stage Society, produced some one besides Mr. Harkin, the only rising star in prose-drama. The chief blemish in *Dr. Metzler* is that the balance of sympathy is not evenly sustained in the dialogue. Your sympathies are supposed to alternate between Dr. Metzler, with his philosophic bias for humanism or non-patriotism, and Rosa von West, the jingo daughter. Austrians are always unpopular in literature and drama. Old prejudices about Richard Cœur de Lion detained by the Archduke of Austria, William Tell persecuted by Gesler, the poems of the Brownings and Rossetti's "Last Confession," have all made us unfair to Austria.

Every journalist and every poet is pro-Hungarian. I wept over the wrongs of Kossuth before I knew who he was. I remember a sonnet written "For the feast of Louis Kossuth" in the Swinburnean manner, which I thought referred to a complimentary banquet. So there was really a great opportunity for restoring Austria into literary favour, and the eloquent and fascinating Miss Gertrude Kingston might have expected to obtain our suffrages if any one could. But alas! her speeches to that hopeless pro-Boer, Dr. Metzler, were like Mr. Chamberlain's at the khaki election and the illusion was enhanced by Miss Kingston's unbecoming khaki costume. I was glad that her husband had been killed instead of feeling sorry for her. All my old Gesler-hetze and my indignation with the Archduke who detained Richard fizzed up. I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Pollock's sympathies (though he comes from a distinguished Tory family) were entirely with Dr. Metzler and myself. That is wrong from a dramatic point of view, though sound politically. You should realise Miss von West's indignation and admire her patriotism, for a moment at all events. Now that there is an Austrian exhibition at Earl's Court, it would have been a graceful and opportune compliment to a friendly power if we had been able to make a concurrent dramatic *amende* for years of literary prejudice. All the same, I offer my congratulations to Mr. John Pollock.

The great disappointment of the evening, to every one but myself, was *The Inspector-General*. In the huge cast I really cannot select any one for special praise, because all the acting was superb. I will not congratulate the actors, but the Stage Society on being able to obtain the services of these artists. I longed for the two suppressed acts in order to enjoy Mr. Herbert Grimwood, Mr. Henry

Kitts, and Mr. Norman Page. Their make-up was on a level with their performance; they resembled a series of exquisite Hogarths or Rowlandsons. Of course, the play is old-fashioned; but so is *Hamlet*, and it is none the worse for that. I love "asides," and a soliloquy is like hearing a dramatic criticism written by yourself, after reading other people's. It is charming, too, to remember that Russia can laugh, that there is a sense of humour in that dear land of unpronounceable names, all of which sound so tragic. You would suspect some terrible doom to hang over any one called Khlestakov (admirably played by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke). It is a relief to find him a sort of Jingle.

ROBERT ROSS.

## FINE ART

## THE PAINTINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

WHEN M. Auguste Rodin was in London at the beginning of 1904, he visited the exhibition of Blake's paintings then being held at the old Carfax gallery in Ryder Street and admired the work of the English artist, praising, it is said, particularly the imagination and energy of the small water-colour of the *Four and Twenty Elders*. If he were to return to England during the next six weeks, he would find at the new and more spacious gallery in Bury Street a far finer collection, including all the more notable works of the former exhibition (with the exception of the *Wise and Foolish Virgins* and Mr. Sydney Morse's beautiful ruined *Nativity*) and adding to them as many more pictures of equal interest, one of which, the famous *Canterbury Pilgrims*, is very generally reckoned by those who have hitherto been able to see it as the painter's masterpiece.

The praise of M. Rodin—the most imaginative of living artists—is all the more interesting because it is not often from artists that Blake's work has won the warmest appreciation. The poets who delight in his lyrics and the students who unravel the tangled skeins of his mystical system unite in admiration of his paintings: but the technical imperfections which hinder our pleasure in all but the very finest of them have not unnaturally obscured their merit in the eyes of those to whom technique, in its widest sense, is and must always be of primary importance. In that fantastic mixture of inspiration and petulant prejudice which Blake put forth as art-criticism he damned with no uncertain voice the sins to which he himself was particularly inclined. He vaunts his "clear colours unclouded by oil," his "firm and determinate lineaments": but, if a persistent obstinacy has enabled the visitor to the National Gallery to penetrate into the locked and obscure closet in which four of his pictures have recently been concealed from the public eye, he will discover that the *Spiritual Form of Pili guiding Behemoth* (of which these words were written) is a darkened chaos whose design can only be traced with considerable difficulty on the brightest of London days. He applauds Gravelot for his remark to Basire, the engraver, that "de English may be very clever in deir own opinions, but dey do not draw de draw," and then ruins a magnificent design like the *Christ crucified between the two Thieves* with grotesquely mis-shapen limbs and ludicrous hands. In spite of his enthusiasm for clear, bright colours he is almost always timid in the use of them, and relies for many of his effects on Indian ink merely tinted with pinks and blues, and that often in an arbitrary fashion of his own peculiarly irritating to the eye when red and blue streaks are used to model the nude: while the execution of such pictures as *Christ blessing little Children* or the splendidly conceived *Agony in the Garden* exhibits all the qualities of "blotting and blurring" which he detested in his bug-bears the "Venetian and Flemish painters" without the corresponding merits which still win the world's admiration for the work of

Titian and Rubens, whom Blake considered vastly inferior to Giulio Romano in the esteem of all competent judges. In fact, we need only take into account the mass of inferior drawings which he turned out with such indifference to realise that Blake was as uncertain a critic of his own work as of the paintings of his predecessors.

It is a commonplace—and, like most commonplaces, substantially true—that such work must be judged and appreciated with regard to its imaginative content. But the utmost excellence and interest of subject-matter will not save an art trivial or faulty in its expression: it is further essential that the idea shall become so perfectly incarnate in the presentment of it as inevitably to raise into beauty the actual execution. Not only are many of Blake's drawings æsthetically valueless for lack of spiritual significance, mere illustrations by an artist not especially gifted in his craft, like the *Ordeal of Queen Emma* (if indeed this is a work from Blake's prentice hand), the *Ruth*, or the *Saint Paul shaking off a Viper*: but others, which embody a noble or significant idea, fail none the less because that idea is allegorised rather than symbolised, translated, with the translator's inevitable betrayal, out of the world of imagination into the world of art, and not immediately visualised in the very terms of its expression. In all visionary artists we can make this distinction, even in Dante, for all the miraculous certainty of his technical achievement: it is easy enough to see how in Hell the punishment of the Hypocrites has a mere logical suitability appropriate enough to the sin, while the punishment of the Thieves is vision inseparable for ever from the naked shuddering accuracy of its presentation. But Dante, when the true substance of poetry failed him (call it the Breath of the Spirit or a "subliminal uprush" as you will), had art enough at his command to make verses unequalled in modern literature: while Blake had to fall back on sham Mortimer and sham Fuseli, ill-digested recollections of the "Antique" or of Cinquecento art, and frozen stage-gestures that lose in repetition the shadowy reality they once possessed. Two things could have brought him safety, a living and sympathetic tradition around him, or a sane use of models: but the one he was denied and the other he seems deliberately to have rejected. Thrown on the mercy of his inspiration, he could rise apparently at hazard to the heights of the *Vision of Zacharias* and *Satan tormenting Job* or descend to the ignoble inanities of *Philoctetes* and the *Judgment of Paris*: he could issue in the same series the exquisite *Creation of Eve* and the preposterous *Expulsion out of Paradise*.

To be a great artist in work closely influenced by others requires above all else technical mastery, as Blake himself showed in the practice of poetry, where in the alembic of his art he transmuted Dr. Watts's Hymns into the "Songs of Innocence and Experience," and Macpherson's "Ossian" into the books of "Thel" and "Ahania." But in painting, where once the fire failed him, the *Stoning of Achan* can scarcely be considered an improvement on Fuseli. It is no accident that he succeeded best in the craft in which he had the advantage of a professional education: he was a born poet, a trained engraver and an amateur painter. It is almost impossible to imagine a disciple in verse (if there had been such a one of the direct lineage) whose work could be set beside "Night" and "The Tyger," "To Tirzah" and a score of the Songs, and English poetry has still to find a match for the best parts of the unfinished "Everlasting Gospel." But if George Richmond's *Christ and the Woman of Samaria* could be taken from the Tate Gallery and hung in the Carfax sanctuary it might be found, in spite of its obviously derivative inspiration, more pictorially satisfying than all but the very finest of the Master's work.

In Blake's painting the appeal must always be from Philip sober to Philip drunk: "the tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction." When we turn to the *God creating Adam*, which fitly occupies the central place at the Exhibition, it seems incredible that its length

and breadth should be measured by a few inches, so terrible is the sense it conveys of vast issues and superhuman struggles. On Ghiberti's gate the Creator treads the earth with a homely seriousness, and lifts man from the ground without effort and without emotion: on the roof of the Sistine Chapel the wind whirls Him through the air towards the languid, beautiful image that He has made, and the whole world waits in breathless expectation for their stretched fingers to meet. But in Blake's print the Angel of the Divine Presence, hovering in the blackness on His enormous wings, is Himself in anguish as He tortures the stiff and rebellious clay into the form of the body of man. The tremendous vision has found for itself a surprising magnificence of colour and handling, just as the conception, only less fine, of *Elijah seated in the Chariot of Fire* has evoked a beauty of composition rarely equalled in Blake's work. But compare either of these prints with the *Lamech*, where a similar technical method condescends to ugly lines and gestures which have not even the factitious life of the theatre, while the surface texture of the paint has acquired a clumsy hideousness, as of wool-work or stippled chalks: and you realise the extraordinary dependence on what is essentially no matter of painting whatever. For when Jan van Eyck expresses the beauty of a brass pot and a towel, or Manet paints the incomparable *Brioche*, which may now be seen a few hundred yards from the Blake exhibition, they need await no other inspiration than the ever-present power of an observant patience.

Magnificent as the *Adam* and the *Elijah* may be in conception, they remain inferior as complete works of art to the great engravings which form the crown of Blake's artistic life. As Max Klinger has pointed out in his admirable "Malerei und Zeichnung," the technique of drawing and engraving is inherently more suitable for the expression of pure imagination than that of painting: and to this advantage we must add that of Blake's very real skill in the engraver's art even under its more conventional forms. Surely even the beautiful designs for "Paradise Lost" would have gained if they had been carried out as engravings, for which, indeed, they might almost seem to have been designed: for the pale and somewhat obvious colouring in the only two pages which have not faded into monochrome (those numbered D and F in the Carfax catalogue) adds nothing whatever to their charm.

It is unlikely that an exhibition can ever be got together which would show Blake to greater advantage than this at Carfax: by its limitations it probably produces a greater cumulative effect than even the famous and comprehensive collection shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club thirty years ago, for there are comparatively few of the worse class of his drawings on the walls, though those few might well have been eliminated. It is an exhibition of the utmost importance to all who are interested in imaginative art, and it will, no doubt, set seal on the appreciation which has grown of late to such a remarkable extent. But Blake is badly served by those who overpraise him. As a speculative mystic he would stand first in a far more distinguished company than that of his compatriots: as a poet and as a painter he might perhaps be accorded a place relatively similar—he is honourable among the thirty, howbeit he attains not to the first three. But by so much as the hierarchy of the poets of England exceeds in honour that of the painters does the glory of Blake the painter pale before the glory of Blake the poet.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are about to publish bibliographies of Henry James and James Russell Lowell. Titles and collations have been taken directly from first editions, while all subsequent editions are mentioned, and there are many anonymous items—revealing a large quantity of work, especially by Mr. James, previously unknown to his



readers. Blank pages are left for future additions and the printing is one side of the pages only. Both are to be issued in special limited editions after the production of which the type will be distributed. Similar bibliographies will be prepared for Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Messrs. Constable have also in the press a little volume of verse, entitled "Bird and Bough," wherein are collected some of Mr. Burroughs's poems. As the title implies, the pieces are all poems of Nature.

"Saunterings in Spain" is the title of a book which Mr. Unwin has in the press. The volume gives a traveller's impressions of the cities, the scenery and the art of Spain, and contains descriptions of the cities of Barcelona and Madrid, the Academia de San Fernando, the chief pictures in the Museo del Prado, the Escorial, Toledo, Cordova and its Cathedral, Seville, its Museo and its monuments, Grenada and the Alhambra, and Gibraltar.—On June 25, Mr. Unwin will have ready a second edition, revised and brought up to date, of Mr. Arthur Hayden's "Chats on Old China." Twenty-five new illustrations have been added.

The volume on Queen Anne, which is to conclude the Goupil series of monographs, is in the hands of Mr. Herbert Paul, who is well acquainted with the period covered by, and the personalities who gave distinction to, the reign of Anne. The chief writers of the period, Addison and Steele, Pope and Swift, will come under Mr. Paul's critical notice. Kneller, the Court painter in Queen Anne's day, will be largely represented in the illustrations, to which the royal collections at Windsor and Kensington Palace, and the private collections of the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Buccleuch, will contribute.

A new volume of Verse by Mr. G. L. St. M. Watson is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will be entitled "With Brandished Bauble" and will consist chiefly of pieces of light verse and parody, some of which have appeared in *The World*, *Punch* and *The Daily Chronicle*.

Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is about to publish with Mr. John Long an historical novel, "Traitor and True," dealing with an attempted rebellion against Louis XIV.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### IRISH LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your last issue the reviewer of Dr. Hyde's Religious Songs of Connacht makes the following statement: "As a matter of fact, Ireland has never had a literature: the claim is based on a dozen or so old legends, romances—call them what you will."

As the reviewer shows familiarity with Irish this positive statement might mislead some readers of the ACADEMY. It is therefore well to put on record what the facts really are.

Of the peoples of modern Europe the only ones which have any literature older than the year 1100 are: the Celtic peoples of the British Isles—the Irish and the Welsh; the Teutonic peoples of the British Isles, the Anglo-Saxons; the Northern Teutons, Norsemen and Icelanders; the Romance-speaking peoples of Northern France; the Continental Teutons, more especially those of Western and South-Western Teutondom. Of these literatures the Irish is by far the oldest as regards subject-matter, and is also by far the most extensive. Of the other literatures in question, that of the Northern Teuton is the oldest as regards subject-matter, that of the insular Teuton, the Anglo-Saxon, the most extensive. Welsh occupies the fourth place as regards extent. As far as variety is concerned Irish occupies the first place, followed again by Anglo-Saxon.

Irish literature comprises: mythical story telling in prose and verse; heroic saga, likewise in prose and verse; legendary history, chiefly in prose, but also to no small extent in verse; romantic chronicles; annalistic chronicles, chiefly in prose, but also, especially the definite educational portions, in verse; collections of customs and discussions of legal theory; saints' lives and edificatory religious literature; discussions of grammatical and metrical theory; an immense mass of topographical legend; a certain amount of non-religious literature of edification with the Hebrew Proverbs and Wisdom literature or to the Scandinavian Hava-Mel; a considerable amount of encomiastic poetry; a small but very precious amount of lyrical and elegiac poetry; a not inconsiderable amount of translation from or adaptation of classic literature in its Pagan and Christian forms.

The extant remains of this literature, every line of it written before 1100, the production for the most part of a professional literary class, would fill at least four volumes of Encyclopædia Britannica size. It

is a literature the different *genres* of which have their own definite and long-established convictions, as is shown by the fact that a not inconsiderable amount of parody, some of it excellent, has survived.

The question of merit can only be fairly discussed by comparing Irish with other literatures approaching it in extent and age. It is a question I am perfectly prepared to discuss with your reviewer if he wishes. I will only point out that in one kind of early literature—not commonly held to be the least interesting or important—lyrical and elegiac poetry, Irish is superior to any of its rivals.

I have been a reader of the ACADEMY since 1873, a not infrequent contributor to its pages during the past twenty years. It is with profound regret that I see it giving authority to statements, the erroneous-ness of which would have been apparent if five minutes' thought and research had been devoted to them.

ALFRED NUTT.

[Our Reviewer writes: "I am indebted by Mr. Nutt's letter, though I am fairly well acquainted with the arguments advanced; but I am unable to admit his contentions. There may be sufficient of the material to which he alludes to fill four hundredweight of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica'; but it is no more literature as I understand the word than are the wretched novels which bishops read and rant about. The question of merit is not to be decided by comparison. The point of my article was that Ireland has no literature to warrant a league in endeavouring to revive a useless language. I wish it were otherwise."]

## THE PORTLAND MINIATURE OF MARY STUART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It may seem an odd thing that Mr. Andrew Lang and I should take opposite views as to whether the Duke of Portland's miniature of Mary Stuart represents her lying in bed, or not. But those who look at Mr. Lang's book will see that the miniature frame cuts off almost everything outside the half-length figure. The picture is there somewhat enlarged, yet even so the details on which the discussion turns are few and small. In my opinion they are but two: bedclothes pulled up to below the elbows and a nightgown. If I am right in so describing these adjuncts (and I am really unable to take any other view of them), then the question seems for me settled, though some other details might have suggested a different interpretation, had they stood alone. As it is, the composition seems to me quite intelligible and coherent.

Mary's health was always somewhat uncertain; she was often confined to bed. According to the custom of those homely times, she would transact business there. During her sickness at Jedburgh, for instance, both the nobles of her court and the French ambassador were at her bedside. Would it have been wonderful if, under such circumstances, her ladies should have taken care to throw a warm covering over her shoulders and something light over her head? This I think accounts for the cape of white silk lined with ermine (no part of a "summer" or a "morning costume"), the ruff, and the ample semi-transparent veil, which is spread out over the pillows, covers the head like a bonnet, and is fastened under the chin. The blue background is, I agree, "conventional," and tells neither way. If it had been meant to represent "open air," the anagram would surely never have been painted upon it.

If we imagine that Mass had been said in the sick-room (as it probably was at Jedburgh), that would account both for the head being covered, and for the little attentions to toilet, as well as for the prayer-book, and the anagram; that is to say for all the details in the picture.

When we remember that white was supposed to be the colour which best became the Queen, it is surely no wonder that some one should have thought of depicting her in bed. Such a thought would naturally lead to a composition such as this, "a symphony in cream and milk." But once more—let the reader turn to p. 28 of Mr. Lang's book, and judge for himself.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

## WIT, VERSUS WHITE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question is asked: "If Whit-Sunday does mean *white*, why not spell the word properly, with a final *e*?"

The answer is, because that would be an improper spelling; improper because the *i* is pronounced as the *i* in *it*, not as the *i* in *white*. Our old spelling was phonetic, and even our modern spelling is so to some extent, or we should be worse off than we are.

It is the old story. Few seem to understand that it is the spoken language that counts; and if the spelling does not represent it, then the spelling fails to express the truth.

The right question is, why is the *i* shortened in this compound? I have discussed this question repeatedly; suffice it to say that it is explained at p. 24 of my cheap Primer of English Etymology. The briefest way of putting it is to say that we usually shorten a long syllable when we add a tail to it. Thus *have* gives *harrier*; *know* gives *knowledge*, rhyming with *college*; and (I quote from p. 25) *white* yields the derivatives *Whitby*, *Whitchurch*, *Whitster*, *Whitleather*, and *Whitsunday*; but the *i* is long in *whiting*, where the *i* is followed by a vowel.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A. H. asks why we should not spell the first syllable of the word *White* since *Whit* equals *White*. He might with just as much reason ask the same question with reference to the following names of places all of which contain the word *White*, namely, Whitacre, Whitby, Whitchurch, Whitcombe, Whitfield, Whitgift, Whitney, Whitstable, Whitwell, Whitwood, Whitworth. In all these words the vowel is shortened in accordance with the rule of compound words explained in my letter last week on the pronunciation of "knowledge."

A. L. MAYHEW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If "Whit-Sunday" were properly written thus in two words (with or without the hyphen), your correspondent A. H. would be right in retaining the full form "white" in the prefix. But it ought to be written "Whitsunday," being a compound word; and in that case, as Mr. Mayhew has opportunely reminded us, "the shortening of the vowel is strictly correct. For other compounds with "Whit" = "White," compare the personal and place names, Whitworth, Whitwell, Whitchurch, Whitton, Whitstable, and many more.

C. S. JERRAM.

Oxford, June 19.

#### MUSIC-DRAMA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—What is the difference between drama and lyrical or music-drama? Or is that begging the question, and is there really no difference at all? One would think so from Mr. E. A. Baughan's article in the *Daily News*, called forth by the performances of *The Ring* and discussed by your music critic in the *ACADEMY* of June 9. Mr. Baughan seems to show that the Wagner-myth has pretty nearly come full-circle, and Superman must be smiling, if he reads the papers, to see the whirligig bring in his revenges. Wagner, after long exile in the wilderness, at last came into his kingdom; and for many years a hint or a whisper against his right divine and plenary inspiration was heresy to be visited with all the anathemas, and, had that been possible, the *auto da fé* of the Holy Office of German Professordom. Now we are informed that he is by no means the impeccable artist that the Familiars (of whom our hierophant was one) formerly proclaimed him: that his art is, in fact, "a failure." We are, it seems, to recant our oaths of loyalty. The opera-king's robes are but tinsel after all; his crown is only gilt, and tarnished at that; his sceptre no longer inspires awe; and before long, doubtless, his somewhat dilapidated Majesty will be packed off to kick his heels in the limbo of departed kings. Thence, however, he will certainly come to resurrection in no very distant future; and, shorn of his more extravagant pretensions, will rank, no longer indeed as a god, but as a mighty hero in the world of art.

It is all very amusing, but it is the orthodox career of genius. The aspirant to fame struggles to the wheel of Fortune, clutches at its rungs, and is whirled aloft (as was Don Quixote by the windmill) to a dizzy eminence, whence he is flung to earth; then, after a bit, he picks himself up, and—perhaps with a broken bone or two—crawls away to a surgeon; and thereafter journeys through life more humbly, perhaps more helpfully, than in the brief moment of his giddy apotheosis.

Mr. Baughan is in my view largely right, though his solemnity is somewhat comic. He is always inclined to be precious, it is true, and to be singular in his judgments; but there is generally sound sense in what he says, and the fact of his having travelled so far along this road is significant of a similar though less decided movement among the herd of critics to whom he is so superior. But though one may agree with him on many points, the blame he now awards is surely as extravagant as the adulation of former days. Wagner's art has its limitations as all art has, but it is not "a failure." Mr. Baughan says: "The orchestra was such an obsession with Wagner that, in order that it should have full play, he actually conditioned his drama for its needs. Scenes were prolonged beyond all dramatic necessity." Here I think he somewhat loses sight of the distinction indicated in my opening question. Lyrical drama can never have the swiftness of drama pure and simple. Shakespeare's dialogue can turn and double with his thought with a rapidity quite alien to the genius of music. All opera must expand and dwell upon situations at a length that would be intolerable in spoken drama. The two must react on each other; neither partner in the union can be quite the same as before marriage. You may prefer the one or the other; but it is no more use complaining of music-drama because it has not the swiftness of drama, than it is reasonable to reproach an apple for not having the flavour of an orange.

I can go more fully with Mr. Baughan when he says: "There seems to be no reason why the voice-parts should be robbed of melody to give it to the orchestra. It is the *dramatis persona*, and not the instrumentalists, who are supposed to be feeling . . . the voices are often badly placed in the scoring." This is one of Wagner's real faults, and he was reproached with it forty years ago. Unfortunately the critics had raised the same cry of "Wolf!" so often in previous cases that it was enough then to quote the gibe levelled against Mozart—that he had put the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage—to discredit the whole argument. The fault, however, is the natural defect of Wagner's qualities: he was so carried away by his discovery of the magic mirror in the orchestra to reflect the secret

passions and glorify the drama on the stage, that he lost sight for a time of other things.

I cannot, in the space allotted to me, discuss the whole of Mr. Baughan's charges in detail. In all that he says I think there is a certain modicum of truth—even in the case first quoted; for there is always the problem how far the music and the drama should yield to each other; and Wagner no doubt sometimes made mistakes as all artists do, however great they may be. The chief point I would dwell upon is the intemperance of criticism in musical matters. It seems to be thought that every musical writer who makes a name is of necessity an advance on all previous writers. He is in the van of progress; and one who cannot acknowledge all his claims is *ipso facto* an out-of-date old fogey. Thus, to question Wagner's infallibility twenty years ago, would have been simply to write oneself down an ass. To write then as Mr. Baughan has written now would have been merely to call forth a smile of contempt. The same process goes on over every great reputation, yet the critics become none the wiser. In literature one is not necessarily an ignoramus because one does not bow the knee to every new writer and worship at every shrine. It is acknowledged that one cannot be universal after all, and must be allowed his tastes and distastes. The Muse is a lady of some three thousand years of age; and though quite youthful still, is no longer giddy, but has attained a certain poise and self-reliance. Music, in our sense, is a mere chit of a girl, not more than two or three hundred years old, and still given to gush. Not to adore the last new prophet is to proclaim one's incompetence. Yesterday it was Wagner; to-day it is Strauss and the Russian school; to-morrow, who? When will musicians realise that a new arrival is simply a new personality, congenial to some, and uncongenial to others? Grieg was not an advance on Wagner, but different; a lyrical poet who, while Wagner was proclaiming that "absolute music" was played out, gave us the charm of a fresh vision. Progress in technique must of necessity reach its term; but just as a new poet, while using the words and grammar of his predecessors, is able to leave the impress of a new personality on his hearers, so must it be among musicians. For the types of genius are as inexhaustible as the conceptions of the Divine Mind of which they are the embodiment.

H. O. A.

#### SCROOGE'S CONVERSION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Scrooge is only one of the many of Dickens's characters that suffer a more or less violent conversion. Pickwick is too well known to need mention. But what of Mr. Lorry in "A Tale of Two Cities"? What relation is the tactless, stiff-kneed, embodiment of a bank we see at the Royal George Hotel, to the affable, elastic old gentleman we meet under the same name later on?

The pendulum of mediocrity is for ever swinging between love and hate; and it has always seemed to me something of a strange anomaly, that its high priest should have been a man of such strongly divided sympathies. Dickens always loves or hates. No one is neutral, and in romance there is nothing the average reader dislikes more, than a character dyed permanent grey. They may start grey, but, gentle novelist, please note, whatever their virtues or offences, we must not be left in any doubt as to your sympathies before the end.

I think the conversion of many of Dickens's characters is caused by this amiable fault. But to me it becomes an unpardonable offence in the case of Harold Skimpole. How my heart "burned within" me as I read: "in simplicity, and freshness, and enthusiasm, and a fine guileless inaptitude for all worldly affairs, he is a perfect child." Here, thought I, we are going to have a fine study of the vagaries of the artistic temperament—and so we did for one chapter; and then, little by little, the conversion went on, until we had instead merely a portrait of heartless villany which even the exigencies of the plot did not demand.

Pardon my trespass upon your space, but even now I have only suggested the study.

M. P.

June 19.

#### SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is difficult to argue with a writer who is apparently a devotee of Pope's airy philosophy that "Whatever is is right." On this principle he might contend that it is "quite right" to spell "precede" and "secede" in one way and "proceed" and "succeed" in another, though both are derived from the selfsame Latin verb, and though our eccentricities of spelling and pronunciation are the laughing-stock of philologists. Why do most English writers give us "honour," but Macaulay and Dickens "honor"? Why do most of us write "author" and "labour," "actor" and "fervour"? Why does the Bible give us "judgment" and the Prayer Book "judgement"? Why do most of us sound the "h" in "who" and "whom," and slur it in "which" and "where," sound the "t" in "oft" and slur it in "often"? Why do Milton and our French cousins make "colonel" three syllables, and every one else two? Why do most of us pronounce "mourn" and "morn" exactly alike, and "surpass" and "trespass" differently? Why have "propose" and "proposition," "one" and "only" different pronunciations? Why do vast numbers of English-speaking folk pronounce "girl" differently from "twirl" and "swirl"? Why do we all pronounce the "l" in "wold" and "shoulder," and

decline to pronounce it in "would" and "should"? I once heard two of the most distinguished scholars of our great English Universities disputing whether "sough," used by Tennyson of the wind, should be pronounced like "plough" or like "trough." Who shall say which of the two was "right," or whether either was "right"? Not all "the lexicographers, grammarians, and writers on English phonetics," including the immortal Noah Webster, can determine the point.

Your correspondent's extraordinary theory about compound words might stagger even Macaulay's "Fourth Form boy." Do all "lexicographers, and grammarians, and writers on English phonetics," "in church or in the market-place," in "the pulpit or on the stage," pronounce the first syllable short in "bygone," "wholesome," "cow-slip," "winefat," "swineherd," "ploughshare," and "nobleman"? If not, what becomes of the "strict accordance with the laws of English phonology," which your correspondent proclaims with so much unctio?

Having said thus much, I bid farewell to your correspondent's complacent dogmatism, which I, like Tennyson, emphatically decline to share.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

#### AMERICAN OR U.S.A.?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was sorry to observe in the last issue of the ACADEMY, in the notice of Mr. Upton Sinclair's book, the adoption of the adjectival *United States* instead of *American*.

Surely the ACADEMY is aware that the designation *United States* appertains to several countries, notably to the great and populous Brazil; whereas *American* connotes but one, viz., America, which is not, however, to be confounded with the Continent of North America or that of South America.

I may remark, too, that several influential newspapers have lately shown a regrettable tendency to lapse again into references to the "United States Ambassador" in spite of the official notification that the Embassy is the "American Embassy" occupied by the American Ambassador.

A CANADIAN.

June 18.

["The Press and Government of the United States" was the phrase our correspondent censures. We should have added: "of America." Had we written: "the American Press and Government," the confusion would have been greater still, for, if Brazil is *United States*, it is also *America*; and the "official" phrase, "the American Ambassador," is even more arrogantly out of proportion to its actual content than "the United States Ambassador" would be. The confusion will continue until every one, on or off the Press, takes the trouble to say "United States of America" in full. We hope, by the way, that our correspondent has not fallen into the common error of imagining that the house "occupied" by the "American Ambassador" (in Park Lane) is the American Embassy. It is—until the Longworth Bill shall have become law—merely a private house: the American Embassy is in Victoria Street.—ED.]

#### THE ETHICS OF EDITING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A few months back a reviewer in your columns called attention to the perfunctory editing of a play by Mr. J. S. Farmer. I have a similar charge to bring against this gentleman, who does not appear to be troubled with a very tender conscience. Some days ago I bought for eighteenpence a volume in a series called the "Museum Dramatists," containing two interludes by John Heywood, *The Pardoner and the Friar* and *The Four P.P.* As I felt curious to see how far your reviewer's strictures were justified, I took the trouble to test Mr. Farmer's accuracy by comparing his text of *The Four P.P.* with the two early editions in the British Museum. One of these editions is without a date, but is supposed to have been printed in 1545 or thereabouts. The British Museum catalogue reads 1545? not 1545 as Mr. Farmer incorrectly states, it is also practically unpunctuated; the other bears the date 1569 on the title-page, and appears to have been the copy used by Dodsley for the text of this play in his collection of *Old Plays* (1744). It contains a number of manuscript corrections and the punctuation is revised throughout. Both corrections and punctuation agree with Dodsley's first edition.

Here we have two early editions from which it is not impossible to make a reasonably correct text. Now Mr. Farmer assures us, at the end of his preface, that his text is that of the earliest edition, i.e., the undated edition now in the British Museum (C. 34. c. 43). After spending four or five hours at the British Museum I can say without the slightest hesitation that it is not so. If Mr. Farmer had been bold enough to confess his evident contempt for the intelligence of the student of English literature, he would have said nothing about the earliest edition, but would have called his text what it really is—a reprint of Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's which was published as long ago as 1874. I should then have known what to expect, and I can assure him that I would not have parted so readily with my eighteenpence. I shall now show the degree of accuracy to which a modern editor can attain. Page 29:

"To Jehosaphat and Olivet  
On foot, God wot, I went right bare.  
Many a salt tear did I sweat  
Before thy carcase could come there."

It is obvious that there is something wrong with the last line. Turning to the earlier editions I find that one reads *thys* and the other *this*. The word in the text was first introduced by Mr. Hazlitt. Page 32: The Palmer is telling us the value he sets on pardons and pardoners, and goes on to say:

"Wherefore I went myself to the self thing  
In every place and without saying:  
Had as much pardon there assuredly,  
As you can promise me here doubtfully."

The reader will be amazed at the punctuation, which is a fair specimen of the Dodsley-Hazlitt-Farmer system, but he will be more amazed to know that the meaningless word *saying* in the second line appears in the edition of 1545 as *faynyng* and in that of 1569 as *fayning*. Page 33:

"Which is far aside heaven, by God,"  
should be (ed. 1545):

"Which is far a this side heaven, by God,"

and on the same page, "In part of your saying" should be: "In part of your sayings." Page 34:

"Long life after good works indeed  
Doth hinder man's receipt of mead;  
And death before one duty done,  
May make us think we die too soon  
Yet better tarry a thing than have it;  
Than go too soon, and vainly crave it."

In the old editions the word printed *mead* appears as *mede* (1545) and *meed* (1569). In the fifth line, if we put a comma after the word *thing*, and instead of *than* retain the reading of the old copies *then*, we succeed in making the lines intelligible.

Page 35: *By our lady than have I gone wrong*. Ed. 1545, *then*. Now, on my faith, well watched. Ed. 1545, *full well watched*.

Page 41, third line from bottom: *do* is a misprint for *to*, and on page 42, fourth line from the top: *on* takes the place of *only*, thus reducing the line to nonsense. Page 44:

"All his life after I undertake,  
He shall never be vexed with the tooth ache."

In the edition of which Mr. Farmer claims that his text is a reprint the last line reads:

"He shall be rid of the tooth ache."

This is the metrical counterpart of the preceding line, and I am certain Mr. Farmer would not have rejected it if he had really gone to the original. On page 46 *richesse* appears as *richness*. Page 50:

"But her head so giddy and her belly so short."

The word *belly* appears as *hellys* (ed. 1545) and as *heles* (ed. 1569). The unhappy emendation is to be credited to either Mr. Hazlitt or Mr. Farmer, as the earlier editions of Dodsley preserve the original reading. Page 52:

"That was the thing that grieved me so  
That nothing could realise my woe."

Both the old editions read *release*.

I can say without a shadow of exaggeration that the above variations represent something like a tenth of the total differences between the two early editions and Mr. Farmer's. They occur on almost every page and are incomprehensible except on the assumption that the editor imagines that no care is necessary when it is a question merely of an English writer. I shall be told perhaps that Mr. Farmer is "no Bentley," that no man is infallible. I admit cheerfully that Mr. Farmer is indeed "no Bentley," but there is a limit to human fallibility, and for myself I find it well to draw the line at Mr. Farmer's editions of English writers. Is it a cause, then, for wonder that scholars such as Professor Bang and his colleagues at Louvain should smile disdainfully at the English editors of our literature, when men of the standing of Mr. Farmer and Mr. Churton Collins fail to recognise that an editor's first duty is to produce the best possible text, and that critical, biographical and exegetical details are of secondary consideration?

FRANCIS WOOLLETT.

#### GERMAN ETYMOLOGY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I retain a pleasant recollection of the *pre-Wagnerian* German Opera in London, including performances of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and its German form of *Zauber* has haunted me ever since. Our chief authority, Professor Kluge, is quite indefinite herein.

Our word *witch* is their "zauberinn," which affords a starting-point for investigation; and with us a witch is closely connected with wicked, see A.S. *wican*, *wiccan*; Icel. *víkhja*, *víkinna*. Witch is certainly connected with the slang term *feich*, and *fakements* lands us on the Latin *facitius*; it is a very widespread root as in the common *fetich* of Africa, Portuguese *feitico*, Spanish *hechicero*, German *hexe*, Eng. *hag*; and we have the form *setizo*, an idol, in 1670. Now *zauber*

being still to find, I propose to derive it from the Greek *σοφός* "cunning," so our sophistry; the word as used by mediæval Latinists included all forms of wickedness. In German the application of *sauber* extends to *sauber*, clean, neat, pretty; *säubern* is "to clean"; it compares with our *sobriety*, but not from *σοφός*, yet from the nearly allied *σώφρων*; and the change from *s* to *z* as initials, prepares us for the Dutch *tooveren*, to enchant, while *tooveraar* is a sorcerer; with the allied *sniver*, meaning clean, neat, pretty, and a reversion to the initial *z*. Viewed phonetically, we see that *saub*=*σοφ*, and *taub* (deaf), Dutch *doof* is from *τῶπος*; so we have an exact parallel. But we have now tapped a different root-word, viz., *hexe*, which Kluge says has not been satisfactorily explained; still, I would point to the fine old town of Hexham, and here is the word. This place-name was *Hagustald* with varied spellings; it has early Celtic and Roman remains, being close to the Wall ascribed to Hadrian. The prefix *hagu* represents the Greek *ἄγος*, *ἄγιος*; the suffix *stall* means a place, Latin *stabulum*, Sanskrit *stha*; this English site became sacred as a religious sanctuary, and they preserve the fugitive's "frith-stool" or seat, which replaced the pagan holed-stone; see the Greek forms *ἀγίασμα*, or *τὸ ἄγιον*, a sanctuary.

So *hag* and *hexe* are connected in their origins with *ἀγίω* to hallow, make sacred; and the descent to *hag* as an old woman, with the cognate *hedge*, an enclosure or boundary, reminds us how sacred were the *limes* or landmarks that separate contiguous territories.

Having, it may be hoped, established the German *hexe*, it is well to point out that we have the superlative *hext*, meaning "highest."

"The erchebischof of Canturberi,  
In Engelande that is *hext*,"

which points to the German *hoch*; everything associated with hallow, sacred: say a sanctuary, Latin *sanctus*, "holy," inspires awe and elevated feelings; so, if the Greek *ἄγος* from *ἀγω*, to lead, i.e., highest in command, survives by corruption as *hexe* it may involve *hoch* and *high*; but we have again tapped a fresh root-word, viz., *awe*: see Gothic *agis*, certainly Greek, including *αἰγίς*, Latin *agis*, the Titanic shield, inspiring awe by its affixed Gorgon's head. The German form *ehre* does not come in here, being merely a mutation of *hehr*, exalted sublime, sacred: cf., *herr*, lord, master, gentleman.

A. HALL.

June 15.

## ESCHEW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I should be glad to learn whether you or your learned correspondents regard it as justifiable to pronounce "eschew" as "e-shu." This has been my custom for some years, but having lately been subjected to severe rebukes for not pronouncing the word as though it were connected with the process of mastication, I appeal to your tribunal.

H. D. A. M.

## AUTHORS AND ARTISTS' BLUNDERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some time ago you asked for examples of inconsistency in any standard works. I have found three that may be of interest:

(1) Dr. Blimber's school, in "Dombey and Son," is said to have been restricted to ten pupils. In H. K. Browne's engraving about fifteen are represented.

(2) In the same book in a "small room," in a "mere cottage," with everything "on a diminutive scale," it is said that "there are games of skill and chance set forth on tables . . . fantastic chessmen, dice, backgammon, cards, and billiards." Ch. iii. vol. 2.

(3) In "Jane Eyre" Rochester is described as having an eye knocked out: later on he recovers the partial use of one of his eyes.

J. E. A. STEGGALL.

[The first was mentioned in our notes.—ED.]

## THE SLUMP IN POETRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I see that some of your correspondents are propounding theories to account for the alleged slump in poetry, the existence of which has, I understand, been discovered by one of those curious people who concoct paragraphs about literature for the general press, and whose sole qualification seems to be absolute ignorance about literature. So far as my experience goes, I believe that poetry of merit finds a publisher and a public more readily at present than at any time in the past, and that, allowing for the fact that we have no great poetic genius writing to-day, the level of merit of what poetry is published is singularly high. I believe it would be impossible to make a reputation with work of a kind that delighted our parents and grandparents, and I firmly hold that the anthologist of 1950 will find very much to reward his search in the poetry of 1890-1906.

I am bound to say that in my experience, whether it be poetry or any other form of literary art, good work tells in the long run. With very very rare exceptions, after a dozen years it is the really good stuff which is found to go on selling. There is a public, and as far as poetry goes it is not such a very small one, which can and does appreciate.

ALFRED NUTT.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### ARCHÆOLOGY AND ART.

Staley, Edgcombe. *The Guilds of Florence*. Illustrated after miniatures in illuminated manuscripts and Florentine woodcuts. With bibliographical and chronological tables. 10½×6½. Pp. 622. Methuen, 16s. net.

Clouston, R. S. *English Furniture and Furniture Makers of the Eighteenth Century*. Illustrated. 9½×5½. Pp. 362. Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d. net. [Much of the letterpress and most of the illustrations have appeared in *The Burlington Magazine* and *The Connoisseur*, but the reprinted matter has been re-written and revised.]

Jackson, T. G. *Reason in Architecture*. Lectures delivered at the Royal Academy of Arts in the Year 1906. 9×6½. Pp. 189. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

[Part of the book formed the substance of two lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1905. They were afterwards re-written and enlarged for the Royal Academy of Arts.]

Hardie, Martin. *English Coloured Books*. 10½×7½. Pp. 340. 28 full-page illustrations. *The Connoisseur's Library*. Methuen, 25s. net.

[From the "Book of St. Albans," 1486, which contains the earliest English illustrations in colour, to the "three-colour process." Good tables, appendices and index.]

Ritter, William. *Etudes d'Art étranger*. 7½×4½. Pp. 471. Paris: Société de Mercure de France, 3fr. 50.

[Studies in painting, music and literature, Norwegian, Polish, Austrian, and others not French.]

Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *English Costume*. II.—Middle Ages. 9½×6½. Pp. 142. Black, 7s. 6d. net.

[Illustrated. Vol. i. "Early English," appeared in April. See the ACADEMY April 28, 1906, p. 412.]

*Class Illustrations for the Study of Architectural History*. Comprising the complete series of 300 plates as appearing in the fifth and enlarged edition of "A History of Architecture on the Comparative Method," by Banister Fletcher and Banister F. Fletcher. In four sections. Section I.—*Classic Architecture*. 90 Plates, comprising illustrations 1-89, with the diagram of "The Tree of Architecture." Batsford, 4s. net.

[Orders must be for not less than five copies of any one section, or two copies of the complete collection.]

Rembrandt, *A Memorial, 1606-1906*. 14½×10. Pp. 6. With 7 plates. Part VIII. Heinemann, 2s. 6d. net.

### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Reade, Aleya Lyell. *The Reades of Blackwood Hall*, in the Parish of Horton, Staffordshire. A record of their descendants: with a full account of Dr. Johnson's Ancestry, his Kinsfolk and Family Connections. Eighteen plates and twenty-nine large tabular pedigrees. 13½×10½. Pp. 283, xlii. Spottiswoode & Co., privately printed for the author.

[Three hundred and fifty copies have been printed and the type distributed: a few remain and may be obtained from the author, Park Corner, Blundellsands, Liverpool.]

Jackson, B. Daydon. *George Bentham*. English Men of Science Series. 7½×5. Pp. 292. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

[Bibliography and index.]

*The Memoirs of the Lord of Joinville*. A new English version by Ethel Wedgwood. Illustrated. 8½×5½. Pp. 409. Murray, 9s. net.

[The translation is based on Francisque Michel's edition of the fourteenth-century manuscript known as *Supplement 2016*, Bibliothèque royale.]

Sherard, Robert Harborough. *The Life of Oscar Wilde*. With a full reprint of the famous revolutionary article, "Jacta Alea Est," which was written by Jane Francesca Elgee, who afterwards became the mother of Oscar Wilde, and an additional chapter contributed by one of the prison-warders who held Oscar Wilde in Gaol. Illustrated with portraits, facsimile letters, and other documents. 9×5½. Pp. xvi, 470. Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d. net.

De Villiers du Terrage, le Baron Marc. *Conquistadores et Roitelets. Rois sans Couronne: du roi de Canaries à l'Empereur du Sahara*. 8×5. Pp. vi, 474. Paris: Perrin, 5f.

[Studies in strange by-ways of history; the adventures of many men, who have tried to win crowns from Bethancourt, King of the Canaries, 1402, to M. Max Lebaudy, Emperor of the Sahara. Illustrated with maps and portraits.]

Bussey, H. Findlater. *Sixty Years of Journalism*. Anecdotes and Reminiscences. 7½×5. Pp. 304. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.

[Reminiscences of sixty years' journalistic work.]

### DRAMA.

Osmaston, F. P. B. *Cromwell*. A drama in five acts. 7½×5½. Pp. 211. Kegan Paul, 5s. net.

Pain, Mrs. Barry. *Short Plays for Amateur Acting*. 6½×5. Pp. 120. Chapman & Hall, 1s. 6d. net.

### EDUCATION.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Edited with introduction, Notes, Glossary, etc., by P. T. Creswell. *Narratives from Macaulay*. (1) The Trial of the Bishops; (2) The Siege of Londonderry; (3) The Massacre of Glencoe. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Glossary, etc., by Fanny Johnson. English Literature for Secondary Schools Series. Each 7×4½. Pp. 92 and 119. Macmillan, 1s. each.

Vigny, Alfred de. *Histoire de l'Adjudant*. Edited by Cloudeley Brereton. *Choix de Poésies pour les enfants*. Rédigé par Mlle. M. Humbert. Little French Classics. Each 6½×4½. Pp. 34 and 40. Blackie, 4d. each.

Elliot, G. F. Scott. *A First Course in Practical Botany*. 7½×5. Pp. 344. Blackie, 3s. 6d.

### FICTION.

Fogazzaro, Antonio. *Le Saint*. Traduit de l'Italien par G. Hérèle. 7½×4½. Pp. 380. Paris: Hachette, 3fr. 50.

[A French translation of "Il Santo" which has been placed on the "Index," and the Italian edition of which has been withdrawn by the author.]

Fogazzaro, Antonio. *The Saint*. Translated from the Italian by M. Prichard-Agnetti. 7½×5½. Pp. 400. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.



- Hale, Louise Closser. *A Motor Car Divorce*. With drawings by Walter Hale. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 319. Duckworth, 6s.
- Animal Heroes*, being the Histories of a Cat, a Dog, a Pigeon, a Lynx, two Wolves and a Reindeer, and in Elucidation of the Same over 200 drawings by Ernest Thompson Seton, Designs for cover, title-page and general make-up by Grace Gallatin Seton. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 362. Constable, 6s. net.
- Sergeant, Adeline. *The Coming of the Randolphs*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 307. Methuen, 6s.
- Sturgis, Howard Overing. *All That Was Possible*. Being the record of a summer in the life of Mrs. Sibyl Crofts, comedian. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 312. Constable, 6s. (See p. 589.)
- van Vorst, Marie. *The Sin of George Warrenner*. 7½ x 5. Pp. 371. Heinemann, 6s.
- Brebner, Percy James (Christian Lys). *The Crucible of Circumstance*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 389. Warne, 6s.
- Warden, Florence. *Law, not Justice*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 325. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

## HISTORY.

- The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902*. Vol. iv. Edited by Basil Williams. Photogravure portraits, maps and plans 9½ x 6½. Pp. xviii, 597. Sampson Low, 21s. net. (See p. 590.)
- Avery, Elroy McKendree. *A History of the United States and its People*, from their Earliest Records to the Present Time. In fifteen volumes—vols. i. and ii. Pp. 405, 458. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company. \$6.25 per vol.
- Denis, Ernest. *La Fondation de l'Empire Allemand (1852-1871)*. 9½ x 6½. Pp. viii, 528. Paris: Colin, 10fr.
- Kisky, Dr. Phil. Wilhelm. *Die Domkapitel der geistlichen Kurfürsten in ihrer persönlichen Zusammensetzung im vierzehnten und fünfzehnten Jahrhundert* Gekrönte Preisschrift. 9½ x 6. Pp. x, 197. M. 5.40. Rudorff, Hermann. *Zur Erklärung des Wormser Konkordats*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 66. M. 3. Quellen und Studien zur Verfassungsgeschichte des Deutschen Reiches in Mittelalter und Neuzeit. Band I. Hefte 3 und 4. Weimar: Böhlau.
- von Walter, Johannes. *Die ersten Wanderprediger Frankreichs: Studien zur Geschichte des Mönchtums*. Neue Folge. 9 x 5½. Pp. x, 179. Leipzig: Deichert, M. 4.80.
- [Bernhard von Thiron; Vitalis von Savigny; Girald von Salles; Bemerkungen zu Norbert von Xanten und Heinrich von Lausanne.]

## LITERATURE.

- La Biblioteca Marciana nella sua nuova Sede*. xxvii Aprile MDCCCXV. 12½ x 8½. Pp. 117. Venezia: Biblioteca Nazionale Marciana, n.p.
- [See p. 596. The book contains the inaugural discourses, two chapters on the history of the Library, from 1719-1812, and from 1812-1904; a Bibliografia Marciana, and many full-page and inset illustrations.]
- ea, Thomas. *Schiller's Dramas and Poem in England*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 155. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
- [The author has attempted "to give a short review of the various translations of Schiller's dramas and poems, to show how they were regarded at the time of their appearance, and, lastly, to give a brief account of their influence on the master minds of the first half of the nineteenth century."]
- Jones, W. H. S. *The Moral Standpoint of Euripides*. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 35. Blackie, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Introduction, including ancient authorities; Essay proper; Index of important passages.]
- Library of Harvard University. Bibliographical Contributions, No. 57. *Catalogue of the Molière Collection in Harvard College Library*. Acquired chiefly from the library of the late Ferdinand Böcher, A.M. Compiled by Thomas Franklin Currier and Ernest Lewis Gay. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 148. Cambridge, Mass., n.p.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Royal University of Ireland: *The Calendar for the Year 1906*. 8½ x 5. Pp. 535. Dublin: Printed for the Royal University of Ireland by Alex. Thom & Co., n.p.
- [The papers set at the examinations in 1905 are published in a separate volume forming a supplement to this Calendar.]
- Wells, J. *The Oxford Degree Ceremony*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 98. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. 6d. net.
- [The object of this little book is to attempt to set forth the meaning of Oxford forms and ceremonies, and to show how much of University history is involved in them. As far as possible the language of the statutes, whether past or present, has been introduced: the forms actually used in the degree ceremony are given in Latin and translated.]
- Tucker, C. Comyns. *On the Doctrine of Personal Identity Considered with Reference to a Future Life*. 7 x 4½. Pp. 31. Longmans, 1s. 6d. net.
- Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation*. Edited for the Society by Sir John Macdonell and Edward Manson. New Series. Vol. vii, part i. 9½ x 6. Pp. 287. Murray, 5s. net.

## MUSIC.

- Prod'homme, J.-G. *Les Symphonies de Beethoven (1800-1827)*. Préface de M. Edouard Colonne. 8 x 5½. Pp. xiv, 492. Paris: Delagrave, 5f.
- [A chapter to each symphony, its history and thematic analysis, with a tenth chapter for the unwritten tenth symphony. After most of the chapters come lists of the composer's works, thus forming a complete bibliography.]
- Simcoe, H. Augustine. *Sullivan v. Critic; or Practice v. Theory*. A Study in Press Phenomena. 7½ x 5. Pp. 150. Simplin, Marshall, 1s. net.

## POETRY.

- Drinkwater, John. *The Death of Leander, and other poems*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 40. Birmingham: Cornish, 2s. 6d. net.
- Mackay, Alice Dacre. *Song of the London Man, Song of South Africa, and other poems*. Portrait of the author. 7 x 4½. Pp. 212. Kegan Paul, 5s. net.
- Walker, Rev. Richard Johnson. *The Mystick Pair, and other poems*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 79. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.
- Herklots, Bernard. *Revelatio Dei: the Eternal Revelation of the Triune God*. A poem. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 96. Elliot Stock, 2s. 6d. net.

## POLITICS.

- Sabatier, Paul. *A propos de la Séparation des Eglises et de l'Etat*. 3me. édition, complètement revue et très augmentée. 7½ x 4½. Pp. lxxiv, 216. Paris: Fischbacher, 3f.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare*. Vol. iii. New Century Library. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 588. Nelson, 2s. net.
- [Contains *King John*; *Richard II.*; *Henry IV.*; *Henry V.*; and *Henry VI.*]
- The Hampstead Garner*. Compiled by A.M.C. With a Preface by Clement Shorter. 6½ x 4½. Pp. viii, 200. Elliot Stock, n.p.
- [A quotation for every day in the year from some poet who either lived at Hampstead or sang of it.]
- Reich, Emil. *Hungarian Literature: an historical and critical survey*. Second edition. With an authentic map of Hungary and full index. 7½ x 5. Pp. 272. Jarrold, 3s. 6d. net.
- Arrowsmith's Dictionary of Bristol*. Fifty-four illustrations. Second edition. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 448. Bristol: Arrowsmith, 5s. net.
- [A revised and enlarged edition of the original dictionary published over twenty years ago.]
- Theological Essays of the late Benjamin Jowett*. Selected, arranged, and edited by Lewis Campbell. 7 x 4½. Pp. 267. Frowde, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Essays on: The Character of St. Paul; St. Paul and the Twelve; Conversion and Changes of Character (Romans vii.); Casuistry (Romans xiv.); Natural Religion; Righteousness by Faith; Atonement and Satisfaction. The Essays on "St. Paul and the Twelve," and on "Casuistry" have been slightly abridged; the remaining five are given here as they appear in Professor Jowett's second edition (1859).]
- The Proverbs, Epigrams, and Miscellanies of John Heywood*. Comprising: A Dialogue of the Effectual Proverbs in the English Tongue concerning Marriages—First Hundred Epigrams—Three Hundred Epigrams on Three Hundred Proverbs—The Fifth Hundred Epigrams—A Sixth Hundred Epigrams—Miscellanies—Ballads—Note-book and Word-list. Edited by John S. Farmer. Pp. 466. *The Dramatic Writings of Ulpian Fulwell*. Comprising: Like Will to Like—Note-book and Word-list. Edited by John S. Farmer. Pp. 67. Each 7 x 4½. Privately Printed for Subscribers by the Early English Drama Society, 18 Bury Street, Bloomsbury.
- The Works of Ben Jonson. Vol. i.—*The Case is Altered; Every Man in his Humour; Every Man out of his Humour*. Edited by H. C. Hart. Standard Library. 7½ x 5. Pp. xlviii, 235. Methuen, 1s. net. (See p. 592.)
- King John and Julius Caesar*. Red Letter Shakespeare. Each 6½ x 3½. Pp. 119 and 117. Blackie, 1s. 6d. net each.
- Greenwell, Dora. *Everlasting Love, and Other Songs of Salvation*. Heart and Life Booklets, No. 10. 6½ x 4. Pp. 44. Allenson, 6d. net.

## SCIENCE.

- Sainsbury, Harrington. *Principia Therapeutica*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 244. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
- [Few medical books are so well written as this. As the title implies, the subject of it is principles, not details.]

## THEOLOGY.

- Gwatkin, Henry Melville. *The Knowledge of God and its Historical Development*. 2 vols. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 308, 334. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 12s. net.
- [These volumes represent the Gifford Lectures delivered at Edinburgh in 1904 and 1905. They have been re-arranged with more regard to unity of subject and less to uniformity of length, and considerable additions have been made. Thus, the first series of ten lectures is condensed into nine, while the second, also of ten, is expanded into seventeen.]
- The Religious Opinions of Elizabeth Barrett Browning as Expressed in Three Letters addressed to Wm. Merry, Esq., J.P.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 56. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. 6d. net.
- [Published by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder, on behalf of the Proprietor of the Copyright.]
- Macalister, R. A. Stewart. *Bible Sidelights from the Mound of Gezer*. A record of excavation and discovery in Palestine. Illustrated. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 232. Hodder & Stoughton, 5s.
- [A series of Biblical incidents or passages are chosen and studied with special reference to the light which, it is claimed, the results of the excavation have thrown upon them.]
- Ropes, James Hardy. *The Apostolic Age in the Light of Modern Criticism*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 327. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.
- [This essay, "substantially in its present form," was prepared for a course of Lowell Institute Lectures, given in March 1904.]
- Haddon, Alfred C. *Magic and Fetishism*. Religious Ancient and Modern series. 7 x 4½. Pp. 99. Constable, 1s. net.
- Inge, William Ralph. *Truth and Falsehood in Religion*. Six lectures delivered at Cambridge to undergraduates in the Lent Term, 1906. 7½ x 5. Pp. 176. Murray, 3s. 6d. net.
- Thureau-Dangin, Paul. *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. 3me. partie; *De la mort de Wiseman à la mort de Manning (1865-1891)*. 9 x 5½. Pp. 543. Paris: Plon, 7f. 50.
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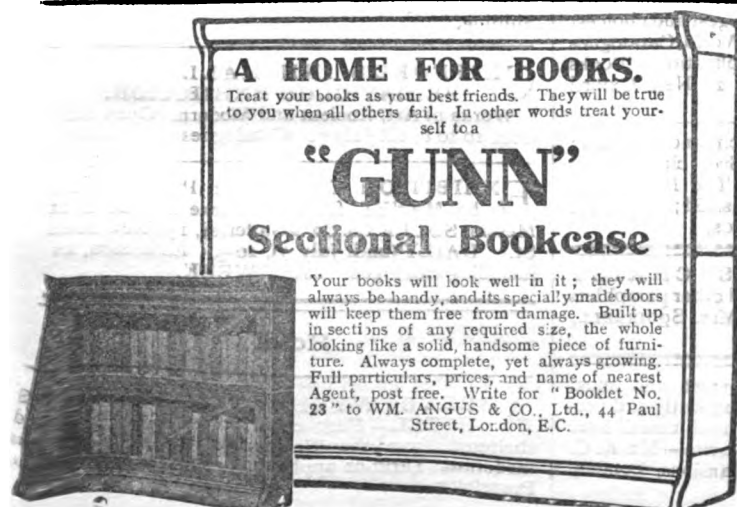
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## THE LITERARY WEEK

It were greatly to be desired that some competent person would set himself to make a proper anthology for children. These collections abound, but we do not know of one that is satisfactory. The late Mr. W. E. Henley was perhaps as successful as any one else, but he was too intent upon tuning the heroic lyre, and the ideal selection ought not to be by any means one-sided. An anthology that we have before us at the present moment called "Lyra Britannica" sins in an opposite direction. It is like the net seen in the Apostle's vision, holding all things clean and unclean, *tours de force* that we have laughed at in the pages of *Punch*, minor verse written in choice Yankee, parodies and quips and quiddities from the accomplished hands of Mr. Barry Pain and others. We do not object to these things in due place and season, but they do not strike us as likely to produce a fine taste in the pupils who attend our elementary schools.

Unfortunately, it is not possible to give a recipe for making a good anthology. Many who are able to discourse with great wisdom and eloquence on the merits and demerits of poetry develop the most extraordinary vagaries of taste when called upon to illustrate their judgment by selection. The late Mr. Palgrave gave us one unsurpassable anthology, but he had behind him the ripe judgment and advice of the most illustrious poet who ever was made lawyer. In our time no one seems to have developed, or at least turned to account, the fine and fastidious taste that would give such a collection of verse as is desirable for use in elementary schools. The professors at the Universities are themselves somewhat to blame in this matter, chiefly for the reason that they set the fashion. Once upon a time it was their cue to glorify the old at the expense of the young, but nowadays they show their sympathy with the modern spirit by finding that the living geese are all swans. There is not one man in a thousand capable of selecting the best from contemporary work.

The republication of popular novels is in itself to be commended, but it seems to us in somewhat doubtful taste to issue, as though it were a new book, a work that had a success seven or eight years ago. This is what was done in the case of "All That Was Possible," a novel reviewed at length in last week's issue. There was nothing to show that it was not an entirely new book, and it would be most unreasonable to expect that the reviewer in whose hands it was placed should be familiar with all the imaginative literature that has been poured out of the press in the course of a decade. Some publishers are in the habit of attaching a little bibliography to every new issue, and so scholarly a practice ought to become general.

Our remarks on the minor poet have called from a correspondent (whose letter we do not publish because his indignation has betrayed him not only into bad grammar but into bad language) the story of his drama in blank verse which was published "a year or so ago." There were, it appears, but two reviews of it in all the London Press. One was only four lines in length; the other began: "The less said about this the better," a phrase which our correspondent dubs "fine prating." He goes on to say that he wants "a proper opinion" about his drama; and we were beginning to wonder whether we could spare the space to an examination of it which should justify or refute our contemporary's sweeping censure, when his next sentence gave us pause. "Suppose you give one [*i.e.*, a "proper" opinion]: well, frankly, I won't take it; because I think that true criticism is not given to any of us British."

Authors, as critics know, are very difficult to please; few, we hope, so difficult as our correspondent. But we are not concerned with this display of the temper of a naughty child who cries "Shan't!" when invited to accept the apple it longs for. The letter raises the whole question of the relation of critic to author. "Our illustrious critics," writes our correspondent, "who know so much more than we do." The phrase is typical. To begin with, "illustrious" is what not one critic in a thousand can ever become. His work is nearly always done anonymously; and when he takes to signing it, it is a hundred to one that personal considerations sway the balance of his judgment a little. "After the brainsweat it took me," says our correspondent, "two reviews in a twelvemonth does not seem enough." Waiving the question whether this almost unanimous silence is not a proof that—to adopt our correspondent's grammar—they was enough, let us ask: "What of the 'brainsweat' of the critic who has to read and value a thousand such works as this drama in blank verse?" There is probably as much "brainsweat" in a dozen critical articles as in any drama; but the article gets no reviews, and the critic no notoriety.

"Who know so much more than we do." That, we submit, is exactly why a man is selected by an Editor to be a reviewer, because he knows. It is his business to know: it is not the business of the "poor wretches," who, as our correspondent says, with a confusion of thought that is too common: "try to practise, and not preach, Literature." And it is just because he knows that the critic is able to preserve his sense of proportion, which leads, sometimes, to the disappointments of authors. That there are many cases of extravagant laudation in modern reviewing, no one would deny. Mr. Arthur Symonds once collected a few, and describes in an essay his amazement at learning how many works of transcendent genius had been published during a few months; but that only strengthens our position, which is that, if the author of the present day has any good ground of complaint against his critics, it is that they are too anxious to "praise, praise, praise," not to blame, blame, blame. Their generous enthusiasm sometimes leads them to persuade an author that his work is greater than it is.

Referring to a statement made in these columns last week, that Scotland had no worthy memorial of George Buchanan, Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier write to call our attention to a column erected to his memory at Killearn, near his birthplace, and the monument in Greyfriars' churchyard, erected in 1878 at the expense of Dr. David Laing. Illustrations of both these monuments are given in the little life of Buchanan by Dr. Hume Brown, which is reviewed on another page. The latter, it may be noticed, does not stand on the spot where Buchanan's grave is supposed to be; that being still marked by the iron tablet referred to in our note of

last week. In the quater-centenary edition of Dr. Wallace's work on Buchanan, also reviewed on another page, the frontispiece is a fine reproduction of the beautiful memorial window in Greyfriars' Church, put up at the expense of Mr. James Buchanan and designed by James Ballantine. One feature of this window is the St. Andrew's Cross, surrounded by the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit," which George Buchanan is said to have originated.

The meeting of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty last Tuesday, brought out a fine record of work done, and increased aspirations for the future. The appeal issued at the meeting for funds to complete the purchase of Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force has already been answered, as Canon Rawnsley, the indefatigable honorary Secretary, announced in the *Times* of Thursday, and that property will in due course pass into the hands of the Trust. Then there are the seven hundred and fifty acres of common at Hindhead which are safe from the builder; and the Office of Works has acquired the famous standing stones of Stennes, "the Stonehenge of Scotland," as well as the very ancient walls and Elizabethan ramparts at Berwick-on-Tweed.

The Trust now feels that it must enlarge its powers and its scope; and the following resolution was proposed by Canon Rawnsley, and seconded by Mr. J. C. Bailey: "That the time has arrived when a constitution of higher authority and more suitable character should be conferred upon the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty, together with larger powers in relation to the protection and management of the property which the trust holds for the nation, and that the council be and it is hereby requested and authorised to take such steps to secure those objects as it may deem expedient."

Although the subjects of the Warwick pageant which begins on Monday (July 2) are almost entirely historical, Warwick has her literary memories. Here for several years dwelt Thomas Cartwright, the fiery Puritan divine, who was master of the Leicester Hospital. Cartwright's pet aversion was a bishop, and as he was as free from them at Warwick as it was possible to be in the days of Queen Elizabeth, he accepted the post with alacrity, preaching much at his own risk and at the risk of those who heard him. The impression he made at Warwick appears to have been great, and it is narrated that on one occasion when he was rebuking, for his evil life, a man who made a great profession of piety, the sinner "sank down and being carried home died within a few hours together." Cartwright also died at Warwick.

Another man of letters, connected with "the slow mediæval town," as Mr. Quiller-Couch calls Warwick in his book upon the Avon, was the untameable Walter Savage Landor, who was born in what is now the High School for Girls. Landor had always an affectionate regard for Warwick, and its mulberries, its cedars and its fig-trees made an enduring impression on his memory. In his seventy-eighth year he writes that he had just picked up from a gravel walk at Warwick the first two mulberries that had fallen, a thing he remembered having done seventy years before. At one time he believed that he would never see the town again. At Trinity, Oxford, he had held "a wine." The man opposite was also giving "a wine," and Landor took it into his head to fire some shot through his shutters. This led to his rustication and a quarrel with his father, when he left Warwick, as he thought, "for ever." His sisters, however, lived there after their father's death, and there he visited them.

"The Platts," and "Monmouth House," two Tudor Houses of great historical interest, are to come under the hammer early in July next, and it is to be hoped that the

opportunity of securing the property free from the hands of the speculative builder will not be lost. The houses were originally one mansion, built by the Robert Cary, who in 1603 was Warden of the Marches and carried the news of Queen Elizabeth's death to James I. of Scotland. For this service he was created Viscount Leppington and Earl of Monmouth, and came to reside at Moor Park, Herts. It may be remembered that the de la More Press recently republished his very interesting memoirs in their "King's Classics." The mansion at Watford was built as a dower house; and after his death in 1635 his widow resided there until her own death in 1640, after which it came into the possession of the Carpenter family, who have owned it almost uninterruptedly ever since. The houses contain much old oak panelling and a massive Tudor staircase. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are the auctioneers.

"Who's Who" tells us that Mr. Thomas Hardy "relinquished architecture for literature," but that he has not forgotten his first love was shown by an interesting paper on church restoration, written by him for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and read by a deputy at the general meeting on Wednesday. He is a great advocate of the policy of "masterly inaction" which was pursued with such success by an apathetic century now past, and states that were he practising as an architect he would not undertake a church restoration in any circumstances. Of the more open abuses in so-called restoration, he told many tales, among them the following:

"The chancel of a church not a hundred and fifty miles from London has in one corner a vault containing a fashionable actor and his wife, in another corner a vault enclosing the remains of a former venerable vicar, who abjured women, and died a bachelor. The mural tablets, each over its own vault, were taken down at the refurbishing of the building, and refixed reversely, the stone of the theatrical couple over the solitary divine, and that of the latter over the pair from the stage. Should disinterment ever take place, which is not unlikely nowadays, the excavators will be surprised to find a lady beside the supposed reverend bachelor, and the supposed actor without his wife. As the latter was a comedian he would probably enjoy the situation if he could know it, though the vicar's feelings might be somewhat different."

"Such facetious carelessness," Mr. Hardy added, "is not peculiar to our own country. It may be remembered that when Mrs. Shelley wished to exhume her little boy William, who had been buried in the English cemetery at Rome, with the view of placing his body beside his father's ashes, no coffin was found beneath the boy's headstone, and she could not carry out her affectionate wish. This game of Monumental Puss-in-the-Corner, even when the outcome of no blundering, and where no reasons can be pleaded on artistic or other grounds, is, indeed, an unpleasant subject of contemplation by those who maintain the inviolability of records. Instances of such in London churches will occur to everybody. One would like to know if any note has been kept of the original position of Milton's monument in Cripplegate Church, which has been moved more than once, I believe, and if the position of his rifled grave is now known. When I first saw the monument it stood near the east end of the south aisle."

Mr. Hardy quoted Sherborne Abbey as an example on a large scale of the banishment of memorials of the dead, to the doubtful advantage of the living. The human interest in an edifice ranks before its architectural interest, however great the latter may be, and therein lies the whole difficulty of restoration. The ideal method, he thinks, would be to enclose the ruined church in a crystal palace, covering it to the weathercock from rain and wind,

and to build a new church alongside. "But," he adds, "even a parish entirely composed of opulent members of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings would be staggered by such an undertaking." The only example of such a work that we can recall is the wooden house of Peter the Great, on the island of the Citadel of St. Petersburg, which Catherine II. enclosed in stone, but that is on a comparatively small scale.

Although France has always had a fair share of famous *bibliothécaires* since the days before her kings instituted their admirable but arbitrary short way with libraries, there has been no association of librarians or of those interested in the library movement. The omission has now been rectified by the formation of the "Association des bibliothécaires français" under the presidency of M. Deniker. The association will not be confined to librarians, but will include "les personnes s'intéressant aux bibliothèques." And, building on the experience of library associations of this and other countries, it has been started on broad lines; and will consider "toutes les questions concernant les intérêts des bibliothèques et des bibliothécaires," and boldly proposes to start examinations and a Bulletin.

Two new publications from America deserve attention. The first, "Library Work," is described as a bibliography and digest of current library literature. The first number, apart from three or four introductory pages, is entirely composed of a bibliography of books, pamphlets, and articles in library and other magazines and periodicals published last year. Future numbers will devote space to "material that librarians will find of value, and worthy of preservation." Copious annotations, generally forming a synopsis of the book or article, add materially to the value of the bibliography.

The "Book Review Digest," which also has first seen the light this year, is a concentrated American Review of Reviews, giving excerpts from the reviews appearing in the principle European and American literary journals. American evaluation, a word which has not yet appeared in the English dictionaries, is here shown to perfection. "Plus and minus signs indicate the degree of favour or disfavour of the entire review." After quoting from our review of Dr. Emil Reich's "Failure of the 'higher criticism' of the Bible," the name is preceded by two minus signs, thus: — Acad. 69: 1221. N 25, '05. 720w, showing that the book was not favourably reviewed. We were, we admit, a little surprised to find another entry dealing with Richards's "With John Bull and Jonathan" preceded by a + sign; which inclines us to believe that the compilers of the work are simple folk.

The *Library World* (London), which completes its eighth volume with the current issue, announces an enlarged and improved format for the next number.

It is forty years since the Reverend John Mason Neale died, and no life of this poetically gifted scholar and singularly devoted servant of his Church has yet appeared. A biography is now in hand, and will be ready presently. Born at Conduit-street, London, in 1818, Neale, who was one of the founders of the Cambridge Camden Society, spent nearly all his life as Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, where he established a sisterhood which, despite bitter official opposition in its early days, has grown to large proportions. Neale wrote a History, still authoritative, of the Eastern Church and an expository volume on the Psalms, issued in 1860 and expanded and republished in four volumes, with Dr. Littledale's name added to the title-page, in 1874; and he wrote much in the Church periodicals of his day. He occupies a high place among English hymnologists; and the forthcoming

biography will give interesting glimpses into the secret life of the translator of Bernard's "Jerusalem the Golden" and the writer of the Greek-inspired hymn, "Art thou weary."

The "Country in Town" Exhibition will be opened by Princess Christian in the Whitechapel Art Gallery, at half-past three o'clock on July 5. Plans for beautifying crowded areas in London will be on view. An endeavour will also be made to show how much of Nature still remains in the Metropolis or has been brought back to it, not to mention that which will be found on its outskirts. Suggestions will be thrown out with regard to nature study in urban schools, and there will be aquaria, vivaria and bee-hives, nesting-boxes, fern-cases, and flower-tables.

A series of afternoon and evening lectures on cognate subjects is being arranged. The Exhibition will be open until July 19, and, as admission will be free, contributions are invited towards the necessary expenses. All communications should be made to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, E.

The following are among forthcoming events:

Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Imperial Institute, London, S.W. — Paper to be read at 3 P.M. on July 3: "The Jews and Zionism," with lime-light illustrations, by the Rev. Arthur M. Cazalet.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, July 3. — Sale of a miscellaneous archæological collection formed by Edward Bidwell, Esq., including a series of rare antique lamps, candlesticks, leather bottles, pipes, a carved horn of the Viking period, etc.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons, July 3 and 4. — Sale at Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park, of the Earl Annesley's furniture (William and Mary, Louis XIV. and Louis XV.), sixteenth-century tapestries, Boucher paintings, and china.

Messrs. Gorer and Sons, 170 New Bond Street, announce that the exhibition of the Trapnell Collection of old Chinese porcelain will close on July 10.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, July 2, 3 and 4. — Sale of the collection of coins and medals the property of the late Rev. Major Paull.

## LITERATURE

### GEORGE BUCHANAN

*George Buchanan and his Times.* By P. HUME BROWN, M.A., LL.D. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 1s. net.)

*George Buchanan: a Biography.* By D. MACMILLAN, M.A., D.D. (Morton, 3s. 6d. net.)

*George Buchanan.* By ROBERT WALLACE. Completed by J. CAMPBELL SMITH. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, 1s. net.)

THE approach of the quater-centenary of George Buchanan has naturally been the cause of bringing into existence a number of popular books dealing with this interesting figure in Scottish history. The main authority for his life is, of course, the great work of Professor Hume Brown, of which one of the books before us is a version written for young people, though it contains facts which do not appear in the larger work. They are derived, the author tells us, from an official document containing an account of Buchanan's trial by the Inquisition in Lisbon. Another authority is the biography by Dr. David Irving. To these two might have been added Mr. James Hannay's work. In addition there is a vast accumulation of other literature bearing on the subject.

Buchanan's life has many points of interest, though perhaps the most attractive is the illustration of what the experience of a poor scholar was in mediæval times. Certainly it is a tribute to the old education arrangements in Scotland that one who was born to poverty should have been able to cut so conspicuous a figure. Buchanan was born, as he tells us himself, in February 1506, at Moss or Mid-Leowen, on the Blane Water about two miles north-



east of Killearn in Stirlingshire. The country round about may be described as the land of Buchanans, and we are accustomed to think of it in these early times as having been inhabited by people who were little removed from savages. But the care for education was even then a popular feeling in Scotland, and before the parish school system invented by Knox and the reformers there were many facilities in Scotland for the acquisition of learning. What the reformers did was to secure that there should be a school wherever there was a kirk, so that "the youth-head and tender children shall be nourished and brought up in vertue, *in presence of their friends*." At a very early age Buchanan must have shown proof of exceptional cleverness, for when he was about fourteen or fifteen years old, he attracted the attention of his mother's brother, James Heriot, one of the same family as George Heriot, who founded Heriot's hospital in London and was the jingling Geordie well-known to the readers of "The Fortunes of Nigel." This James Heriot, then, had his promising young relative sent to the University of Paris, then the great centre of education for the whole world. Scotland and France were extremely friendly at the time, and the boy found many of his compatriots there. Poor they seem nearly all to have been. "In the case of most of them" says Professor Hume Brown, "their clothes were so torn and tattered that they looked more like beggars than future clergymen and doctors." The life they led there looks to us at this distance as being somewhat squalid. They were not only ill-clothed and ill-fed, but while lords and knights amused themselves with the pastimes of chivalry these poor scholars indulged in all sorts of rowdiness when night lent its cloak to their actions. Probably Buchanan was somewhat less boisterous than the others, because he never seems to have enjoyed good health; and at the end of two years his college career was brought to a close by the death of his relative, and he returned home "so broken in health that it took him nearly a year to recover." At that time there was trouble between England and Scotland on the score of France, and we next find Buchanan serving in the army of his sovereign, James V. In 1525, however, he resumed his studies at St. Andrews under a Professor named Major, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the greatest scholars in Europe; but his teaching illustrated some of the mediæval folly, if we are to trust Professor Hume Brown. He gives the following example:

Roman Catholics are not allowed to eat meat in Lent, but they may eat vegetables and fish. But in peas and beans, says Major, there are little animals, so that in eating peas and beans you must eat the flesh of live animals. Is it right, then, asks Major, for a good Catholic to eat peas and beans? Yes, he answers, because, in the first place, the creatures are dead, and, secondly, because you do not know you are eating them. Then, Major goes on, what is a good Catholic to do in the case of the beaver? It lives half on land and half in the water; is it, then, a fish or a land animal? Why, says Major, the thing is quite simple; eat the beaver's tail and the part of its body that goes under water, and don't eat the rest. In other parts of his books Major asks even stranger questions than these. For instance, he asks whether God, if He chose, could become an ox or an ass, and whether John the Baptist's head, when it was cut off, could be in more places than one.

It would seem that the clever young scholar was able to see through his preceptor. At any rate, we may infer as much from an epigram brought forth by Major's saying that he was Major by name and not by nature:

"Major by name," thou sayst, "and not by nature,"  
The greatest liars sometimes speak the truth,  
And in thy endless stream of idle chatter,  
What wonder if thou once hast spoken sooth.

The explanation was that Buchanan had been gradually and perhaps unconsciously imbibing the literary thoughts of the Reformers, and was already engaged in antagonism to the Schoolmen, much as Erasmus was at the same time. After becoming Bachelor of Arts at St. Andrews he returned again to his beloved University of Paris. This time he lived in a college for Scottish students which had been set up two hundred years before by a certain

bishop in Scotland. Professor Hume Brown gives a vivid picture of the life of those poor scholars at the time.

They usually had little money to buy clothes, and those they had they had to wear till they were threadbare and tattered. But it was during the cold winters of Paris that they suffered most of all. Houses in those days did not keep out the cold as ours do now, and it was only very rich people who could afford to buy enough of fuel to keep up a sufficient number of fires. During the daytime in winter the only way the students could keep themselves warm was to play games in the open air. But it was in the night-time that the cold was hardest to bear, and we hear of them lying awake shivering in their beds—that is to say, some straw or rushes strewn on the floor with but scanty covering to keep them warm.

Buchanan himself gives a most graphic picture of the students in the class:

Hardly are things again quiet when five o'clock sounds, and the porter rings his bell calling the scholars to their task. Then in all the majesty of cap and gown forth issues the master, the terror of his charge, in his right hand the scourge, in his left perchance the works of the great Virgil. He seats himself, and shouts his orders till he is red in the face. And now he brings forth the harvest of his toil. He smoothes away difficulties, he corrects, he expunges, he changes the text, he brings to light the spoils he has won by ceaseless study. Meanwhile his scholars, some of them, are sound asleep, others thinking of everything but their Virgil. One is absent, but has bribed his neighbour to answer to his name at roll-call. Another has lost his stockings. Another cannot keep his eye off a large hole in his shoe. One shams illness, another is writing letters to his parents. Hence the rod is never idle, sobs never cease, cheeks are never dry. Then the duties of religion make their call on us, then lessons once more, and once more the rod. Hardly an hour is spared for our meal. No sooner is it over than lessons again, and then a hasty supper. Supper past, we continue our labours into the night as if the day's tasks, forsooth, had not been sufficient.

Buchanan left Paris to become tutor to a young Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Cassillis. He did not remain long with him, however, but returned to Scotland, accepting an offer from King James V., who wanted a tutor for his natural son, James Stewart. In this situation he might have remained for some time but for the feud between the king and the Franciscan monks, who became the subject of his satire, so that King James by artifice had to get him out of the country, after which he returned to Paris. There he stayed for twenty-two years, during which time he changed from being a Roman Catholic into being a Protestant, and we find that he was back in his native country in 1561.

It is difficult for us to-day to form an accurate estimate of Buchanan. He was pre-eminently the poor scholar of his time, and it was unfortunate for his reputation that his work was done in Latin. Sir David Lindsey of the Mount, who was a contemporary, had begun to show the capacity and potentialities of the vernacular, and we cannot help regretting that Buchanan did not follow his example. His hearty and satirical humour with its trenchancy of phrase and biting epigram would have found an excellent medium of expression in broad Scotch. Another factor that counts in the estimate of his place in literature is that the best of his work was devoted to the controversies of the hour. He would have made an exceptionally fine journalist, if he had chanced to live in the twentieth century. What his effect on the reformation was, must to a large extent be a matter of guess-work. He was not a zealot in religious matters, and the best that can be said for him is to be found in the phrase of Sir James Melville: "He was also of gud religion for a poet." It was a time, as Dr. Robert Wallace points out, when *Ubi tres medici duo athei* was a common phrase. But he entered with no particular zest into the religious disputations of his time. Despite the excuses made by his apologists, it is quite evident that in conversation he was given to indulge in skulduggery. Long after his death it was customary in Scotland to begin facetiæ of the coarser kind with the remark: "As George Buchanan says." No doubt thousands of stories were fathered on him with which he had nothing to do, but at the same time there can be little question but that his conversation was as free as, for instance, that of Chaucer.

## THE IMPARTIAL HISTORIAN

*The Church in France.* Two lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By J. E. C. BODLEY. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

EVERY one will regret to learn from Mr. Bodley's preface that his health has again broken down; and we may take it that this accounts for the very slipshod English of too many passages in these lectures. But there are more serious defects than those of grammar or style. Mr. Bodley says that he did not wish to publish the lectures and was at last induced to change his mind by many requests made to him "both by writers in the journals and by private correspondents"; he would perhaps have been wiser had he resisted the importunities of injudicious friends. Even if there be "no book large or small in the English language to help [English people] to understand the constitution of the Concordatory Church, now disestablished, or to follow the phases of the controversy," this volume will not fill the gap. The difficulty of treating so large a subject in a small compass is obvious, and, in fact, the author's treatment is very superficial. No doubt he was hampered by the exclusion of controversial questions from the platform of the Royal Institution; this rule, or Mr. Bodley's interpretation of it, has prevented "the phases of the controversy" from being adequately or even intelligibly described. There is little or no attempt to go down to the fundamental causes of the present situation; no reader would get from the lectures any clear notion of the real meaning of the long conflict of which Separation is the inevitable climax. Indeed, the author takes pains to divert attention from any thorough investigation of causes. He attributes Separation to "a series of accidents," and believes that the French people are quite indifferent to it, an opinion which few will share who look below the surface of things. Certain events may have hastened it, but sooner or later Separation was bound to come, as was foreseen years ago by such men as Paul Bert, who were opposed to it in their own time and in the then existing circumstances.

Mr. Bodley's conception of impartiality has, perhaps, as much to do with the inadequacy of the lectures as the rule of the Royal Institution. He seems to think that the truly impartial method is to dismiss a controversy as a "squabble about a diphthong" in which both sides are equally wrong and unreasonable. The most frankly partisan treatment, provided it were honest, would give a truer view of the matter than this. One can make allowance for bias; one can get no intelligible idea of the matter at all from its presentation by a writer who views it from an eminence so lofty and remote that all distinctions are obliterated. Mr. Bodley, for instance, is quite superior to biblical criticism and what is sometimes called the neo-Catholic movement. He admires the Church as a venerable and above all a gentlemanly institution; he likes its autocratic *régime* and no doubt considers it a useful instrument for keeping the lower classes in order; but he is apparently not interested in religion. This point of view leads him to dismiss the whole liberal religious movement as an unimportant matter, in which nobody in France takes any interest; and that is quite misleading.

Equally misleading is his reference to the Dreyfus affair. "The Clerical party became in a measure," we are told, "the scapegoat for an infatuation which it shared with nine-tenths of the population." But the question is whether the moving spirits in that party did in truth share the infatuation or were not rather responsible for it. The French people was convinced that the latter was the case; the facts seem to me to justify that conviction. Again, Mr. Bodley's impartiality leads him to treat the clerical feeling against the Freemasons and the anti-clerical feeling against the Jesuits as equally silly and baseless. In fact, the clericals are quite justified in hostility to the Freemasons, since the Masonic Lodges in France (which have

for the most part abandoned the ritual and distinctive tenets of Freemasonry) are little more than ordinary political organisations with strong Radical and anti-clerical opinions. On the other hand, Republicans and anti-clericals are equally justified in disliking the Jesuits, who have been the back-bone of the clericalist and anti-republican parties, and whose schools fed the army with disloyal officers. But political hostility is one thing; it is another to accuse your political opponents of worshipping Satan and practising obscene rites: that was the accusation brought against the Freemasons (not only in France but in England, Scotland and all over the world) by the clericals, and believed by the vast majority of French Catholics. The names of Léo Taxil and Diana Vaughan do not occur in Mr. Bodley's chaste pages, but they are important names in the recent history of French Catholicism; and the fact that French Catholics were deceived by the most preposterous hoax that has ever been perpetrated on a large body of people must not be left out of consideration, if we wish to understand the present situation. How came it that Catholics were so superstitious—so incredibly gullible? The cause is surely to be found in their training and education; when we have once recognised that, we are in a position to understand the legislation against the teaching Orders and the movement for the repeal of the *Loi Falloux*.

It is only by ignoring these and other important facts that Mr. Bodley is able to be "impartial," that is to say, to refuse to distinguish. But a historian must distinguish; that is his business. In all controversies there are right and wrong on both sides; in all, or very nearly all, there is more right and less wrong on one side than on the other. The historian ought to tell us to the best of his ability where each side was right or wrong and on which was the balance. If he declines to make the attempt, the suspicion arises that he knows that the balance is against the side on which his own sympathies lie.

When Mr. Bodley comes to consider the Separation Law itself, he leaves most of his impartiality behind, but does not, unfortunately, gain in accuracy. The following statement, for instance, is very far from accurate:

Many moderate Republicans, together with the survivors of the old Liberals and the like-minded members of the Right, regard the law as an act of repression intended to starve religion out of the land, and aimed against religious liberty.

This is the opinion of the clerical extremists and of such papers as the *Croix*. The moderate opponents of Separation, though they still believe it to be a mistake on various grounds, nevertheless admit almost without exception that the law as it stands is on the whole a fair and liberal measure. A considerable minority of Catholics hold that the position of the Church will be better under the new law than under the Concordat; their one fear is that there will be no sufficient check on the power of the Pope over the French Church. (Mr. Bodley is of the latter opinion, but it is quite inconsistent with his other opinion, that the State still keeps a tight hold on the Church.) The Protestants and the Jews consider that their liberty is amply safeguarded by the law; yet, being small and scattered minorities, they would suffer far more than a larger body from any oppressive provisions. In fact, the Separation Law leaves not a single restriction on the religious liberty or the spiritual functions of the Churches; it gives them, moreover, privileges not given by French law to other associations (that is what M. Clemenceau meant when he complained of its "concordatory spirit"); what restrictions it imposes relate to questions of property, and most of these are restrictions on the arbitrary disposal of Church property by the episcopate, the results of which Roman Catholics in England know to their cost. In a sense, no doubt, it is a "law of re-establishment," as every Disestablishment Act must be; for an institution must be either "established by law" or else illegal. If Mr. Bodley could free himself from the dogma of the plenary inspiration and infallibility of Napoleon, perhaps

he would be more just to the humble efforts of "ordinary mortal men" who had to provide a substitute for an arrangement which, however admirable it may have been in 1802, had become quite impossible in 1905.

In his interpretation of the Law Mr. Bodley makes some serious mistakes which any French lawyer could have corrected. He quite misunderstands the effect of Clause 4 (pp. 100, 101), which has nothing to do with the conditions on which *associations cultuelles* can be legally formed, but defines the conditions to be fulfilled by those particular associations to which the ecclesiastical buildings and property are to be assigned. He states (p. 107) that the *associations cultuelles* "fall under the provisions of the Law of Association of 1901," whereas only five of the twenty-one clauses of that law apply to them. And—which is still more serious—he interprets the Associations Law in such a way as to suggest that the *associations cultuelles* can be at any time suppressed by the Government. This passage (pp. 64-66) he has, it is true, modified since the lecture was delivered. In the original lecture he entirely ignored the provisions of the Associations Law, and declared that all associations in France still required the authorisation of the Government, which could suppress them at any time; that the Government possessed, in fact, the same powers as under the Second Empire. But, although he now prints in an appendix the text of the Associations Law—and although that text clearly shows that associations other than religious Orders now require no authorisation (Clauses 2, 6), and can be dissolved only by a judgment of a court of law (Clause 7) if their objects are illegal or immoral (Clause 3), or if, being *associations déclarées*, they have not complied with the formalities (Clause 7)—Mr. Bodley still talks of associations being "authorised by the Government" and still adheres to the opinion that the Government has the power of suppressing them conferred upon it by certain clauses of the Penal Code, which are expressly repealed by the Associations Law (Clause 21). As Mr. Bodley does not explain why he believes that the Associations Law means the opposite of what it says and that its repealing clause is inoperative, it is enough to say that his opinion is unique and would startle a French lawyer.

The amusing thing is that this laborious struggle to overcome hard facts is all to no purpose. For Mr. Bodley has omitted to notice that the circumstances in which *associations cultuelles* can be dissolved are laid down by the Separation Law itself (Clause 23) and, in this regard, they do not fall under the Law of Association.

ROBERT DELL.

#### DR. PLATO ON THE STUMP

*Plato as an Introduction to Modern Criticism of Life.* By EMIL REICH (Doctor Juris). (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.)

DR. REICH is a very clever man. Most people, who have nothing to say and an irresistible desire to say it, address themselves to Toynbee Hall or to the sad-eyed zealots of University Extension. But our Doctor Juris from Hungary knows a trick worth two of that. He goes to Claridge's and insists that he shall be fashionable. Not content with dragging in the name of Plato with a patent irrelevancy, he seems to imagine that he is a sort of an incarnation of the philosopher; and by a subtle flattery he pretends also that his audience is as highly cultivated as that which heard the real Plato in the groves of Academe. There they sit, the beautiful ladies and the clever men, at the feet of Dr. Plato Reich. Do you not recognise Alcibiades in the corner? And if Aspasia be not there, it is only because the matrons of England and America love not the rustling of her perfect gown. But Plato is there, and Plato is eloquent, and Plato is discursive, and Plato is ready to prate of any question under heaven from the British drama to Nelson's love-affairs. Above all, Plato is adroit enough to persuade his audience that he is Platonising, and no sooner does he

make the astounding statement that in China there are no ideals whatever, than all the note-books are brought out in a hurry, and you may hear their hand-made pages crackle all over the room.

Dr. Plato, in fact, is delighted with his auditors. "We are now speaking," says he, "of gentlemen and ladies in the *monde*." That is the right spirit of learning. Be aristocratic or nothing. What should "the people" know of Platonism or of love? Peasants marry, we are told, "that they may have two more hands to work." And tradesmen are no better, "for they, too, simply marry for the simple purpose of co-operation." But gentlemen and ladies, like Dr. Plato and his audience, are more wisely guided. They are in no hurry, for they know, if they have been to Claridge's, that "love proper will come," and, if they have listened attentively to the Doctor, they know also that "it is a most incomprehensible passion." There's depth for you! There's research! There's discovery! "Love is a most incomprehensible passion," and you may pierce that great secret by going no further out of your way than Claridge's.

London, indeed, is more highly privileged than any city since the sixteenth century. "An audience similar to this," says the Doctor, "sat before Lorenzo the Magnificent four hundred and thirty years ago, and heard him talk of Plato." And we are sure that our modern Lorenzo is no less magnificent than his predecessor. In one respect, perhaps, he has the advantage. His style, if, like himself, it can be magnificent, can also step down from its state; if lofty, it can also be familiar. The heart of Claridge's must have warmed to him when he said of those who take part in the Symposium: "These men were the pick of Greek culture." Could you add or subtract a syllable from that elegant phrase? And with how fine an ease does he admit you to the secret of Lessing's early life! "He was *fiancé* to a woman," says the Doctor, "a widow, who kept him going for six years." Thus does the philosopher unbend. Thus does he remind you that he, the legitimate descendant of Plato and Lorenzo the Magnificent, is still a plain man, like the rest of us.

And in nothing does he show his superiority to the common professors of our Universities more clearly than in his genial ignorance. He is evidently a man of the world, and his knowledge of Greek, as of English, is of the world too. Nothing arouses his indignation so readily as the spectacle of men teaching Plato before they have learnt to understand him.

At the Universities [says he] we see young dons of twenty-two attempting this feat; estimable young men, no doubt, whose experience of life may have extended to having been drunk once or twice, or perhaps having been smiled upon by a barmaid.

Now Dr. Plato is not of this kind. It is Life, not study, that has engrossed him. Europe knows him, and America. He is not like the poor dons, who sadly accept the smiles of barmaids and who permit themselves now and again to get pensively sodden. Indeed, he has been so busy living that he has not had time to acquire much learning. What better proof of his sincerity could you have than that? Had he been a don, whose solitude is cheered by an infrequent barmaid, he would not have written down that weird word *kremastistikon*. He would not have left us wondering who Phothius was. He would not have discussed the love of Damon for Pericles. He would not have spoken of "Eros and Amor and Cupid." He would not have told us gravely that the love of woman is not mentioned "in the Eleusinian Mysteries." Again, had he been merely an estimable young man, whose knowledge of life is bounded by one or two bouts of drunkenness, he would have been able to avoid an inextricable tangle of contradiction. He would not have assured us on one page that imperialism is unfavourable to literature, thus forgetting his own contemporaries of the fifth century, "the pick of Greek culture," and then asserted on another page, without apology or explanation, that the Armada made Shakespeare.

He would not have made the astounding statement that this same Shakespeare, whose vocabulary is the largest known to history, "uses as few words as possible, and of the simplest character." In brief, there are many things which Dr. Plato would not have said and done, had he been a mere don, with an imperfect knowledge of barmaids. But for the Doctor, Life (with a capital) is all important, Life, generous and versatile, which allows him to understand the wiles of Lady Hamilton, and, under an august name, to introduce the philosophy of the Yellow Press to the pick of English culture. Is not Life, which can accomplish so much at so cheap a cost, better than the knowledge which belongs to the wretched don of the rare carouse and rarer barmaid? Is it worth while to spell correctly, if you can tell anecdotes about the Zingaree woman? Yet even the Doctor, upon whose shoulders the mantle of the Athenian philosophy has fallen, is not altogether happy. In one flash of self-knowledge he has pierced the mystery of his success.

A Hungarian [he says, with a cunning eye cast upon himself] will talk of Icelandic institutions, of Norwegian troubles; he will discuss Shakespeare as few in this country can, *c'est pour se sauver*. But there is nothing more in it; it is all talk.

And when the glamour of Life (with a capital) is dimmed, we are compelled to confess, even with the horror of the intermittent barmaid before our eyes, that it was not by accident that the Doctor was born in Hungary. "There is nothing more in it; it is all talk." Alas, poor Plato! Alas, poor deluded Claridge's!

#### OLD MASTERS AND NEW

*J. M. W. Turner.* By W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A. (Bell, 7s. 6d. net.)

*Peter Paul Rubens.* By HOPE REA. (Bell, 5s. net.)

*The Art of the National Gallery.* By J. DE WOLF ADDISON. (Bell, 6s. net.)

*Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.* By PERCY CROSS STANDING. (Cassell, 5s. net.)

*Henrietta Rae.* By ARTHUR FISH. (Cassell, 5s. net.)

THE lack of interest in art shown by the English people has long been a byword with the nations; but, if we may judge by the number of books on painting and pictures that are now put before the British public, this reproach will soon be out of date. The series on British Artists, for example, has run into large editions and must help forward the interest in painting to no small extent. The latest work in this collection is, however, especially for artists and art students, as it seems to us. Turner's greatest admirers are the painters, and Mr. Wyllie, whose work is to some extent comparable with the master's, enjoys it with the exquisite pleasure of the technician and the sympathies of a cunning hand. Among the many "Lives" of Turner the present has an agreeable freshness, a kindly feeling and an artistic knowledge which make it the pleasantest and most useful of reading. The story of the development from the stained and tinted drawing to the water-colour of to-day, which Turner and Girtin did so much to bring about, is well told, and the exact position of Turner in the genesis of art is carefully determined. If, says Mr. Wyllie, his readers wish to grasp the difference between realism and the style of Turner they cannot do better than compare the great *Calais Pier* of 1803 with Mr. Henry Moore's *Newhaven Packet* or Millais's *Fringe of the Moor*. Turner in his day revolutionised style and the palette, but since his time we have had generations of experimentalists, if not as successful, at least as bold as he, with the result that what was blindly worshipped a decade or two ago is now open to the criticism of students. In Mr. Wyllie's book we have an artist's history of an artist's life and work, which is interesting and informing on every page. In a slightly different way this might almost be said of the beautiful addition to the series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture" the "Peter

Paul Rubens" by Miss Hope Rea. The various periods of the great Flemish Master are each fully considered, and the incidents of his crowded and brilliant life told anew with a knowledge and *élan* which hold the reader's attention from the first page to the last. There are many admirably printed illustrations from the pictures in the finest galleries of Europe. These are fully representative of the thousand or more paintings which Rubens left to a delighted world. Among the most interesting of the pictures given in this book is the *Earthly Paradise*, in which the beasts and birds are by Breughel, the splendid, vital *Peasants' Dance* from the Prado, the inspired *Christ à la Paille*, and the series of beautiful portraits. Miss Hope Rea's book will be welcome to all interested in one of the greatest masters of all time. To pass from the particular to the general, to leave Peter Paul for the consideration of the whole of the "Art of the National Gallery" by Mrs. J. de Wolf Addison, the author of the "Art of the Pitti Palace," is the next step among this list of art books. Here, once more, the charm and beauty of our own collection are spread before us. Although Mrs. Addison disclaims any attempt to offer a complete account of the various schools of art, still, as far as it is possible to illustrate it by examples within our Gallery, the historic continuity is emphasised. The facts, brought together within an easy compass, are stated with lucidity and grace, and art as a whole is indebted to a writer at once devoted and enthusiastic, critical and clear. Of course much depends on the reproductions of pictures; these are well selected and carefully produced. The prints from photographs of the *Doña Isabel* of Goya; the *Bacchanalia* of Poussin; the *Vision of St. Helena* of Veronese; the *Mars and Venus* of Botticelli, to mention only a few, are in themselves a valuable possession, and when we say that the letterpress is a worthy complement to the pictures it will be understood that Mrs. Addison has produced a book—on a subject already admirably treated—that will be likely to hold its own for several generations.

After this feast among the greatest painters of all ages it is perhaps hardly fair to turn to the first volumes of Cassell's Artists' Series: Mr. Percy Cross Standing's volume on "Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema," and that by Mr. Arthur Fish on Mrs. Normand, who is more generally known as Henrietta Rae. This class of book on living painters is undoubtedly very popular, and, if it needs must be done, it cannot be better accomplished than in the well-illustrated books before us. Both artists are, of course, warmly praised in these works, and many interesting details—such as the nice things that Leighton and Millais said to Miss Rae about "La Cigale," or how Alma-Tadema made his bargain with the dealer, Garnhart—are given us. The illustrations remind us of far-off happy hours in the presence of the varied paintings from both artists, and of ideals in art which are already, we fear, a little out-grown.

#### THE OLD TESTAMENT IN GREEK

*The Old Testament in Greek.* According to the text of Codex Vaticanus, supplemented from other Uncial Manuscripts, with a critical apparatus containing the variants of the chief ancient authorities for the Text of the Septuagint. Edited by ALLAN ENGLAND BROOKE, B.D., Fellow and Dean of King's College, and NORMAN McLEAN, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, University Lecturer in Aramaic. (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Septuagint, which is the Old Testament in Greek, has many claims on the attention of the Biblical critic and scholar. It has the earliest manuscript authority extant, for the earliest Hebrew manuscript dates from 916 A.D., and the Codex Vaticanus belongs to the fourth century. The Septuagint version was read in the Jewish Synagogue, before and after the Christian era, and was used and still is used by the Eastern Church. It was the version read and



quoted by our Lord and His Apostles, while the references and allusions to it in the New Testament are numerous. All the ancient versions were made from it, except the Syriac and St. Jerome's Latin, while our English Authorised Version, as well as the Revised in very many cases, adopted its readings. The Septuagint is also said to preserve not only many important words, but some sentences and several old verses which originally made a part of the Hebrew text, but have long ago entirely disappeared, so that some have thought that the translators must have used manuscripts of an age before the time of Ezra. Moreover, the tenses in the Septuagint are also said to be more trustworthy. The tense in Hebrew denominated "future" is never so in reality, but simply an habitual present, precisely like the present tense in English; and the past tense is idiomatically used to express the certainty of the action yet to be accomplished. Again, the Greek of the New Testament cannot be adequately understood without a knowledge of the Hellenistic Greek used in the Septuagint version; and, further, many Greek words occurring in the New Testament are used in a sense unknown to classical authors, the meaning of which can only be discovered by reference to the corresponding Hebrew words as translated in the Septuagint Version. The Hellenistic Greek of the Bible differs essentially from the Attic Greek in its comprehensiveness, in its syntax and etymology. The very fastidiousness and precision of Attic Greek made it impatient of all foreign intrusion. On the contrary, Hellenistic Greek, like Axylos, who sat near the wayside with a welcome for every stranger, was a composite which welcomed words and idioms of many ages and languages. The words of Homer and Hesiod are found side by side with words that were favourites with Herodotus or with Xenophon. Expressions long buried in the obscurity of a remote lyric poet leap forth into a fresh life; the purest Attic appears on the same page with an antiquated Aeolic form or a modern barbarism; words that have never before reached the dignity of the literary standard, that are only known to fame through the Comedies of Aristophanes, now for the first time are consecrated to another use in Hellenistic Greek.

The aim of the editors of the present work is "not to provide a reconstructed text of the Septuagint but to supply full information by incorporating the results of Dr. Swete's edition, by reproducing with greater accuracy and clearness all the important evidence collected in the great Oxford edition of Holmes and Parsons and by completing it from all the sources which were not yet available when that edition was published." The selection of thirty cursive manuscripts as representative of the remaining Greek manuscripts of the Octateuch was made after an examination of the text of ten specimen pages, carefully chosen for the purpose by Dr. Hort and Dr. Swete, in all known manuscripts of the Octateuch—"altogether over one hundred and twenty—to which access could be obtained. Of the thirty cursives thus selected new collations have been made and revised by the editors—in many cases with the help of friends—either from the manuscripts themselves or from photographs. The collations of the seven ancient versions which are quoted have been made and revised throughout by one or both of the editors. The collections of patristic material were for the most part made by fellow workers, or published indices were used by the editors. For the redaction of all the evidence the editors are solely responsible." It may be added that on the burning question of the Virgin Birth of our Lord it is the Septuagint which furnishes the strongest evidences in its favour, and is confirmed by the Peshitto Syriac Version, both reading—not "a young woman" but "the Virgin" (Isaiah vii. 14), where the present Hebrew text gives "young woman," though originally the evidence seems to show that as late as the second half of the first century after Christ the Hebrew texts read "the Virgin." "Was the change to 'the young woman' deliberately meant," writes Dr. Peters, "to exclude the Christian interpretation of the passage, or was it a mere blunder,

the adoption into the text of the emendation of a stupid literalist?" In all charity we hope that the latter explanation is the correct one.

Last, it is remarkable that while the Septuagint version agrees with the Hebrew text in the Law, yet in many cases it differs widely from the Hebrew in the Prophets, and the Historical books chiefly in omissions, as in Jeremiah, which is much shorter in the Greek. It is certainly clear that the translators of the Septuagint had a different Hebrew text before them from that which is now extant.

T. H. L. LEARY.

### THE TRUE SPORTSMAN

*Chats on Angling.* By Captain H. V. HART-DAVIS. (Horace Cox, 10s. 6d. net.)

MOST of these "Chats on Angling" have appeared already in the pages of *The Field*; but they are so brightly written and so well illustrated by the author that all lovers of angling will be pleased to renew acquaintance with them in their present form. The book has, indeed, no literary pretensions, but this is equally true of most books on sport. It will, however, take its place in the study or the smoking-room side by side with "Fishing and Shooting" by Sidney Buxton, Sir Edward Grey's book of "Fly Fishing," "Days of my Life" by "John Bickerdyke" and other pleasant books of the same kind—friends that we can always depend upon for an agreeable hour when the weather is bad or the solitary cigar is lighted after dinner.

Captain Hart-Davis is not only a good fisherman but a man of wide sympathies, with that keen appreciation of nature and love of the country which mark the true sportsman. He has succeeded in transferring to his pages the atmosphere of the river-side; and we feel as we turn them over that we are sauntering, rod in hand, beside some familiar stream, we hear the sounds of the water-meadows and smell the scent of flowers.

Since the publication of Mr. Halford's excellent series on Dry Fly Fishing it has not been given to any one to write much that is new about angling. But whether the author writes in praise of the dry fly, or discusses the education of south country trout, or makes his contribution to the insoluble problems of salmon-fishing, we find the same freshness which was characteristic of his former book, "Stalking Sketches."

In his inevitable comparison of the wet fly fisher with the votary of the dry fly, there is a good deal of truth in his remark that, whilst a fair angler will catch fish with a wet fly, the dry fly fisherman, to be successful, must be first-class. "The art of fishing the floating fly is not one that will admit of any mediocrity." Perseverance he strongly advocates, especially in salmon fishing. "There is but little doubt that the fly that is kept going catches most fish." He supports the reaction that has set in against a multitude of flies, and believes that fish care more for the size than the precise shade of colour. He recommends the use of field-glasses when fishing, and defends it to some purpose; though many anglers think them an unnecessary encumbrance, and Mr. Dewar declares in his "Book of the Dry Fly" that "field-glasses for trout-fishing are simply foolish." Anglers would save themselves many disappointments if they would take to heart the warnings given here against cheap tackle; though it should be remembered that not every fisherman enjoys the privilege of angling in waters that contain 5 lb. trout or 30 lb. salmon.

In the course of his "Chats" our author introduces us to many waters—the Test, the Driffield Beck, the Awe, and two Donegal rivers, the Clady and Crollly. He relates a good anecdote of his Irish gillie:

"We were going back to England on the morrow, and were settling up generally, when my gillie Pat said to me, 'Your honour, would ye buy me a pig?' "And why should I do that, Pat? Are you not

content with your tip?" "Well, your honour, I don't want ye to pay altogether for it, but only to buy it for me." After some further conversation I consented to go up to the shanty on the hill where his old mother lived. There I found her haggling over the price of a sow; she averred that £3 was more than the sow was worth, the man was holding out for £3 10s. Eventually I became the purchaser at £3, and, paying the money, told Pat that as he had been a good gillie to me he could have the pig for his own. All the blessings of heaven were showered on my head by Pat and his mother; but no sooner had the dealer departed than Pat, producing an old stocking, extracted three sovereigns therefrom and solemnly handed them to me. Asked what all this comedy meant, Pat at once replied, "Ach, sorr, would ye have me let the praste know I'd got three sovereigns in my pocket?"

Some of his hints are excellent; in casting a dry fly, "always imagine that the plane of the water is some foot or so higher than it really is. The result will be that your collar will fall as lightly as gossamer." The novice is exhorted not to wander up and down the bank, scaring fish and thus spoiling sport for other anglers. It is wise to lunch at a spot where you can watch the river, as fish often come on the rise just at lunch-time. Many an angler will recollect occasions when he has caught the only fish of the day by taking this precaution: we ourselves accounted for two brace of trout this Easter on the Otter "between the sandwiches."

So observant an angler is certain to have observed many curious incidents. On one occasion he saw a number of trout rising at and following a swarm of bees right across a loch in Forfarshire; on another he watched a blackbird feeding on May flies.

The expression "Simon Pure," which he uses several times as synonymous with "the genuine article," perhaps calls for some explanation, since it is one of those expressions which a great many people use, and very few can explain or derive. Simon Pure was a character who is counterfeited by an impostor in a comedy entitled *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, written by Mrs. Centlivre, wife of the principal cook of Queen Anne and George I., and acted at Drury Lane on February 3, 1718.

The distance between Letterkenny and Gweedore is not fifty miles: twenty-five miles would be nearer the mark. We note also a few slips in English, to be corrected in a second edition, on pages 28, 69, 82 and 101. But the type in which the "Chats" are printed is a pleasure to read, and the general "get up" of the book is very attractive. It is not often that so much information and such useful suggestions are so lightly and brightly put together for the angler's delectation.

### RESTORATION LYRICS

*Lyrics of the Restoration from Sir Edward Sherburne to William Congreve.* Selected and edited by JOHN and CONSTANCE MASEFIELD. (E. Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a pretty little book bound in vellum, tied up in white leather strings, and placed upon the market in a decorative card-board box. It is announced as one of a series of "chapbooks"—a word which some one may have told the publisher is the Greek for "anthologies." An anthology, at any rate, is what she has produced, beginning with a more or less critical introduction, and ending with some brief biographical notes on the poets—shall we make a wild dash at the publisher's etymology and say the "chaps"?—from whose writings extracts have been made. These last are so scrappy and inadequate—and yet of such varying scrappiness and inadequacy—as to suggest that the editors proceeded on the principle of glancing at the works of reference, closing them, and then writing out what they happened to remember. On no other hypothesis can we account for the fact that Thomas Otway gets six lines, while in the case of Waller and Sir John Denham only the dates of death and birth are mentioned and the name of Henry Vaughan is unsupported even by these bare particulars. At the principle on which the pieces have been selected we hardly even venture to guess. The Restoration period, so far as we can make out, is taken by the editors to begin in the

reign of Charles I. and to continue until the end of the reign of Anne. At all events it is taken to include Matthew Prior, who was neither of the same school nor of the same epoch as Davenant, Sedley, Rochester and the rest. "The age which these writers inaugurated," say the editors, "has been called the Augustan age." Which age, since the singers on the list belonged to more than one? And what name are we to give to the period of Pope and Addison if the style usually bestowed upon it is to be used for a period about half a century earlier? These are a few—but only a few—of the questions raised by Mr. and Mrs. Masefield's introductory remarks.

The bulk of the introduction, however, is devoted to denunciation of the "unspeakable atmosphere" of the reign of Charles II. The indictment is easy to draw, and still easier to overdraw, especially with Pepys' Diary lying on the table. This is how Mr. and Mrs. Masefield draw it:

When the King came to his own again, in 1660, there was a reaction. The revolt, like most revolts, was violent. In their hatred of arbitrary rule, the released people renounced all law. In their new liberty to enjoy, they exceeded; not, perhaps, because they were fond of dubious pleasures, but because they had forgotten their old orderly pastimes, and could not delight themselves but crudely.

There is the old mistake here—that the corruption of the Stuart Court corrupted the manners and ideals of the English people. The inference is, no doubt, suggested by the writings of Pepys and Harrison Ainsworth; but Harrison Ainsworth was a writer of fiction, not a student of history, and Pepys was a drunken old reprobate, only differing in his *naïveté* from the drunken old reprobates of other times, and not in the least concerned to portray the habits of the community at large. A truer picture—one has only to look at it to feel that it is truer—is that to be found in the Diary of Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick. Her pious life in the country balances the disorderly life of the courtiers in the town; and it was by no means the isolated life of the saint who flies from the world to the wilderness. She entertained, she visited, she went to church. She held a creed hardly less evangelical than that of Bunyan and his Baptists, although she was a faithful adherent of the establishment; and she always found plenty of persons in her own rank of life who were delighted to converse seriously with her on serious subjects. We gather from her pages how great a part the sermons of eminent divines played in the life of the metropolis, even when the Court "declared," according to Mr. and Mrs. Masefield, "that vice should be the sole occupation of a man of sense"; while, as a daughter of the great Earl of Cork, and a sister of Robert Boyle, she was in close touch with the intellectual life of the time, and saw how little serious progress was impeded by the noisy frivolities of the gallants. That atmosphere can hardly have been wholly bad in which even frivolity was expected to find elegant literary expression; but the men who were giving it that expression were not the true representatives of English life on its literary or on any other side. Their period, it must never be forgotten, was also the period of Sir Isaac Newton and Robert Boyle, of Ken, and Baxter, and Tillotson, and Stillingfleet, of John Bunyan and John Milton, who were not only growing up; but doing their best work at the time. Their works have not only counted for more with posterity; they also, if we may judge by the vulgar test of sales, counted for more with their contemporaries. It is true that Milton only got £5 for the first edition of "Paradise Lost"; but it is also true that, within eleven years of its publication, between 1667 and 1678, 3000 copies had been sold. What arrangement Bunyan made for the publication of "The Pilgrim's Progress" we do not know; but we do know that the work passed through eleven editions between 1678 and 1685. They were the really popular, as well as the really great writers of the Restoration period; and essayists who set out to infer the moral tone of the age from its literature would do well to bear that in mind.

## HERESIES ON STYLE

THAT the style is the very man is the aphorism with which it is almost obligatory to begin, if only for the purpose of disputing it: and, indeed, there are several reasons why it cannot be accepted without a good deal of qualification. Some men have more than one style: other men have neither been born to style nor have acquired it, but have had it thrust upon them. W. E. Henley, for example, thrust a style upon his disciples. He was a strong man with fixed ideas about the use of the English language. His contributors fell in with his views—presumably on the principle of “anything for a quiet life.” Thus arose a school of writers who gave the impression of a band of brothers—all with their noses in the air. That upward growth was not, however, natural and spontaneous. Their noses had been tilted for them by the editorial arbiter of their elegances. They really differed widely from each other, though the differences had been temporarily obscured by the compulsion of a common style. The style in this case was not the man himself, at any rate, not the whole man.

Man dons a different singing robe to suit the task before him, even as he uses one language with his butler and another with his intellectual guest. Even if we admit that a man's style, if it be his own, must to some extent mirror his personality, we have to be careful. He, at any rate, would be a bold man who said that, given the style and nothing else, he would undertake to infer the personality therefrom. Dyspepsia is a thing which affects personality and gets into style; but who would infer from Carlyle's style that he was a martyr to the malady? That inference could be drawn with much more plausibility from what we happen to know of Mrs. Carlyle's domestic arrangements than from anything that we read in “Sartor Resartus” or “The French Revolution.” Who, again, would infer from the preciousness of Stevenson's prose that his talk was a mixture of fine English and full-blooded slang? Yet Mr. Andrew Lang has assured the world that he spoke of some of his sensational compositions as “regular crawlers,” and that he called Julius Cæsar “the howlingest cheese who ever lived.” Clearly there was some room for erroneous deduction here. Moreover, there are other cases in which error would be not only possible but unavoidable. From Bishop Stubbs's prose style only one inference could be drawn—that he was an unconscionable bore; whereas every one who knew the historian bears witness that he was a most genial companion with a keen sense of humour. If he thought about it at all, he probably thought that style was no more wanted in an English history than in a cookery-book. His concern was to tell people things which he knew and they did not; his personality was nobody's business but his own. The result is a style which does not bear even the remotest relation to the man.

That is an extreme case, but not an example which we recommend for imitation, in spite of the tendency of scholars to impeach the *bona fides* of all historians whose histories permit themselves to be read. Better to err with Froude than to be right with Freeman; though, as Mr. Paul lately reminded us, Froude did not err very often, and Freeman was by no means always right. But, as a matter of fact, a good deal of nonsense has been talked about style, as if it were an accomplishment worth pursuing for its own sake, and capable of giving a title-deed to immortality. The truth is that it is not through their style that even the stylists live, though some of them have deceived themselves and expected that they would do so. Flaubert notoriously was such a one: possibly Pater was another. The Frenchman, at any rate, invented the doctrine of the “inevitable word,” and the corollary that “the inevitable word is the harmonious word”—which is nonsense—and he spent years trying and rejecting words until he found those that exactly fitted into his mosaic. He differed from Mr. Henry James in that

he published not his experiments with words, but only their final result: and that result is certainly a flawless piece of workmanship. The secret of his triumph, however, was hardly, if at all, in the perfection of his technique. When he was left alone with his technique, he failed, as in “Salammbo.” Where he succeeded, as in “Madame Bovary” and “L'Education Sentimentale,” we read him not for his harmonious words, but for his minute observation, and his pessimistic vision of the futility of human strivings—not for style, that is to say, but for ideas. No man's style is so individual that it cannot be imitated by Mr. Owen Seaman. Mr. Seaman can write, as the whim takes him, exactly like Mr. Meredith or exactly like Mr. Hardy. It does not follow that, if the whim took him, he could write another “Richard Feverel” or another “Jude the Obscure.” In works like these it is the thought and not the style that is the man.

A philosophy of style, in truth, is, in the main, a philosophy of clothes. There is a limited sense in which it is true that the tailor makes the man; but there is a larger sense in which the very contrary is the truth. Certainly inferences as to a man's character can generally be drawn from his taste in dress. A vain man dresses in one way and a meek man in another. Loud checks are eloquent; so are velveteen jackets: so are spring-side boots; so are elaborate waistcoats; so are made-up dress-ties; and so are dirty collars. But though these sartorial indications tell you something, they are silent about essentials. They do not, for instance, help you to distinguish the thief from the honest man, the hero from the coward, or the man of genius from the fool. The Christ Church undergraduate went altogether too far when he stayed away from the Balliol tutor's lectures on philosophy, saying: “How can a man lecture in bags cut like that?” And even in the case of the dandies who have set the fashions, it has been their personality far more than their dandyism that has won them their place in history. No doubt there were dozens of Beau Brummell's contemporaries who dressed as well as he did; but his was the strong individuality beneath the dress. He stopped a peer in Piccadilly and asked him whether he “called that a coat.” When the Regent cut him on the staircase he inquired: “Alvanley, who is your fat friend?” The real man stands out in such acts of self-assurance, not in the rejection of trays full of unsuccessful neckties.

Similarly with style. A certain cultivation of style is a proper concession to decency. One feels it indecorous that great thoughts should be too sloppily attired, as some of the greatest indubitably have been. The involved sentences of Kant and the shapeless prose of Bishop Stubbs are almost improper. They suggest a picture of the philosopher and the historian going for a walk in the park in their dressing-gown and slippers. When the reporter, describing the trial trip of the Thames steamboat wrote: “Still forging ahead, the sun set behind the chimney pots,” he carried carelessness to the verge of rudeness. Mr. Baring-Gould does the same in the passage in his new book about the Riviera in which, telling the story of the divorce of the Prince of Monaco, he writes that “after eleven years of married life the Pope dissolved the marriage.” This sort of thing is an offence, as if a man were to sit in the stalls at the opera in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket. Good literary manners forbid, and the plea of ignorance of the requirements of good literary manners is no valid excuse. But it does not follow that the opposite extreme of literary dandyism is admirable. The literary clothes, however elegant, will presently go out of fashion. It is the thought tricked out in them that will remain to be tried in the balance. It is an arguable belief that the works of Robert Louis Stevenson will presently, for that reason, go the way of the works of John Lyly. At any rate, it is certain that the stylists whose work lasts are the stylists who have something to say—such stylists as Gibbon and Carlyle. The style, in their cases, was by no means the man, and was hardly even the ninth part of the man.

## THE OWL

WHEN all the children lie asleep  
And the village lamps are out,  
The owl from the falling barn does creep  
To roam the world about.

Her wings are quiet, her eyes are keen,  
She needs no starry light;  
To her each timid thing is seen  
That nibbles in the night.

But when the dawn begins to break  
And the glimmering hour is chill,  
She wings her way across the lake,  
Or hoots upon the hill.

Now soon dear Robin sweetly sings:  
Unharm'd go mouse and vole—  
The owl has closed her silent wings  
And sleeps in her shaded hole.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## THE POETRY OF MODERN PANTHEISM

THE English poets of nature of the eighteenth century were children of an age of landscape-gardening and humanitarianism. For them the fair aspects of the world and the generous emotions of mankind were the things that really existed. To the novelists they relinquished the task of depicting the dubious actions of men. "The outward shows of sky and earth," and the gentler movements of the human heart were the sources of their inspiration. Passion they wanted, it is true, and without passion no great poetry can be conceived: but they did not lack either ideas or the faculty of exquisite observation. Above all, they had a fund of poetic instinct sufficient at least to enable them to infuse life and warmth into the frigid philosophy of their contemporaries and to transform it into a sort of religion. Underbuilders in the temple of English poetry, they laid the strong foundations upon which "Tintern Abbey" and other splendid works were erected. They were men with original powers of mind. By combining a realistic description of the phenomena of nature with an idealistic interpretation of its spirit, they elaborated a form of mysticism of a peculiarly poetic type. In the universe of the ancient mystics there was little matter for poetry. Everything there was a symbol for something else: nothing retained that independent significance which enables the imagination to create for its ideas a solid and definite body. The revolt of the poets of nature of the eighteenth century was, however, more especially directed against the deist's conception of a universe of mechanical forces. In this there was not left even a subject for the mystical allegories which Oriental writers weave unceasingly out of the phantasmal pageantry of their strange world. The deists invalidated the implicit feeling of a relation between man and nature. Thomson, the first of modern descriptive poets, restored to that feeling all its force and made it explicit. The pantheism of his "Hymn on the Seasons" is not, perhaps, remarkable for any subtlety of thought, but it is informed by genuine sentiment:

These as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love . . .  
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months  
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:  
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,

Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter awful Thou! With clouds and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest rolled,  
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing  
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore.

Thomson, like Cowper, who followed him in proclaiming that:

There lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is God,

wanted the vehemence of emotion which creates for itself an original and striking way of expression. He was only the obscure progenitor of a famous race. Sluggish of mind and indolent of temper, he left in the rough the notions to which later writers of genius gave a more brilliant form. His idea of the power and beneficence of nature kindled in the fiery soul of Rousseau a blaze of passion in which the spirit of a new age was born: his idea of the divinity of the actual universe quickened in Goethe and Wordsworth, in Shelley and Victor Hugo the faculty:

To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And heaven in a wild flower;

which enabled them to combine the primitive sentiment of universal sympathy and the modern sentiment of universal curiosity in a feeling for natural beauty of an incomparable intensity and breadth.

The range and variety of the poetry of nature inspired by the pantheistic movement are indeed extraordinary. The only connection between some of the writers is a common sense of the mysterious affinities between man and his earthly surroundings. In Goethe and Wordsworth, however, the idea of the harmony of all things predominates. Under the inspiration of this idea they weave together the world of emotions and the world of objects in verse with a subtle power of suggestiveness. Sometimes a frame of mind is expressed in the form of a landscape:

Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh;  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Sometimes a landscape is depicted in the form of a frame of mind:

I cannot paint  
What I was then. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite, a feeling and a love.

But this is done without endowing natural scenery with human qualities, or despoiling the mind of man of them. The relation between nature and man, on which this poetry rests, is a real relation. To Byron's question:

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?

Wordsworth would have replied that the human soul was not a part of the mountains, waves and skies, but that these things might become a part of the human soul. The connection was a one-sided one, arising from the influence exerted on the imagination by natural objects:

Ah Lady, we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live.

The later poets of the pantheistic school do not appear to have so definite a point of view. Victor Hugo and Shelley, for instance, vacillate between contrary beliefs. In "L'Abime" the French writer gives one of the grandest expressions in literature of the awe aroused by the thought of the unity, vastness, and sublimity of the universe of modern science. But in other poems by him all idea of



the order and gradation of things is veiled by the primitive mystery of blank ignorance. Everything that stirs or seems to stir is regarded with reverence. The movement of some frog in the sedge, the action of some human soul impelled by an heroic impulse, provoke the same rudimentary sense of godlike power. This can scarcely be called pantheism: it is mere animism. In Hugo it seems sometimes to be only extravagant rhetoric. Shelley vacillates in the same manner: but it is his pantheism which seems to be rhetorical: his animism is a genuine superstition. Shelley was a man with a divided mind. In regard to the idea of religion he was a narrow and hasty sceptic, who adopted as the most philosophic form of religious indifference a cold, glittering sort of pantheism which he borrowed, like Byron, from Wordsworth, and, like Byron, emptied of all real meaning in the borrowing. He said of Keats:

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb to stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

But he himself never fell on his knees in adoration of that Power. In regard to the sentiment of religion, however, he was as susceptible as a savage. He was the most sceptical and the most superstitious of men. Finding in his vision of a universe of mechanical forces no divine, creative Spirit to worship, he turned in moods of deep feeling to some striking object in nature, and prayed to that. His "Ode to the West Wind" is surely the strangest hymn in the language of any civilised people:

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed  
Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need,  
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

The passion there rings true. The sincerity of Shelley's animism is the source of all that is new and wild and lovely in his poetry of nature. To him, when he surrendered himself to mere feeling, the world was a fairyland. Every natural object there was animated with an eerie life of its own, which he sometimes depicted in myths that have the glow, the freshness and the simplicity of the legends of primitive races. There is, for example, the exquisite chorus in "Prometheus Unbound":

The pale stars are gone!  
For the sun, their swift shepherd,  
To their folds them compelling,  
In the depths of the dawn,  
Hastens, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee  
Beyond his blue dwelling,  
As fawns flee the leopard.  
But where are ye?

"This is just the way," as the author of "Primitive Culture" remarks, "in which early barbaric man would talk." In fact, the one great poet of the romantic school who tried to adopt a naturalistic conception of the universe was compelled by his own starved heart to reject it for another quite as fantastic, but, fortunately, far more beautiful.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "Prehistoric Ghosts," by J. A. MacCulloch.]

## FICTION

*The Mantle of the Emperor.* By LADBROKE BLACK and ROBERT LYND. (Griffiths, 6s.)

THIS book purports to be an account of certain events unknown to history in the early life of Napoleon III., previous to his instalment as President of the second Republic. These events are spread over many years, and therefore can hardly be called a connected story. The thread which connects them is the personality of the narrator, a close friend and staunch admirer of Louis Napoleon, who (as is customary in this class of book) sits down in his old age to write the history of his youth. This personality is not very interesting, nor is it meant to be; but the interpretation of the temperament of Louis is a careful piece of work, and, as a character-study, even without the light of after-events, is worth reading. It atones for the scrappy nature of the incidents, and leads us to think that the authors would do better with authentic history, or with historical romance based on fact, than with the invention of incidents in the lives of historical persons—always an unsatisfactory method of making a story. They have a straightforward style, occasionally spoilt by the use of such words as "proceeded" for "went." The book is well printed, though a few misprints have been passed, and the type and paper are good, though the sewing does not allow the book to lie open—a very common and very annoying fault. The illustrations by Mr. Paul Henry are uncommon, and of a higher class of work than those usually given to new novels: the frontispiece portrait of Louis Napoleon is particularly successful. The weakness and charm of the face help us to understand the qualities of the man as depicted in the book; and the treatment is really artistic.

*A Dazzling Reprobate.* By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. TROWBRIDGE has called his *jeune premier* Lothair, which gives a gleam of light to a mind bewildered by reading his most remarkable preface (called "Some Liberties with a Peri") in conjunction with the motto on his title-page, from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol":

And the damned grotesques made arabesques,  
Like the wind upon the sand.

Comte Lothair de Palamède comes to London to see "society," under the auspices of his father's old friend, Lady Lioncourt. The society that he sees is the most up-to-date possible, but its doings are related with such an air of courtliness that we rather think, with Kipling, that "the Thing that Couldn't have occurred," and that a society novel has been accomplished without vulgarity. Yet the essential vulgarity of life in fashionable London is quite visible through the description of its pleasures and its vices. When we have safely passed Mr. Trowbridge's three deliberate lions at the gate—his shilling-shocker title, his naked-soul motto, and his Egyptian Darkness of a preface—there is a brilliant world to be enjoyed, full of verbal felicities, whose people it is interesting to meet and delightful to part from. They are all butterflies, but they are brilliant butterflies who, if they had not had a genius for frivolity, would have been cultivated folk. They have the air of being spectators of their own set; Mr. Trowbridge cannot persuade us that any one of them is a real representative of that set; they see it too clearly. They spend their lives in making arabesques, and their damnation consists in their knowledge that they are grotesques, about as purposeful or useful as "the wind upon the sand." Naturally, with opinions so far in advance of his years, Lothair has an interesting sojourn. His friend, Clanrebel, is the hero; an effeminate gentleman who "thumbed his 'Paradise Lost' and kept marble Cromwells in Pompadour bedrooms to remind him of energy"; who calls his love-affairs "scarlet emotions," and allows his valet to blackmail him from pure physical fear. Everybody

in the book is well drawn and distinct. Mr. Trowbridge plays fastidiously with his characters, his words, his incidents. He refuses to break his toys, and contents himself with the thought of how easily they could be broken. But at the end of his brilliant, amusing, airy novel, we are left with a sense of underlying sadness. "*Qui pensera pleurera*" are the last three words of this strange book. Mr. Trowbridge is evidently sorry for his "damned grotesques."

*A Stranger within the Gates. A Story of Severn Side.* By F. J. Cox. (Griffiths, 6s.)

THIS simple, unconventional story takes us into one of those quiet country corners rarely visited by so much as an echo of the outer world. The people in Avenham are content to jog along the old paths, neither desiring change nor tolerating strangers, and this atmosphere of aloofness is consistently maintained. When Alec Lovell becomes a miller on Severn side, he meets with hostility from the conservative inhabitants, more particularly from Saffery, hitherto miller-in-chief to the neighbourhood. Miss Trevanion, of the Manor, and Saffery's daughter Dora, however, see in the handsome young miller the Prince Charming of their dreams, and do not hesitate to let him understand as much. Socialism and political economy lose their zest for Mary Trevanion from the moment Lovell appears, and Dora goes over to her father's rival with unfilial haste. About this part of the story there is a strange, childlike frankness and absence of discretion; there is no concealment where love is in question, confession is rife, and the characters generally show a "coming on" disposition when their hearts are touched. Yet it is all done in the most natural, primitive manner; it may provoke a smile now and then, but it always secures sympathy. Dora's farewell to Lovell, before marrying a man she does not love, is a fair test of the author's ability to deal honestly and delicately with scenes of emotion and embarrassment; it is skilfully done, and avoids the commonplace: thus it might happen in life, and rarely happens in fiction. We gather that this is a first novel, and it exhibits defects due to inexperience. It is both timid and overbold; independent in characterisation, it is imitative in minor points; well-worn epithets and turns of phrase occasionally fall discordantly upon the ear otherwise agreeably soothed by good English, free from affectation and the catchwords of the day. That tea, motor-cars and millinery are never even mentioned is almost a distinction in itself in tales of this kind. "*A Stranger within the Gates*" is in many respects an attractive story, and we would say, with Rip Van Winkle, "Go on, and prosper."

*Dr. Fuchs und Seine Tertia.* By FRITZ PISTORIUS. *Heitere Bilder.* By LUISE KOPPEN. (Berlin: Trowitsch.)

THESE are two very quaint and very enjoyable books for those who can read them in the original German. Dr. Fuchs is a schoolmaster, one of those lovable, humorous old schoolmasters about whom it is delightful to read. In the adventures of Dr. Fuchs and his class the reader finds many incidents reminiscent of his own schooldays, although the school in which Dr. Fuchs taught the Lower Third was a German school. But the story of the little plot between Dr. Fuchs and the drill sergeant, the paper chase, and especially the story about the sins of the fathers are all delicate little sketches of human nature which is common to all nations.

Life in a little village vicarage forms the background for Miss Koppen's "*Heitere Bilder*." Here we have the early life and adventures of the pastor's little son, a sort of German Wee MacGregor with all the humour and pathos of his prototype. Little Fips is a character drawn with a loving hand. His sayings and doings are those of a real child and are not the manufactured sentimentality that usually passes muster in sketches of child-life. Fips of the Golden Heart he might have been named, for there is hardly an adventure in which he is not helping some one

or other of his father's poorer parishioners over a stile. The majority of the stories are light and humorous, but occasionally a more serious note is struck, and it is indeed difficult to say which portions of the book are the more enjoyable.

## FINE ART

### THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB

THE demolition of the Egyptian Hall, and of the Dudley Gallery which lurked behind its queer façade, turned adrift that ill-assorted couple, England's Home of Mystery and the New English Art Club. No longer is the Saturday visitor to the inner shrine of Art compelled to force his way through a reluctant throng of sightseers bent on the "unreserved" enjoyment of thrilling illusions, who used to regard with undisguised suspicion the apparent intrusion of "private view" guests into the sanctum on which their hopes were fixed. After a temporary sojourn at the Alpine Club, the painters evicted from Piccadilly have settled for a time in Dering Yard, off New Bond Street, where an L-shaped gallery affords them light enough but insufficient space. The room is both narrow and low, so that it is difficult to recede so far as one would wish to do from certain specimens of New English Art, to which distance lends coherence, if not enchantment, while, on the other hand, the "line" tends to sink from the generally accepted level in the direction of the knee, or, let us say, to a convenient elevation for the child whom we have all known when he was "so high"; the kind of height is sufficiently indicated by that expressive phrase without resort to a two-foot rule. Perhaps the critic is thereby subtly challenged to view the exhibition with an innocent and childlike eye.

Save for the absence of one or two painters whom we are accustomed to see regularly represented, notably Mr. Orpen and Mr. Strang, the exhibition is much of the usual type and of average, if not surpassing merit. There is always evidence of the thought and research which preserve exhibitors at this club, many of whom have the further advantage of youth, from falling slaves to routine. It is to be wished that thought and research were more often allied to a sense of beauty. Perhaps the *esprit de corps* which animates the Club, and adds immensely to the interest of its exhibitions, tends to make it a little too exclusive and indifferent to outside opinion. A determination to paint only such pictures as painters shall approve is all very well, but a determination that only painters shall approve them is another thing, and less commendable. I am far from suggesting that any such determination is expressly formulated or consciously held, but it may strike a member of the usually unthinking public, if he happens to be roused to thought by his visit to Dering Yard, that the public's ideas of what is or is not a subject worth painting are just a little too much disregarded. After all it is the public, not the painter, that buys the picture. Is it a very Philistine suggestion that a rather more conciliatory attitude towards the despised public might do one or two of the painters no harm? They need not descend to the depths of popularity in which some members of a more august institution are content to grovel, but there is a public that does not care for the pretty, and yet is dissatisfied when the ugly is offered in its stead. Need it be scorned if it demands the beautiful?

Pictures with a charm that lies in something beyond the reach of dexterity and technical accomplishment, and appeals to a taste which those virtues by themselves are not enough to gratify, are not common in this or in other exhibitions. Mr. Steer has done better things ere now than his *Chepstow Castle* or his *Music Room*, good as both are. The picture which will excite most attention is the portrait of himself which he has painted for the famous gallery of painters' portraits at the Uffizi. It is said by those who know him to be "an absurdly good likeness"

(why are good likenesses absurd?), but one must retreat to the remotest limits of the L-shaped space before the texture of the coat comes right, and then the accessories of the room seem a little petty and effeminate as a setting for the large, strong head. Other notable portraits are that of *The Artist's Father* by Mr. Francis Dodd, whom the public ought, surely, soon to keep at work in painting other people's fathers, and that of *Sir John Brunner*, by Mr. John, a far more sympathetic performance than his other portrait of an academic dignitary in purple robes. In compensation for the severely restricted colour of these two, he has indulged in unwonted splendour of scarlet, purple and blue in the *Van Dwellers*, a gorgeous apotheosis of the joys of the gipsy life in a richly coloured country under a summer sky and clouds of dazzling white. Mr. Rothenstein exhibits another of the Jewish subjects which he has shown at several recent exhibitions, and this is, perhaps, the most interesting of them all as a composition, while the colour is immensely enriched by the addition of a faded crimson and gold curtain, faultless in texture, to the white costumes with stripes of dull blue worn by the *Mourners in the Synagogue*. Mr. Tonks's *Crystal-Gazers* and Mr. Muirhead's *The Choice* are fine in colour, the first blond and cheerful, in a scheme not very remote from Mr. Steer's, the second more rich and sombre. In the farthest corner of the room hang two very different works side by side which possess more of the quality of charm than most of the pictures here: Mrs. Will Fagan's *Tell-Tale Wing*, in which the red mantle under which Cupid hides is not quite worthy of the fine flesh painting and beautifully poised head of the girl, and Professor Holmes's splendid study of blue sea and mountain veiled in various degrees by a grey volcanic cloud. May 5 must have been a memorable day for the landscape painter who found himself on the shores of the Bay of Naples, and the two pictures dated afternoon and evening of that day show what a vivid impression the unwonted colour-effects created. *The Church at Anacapri*, by Mr. James Charles, produces unintentionally, no doubt, a curious optical delusion; the upper part of the church rises firmly above a bold projecting cornice, but the lower part, which should be equally solid, appears, at a little distance, to be a reflection of the rest in water.

The drawings, as usual at these Exhibitions, are excellent. There are several of the beautiful flower pieces in water-colour of Mr. Francis James, many examples of the late Mr. H. B. Brabazon's delicate art and of the sober, dignified landscape work of Mr. Alfred Rich, from which the eye needs to be readjusted by a difficult effort to the hot and violent African sketches of Mr. Sargent. Mr. Bone's *Construction of an Underground* is the most imaginative of his drawings, *Hyde Park Corner* the finest of a more realistic kind. The large *Westminster Cathedral* subject, in pencil, with its minutely finished surfaces, is a work of marvellous industry and truth, but drawings which depend more on pure line display this artist's unique gift to greater advantage. Mr. Dodd's pastels, Mr. Rothenstein's three portraits in red chalk, and two fine heads by Mr. John must also be mentioned; in one of these it is curious to find Mr. John adopting a conventional manner of shading by long, slanting lines across the hair and face which closely approaches a rather early habit of M. Legros. Both drawings show restraint and concentration without loss of the strength which was so conspicuous in Mr. John's earlier, more exuberant work.

C. D.

#### THE FAURE COLLECTION OF MANETS

THE twenty-two paintings and water-colours by Edouard Manet which will remain on view at Messrs. Sulley's galleries (159 New Bond Street) till July 7 are the most representative works by this master that have yet been exhibited in London. Single examples have been seen at International exhibitions, and an interesting group was

included in the French Impressionists' Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries last year, but this last was composed chiefly of pictures produced during what is termed the Spanish period of the painter, and incompletely revealed the width of his range and the maturity of his powers. The collection patiently accumulated by M. Faure of the Paris Opera not only contains some of Manet's greatest triumphs in painting, but illustrates his professional career from the year 1856 when, a lad of twenty-four, he left the studio of Couture, to 1882, the last year but one of his life. To be strictly accurate, the *Tête de Vieille Femme* was painted while Manet was still under Couture's tuition, the *Antonin Proust* in the first months of his independence; but both show the same characteristics, careful, virile modelling, sombre colour, and paint less creamy than Couture's, though not so fluid as Manet's afterwards became. Next in order of date come two copies, one of Titian's *La Vierge au Lapin*, the other of *Les Petits Cavaliers*, generally attributed to Velasquez, both reproduced with a *verve* and simplicity of brushwork which rival the originals in the Louvre. There is no evidence of laborious addition of parts, for at twenty-seven Manet had the faculty of seeing the whole at a glance and of painting that whole simply, spontaneously and directly. To the same year belongs the full-length portrait of the Bohemian Collardet, known as *Le Buveur d'Absinthe*, which was rejected by the Salon of 1859. Its rejection is not difficult to understand, for its merits are reticent, and the Jury, horrified at what must have seemed an audacious simplification of human form into a few broad, sweeping planes, would hardly be prepared to recognise its strength and precise rendering of values. Couture's influence is still visible in this life-sized portrait, but in the next important work at Messrs. Sulley's, the famous *Liseur*, which dates from 1864, Manet claims kinship with greater painters than his master.

In some respects *Le Liseur* is the greatest, as it is the most popular, of M. Faure's Manets. The painting is carried further here than was Manet's habit, as may be ascertained by studying the exquisite drawing and modelling of the one hand visible. Again, Manet, though no psychologist, has put a wonderful amount of character in the face of the grave, gentle old man immersed in his book. The painting is still dark, the colour-scheme does not even rise to the silver of Velasquez, but *Le Liseur* might hang without loss beside a Titian, Rembrandt or Velasquez, the three masters who seem to have been Manet's idols at the moment.

In 1865 Manet visited Madrid, and the Goyas he saw there gave him, in all probability, a strong impulse towards painting in a higher key, towards striving for a greater truth to nature's lighting. The perfect way had already been indicated by Boudin, and it is of this French painter rather than of any Spanish master that we are reminded in the great sweep of sea with the rightly curved horizon, *La Plage de Boulogne-sur-Mer*, painted by Manet in 1869. That brilliant still-life, *La Brioché*, unsurpassed for sheer realism, represents Manet's next year of painting, and prepares us, better than the grey *Port de Bordeaux* (1871) and two little seascapes in water-colour, for his famous masterpiece of 1873, the portrait of the engraver Belot, better known as *Le Bon Bock*. To understand where Manet had now arrived we must remember that the *Olympia* in the Luxembourg, the *Execution of the Emperor Maximilian*, the *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* were already things of the past. In *Le Bon Bock* Manet painted a jolly Frans Hals type of man, in a direct, rollicking, Frans Hals manner. Compared with the hand of *Le Liseur*, the hands of *Le Bon Bock* are loosely suggested rather than stated, but—and this is the point—this seemingly careless suggestion is right in relation to the rest of the painting, which is built up not by careful drawing of details, not even by assiduous modelling of the parts, but by mere planes of colour simply and truthfully set down as they are revealed to the painter through the medium of light and shade.

Still more striking as a vindication of the doctrine of

impressionism is *Le Grand Canal de Venise* of 1875, a radiant vision of Venice with her colour neither exaggerated—as it was by both Turner and Ziem—nor understated—as it was by Canaletto and most of his followers—but reproduced with all truth and humility. For beauty of colour this picture is unsurpassed in the gallery; it has few rivals outside. Henceforward Manet's paintings, with the exception of certain portraits like the *Henri Rochefort*, bear greater and greater resemblance to the work of his comrades, Renoir and Monet, less and less to that of his old loves, the Spanish masters from Greco to Goya. In 1879 paralysis gave Manet his first warning of the end, but we see no signs of failing power in his dexterous flower-piece, *Roses et Lilas*, or the still-life *Les Pêches* of the following year. For actuality the last equals the *Brioche*, and no pen save Mr. Berenson's could hope to do justice to the tactile values of the bloom on these delicate fruit. But for the absence of a certain *finesse* in the handling of the pigment, the portrait, *Le Printemps*, also known as *Jeanne*, might be a Renoir, with his rare appreciation of sunlight filtering through foliage on to young flesh. At the end of his life Manet had the notion of representing the four seasons by four types of Parisian women. The *Autumn* is at the Museum of Nancy; M. Faure purchased the *Spring*, but *Winter* and *Summer* were never completed, for in 1883 the painter died, one year after he had produced the Monet-like picture of his last home, *La Maison de Bueil*, and one year after he had received the belated Cross of the Legion of Honour.

That Manet had his limitations no one will deny. He was neither a psychologist nor a dramatist. He can scarcely be called a conscious decorator, for his works rarely show a sense of composition. He makes no effort to relate the groups of people on the shores he paints, and the happy balance of the *Grand Canal* is, we feel, more the result of accident than of design. But then it never occurred to Manet, most modest of painters, that nature needed alterations and improvements. To him Truth was Beauty, Beauty Truth; he never sought to know more, nor had he higher ambition than faithfully to serve his dual goddess. Visible truth was his realm, and within that realm he was supreme. He did not wish to peep behind the scenes, he did not attempt to pierce the veil of externals. "Our sight," said Addison, "is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses," and with that sentiment Manet was wholly in agreement. He asked for nothing more but, in his own words, "to be inspired again and again by a new aspect of things." He was content to take those aspects as they were revealed to him by the light of Nature. His ambition was to hand down to others those aspects unimpaired, that others might share the great joy with which he himself had been filled.

## MUSIC

### BRAHMS: OPUS I

OCCASIONALLY the futility of the London concert season is broken by the appearance of a notable work or a notable performance. Some one plays something which is not played every day or plays in a manner not always to be heard, and such refreshment comes sometimes from an unexpected quarter. Then is the joy very great, far greater than when one has gone to hear some celebrated pianist or violinist, expecting his usual "masterly interpretation" of concert-room pieces. Some such pleasure the audience received at a concert of a lady pianist, Miss Moggridge, given at Aeolian Hall the week before last, when she played the first piano sonata of Brahms. Over and above the excellent technical qualities which are the reward of earnest and patient work, her playing showed such intelligent insight into Brahms's methods and enthusiasm for his aims as justified the ambitious choice, and she was able to carry her audience with her through the intricate mazes of that mighty development in the

first movement, to regale them with the pathos of the lovely folk-tune slow movement, and the rough humour of the scherzo, as well as the many phases of emotion which weave the continuous texture of the finale. It is in truth a wonderful Sonata. Did ever *Opus I* show such mastery? Small wonder that Schumann hailed its composer with his famous article, "Neue Bahnen," and yet now, after fifty years, it is an event to hear it in a London concert-room, not because it has had its vogue and has passed into one of those acknowledged classics upon which the newcomer hesitates to embark, but because it and its companions, *Op. 2* and *5*, have never really arrived, never become fully understood and appreciated by the few who could play them and the many who might listen to them. They still remain practically the last word as regards the pianoforte sonata, works which, from whatever standpoint they are viewed, appear flawless. The lover of form finds in them all he admires, idealised; the seeker after emotional beauty finds abundant measure, but ordered and controlled by a reason which is above mere impulse.

*Opus I* starts with the bold statement of one of those fundamental C major phrases which belong to no composer in particular but are a universal heritage. In the diatonic rise of melody through a perfect fourth (from E to A) lies the germ from which the inspiring melodic outline of this first movement springs. We who know the second subject of the piano quartet in G minor and the "How lovely is Thy dwelling-place" of the German Requiem know what the upward soaring melody of Brahms is, and at once suspect the hidden possibilities of such a beginning. To the first hearers of *Opus I*, to those who had ears to hear, the unfolding of the sonata from this melodic germ must have been indeed a revelation. He at once expands it and marches up the scale to a cadence on the dominant; then with a rushing scale passage he arrives at a chord of B flat in which key he immediately restates his subject, and this induces a still greater answering extension of the upward phrase, in order to break through again with the first climax of tone into the principal key. Then he begins to build, with imitations of this, phrases which accumulate in power and intensity, and are shaped by a rather Beethoven-like counterpoint. Perhaps in this he shows something of his pupilage, but it leads to a second subject which is very characteristic of himself, a melody in which the pathos of folk-song is plainly heard. It is in the key of A minor instead of the more usual dominant, and imparts to the whole first section a curious sameness of tonality, probably designed by Brahms for the sake of greater contrast in the magnificent development section which follows. Of this I dare not venture upon any sort of analysis, since without the help of musical quotations it could seem nothing but a dry statement of technicalities, or, what is perhaps even more unbearable, an ecstatic expression of a personal enthusiasm, too often mistaken for musical criticism. It must suffice to say that the two themes are interwoven in the most intimate manner. After the second theme has been suggested in thoughtful fashion in the key of C minor it makes a more energetic appearance in the bass against one of Brahms's rising passages of syncopated chords in the treble, and then the vigorous rhythm of the first subject appears and the two compete in splendid climaxes of tone. There is practically no new material save new accompaniments and contrasting counterpoints added to these themes. Even to lovers of the later Beethoven the close texture of this movement must have come as a surprise, and to us, used as we are to the most intricate orchestral polyphony, it demands the utmost concentration of attention to understand and follow it. It is, however, no dull, intellectual music: everything is relevant and vital; there is no mere sporting with themes. There is, indeed, very little of the clever young man about Brahms's early music, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. After this tremendous movement he indulges in the most charming little set of variations upon a real old folk-tune. The



plaintive theme to which in the first variation a menacing triplet figure is added, clears to a serene close in major key, like a summer's day which a thunderstorm has threatened. An exuberant scherzo follows. It is young and virile and might be called boisterous, were it not so innocent. It lacks the more subtle sense of humour which brings gaiety very near to tears in the later Brahms, but in the trio there is a splendid example of Brahms's soaring melodies, one fit to place beside those referred to from his later works. After a regular repetition of the scherzo we reach the finale, in free rondo form, with a racing principal theme. The tunes are more numerous than in the first movement and follow one another with Schubert-like freshness woven into a whole by the oft-recurring and unmistakable rhythm of the principal subject. Nothing is a more remarkable evidence of Brahms's early maturity than the certainty with which he handles his finale. I remember that a very wise critic said in answer to a youthful criticism of my own, in which I complained of the weak anti-climax in a work which he had commended: "Yes, but who *can* write a finale?" The problems certainly require a nicety of balance not often attained. It has to be at once the climax of the whole and yet avoid the profundity of the first movement. No abstruse line of thought can be started at this stage, so that a composer is thrown back upon his purely musical capacity for writing beautiful melody. Brahms's signal success in this movement must have been one of the signs by which the discerning prophet could foretell his greatness and pronounce him one of the elect.

How comes it that this work, itself so beautiful and the forerunner of a long line which we have all learnt to respect, remains in comparative neglect? Neglected it is, although most educated pianists have given some study to it and its sister sonatas. It is very difficult to play, but so are Liszt's Rhapsodies and Pabst's paraphrase of *Eugene Onegin*. Its difficulty, however, is different from these. Its technique is uncompromising, simply because Brahms could not get his thoughts on to the paper in any other way. From first to last there is not one passage which gives the player an opportunity for display or the hearer for exclamation. The passages are infinitely harder than the stock scales and chord passages of the virtuoso composer, but, when mastered, they do not proclaim themselves as an achievement, but simply serve their purpose as music. Later, Brahms discarded the sonata as a vehicle for the expression of piano solo music. Perhaps these early efforts showed him, not that the form was exhausted, but that it opened up such unbounded possibilities that ten fingers and one keyboard could hardly play the music which must belong to the sonata of the future. In every combination of instruments, from the sonata for violin and piano to the symphony for full orchestra, he continued to develop the form, and with each work to prove its almost endless resources, so that the significance of *Opus 1* is almost incalculable and its influence upon posterity cannot be gauged until the work of Brahms has been far more completely assimilated than it has been at present or seems likely to be in the near future.

H. C. C.

### FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish early in July the fourth volume of the Hon. J. W. Fortescue's "History of the British Army" and volume five of Mr. Herbert Paul's "History of Modern England." About the same time they promise "Great Bowlers and Fielders," by G. W. Beldam and C. B. Fry. Messrs. Spofforth, Bosanquet, Schwarz and Jessop contribute the chapters on bowling and fielding, and Mr. Beldam the action-photographs. The same firm have also in the press a translation of Pierre Loti's novel, "La Troisième Jeunesse de Madame Prune," under the title, "Dis-

enchanted." In "Coniston," a new novel by the American Winston Churchill, the author has forsaken historical romance and writes of modern domestic life. Messrs. Macmillan will publish the book early next month.

A history of "The Great Revolt of 1381" by Professor Oman will be issued immediately by the Oxford University Press. Had André Reville survived to complete his projected history, this book would not have been written. It is with the aid of Reville's transcripts—a vast collection of records of trials, inquests, petitions, and escheators' rolls—that the whole story of the rebellion has now been retold. Professor Oman includes some new and unpublished material regarding the Poll-Tax.

Messrs. Methuen have a number of interesting novels in their autumn list, and "Profit and Loss," by John Oxenham, is announced for early publication. Other novels are: "The Eglamore Portraits," by Mary E. Mann; "The Guarded Flame," by W. B. Maxwell; "Cartouche," by Bernard Capes; "The Wickhamses," by W. Pett Ridge; "A Midsummer Day's Dream," by H. B. Marriott Watson; "Listener's Lure," by E. V. Lucas; a new novel by Richard Bagot; "The Poacher's Wife," by Eden Phillpotts; and "The Call of the Blood," by Robert Hichens.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce that they will publish shortly the first volume of the official "History of the War in South Africa." Volume i. deals with the campaign on the Natal side up to and inclusive of Colenso; in the east of Cape Colony—Gatacre's country, up to and inclusive of Stormberg; in the centre of Cape Colony—French's operations round Colesberg to February 6, 1900, when he joined Lord Roberts's main army; in the western portion of the theatre of war—Lord Methuen's battles, Belmont, Graspan, Modder River and Magersfontein; and Lord Roberts's arrival at Cape Town, and his re-organisation and concentration on the Modder for the relief of Kimberley and invasion of the Orange Free State.

A new book on Haddon Hall, by Mr. G. Le Blanc Smith, will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock under the title, "Haddon: The Manor, The Hall, its Lords and Traditions." The work will deal with the great families who have owned Haddon since the Conquest, and will furnish much new and hitherto unpublished information concerning the estate and its owners. Among other interesting items it will give in detail some curious steward's accounts, the only existing letter of Dorothy Vernon, with a facsimile of her signature, and the pedigree of the Vernons from Godfrey the Consul to the present time. A full description of the building, its tapestry, old glass, carvings and metal work is given, and the book will be fully illustrated by photographs and facsimiles.

Messrs. Pitman announce for publication on July 2 "The Queen's Tragedy," by Robert Hugh Benson. Father Benson's new novel is a dramatic picture of the reign of Mary Tudor, who in the tragedy of her closing years, when all her high projects had miscarried, was as Mr. Benson puts it, a "veritable Queen of Desolation." The lights, as well as the shadows, of the Court are in evidence in this imaginative romance. Many famous people cross the page, notably the Princess Elizabeth, Cardinal Pole, Stephen Gardiner, and Archbishop Cranmer. But the central figure of the book is, of course, Queen Mary herself, who in a sense was as much a martyr as any Protestant who perished in her chequered reign.

Mr. Arnold Fairbairns will publish shortly "Early Flemish Art," by A. G. Temple, an illustrated catalogue of the pictures belonging to this school now being exhibited at the Guildhall Art Gallery; "The Episcopal Arms of England and Wales," with full-page coloured plates with blazons and historical note; "Everyman, a Morality," illustrated with twelve full-page and other line drawings by Ambrose Dudley; and "Strongholds of the Barons," by J. Ivo Ball—illustrated popular descriptions, with historical notes, on the castles of England and Wales.

A book entitled "The Philippine Islands," by Mr. John

Foreman, will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin on July 2. It is described as "A Political, Ethnographical, Social and Commercial History of the Philippine Archipelago." The latter portion of the work deals fully with the War of Independence, the career and personality of Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, the American Government, religious difficulties, trade and agriculture since the American advent, the coming "Philippine Assembly," and the labour, education and other questions.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie is issuing "The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany," by Mr. T. Francis Bumpus, in the Cathedral series. Chapters are devoted to a general survey of the church architecture of North Germany, showing how it developed in the Rhineland, Westphalia, Saxony, and the Baltic Provinces; and how, in spite of the religious wars of which she was the theatre for so long a period subsequent to the breach with Rome in the sixteenth century, Germany has retained more of the mediæval furniture of her churches than any other country of Northern Europe. Descriptions are given of such little-known and seldom-visited cathedrals and churches as those of Münster, Soest, Paderborn, Hildesheim, Halberstadt, Magdeburg, Naumburg, and Erfurt.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish early in September "The Book of Tea," an interpretation of Japanese character by Okakura Kakuzo, who will be remembered as the author of "The Awakening of Japan."

Among other novels which Mr. John Long will publish during the summer months are the following: "Phœbe of the White Farm," by May Crommelin; "A Persian Roseleaf," by Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard; "The Brangwyn Mystery," by David Christie Murray; "The Mystery of Magdalen," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan; and "The Girls of Inverbarns" by Sarah Tytler.

Professor Cockburn Henderson, of Adelaide, has in preparation a life of Sir George Grey, to be published by Messrs. Dent. The author has made personal research in South Africa and New Zealand for the purpose of his book.

The *Strand Magazine* for July inaugurates a revolution in the methods of binding magazines. Every reader who takes up a copy will be struck with the ease with which it can be opened. It has long been a subject of complaint that the usual method of "wire stitching" rendered a magazine impossible to open flat, much less to double back for ease in holding. It is therefore a fact of the greatest interest that these drawbacks have at last been completely overcome by an ingenious machine, which does away with stitching altogether. At present, it is the only machine of the kind in the world, and the sole rights in this country have been acquired for a considerable term for magazines by the proprietors of the *Strand Magazine*, which is the first periodical to afford its readers the benefit of this remarkable improvement. The greater part of the July edition is bound by this process, which it is hoped to apply to the whole of the August issue.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE ETHICS OF EDITING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—While in cordial agreement with the general point and purpose of Mr. Francis Woollett's letter in your issue of June 23, may I be allowed to make a mild protest against his last sentence, or rather, perhaps, against what seems to be implied in it? Mr. Woollett, having criticised Mr. J. S. Farmer's edition of Heywood's *Four P.P.* with considerable, though by no means undeserved, severity, asks: "Is it a cause, then, for wonder that scholars such as Professor Bang and his colleague at Louvain should smile disdainfully at the English editors of our literature, when men of the standing of Mr. Farmer and Mr. Churton Collins fail to recognise that an editor's first duty is to produce the best possible text . . . ?" As I have edited two texts for Professor Bang's "Materialien," and am therefore, I suppose, included among his "colleagues at Louvain," I may perhaps be permitted to point out that though the series of course owes its origin to the energy and enthusiasm of Professor Bang, and

though it is printed on the Continent, it is by no means entirely, as might be inferred from the expression used by Mr. Woollett, the work of foreign scholars. Of the twelve reprints which have now appeared in it, seven have been edited—so far at least as the text is concerned—entirely by English editors in England, and therefore any merits which they possess cannot be used as an argument for the inferiority of English work.

But what indeed is the standing of Mr. Farmer as an editor of drama, or why should his work be taken as representative of English scholarship? There are surely many "English editors of our literature" who can do and are doing good work, and who can be trusted to produce—with by no means extravagant allowance for human fallibility—correct texts. There would perhaps be more of them if others, including reviewers, would more often do as Mr. Woollett has done, and, having compared the reprints with the originals which they profess to represent, publish the results of their investigation.

R. B. MCKERROW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Like your correspondent, Mr. Francis Woollett, I too have a bone to pick with Mr. Farmer. In the small volume which contains the *Four P.P.* is another of Heywood's interludes called *The Pardoner and the Friar*. This is an extremely rare play, the only known copy, Mr. Farmer says, being the one in the Duke of Devonshire's collection. That may be so, although I am under the impression that Mr. W. W. Greg, whose knowledge on such matters is both extensive and exact, mentions another copy. This is by the way, however. What I wish to point out is that Mr. Farmer's claim that his edition is reprinted from a transcript of the original copy is not at all supported by his text.

I have not, of course, compared it with the early copy, but if the facsimile reprint of 1820 (?) faithfully represents the original, there are at least a dozen differences between the two, and it is a curious and instructive fact that these differences are the same as those in Mr. Hazlitt's *Dodsley*. I will give one example of this which will also show that Mr. Farmer could not have read the proofs of the play with his transcript, or with the facsimile reprint. On page 6 Heywood makes the Pardoner say:

"Nor have no disdain nor yet scorn  
Of these holy relics which saints have worn,  
First here I show ye of a holy Jew's hip  
A bone——"

Mr. Hazlitt notes that the old copies read *shepe* instead of *hip*, and the reading of the facsimile reprint is also *shepe*. If Mr. Hazlitt had turned to his Chaucer he would have found the relic in question in the Prologue to the Pardoner's tale:

"Then have I in latoun a shoulder-bone,  
Which that was of a holy Jewes shepe."

The blade-bone of a sheep is by Mr. Hazlitt converted into the hip-bone of a Jew, and this brilliant emendation is allowed to stand by Mr. Farmer although he knew (Introduction, page ix.) that the relic was a sheep's bone; "sheep's jaw" he calls it with characteristic exactitude. I would ask Mr. Farmer, if he seriously wishes to make his venture a success, to eschew Mr. Hazlitt and all his works, to turn over a new leaf, and reprint faithfully in the old spelling from the earliest copies. This may be a little more costly, but it is false economy, to say nothing of any ethical implications, to go on in this haphazard way.

SIDNEY WRAY.

### THE PORTLAND MINIATURE OF MARY STUART

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—There is something rather comic in a controversy between me and Father Pollen as to whether a lady is wearing a "nightgown" or morning dress! A "nightgown," in 1560, was what we call a "dressing gown," usually of velvet lined with fur, to judge by Darnley's. Mary's dress of some soft white material has a broad white sash round the waist, which is not an element in a modern "nightgown." Her ruff is as large and formal as that in the full-dress costume in the Leven and Melville portrait, an odd thing to wear in bed. On her head is a huge coal-scuttle-shaped sun-bonnet, buttoned below the ruff, developing into a kind of lawn mantle. The ermine jacket might be worn as a mark of rank, and would suit a convalescent seated in the open air. If it were possible to print the block in your paper, the question might be left to the fair sex to decide. Meanwhile specialists in the costume of the sixteenth century are the best judges. I should prefer Father Pollen's view, as it would give great historical interest to the portrait. But it is not easy to suppose that a great foreign miniaturist was at Jedburgh, and the work is remote indeed, in style, from portraits attributed to Mary's only painter in Scotland, Jehan de Court.

A. LANG.

### GERMAN ETYMOLOGY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is no particular business of mine, but I begin to wonder what some readers will think of such a letter as that by Mr. A. Hall on German Etymology, at p. 604 of your issue for June 23, 1906.

Surely it is not very creditable to print such laughable absurdities. That they are such, any one (however ignorant) ought to be capable of suspecting. Just look at them!

He tells us:

(1) *Witch* is connected with the slang term *fetch*. That is,  $w=f$ , and a *wit* is the same thing as a *fit*!

(2) That the Spanish *hechicero* [where Spanish, as usual, uses *h* for *f*] is the German *hexe*! That is to say, an *f* is an *h* in every language; and *fat* is the same as *hat*!

(3) The German *zauber* is derived from the Greek *σοφός*. But the German *z* is really *tz*, or a Low German *t*. In fact, he goes on to connect Dutch *tooveran* with Greek *σώφρω*. That is, an *s=t*. And a *so* is always *hot*! And so on.

The climax is that German *Hexe* occurs in *Hexham* (!) which (on his own showing) is merely a contraction from *Hagustealdes hām*: that is, the *-exe* in *hexe* is really *-agusteald*! So now we knew that *hex*, a hemlock, is short for *hagusteald*.

You best know what your readers will swallow, but you do not credit them with much intelligence.

Is this conducive to your reputation? That is your affair.

W. W. SKRAT.

June 23.

## IRISH LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your reviewer's explanation of his statement "that the Irish never had a literature," that is, "literature as he understands the word," disarms comment. I assumed, of course, that the word carried its usual signification, and I would humbly demur to this Humpty-Dumpty-like way of lording it over terms in common use.

I should like to state that if the "point of the article was that Ireland has no literature to warrant a league in endeavouring to revive a useless language," your reviewer is fighting a shadow. I am well acquainted with the aspirations of the Gaelic League, and I do not think I shall be contradicted when I assert that the question of the mediæval literature carries very little weight with it one way or the other. If every scrap of Irish literature older than Keating had perished, Gaelic Leaguers would still be as keen as they are now in fostering the study and development of the language. Indeed, those whose interest, like my own, in Irish is historical and literary, are inclined to blame the Gaelic League for doing so little for the study of the early literature.

Irishmen who are taunted with being foolishly fond of their native tongue may plead the instance of Bohemia. A century ago Czech was in a worse case than Irish is now, nor had it an archaic and interesting early literature to fall back upon. Yet it has justified its existence socially and politically, and has shown its capacity for adapting itself to the needs of modern culture. Here is indeed the chief danger of the neo-Irish movement; if it cuts itself off from the culture of the twentieth century, if it persists in clinging to antiquated religious, moral and social ideas, it will die, and that speedily; if it adapts itself to the time and frankly recognises the difference between the thirteenth and the twentieth century, it may live and grow just as did the Czech movement of the early nineteenth century.

ALFRED NUTT.

## SPELLING AND PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of the ACADEMY

SIR,—Would "A Student of Literature" give some clue to the identity of the "two of the most distinguished scholars of our great English Universities" whom he heard disputing as to whether "sough" should be "pronounced like plough" or like "trough"? And what were they scholars of? And why "sough" used by *Tennyson of the wind*? A Student of Literature can have studied to very little purpose, or else a very restricted literature, to define a good old humdrum word in such fashion. Ah! indeed, sir, "who shall say which of the two was 'right'?" None but a very foolish person. But he adds, "or whether either was right?" I would answer any man from York to Caithness, or from Kingstown Harbour to Galway Bay. Of course neither of these very distinguished but very ignorant scholars of our great Universities was right. "Right" in such a case is surely the current use in those parts or spheres where a word is in the living, spoken language. And perhaps the "Student of Literature" may not have recognised the sough when he heard it.

A PLAIN MAN.

## AMERICAN OR U.S.A.?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—I think that your case in this argument can be strengthened. It is not a fact that "the Ambassador of the Citizens of the United States of North America to the Court of St. James" was officially "The United States' Minister," and afterwards "The United States' Ambassador," and that Mr. Bayard was the first "American" Ambassador? The late Colonel Hay always admitted the inaccuracy of the style and title, "but," he would add, "what are you to do when the greatest country on earth has no name and is peopled by a nameless race?"

A BRITON  
(but not an Englishman).

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I fear you still remain oblivious of the point of my little protest of last week.

You say: "If Brazil is United States it is also America." But Brazil is *not* America: it is not in America any more than the North Pole is in North Poland. "America" (quite independently of the political designation, United States) is a country. South America is a distinct continent, and should be spelt (as the Germans spell it) Southamerica. America was the title deliberately chosen by the Federal delegates (1776-1785) for their country; and the domestic appellation United States should not be employed at all by foreigners. Who speaks of a United Kingdom Army? or a United Kingdom battle-ship? The North-American Continent comprises the countries of Canada, America, and Mexico.

A CANADIAN.

[Again we venture to differ from "A Canadian." Towards the close of his letter he speaks of the "North-American Continent." Exactly. The North-American and the South-American Continents make up America, and Brazil is as much American as New York State. We do not say "United Kingdom Army" because we have the convenient term "British"; if there were an equally convenient term for the United States we should use it. The great point is: had the Federal Delegates the right to take the name of the whole for their small part? Switzerland would have no right to call itself Europe.—Ed.]

## ESCHREW

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—This is from the Old French *eschewer*, and the *sch* in this and several other old French loan-words in English should undoubtedly be pronounced as in the word "mischief," which represents Old French *meschief*, and being a term in very common use has preserved the original sound. No one would dream of mispronouncing "mischief," whereas, "eschew" being a comparatively rare word, many people, like your correspondent, pronounce it incorrectly. The same is true of "seneschal," which in the older English dictionaries, such as Sheridan and Walker, is given as "senes-kal," but is now generally called "seneshal." The proper name Marischal is, I am told, always called Marshal.

JAMES PLATT, JUN.

June 25.

## THE GRAVES OF MUSICIANS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A contemporary journal has printed the subjoined paragraph in answer to a correspondent:

"The remains of the following musicians have been re-interred: Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, and Dragonetti; and of Englishmen, Dr. Greene, John Davy (in the same churchyard, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields), and Sir William Cusins. For a complete list you had better apply to Mr. Algernon Ashton: he could doubtless also furnish you with the names of those musicians who have been buried at sea—in other words, those who sleep their last sleep in the ocean's bed."

To the above-mentioned nine musical notabilities whose remains have been re-interred I can add Gluck, who was transferred from the Matzleinsdorf Cemetery in Vienna to the Central Cemetery of that city; Rossini, who rested for years in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, Paris, but whose embalmed body was subsequently taken to the church of Santa Croce, Florence; Bellini, who was likewise originally interred in Père Lachaise, but now lies buried in his native town of Catania, Sicily; and lastly, Schumann, who, in the year 1880, was taken from one grave to another in the cemetery at Bonn. Of course there may be other famous musicians whose remains have been subjected to similar treatment, but whose names I cannot now recall.

Regarding those musicians who were buried at sea (which is almost as horrible as cremation), I only know of one—Dr. John Naylor, the well-known church composer and organist of York Minster, who died on May 15, 1897, whilst on a voyage to Australia. Dr. Naylor was an esteemed personal friend of mine, to whom one of my earliest compositions (an Interludium for Organ, Op. 11) is dedicated.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

June 24.

## HAZLITT ON SIR THOMAS BROWNE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In reading your review of the new editions of the works of Sir Thomas Browne in the last issue of the ACADEMY, the citing of Mr. Whibley's panegyric brought forcibly to mind Hazlitt on the same great writer. I venture, with your kind assent, to quote it for the benefit of those of your readers who may not be familiar with that particular work of the prince of essayists:

"His is the sublime of indifference; a passion for the abstruse and imaginary. He turns the world round for his amusement, as if it were a globe of pasteboard. He looks down on the sublunary affairs as if he had taken his station in one of the planets. The antipodes

are next-door neighbours to him, and doomsday is not far off. With a thought he embraces both the poles; the march of his pen is over the great divisions of geography and chronology. Nothing touches him nearer than humanity. He feels that he is mortal only in the decay of nature and the dust of long-forgotten tombs. The finite is lost in the infinite. The orbits of the heavenly bodies or the history of empires are to him but a point of time or a speck in the universe. The great Platonic year revolves in one of his periods. Nature is too little for the grasp of his style. He scoops an antithesis out of fabulous antiquity, and rakes up an epithet from the sweepings of chaos. It is as if his books had dropped from the clouds, or as if Friar Bacon's head could speak. . . .

Surely one of the most extraordinary panegyrics ever penned by one great writer on another—mark the epigrammatic brevity of his sentences.

STANLEY HUTTON.

June 23.

#### COMBINED GERMAN READER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Having been abroad all the winter I have only just seen that in reviewing my "Combined German Reader, Writer and Grammar," in the ACADEMY of January 20, 1906, you say: "The exercises for translation from English into German do not run on the same lines . . . (i.e., connected passages instead of isolated sentences). It is a pity that having started out on quite the right path Mr. Spearing was unable to keep to it."

But as a matter of fact, about eighty out of the one hundred and twenty English exercises do consist of connected passages, some of them extending over two or three pages, and yet they contain none but the words previously used in corresponding portions of the Reader.

So far as I am aware, such a system has not been carried out in any other German book for beginners. It entailed a great deal of labour, and it is rather disappointing to find a reviewer in a paper of your standing and influence telling the public that I was unable to carry out my own plan.

Perhaps your reviewer was misled by the fact that many of the connected passages consist of short sentences, each printed in a separate line.

H. G. SPEARING.

[Our reviewer writes:—"Mr. Spearing admits that 33 per cent. of his exercises are isolated passages rather than connected sentences, and that seems to me to justify my very gentle rebuke."]

#### ENCOURAGING THE MINOR POET

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have no quarrel with avowed opportunists. When an editor states that his magazine is a mine of good literature, and that an American melodeon will be given to every subscriber, I can understand his shutting out my friend the poet. When a daily yells: "Hallo, look here! If you will buy a copy we will make it worth your while to send us your cast-off shoes!" I do not expect that daily to publish my friend's ballads or sonnets. I attack the pseudo experts, the Jenkinsons of literature.

I am no poet, though I appreciate beautiful verse, no matter whose name is signed to it. I do not set myself up as a profound critic, though I am sure I should never write across the finest effort of a true poet the words "mere doggerel," and I think it would be impossible to palm off on me the same poem, made marketable by the interweaving of a few utterly inane lines that boomed a silly play written by one of the staff. I have no grievance against true critics, no matter how heavily they lay on the lash, for true critics give chapter and verse of the peccadilloes they punish. I am not disposed to state where, in my opinion, the true critics are to be found, but I believe there are only three journals whose editors would publish this letter. I have read *Æsop* and *Thackeray*. I remember the fable of "The Countryman and the Buffoon," and the scene betwixt Woolley and Bludger in "The Ravenswing." Jenkins has not the brutal courage of Bludger, and if, as many publishers maintain, labelled books still find their way to the second-hand shops, and are disposed of as the hangman of yore sold the clothes of his victims, I should never suspect Jenkins of spending the proceeds on brandy as Bludger did. Cigarettes and Chianti, I imagine, would be more in his line.

I happen to know two minor poets. One is a woman, and I may mention that the Jenkinsons are partial to the "slating" of women. The other is an undeniable man, who works hard every day in an unpoetic vocation, and cherishes his original turn of art during a few sweet stolen hours. That they occasionally and with foreknowledge publish verse that does not "pay" is their own business and none else's. They do not complain, they do their best, their best is good, and no doubt they find, as more fortunate poets have done, ineffable reward even in the bare practice of their art. Take an imaginary Jenkins, employed on a paper every spare corner of which bristles with shameless appeals for ads. and subscriptions. Knowing the precarious nature of his employment, he becomes an inveterate crier-up of "successes." Potted Baudelaire, foolish drama in stilted blank verse, anything that appears to have "caught on," he bepraises to the best

of his poor ability. For such poets as I have described he has nothing but jeers and lordly lectures. He deems every minor poet an eager and arrant fool, and fails to see that the epithet applies peculiarly to himself, that he is an insufferable bore and pretender as well, and deserves to be tweaked by the nose for his impudence.

The more minor poets the better for literature and the race. What is needed in certain quarters is an installation of literary judges who, instead of playing up to every pompous person who has a title before his name or a string of letters after, will deal with prose and verse on their literary merits, not as marketable commodities. We want critics who will mould the public taste, not pander to it. Indeed, it would be for the enduring good of literature if some wealthy virtuoso financed a journal devoted solely to hostile criticism. Many a foolish pretender would be swiftly "knocked out," but it would be consolation even to victims that they were slaughtered artistically. "If," said the old ox in the fable, "we fall into the hands of Botchers instead of Butchers, we shall suffer a double death." Nothing can be better for literature than fierce competition, but let the competition be fairly arranged and the judges competent. As things stand, the literary field is a topsyturvy "Stamford Bridge," and the winners of previous events, instead of being put on the back mark, receive enormous starts. If the handicapping were otherwise, or if all the running were from scratch, some of the popular people would be speedily distanced. It might be for their good. They might thus gain the leisure requisite to the production of "fine form." Just now some of them appear to be "writing themselves out" with a vengeance.

ONE NO LONGER IN DOUBT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your remarks and those of your correspondent are certainly interesting and suggestive, but in my opinion they hardly reach the *crux* of the subject. If, in your own words, "poetry is the highest and most difficult of arts," how is it that the numerous books of good verse published are not sought after? Why does their music fall on unheeding ears? Of course, your *dictum* that "the public never did and never will read poetry," is in a measure correct, but the divine art has always a *public of its own*; a large, cultured class whose minds are not absolutely fed with the *pabulum* of stodgy novels, verbose articles, scrappy personalities, or enigmatical discussions on the obvious. The higher products of the imagination can still capture many minds. How is it, then, that nearly all new books of verse are either still-born or else never reach their "few and fit" audience? The reason is, to my mind, because they are not noticed or reviewed *in extenso*. Other books of often feeble vitality obtain a lengthy review of praise or blame, as the case may be, but the volume of poems is dismissed with a few scant lines of faint notice. Neither its merits nor defects are thoroughly commented on. It is simply ignored or tabooed. Consequently the poetic-loving class is never *au courant* with the latest verse writers, and thus there is a continual slump in books which might reflect vividly the aspirations and the intellectual life of this wonderful age, fertile in everything to awaken and spur noble effort.

It may be reasonably said, however, that the greater number of new books of verse have no virile or vital force or beauty, but are only weak echoes, impotent or vapid outpourings of groping endeavour, but—as a very well-known poet once observed to me—there is always some exceptional beauty of thought or expression, some outburst of lyrical perfection in a book of the most ordinary verse. Surely, then, it might be worth while for the sympathetic reviewer to select, preserve and call attention to these specimens, if only as an incentive and encouragement for the writer and a delight for the poetical student.

In my opinion, then, every new book of verse, no matter how slight in appearance and texture, ought for its possibilities or appreciation to be very fully reviewed, its imperfections or excellence, its virtues or sins commented on; its importance as a new poetic contribution to a practical age lucidly estimated.

Believe me, Sir, the influences of this questioning, scientific, sceptical and busy era may seem to have dwarfed or shadowed the "force of heaven-bred poesy"; but in unlikely and in unfrequented places or amidst the busy hum of cities there are still those eager to appreciate and enjoy the highest ideals in literature. And when those who guide and direct, the censors and the teachers, give every new book of verse the care and attention the divine art deserves, then the present slump will become a thing of the past and a revival and interest in poetry may even popularise it amongst those who to-day either ignore or misunderstand its functions and influence.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

#### UP-TO-DATE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—Can you help me to find a really satisfactory substitute for the phrase "up-to-date"? Many people who dislike the expression seem forced into using it simply because it *does* express a number of ideas that do not appear to be suggested by any other one word.

The writers of "The King's English," though condemning the practice of trimming up slang in quotation marks, use "up-to-date" in this way themselves on p. 25. This device, as they themselves say a little further on, however, merely "converts a mental into a moral weakness."

F. H. C.

June 26.



## BOOKS RECEIVED

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- A Week at Waterloo in 1815.* Lady de Lancey's narrative. Being an account of how she nursed her husband, Colonel Sir William Howe de Lancey, Quartermaster-General of the Army, mortally wounded in the great battle. Edited by Major B. R. Ward. 8½ x 6. Pp. 136. Murray, 6s. net.
- Hay, Marie. *A German Pompadour.* Being the Extraordinary History of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz, Landhofmeisterin of Wirtemberg. A narrative of the eighteenth century. 9 x 5½. Pp. 358. Constable, 12s. 6d. net. [No index.]
- Gordon, General Sir Thomas Edward. *A Varied Life: a Record of Military and Civil Service, of Sport and of Travel, in India, Central Asia, and Persia, 1849-1902.* Maps and illustrations. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 357. Murray, 15s. net.
- Old Soho Days, and other Memories.* By the Mother Kate (St. Saviour's Priory, N.E.) Preface by the Rev. Stewart D. Headlam. 7½ x 4½. Pp. xii, 216. Mowbray, 2s. 6d. net.
- Brown, P. Hume. *George Buchanan and his Times.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 96. Oliphant, Anderson, 1s. net. (See p. 613.)
- [“Expressly written for young people.”]
- George Buchanan.* By Robert Wallace. Completed by J. Campbell Smith. Quater-Centenary edition. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 150. Oliphant, Anderson, 1s. net. (See p. 613.)
- The History of the Life of Thomas Elliott.* Written by his own hand, with extracts from Joseph Wyeth's supplement, appendices and biographical notes. Edited by S. Graveson. Historical introduction by W. H. Summers. Illustrated. 8½ x 6. Pp. 372. Headley, 10s. net.

## EDUCATION.

- Rees, F. E. *Light for Intermediate Students.* 7 x 5. Pp. 166. Mathematical and Scientific Text-books for Schools. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.

## FICTION.

- Balmanno: the city of our quest, and its social problems.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 233. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1s. net.
- Wyndham, Horace. *Audrey the Actress.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 370. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Wilson-Barrett, Alfred. *The House Over the Way.* Illustrations by Harold Piffard. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 320. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Pease, Howard. *Of Mistress Eve. A Tale of the Southern Border.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 301. Constable, 6s.
- Blondelle-Burton, John. *Traitor and True.* A romance. 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Muddock, J. E. *The Alluring Flame.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Machen, Arthur. *The House of Souls.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 514. E. Grant Richards, 6s.
- [Six stories: three have already been published in book form.]
- Bindloss, Harold. *The Cattle-Baron's Daugh'er.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 316. Long, 6s.
- Marsh, Richard. *Under One Flag.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Long, 6s.
- Hilliers, Ashton. *An Old Score.* Frontispiece by S. H. Vedder. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 336. Ward, Lock, 6s.

## HISTORY.

- Redway, Major G. W. *Fredericksburg, 1862.* A study in war. With five maps. 7½ x 5. Pp. 297. Swan Sonnenschein, 5s. net.
- [The third volume in Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein's excellent Special Campaign series. The maps are conveniently placed in a strong pocket at the end of the book.]
- Hamilton, Angus. *Afghanistan.* With a map and numerous illustrations. 9 x 6. Pp. 562. Heinemann, 25s. net.

## LAW.

- The Spirit of Our Laws.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 299. Sweet & Maxwell, 5s. net.
- [An endeavour to “describe in popular language for laymen the whole fabric of our legal institutions.”]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- “General Staff.” *The Writing on the Wall.* 4 maps. 7½ x 5. Pp. 228. Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.
- [“The object of this work,” says the author, “is to call the attention of the public to the absolute unpreparedness of our land forces for the tasks which they may be called upon to perform.”]
- Alderson, F. Herbert. *Diet and Hygiene for Infants.* Being a guide to mothers and nurses how to bring up their children during the first year of life, etc. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 118. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s.
- Woodhouse, Arthur. *The Foundations of National Greatness.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 151. Melbourne: Tytherleigh & Bayne, n.p.
- Dietzel, H. *Retaliatory Duties.* Translated by D. W. Simon and W. Osborne Brigstocke. 7½ x 5. Pp. 128. Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.

## POETRY.

- Kingstead, Julian. *Chloris and Zephyrus.* A late-spring idyll. 6½ x 5. Pp. 79. Putnam's, 3s. 6d. net.
- Bowles, Fred G. *The Tent by the Lake, and other poems.* 6½ x 4½. Pp. 64. The Vigo Cabinet Series. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.
- [Certain of the poems are reprinted from *Literature*, *The Fall Mall Magazine*, *The Lady's Realm*, and *Poesia* (Milan).]

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- The Poetical Works of Thomas Traherne, 1636-1674.* From the original manuscripts. Edited by Bertram Dobell. With a memoir of the author. Second Edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xcvi, 187. Published by the Editor, 77 Charing Cross Road, W.C.

The Henry Irving Shakespeare. *The Works of William Shakespeare.* Edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. Vols. ii and iii. Each, 9½ x 7. Pp. iv, 280, and iv, 282. With many hundred illustrations. The Gresham Publishing Co., 3s. 6d. net each.

- [Vol. ii. contains *Romeo and Juliet* and *King Henry VI.*, i. and ii. Vol. iii. contains *King Henry VI.* iii, and *King Henry VI.* condensed (by C. Kemble); *The Taming of the Shrew* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.]
- Dumas, Alexandre. *The Vicomte de Bragelonne.* 4 vols. Each 7½ x 4½. Pp. 658, 688, 680, 664. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.
- Plutarch's Lives of Coriolanus, Caesar, Brutus, and Antonius, in North's Translation.* Edited, with introduction and notes, by R. H. Carr. 7½ x 5. Pp. xxxiv, 280. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 3s. 6d.
- The Broken Heart.* A play written by John Ford. Edited with a preface, notes, and glossary, by Oliphant Smeaton. 5½ x 4½. Pp. 144. Dent, 1s. net.
- Westcott, Edward Noyes. *David Harum.* A story of American life. Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst. New edition. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 410. Pearson, 6s.
- Les Maximes du duc de la Rochefoucauld.* Préface de Paul Souday. 6½ x 4½. Pp. xxx, 156. Les Classiques français. Dent, 1s. 6d. net.
- Hornung, E. W. *Raffles the Amateur Cracksman.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 368. Eveleigh Nash, 6s.
- [The stories collected in this volume were originally published as two separate books—“The Amateur Cracksman,” and “The Black Mask.”]
- Eccott, W. J. *His Indolence of Arras.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 156. Sixpenny edition. Blackwood.
- English History in Verse.* Edited by Ernest Pertwee. With a preface by A. T. Pollard. New Universal Library. 6 x 4. Pp. 407. Routledge, 1s. net.
- [Selections from various poets. From A.D. 51 to 1901.]
- The Ascent of Mount Carmel by St. John of the Cross.* Translated by David Lewis. With corrections and a prefatory essay on “The Development of Mysticism in the Carmelite Order, by Benedict Zimmermann. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 419. Baker, 7s. 6d. net.
- Reid, Stuart J. *Lord John Russell.* Fourth edition. Lorne, Marquis of. *Viscount Palmerston, K.G.* Third edition. Each 7½ x 5½. Pp. 380, 240. Prime Ministers of England series. Dent, 2s. 6d. net per vol.
- [Originally issued in Messrs. Sampson Low's “Queen's Prime Ministers” series. The series was taken over by Messrs. Dent and renamed “Prime Ministers of England.”]
- Willson, Thomas B. *The Handy Guide to Norway.* With maps and appendices on the history of Norway, fishing notes, photography, glacier climbing, and cycling in Norway. Fifth edition. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 275. Stanford, 5s.
- [The author has added a new chapter on the route to Norway via Esbjerg, Copenhagen, and the West Coast of Sweden. Extensive additions have also been made in the chapters on Bergen, Trondhjem, and Kristiania.]
- Burgin, G. B. *The Bread of Tears.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 156. Newnes' Sixpenny Novels Illustrated.

## THEOLOGY.

- Addis, W. E. *Hebrew Religion to the Establishment of Judaism under Ezra.* 7½ x 5. Pp. xvi, 316. Crown Theological Library. Williams & Norgate, 5s.
- [An attempt to provide the general reader with a clear statement of fact on the history of Hebrew religion down to the middle of the fifth century B.C.]

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- Morley, George. *Sweet Arden.* A book of the Shakespeare country. 7 x 4½. Pp. 190. Foulis, 2s. 6d. net.
- Redesdale, Lord. *The Garter Mission to Japan.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 280. Macmillan, 6s.

## THE BOOKSHELF

WE have before us Part vii. (P-PIZZ) of the catalogue of books in the Free Public Library of the Corporation of Wigan, Reference Department, compiled by the chief Librarian, Mr. H. F. T. Folkard, F.S.A. This number alone contains three hundred and fifty-two pages, and the whole catalogue so far consists of nearly three thousand pages. There are, we learn, sixty thousand volumes in this department of the Wigan Free Library, and from the specimen of cataloguing before us, we conclude that Wigan is not only fortunate in the number of books it possesses but in the librarian it has put in charge of them. The Catalogue is at once a subject-index and an alphabetical list. Thus nearly ninety pages of this section are devoted to the heading, “Painters and Painting,” in works on which the library seems to be exceptionally well-equipped; and among the entries under it we find references to all the articles on artists in the Dictionary of National Biography, the Encyclopedia Britannica. Again, one of the entries under this heading—to take an instance—is “Spanish School of Painters: See Cumberland, Goya, Lewis, Murillo, Passavant, Sterling-Maxwell, Stothert, Strange, Velasquez”; so that the reader who knows nothing at all of his subject is directed by means of these references to the sources of knowledge. The catalogue contains a few notes only, but those admirable, as in the case of Peignot, in whose works the library is rich; and now and then the contents of a miscellaneous book (e.g., Dean Pigou's “Odds and Ends” and “Phases of my Life”) are analysed. The catalogue is clearly printed and very easy to read; and forms altogether, both by its contents and the manner of their treatment, the best specimen of its kind we have seen.

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